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MOTION PICTURE

Magazine

February

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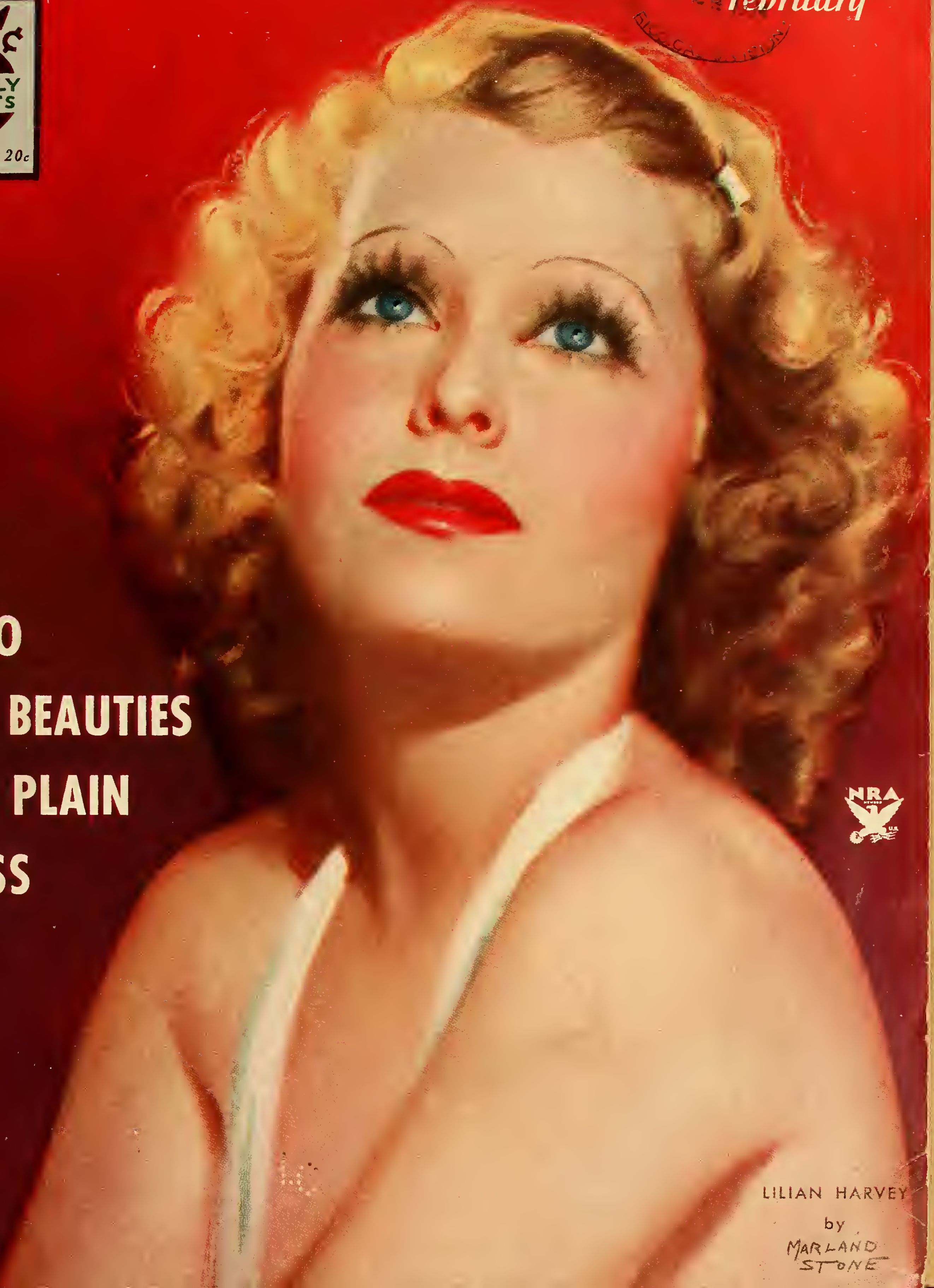
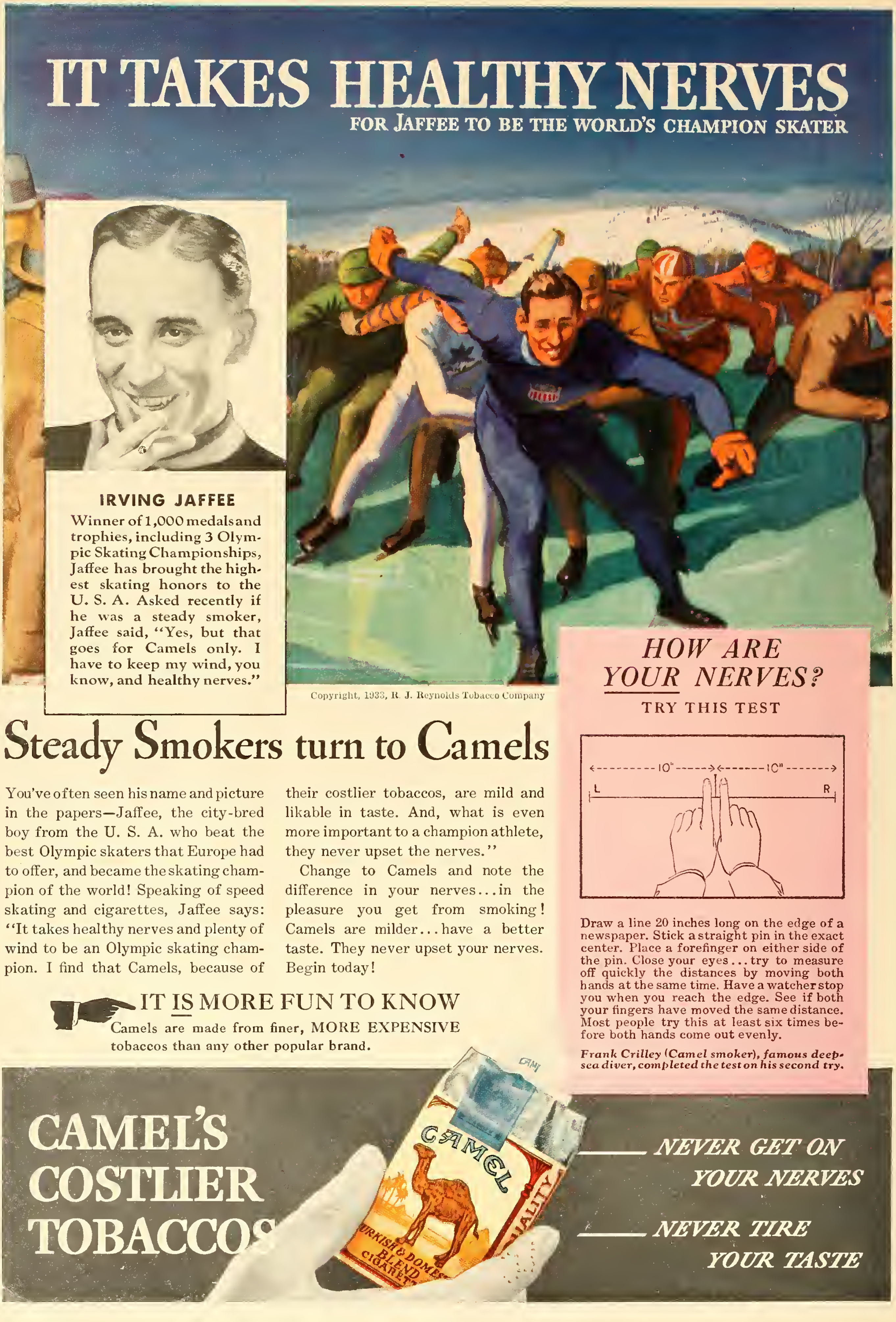


WHY DO SCREEN BEAUTIES MARRY PLAIN BUSINESS MEN?

LILIAN HARVEY
by
MARLAND STONE



IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES
FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER

IRVING JAFFEE

Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best Olympic skaters that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says: "It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves...in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder...have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?
TRY THIS TEST

Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

PN1993
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Isn't It A Shame!

CLEVER GIRL . . . SWELL SENSE OF HUMOR . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Patricia is as witty as Broadway, and her laughter is as lilting as a goldfinch's song! She's grand company. But—there's a "but" about Patricia!

On skiis and on skates, Patricia skims along like a snow-bird! She's sparkling—amusing—she's fun! But the "but" about Patricia spoils many a "date"!

Men hear about Patricia—and ask to meet this witty girl. But they listen—they look—and they leave. For the "but" about Patricia is her teeth!

Why has nobody told Patricia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—can rob a girl's teeth of their sparkle—can rob her smile of its charm!

A dentist would tell Patricia to clean her teeth and massage her gums—with Ipana, which tones the gums as well as brightens the teeth!

Soon enough — with Ipana — Patricia would be attractive again when she laughed and when she talked. Patricia would be popular with men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Do YOU — like poor Patricia — have tender gums and dingy-looking teeth which ruin your looks when you laugh or talk?

Your dentist knows a lot about gums! He knows that they need massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste!

He knows that today's foods, so deliciously creamy and tender, do not exercise the gums or give them the stimulation they must have to stay hard and healthy. He knows that unexercised gums tend to become flabby and often to bleed.

Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth — that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea—that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

Don't be like Patricia. Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, and begin to care for your unhealthy gums as well as for your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana, and with a little extra Ipana on your fingertip, massage your gums. Your teeth will brighten as your gums become firmer.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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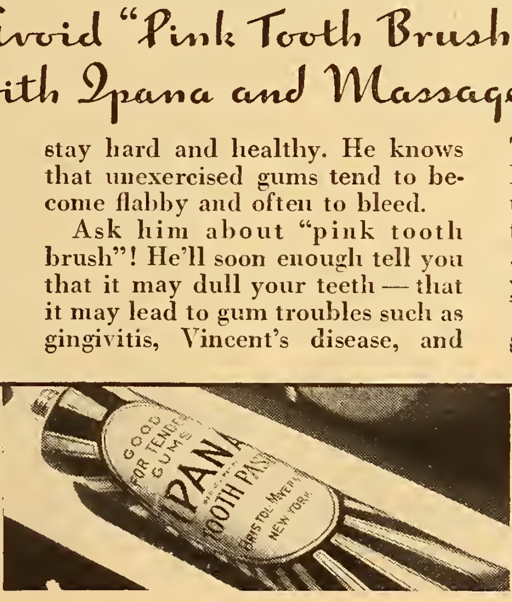

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GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

MOTION PICTURE

FEBRUARY
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVII, No. 1

LILIAN HARVEY

—The Busiest Star of Them All

When Lilian first arrived from Europe, where she was a star in three languages, she had had only fourteen days of vacation in more than two years. And she has had no vacation since she arrived. When "My Lips Betray" was finished, she started "My Weakness"; and when that was finished, she started "I Am Suzanne." Now, "Music in the Air" looms ahead of her.

She was certain of popularity abroad; success here was a gamble—but Lilian took it. And made good! In a few short months, she is one of America's first favorites. Which shows what looks, talent—and work—can do for a girl!

FEATURES

Why Do Screen Beauties Marry Plain Business Men? . . . . Dorothy Spensley 28
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Cover Design of Lilian Harvey Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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WHAT THE STARS ARE DOING

AND WHERE THEY MAY BE FOUND

By MARION MARTONE

Aherne, Brian—scheduled for *Honor Bright*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Angel, Heather—playing the heroine in *7 Lives Were Changed*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Arlen, Richard—scheduled for *Baby in the Ice Box*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Arliss, George—playing in *The House of Rothschild*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Asther, Nils—recently completed *Madame Spy*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Ayres, Lew—ready to start on *Little Man, What Now?*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Baer, Max—*The Prizefighter and the Lady*—recently released—in which he plays the rôle of the handsome prizefighter—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barrymore John—scheduled for *The Devil's Disciple*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Barrymore, Lionel—scheduled to appear in *It Happened One Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Barthelmess, Richard—recently completed *Massacre*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Baxter, Warner — recently completed *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Beery, Wallace—playing in *Viva Villa!* — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Bennett, Constance — recently completed her first musical picture, *Moulin Rouge*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bennett, Joan—latest release *Little Women* and has temporarily retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Bickford, Charles—latest release *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Blondell, Joan—will resume work on *Hell's Bells* as soon as she recovers from an appendix operation—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Boles, John—playing in *Bottoms Up*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Bow, Clara—her second comeback picture, *Hoopla* recently released—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brady, Alice—recently completed *Should Ladies Behave*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Brent, George — latest release *From Headquarters*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Brian, Mary—playing in *Shadows of Sing Sing*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Brook, Clive—recently completed *Gallant Lady*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Brown, Joe E.—about to do *A Very Honorable Guy*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Burke, Billie—latest release *Only Yesterday*. Is scheduled to make *The Great Ziegfeld*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Cabot, Bruce—playing in *Shadows of Sing Sing*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, Bill—Jimmy's brother, recently completed rôle in *Joe Palooka*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Cagney, James—recently completed *Lady Killer* and scheduled for *Heir Chaser*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Cantor, Eddie—recently completed *Roman Scandals*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chaplin, Charlie—starting new comedy at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Chatterton, Ruth—playing in *The Journal of Crime*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Chevalier, Maurice—on his return from abroad may make *The Merry Widow*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Churchill, Marguerite—recently completed *Girl Without a Room*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Clarke, Mae—scheduled to play in *It Happened One Day*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City.

DID YOU KNOW THAT--

Claudette Colbert, who had the imperial Romans bowing to her in "Sign of the Cross," will have them doing it again in "Cleopatra"? . . . Mae West and Dorothea Wieck wouldn't copy Hollywood and pluck their eyebrows—and now Hollywood is copying them? . . . George Raft, now officially a star, will play a suave gambler in "It's a Pleasure to Lose"? . . . Minna Gombell will inspire some more battling between Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "No More Women"? . . . Two cameramen are photographing Admiral Byrd's newest trip to the South Pole?

Ida Lupino and Larry "Buster" Crabbe, searching each other's eyes, have leading rôles in "The Search for Beauty," which boasts thirty "perfect" specimens of young manhood and womanhood from all over the world. Five of the thirty contest-winners—a high average—have been given contracts

Colbert, Claudette—playing in *Night Bus*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Columbo, Russ—playing in *The Love Life of a Crooner*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Cooper, Gary—will appear opposite Marion Davies in *Operator 13*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cooper, Jackie—recently completed *Lone Cowboy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Cortez, Ricardo—playing in *Wonder Bar* — First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Crabbe, Larry "Buster"—playing in *The Search for Beauty*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Crawford, Joan—scheduled for the title rôle in *Sadie McGee*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cromwell, Richard—playing in *Carolina*, the Janet Gaynor picture—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Crosby, Bing—recently completed rôle opposite Marion Davies in *Going Hollywood*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Cummings, Constance—playing in *Looking for Trouble*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Daniels, Bebe—scheduled for *Registered Nurse* — Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Davies, Marion—scheduled to make *Operator 13*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Davis, Bette—playing in *The Fashion Plate*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Del Rio, Dolores—playing in the Al Jolson picture, *Wonder Bar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Dietrich, Marlene—playing in *Catherine the Great*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dix, Richard—playing in *Wheels of Destiny*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Dressler, Marie—scheduled to co-star with Jean Harlow in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Dunn, James—playing in *Woman and the Law*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Dunne, Irene—playing in *Age of Innocence*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Dvorak, Ann—playing opposite Richard Barthelmess in *Heat Lightning*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Eilers, Sally—playing in *Baby in the Ice Box*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Erwin Stuart—playing in *Viva Villa!*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Evans, Madge—recently completed *Free, White and Desperate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Fairbanks, Douglas, Jr. — playing in *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Fairbanks, Douglas, Sr. — scheduled for *Exit Don Juan* which will be produced in, and released through, United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Farrell, Charles—recently completed *The Big Shakedown* — Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Farrell, Glenda—playing in *Heat Lightning*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Ford, Wallace—recently completed, *East of Fifth Avenue*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Norman—playing in *7 Lives Were Changed*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Foster, Preston—playing in *Woman and the Law*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Francis, Kay—playing in *Wonder Bar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Gable, Clark—playing in *Night Bus*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Garbo, Greta—recently completed a new type of rôle in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Gargan, William—recently completed *Four Frightened People*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

(*Continued on page 93*)

◆ **Letters to your favorites may be sent to the studio addresses given here** ◆

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Baland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Baland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.

NO MEN ALLOWED

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover — Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Our advice to you is to keep your eyes on Pat Paterson, because she has what it takes to be a screen success and because the blonde, blue-eyed beauty of this nineteen-year-old girl is easy on the optics. Pat, formerly a British film star, is here for "Bottoms Up"

$20.00 Letter

The Return to Wholesomeness

NEW YORK, N. Y.—We find, upon seeing "Little Women" that it is a relief indeed to be ushered once more into a world of "sweetness and light." Even we, of the new generation, who admittedly have sought those movies in which sex, theft and murder predominated, find great solace in being able to shed a few tears—tears brought on not only by sorrow—but by recollection of the time when we, too, were dreamers, play-actors, story-tellers, hopeless romantics.

Katharine Hepburn is *wholesome*—an adjective which we would utter formerly with bated breath. Wholesome meant dull, plain nauseatingly good. Today, Katharine Hepburn, a brand-new type of star, receives all the approbation of an adoring audience. She is attractive without being pretty, energetic (a modern trait surely), sweet without being saccharine, as were some of the belles of the mauve decade, and intelligent. Her intelligence, more than any other of her characteristics, is the reason for her popularity. She has sense enough to be open, straightforward and wholesome. She has a clean, healthy smell. And so has the whole picture.

"Little Women" opens the door for us, and lets us into the sunlight. We smell the home-baked cooking, the lavender in the clothes' press; we see how sweet can be simplicity. We see romance as it once was, and feel romantic once again—(we thought it was a lost feeling). Oh give us more pictures like "Little Women," and let us all be wholesome!

Lenore Tobias.

$10.00 Letter

"Only Yesterday" Very Realistic

ROBBINSDALE, MINN.—Stand by for an important discovery! The movies have come of age! They have actually grown up! After what seemed eons of patient watching of Hollywood's conception of a smart modern cocktail party, a brilliant dinner party, a gathering of the intelligentsia, emitting so-called intelligent conversation, etc., I had become discouraged in a large and hopeless way. Their efforts to reproduce what might be seen for the asking in any social set of any social consequence seemed infantile. The dialogue was never either realistic or smart; the whole action and set-up, when it came to normal social gatherings, seemed slow and conducive to boredom. And my feeling, I know, was not one peculiar to myself.

And then came "Only Yesterday"! Have you seen it, reader? If not, don't miss it. It is a swift-moving panorama of many moods. It is a beautiful reproduction of the crispness, the fleeting swiftness, the cynical cock-sureness apparent in the modern gatherings of our wealthy classes. It is so binding, so realistic that one feels the identification of self with action and characters and that signifies true art. It is my jubilant proof that the movies have come of age!

Dr. C. G. Faue.

$5.00 Letter

Why Didn't They Give "Alice" to Disney?

MALDEN, MASS.—So they have made a picture of "Alice in Wonderland"! Well, don't expect me to sit through it. After "Kiss for Cinderella," "Beggar on Horseback," and other fantastic "fantasies" which attempted to photograph the unphotographable, I've learned my lesson. After all, no amount of clever costuming or tricky camera work can make a lot of actors seem anything but incongruous against conventionalized settings. Not even the Germans have succeeded in using real actors in imaginative pictures without proving that the realistic camera was unsuited for such work.

Since so much had been made of following the Tenniel drawings, and since most of the characters are droll people and whimsical animals, why in the name of Will Hays didn't they turn the job over to the one man in Hollywood who can bring fantastic animal creations to life in pleasing color? The one man who could get the true spirit of Carroll's masterpiece, the one man who has been working along these lines for years? Lest I keep you in suspense any longer, allow me to present my idea of the only man who should have been allowed to come within a mile of "Alice." Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Mr. Walt Disney!

F. J. Mulholland.

Honorable Mention

More Breath-Taking Films With Fitting Titles

CHICAGO, ILL.—I fairly ate up the picture which was titled "F. P. I." Thrills, excitement, a gigantic struggle, all mixed in this unusual theme—a floating platform in mid-Atlantic! No banalities. No sex-stuff. No insipid love story. No plotless, intelligence-insulting tale.

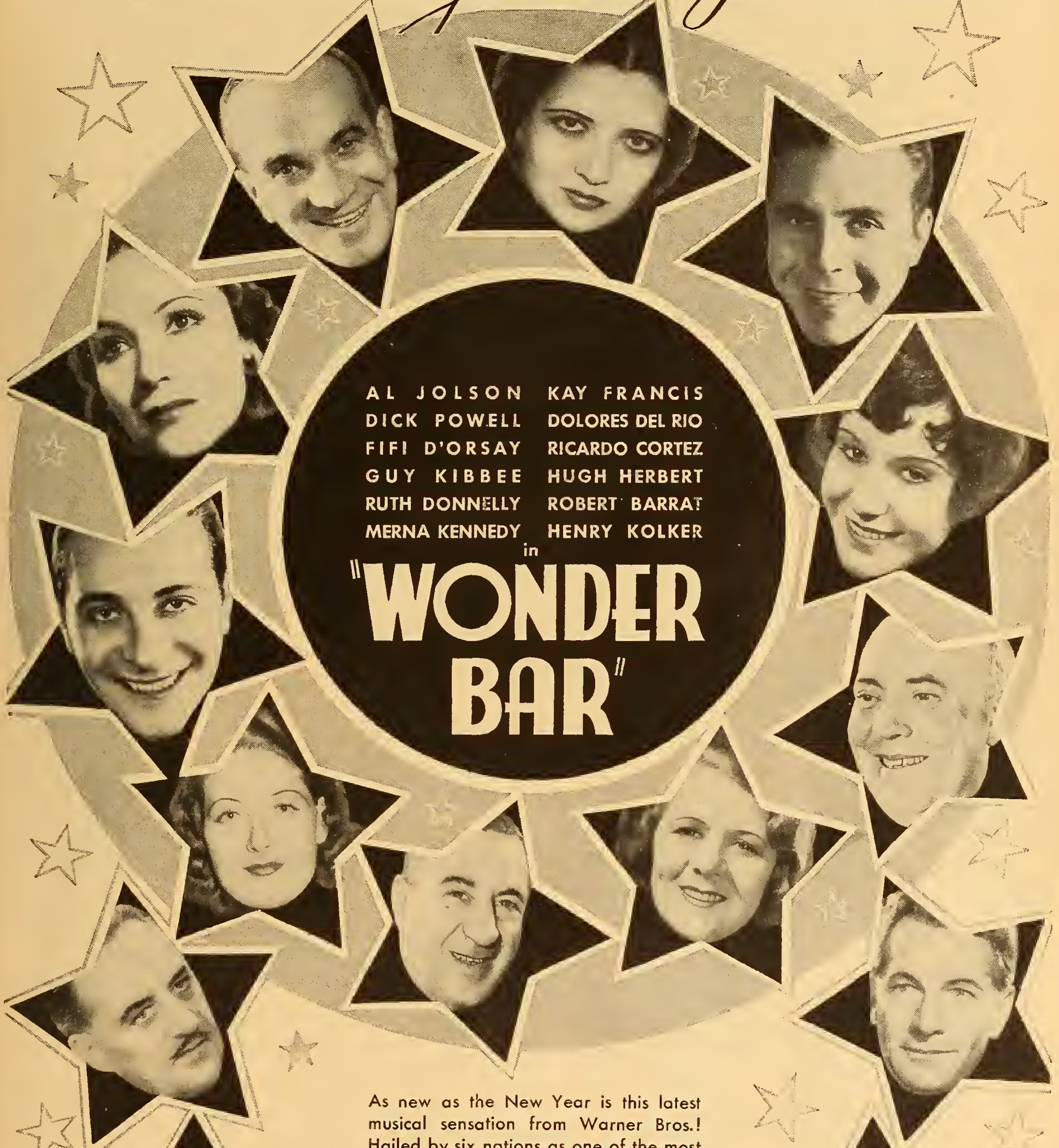
A big theme fundamentally—the tussle between big business and small idealist. A romance, too, with a dash of

(*Continued on page 97*)

Write 'Em And Reap A Money Prize

Each Month MOTION PICTURE gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters of the month. Don't overlook the chance of becoming a winner. All you need to do is pick up your pen or go to work on your typewriter and tell us and the movie world what's on your mind concerning the movies and the stars. If any two letters are considered of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will go to each writer. Try to keep within 200 words. No letter will be returned and we reserve the right to publish all or any part of a letter submitted. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture. . . .



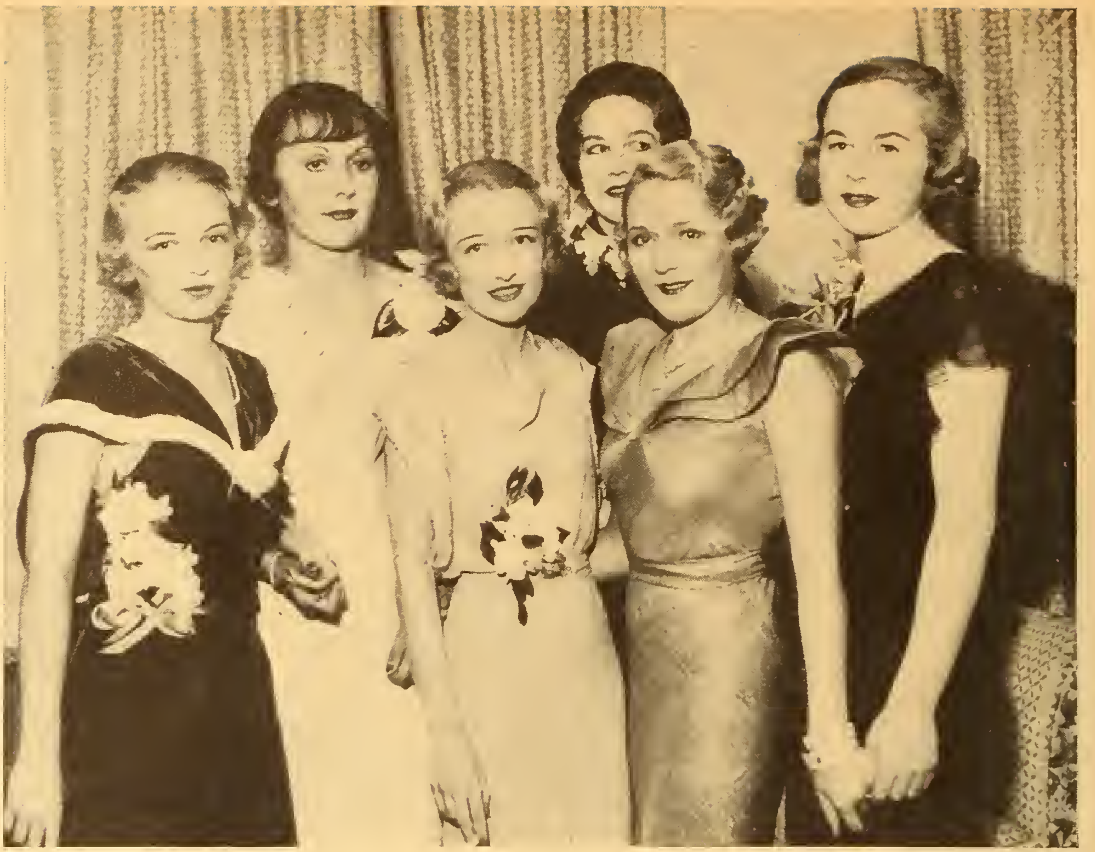
AL JOLSON **KAY FRANCIS**
DICK POWELL **DOLORES DEL RIO**
FIFI D'ORSAY **RICARDO CORTEZ**
GUY KIBBEE **HUGH HERBERT**
RUTH DONNELLY **ROBERT BARRAT**
MERNA KENNEDY **HENRY KOLKER**
in

"WONDER BAR"

From
the Directors of
"Footlight Parade"—
LLOYD BACON and
dance numbers created and directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

5
Brilliant New Songs
by "42nd Street's"
Famous Composers—
AL DUBIN and
HARRY WARREN
A First Nat'l Picture



Wide World

YOUR GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

1. How many of the beauties pictured above can you name?

2. Do you know the name of the girl who is about to wed Hollywood's most elusive bachelor?

3. What young man who was a popular child actor a number of years ago is to make a screen comeback?

4. The recent birthday of what movie star was celebrated by a party attended by hundreds of notables of the screen and other walks of life?

5. The divorced husband of what screen star is engaged to marry an opera star of note?

6. Can you name the screen star who recently fought the efforts of her real father to have her adoption by her foster-father annulled?

7. Do you know the name of the beautiful blonde whom Adolphe Menjou has been squiring to Hollywood parties and premières?

8. Why does a certain screen star have to wait until April, 1934 to wed her handsome leading man?

9. What noted screen player has temporarily retired from the screen to await a blessed event?

10. Why does everyone in Hollywood feel that the wedding of Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell will take place sooner than had been expected?

11. What colorful personality of stage and screen and night-club fame died recently?

12. The long looked-for marriage of what Hollywood pair finally took place on December 3?

13. Do you know the great screen lover of the silent film days who is now in the liquor business?

14. In whom has Stephen Ames shown a romantic interest since his divorce from Adrienne Ames?

15. Whose sister was killed in an auto crash near San Francisco recently?

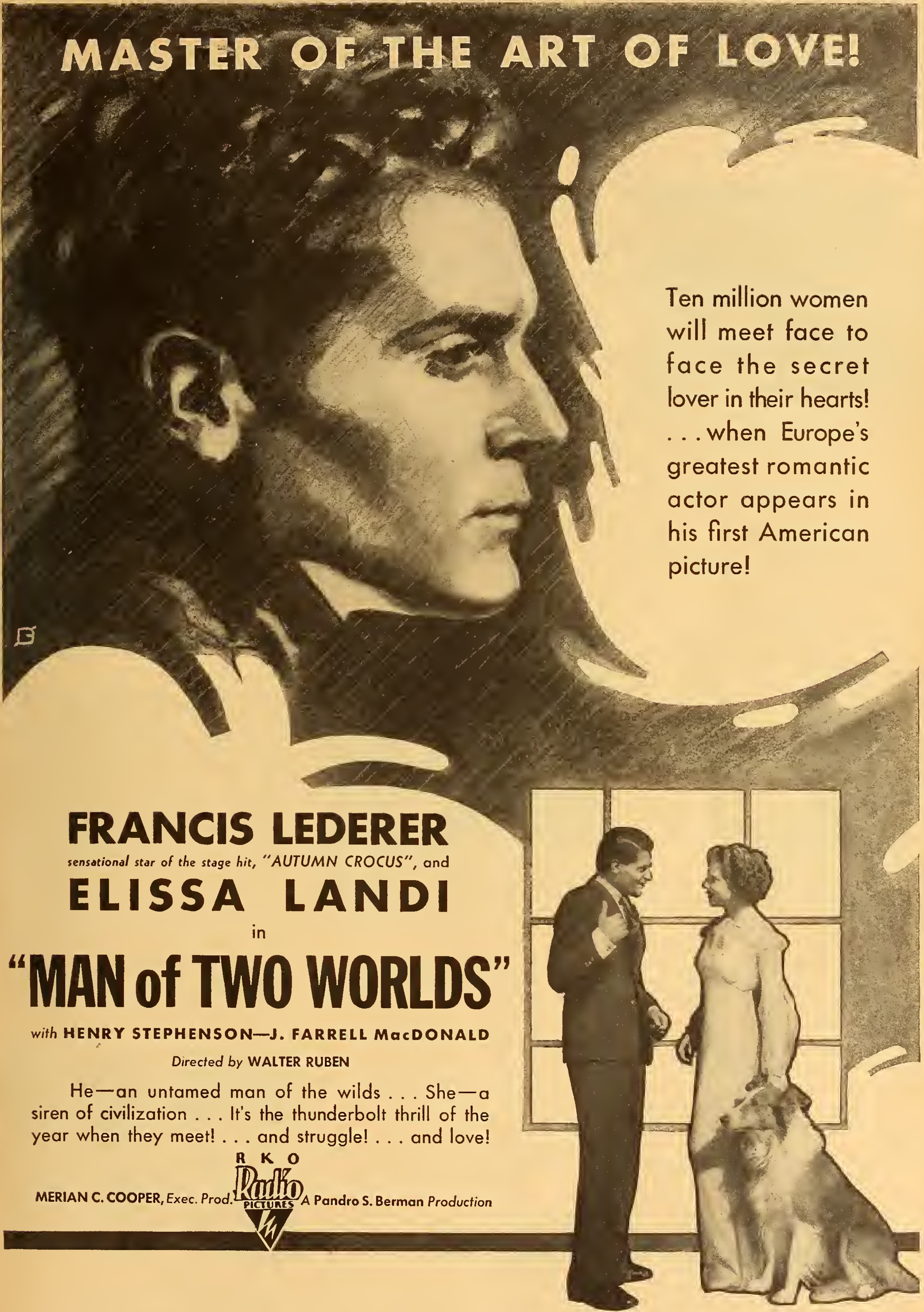
16. By whom was Jimmy Dunn jilted on the way to the marriage license bureau?

17. Can you name the divorced Hollywood couple who are rumored about to kiss and make up?

18. Whom is Ricardo Cortez planning to wed as soon as he gets some time off from picture work?

(Answers to these Questions on page 92)

Hollywood Knows The Answers To These Questions—*Do You?*


MASTER OF THE ART OF LOVE!

Ten million women will meet face to face the secret lover in their hearts! . . . when Europe's greatest romantic actor appears in his first American picture!

FRANCIS LEDERER

sensational star of the stage hit, "AUTUMN CROCUS", and

ELISSA LANDI

in

"MAN of TWO WORLDS"

with **HENRY STEPHENSON—J. FARRELL MacDONALD**

Directed by WALTER RUBEN

He—an untamed man of the wilds . . . She—a siren of civilization . . . It's the thunderbolt thrill of the year when they meet! . . . and struggle! . . . and love!

MERIAN C. COOPER, *Exec. Prod.* RKO Radio Pictures A **Pandro S. Berman** *Production*

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

In "Advice to the Lovelorn," Lee Tracy gives some devastating counsel to everyone except Sally Blane (right)

Ace of Aces—To show his girl that he's no coward, Richard Dix enlists in the aviation corps and lives up to the picture's title. It's all pretty familiar. (RKO).

Advice to the Lovelorn—A breezy comedy-melodrama about a star reporter who is disciplined by being made the Lovelorn columnist and tries one ruse after another to get himself fired. It races along like Lee Tracy's speech (Twentieth Century).

After Tonight—Constance Bennett becomes a Russian spy who falls in love with one of the enemy—Gilbert Roland. It may not sound new, but they make it suspenseful and sizzling (RKO).

Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men—Charles Farrell, in a screen comeback, packs a real punch as a genteel lad who meets Wynne Gibson and is changed by her into a two-fisted rival of her boy-friend, William Gargan. Robust, lively comedy (RKO).

Berkeley Square—Leslie Howard is whisked back to the XVIIIth Century, into a romantic ancestor's shoes, into an undying romance with fragile Heather Angel. A sensitive fantasy, beautifully acted (Fox).

The Blonde Bombshell—Jean Harlow in a devastating biography of a little nobody who becomes a screen star and has Lee Tracy for an almost-too-inventive press-agent. Good, broad satire (M-G-M).

Blood Money—George Bancroft returns to the screen in a fast-moving melodrama of a bail-bondsman who "bleeds" the underworld, but runs into hard luck when he meets Frances Dee, a sensation-hunting society girl. (Twentieth Century).

The Bowery—Wallace Beery and George Raft are each determined to be the "big shot" of that famous street at the height of its glory—and their conflict is colorful and constantly amusing. (Twentieth Century).

Broadway Through a Keyhole—A triangle story with a sumptuous setting, involving a dancer (Constance Cummings), a gentlemanly racketeer (Paul Kelly) and a crooner (Russ Columbo). Surprisingly hackneyed, considering that Walter Winchell wrote it. (Twentieth Century).

Broken Dreams—A hokumish sob story about a little boy (Buster Phelps), who learns what it's like to be a step-child when his father (Randolph Scott) marries Martha Sleeper. (Monogram).

By Candlelight—Paul Lukas, who is a valet to Nils Asther, and Elissa Landi, who is a maid to Esther Ralston, fall in love, but try to make each other believe they are noble folk, themselves. Sly and amusing (Univ.).

Chance at Heaven—Joel McCrea discovers that he made a mistake in giving up Ginger Rogers for wealthy Marian Nixon—and does something about it. Human little triangle story (RKO).

The Chief—Hollywood hasn't done right by Ed Wynn. But his mirth-provoking abilities shine through even this slapstick story of a dizzy volunteer fireman who wants to be a hero (M-G-M).

Christopher Bean—Marie Dressler, maid in the home of doctor Lionel Barrymore, reveals a past that no one knew about, when a search is started for some paintings by a dead and now-famous artist. Great acting in a very human comedy (M-G-M).

College Coach—Football once more gets debunked, in this fast-moving comedy melodrama about a coach (Pat O'Brien) who stoops to conquer (W. B.).

Cradle Song—Dorothea Wieck, of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, makes her American début in a sensitive story of a young nun who becomes a mother by proxy and suffers all the emotions that a mother knows (Par.).

Day of Reckoning—Richard Dix's luxury-loving wife (Madge Evans) makes him an embezzler, sends him to jail, and then is pursued by Conway Tearle—but Fate, the movies' handy old accomplice, steps in to give Dix vengeance. Heavy and trite (M-G-M).

Design for Living—Something new in screen triangles—with Miriam Hopkins loving both Gary Cooper and Fredric March, who not only reciprocate, but are buddies. Daring, frothy comedy that is self-conscious about its daring (Par.).

Dinner at Eight—You get a glimpse behind the scenes of the lives of a varied group of people who are scheduled to meet at a dinner—and see comedy, tragedy, melodrama acted by a great cast, topped by John and Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Lee Tracy, Billie Burke, et al. (M-G-M).

Disraeli—A re-issue of the George Arliss hit of a few seasons ago. And the adventures of Queen Victoria's shrewd prime minister are worth a second glance. (W. B.).

Duck Soup—The Four Marx Brothers turn their mad talents loose on a spy story, in which Groucho is Dictator of Freedonia, Zeppo his secretary, and Harpo and Chico the spies. The gags are almost as plentiful as the girls, which is saying a mouthful. (Par.).

In "Duck Soup," Harpo, Chico and Groucho Marx turn a spy story into a bedlam of nonsense. It's one of their best

East of Fifth Avenue—Romance in a boarding house, with Wallace Ford two-timing newcomer Dorothy Tree, and Mary Carlisle two-timing him, until he finally learns what love can mean. Realistic and far-fetched by turns (Col.).

Eat 'Em Alive—A gruesome, fascinating bit of realism straight from Nature, showing you how the fittest among the lower animals survive. (Real Life).

Eight Girls in a Boat—Reminiscent of "Maedchen in Uniform," this tells of life in a Swiss girls' school, where Dorothy Wilson, who shares a terrifying secret with Douglass Montgomery, is a pupil. Absorbing little melodrama (Par.).

Ever in My Heart—The War tears apart Barbara Stanwyck and her German husband (Otto Kruger), who later have a suspenseful reunion "somewhere in France." Their acting makes a familiar story vivid (W. B.).

Female—Ruth Chatterton reveals herself as a man-chaser de luxe, who loves 'em and leaves 'em until George Brent comes along. Sexy, but interesting—thanks to the acting (F. N.).

Footlight Parade—A musical spectacle that has glamour, pep and a story—about a thinker-upper of prologues for picture palaces (James Cagney). Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell and three big musical numbers help him make it a hit (W. B.).

From Headquarters—A modest, but absorbing melodrama that shows, via a murder mystery, how the police track down criminals. George Brent heads the cast (W. B.).

Golden Harvest—The most powerful of all the farm pictures. Contrasting the lives of two brothers, it shows the plight of American farmers to-day. Richard Arlen, on the farm, and Chester Morris, in the city, both have their lives changed by hard times. It's real and it's dramatic (Par.).

Havana Widows—A rowdy, but hilarious farce about two gold-diggers—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell—who pick Havana as their happy hunting ground. Allen Jenkins and Guy Kibbee help them mightily (F. N.).

Hell and High Water—As a captain of a fishing boat, Richard Arlen has no use for women—until some exciting events and Judith Allen happen along. Amusing he-man melodrama (Par.).

Hoopla—Clara Bow, carnival dancer, playfully vamps Richard Cromwell—only to fall in love and have to fight to hold him. Clara flames as of old, though the story could have done better by her (Fox).

House on 56th Street—Kay Francis, surprisingly enough, in a Madame X rôle—getting out of prison after twenty years, turning gambler in the house that had once been her mansion, and playing against her daughter. A fine cast in a fair plot (W. B.).

The Invisible Man—Claude Rains, from Broadway, makes the most unusual screen début in history. You never actually see his face till the closing minutes of this Grade A thriller about a scientist who becomes "invisible" and goes mad. (Univ.).

I Was a Spy—A quietly suspenseful story about the peasants who were natural spies, tensely acted by Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt and Madeline Carroll (Fox).

The Kennel Murder Case—William Powell, again *Philo Vance*, solves a double murder mystery that will keep you guessing (W. B.).

Lone Cowboy—Jackie Cooper, a city youngster who is sent to a ranch and wants to become a cowboy, joins a rancher in a suspenseful pursuit of his runaway wife and The Other Man. An above-average Western (Par.).

The Lost Patrol—A powerful, dramatic study of a handful of French Legionnaires, besieged in a small desert oasis—with Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Reginald Denny and Wallace Ford heading the all-male cast. It stands comparison with "Beau Geste" (RKO).

The Mad Game—Spencer Tracy, good-natured beer baron, reforms in prison and pleads for the chance to break up a kidnap ring headed by his former lieutenant. Exciting, but its credibility weakens toward the end (Fox).

A Man's Castle—Frank Borzage, director of "Seventh Heaven," again produces a moving, earthy love story. This one has a Shantytown setting and Spencer Tracy for the young, restless husband and Loretta Young for the young, heart-breakingly happy wife (Col.).

Master of Men—Jack Holt, laborer in a steel mill, works his way to the top, then loses both his money

In "Hoopla," Clara Bow plays with the dynamite called love, vamping Richard Cromwell to hurt Preston Foster and his wife (Fay Wray), and has to start at the bottom again. A liberal education in the steel business (Col.).

Meet the Baron—Jack Pearl brings *Baron Munchausen* to the screen in an absurd series of adventures, ranging from a jungle to a college campus. It's lucky for the comedy that Jimmy Durante is his partner (M-G-M).

My Lips Betray—A sprightly, amusing Cinderella yarn with music—for grown-ups. Lilian Harvey, café entertainer, is whispered to be the king's mistress, and the king (John Boles), in disguise, tries to make the story true (Fox).

Myrt and Marge—Backstage and boarding-house comedy, featuring the radio favorites of the title. Its plot and its gags suffer from hardening of the arteries (Univ.).

Olsen's Big Moment—El Brendel, janitor of an apartment hotel, gets entangled in the love affairs of Walter Catlett, tipsy playboy, who has gangsters on his trail. It may be slapstick, but it's done with a will (Fox)

Only Yesterday—A sensationally magnificent performance by the newest overnight star, Margaret Sullavan, glorifies this poignant story of a secret love that lasts a lifetime. John Boles again excels as a man who married the wrong girl (Univ.).

Police Car 17—Tim McCoy, a good Irish cop, foils some gangsters who have evil intentions against Evalyn Knapp and her policeman-father. A noisy action melodrama of the old school (Col.).

The Power and the Glory—From the lips of Ralph Morgan, and through his eyes, you learn the life story of Spencer Tracy, who was once a trackwalker, married school-teacher Colleen Moore, turned ambitious, became famous, and then met tragedy. It's powerful, memorable, unusual. (Fox).

The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth—Charles Laughton brings the English Bluebeard back to life in a red-blooded, mischievous portrait that is both human and bestial, terrifying and amusing, amorous and brutal. You never have seen a character sketch to touch this! (Twentieth Century).

The Prizefighter and the Lady—Max Baer, the boxer, springs a surprise by becoming the new "It" man of the screen in this fast-moving, amusing story of a cocky fighter who wins Myrna Loy away from a gang chieftain and tries to capture Primo Carnera's title in a bout that has never had an equal on the screen (M-G-M).

The Right to Romance—Ann Harding, a woman doctor, faces the difficult decision in an operating room as to whether or not she should save the beauty of Sari Maritza, who has stolen Robert Young from her. The acting is more vivid than the story (RKO).

Shadows of Sing Sing—Bruce Cabot's father is a policeman and Mary Brian's brother is a gangster, and all the usual melodramatic difficulties bob up to complicate their romance (Col.).

Sitting Pretty—Jack Oakie, teamed with Jack Haley, from Broadway, provides some musical mirth of a contagious order, in a comedy about two hack songwriters who try to crash into the movies. Ginger Rogers helps them notably (Par.).

S. O. S. Iceberg—A thriller about an exploring expedition lost in the malignant Arctic, with rescue coming via the air. The photography is more exciting than the story, in which Rod La Rocque makes a comeback (Univ.).

Take a Chance—This backstage comedy, the Broadway musical hit of last season, loses some of its spontaneity and briskness on the screen—despite the efforts of James Dunn, June Knight, Buddy Rogers, Cliff Edwards, Lillian Roth and Dorothy Lee. (Par.).

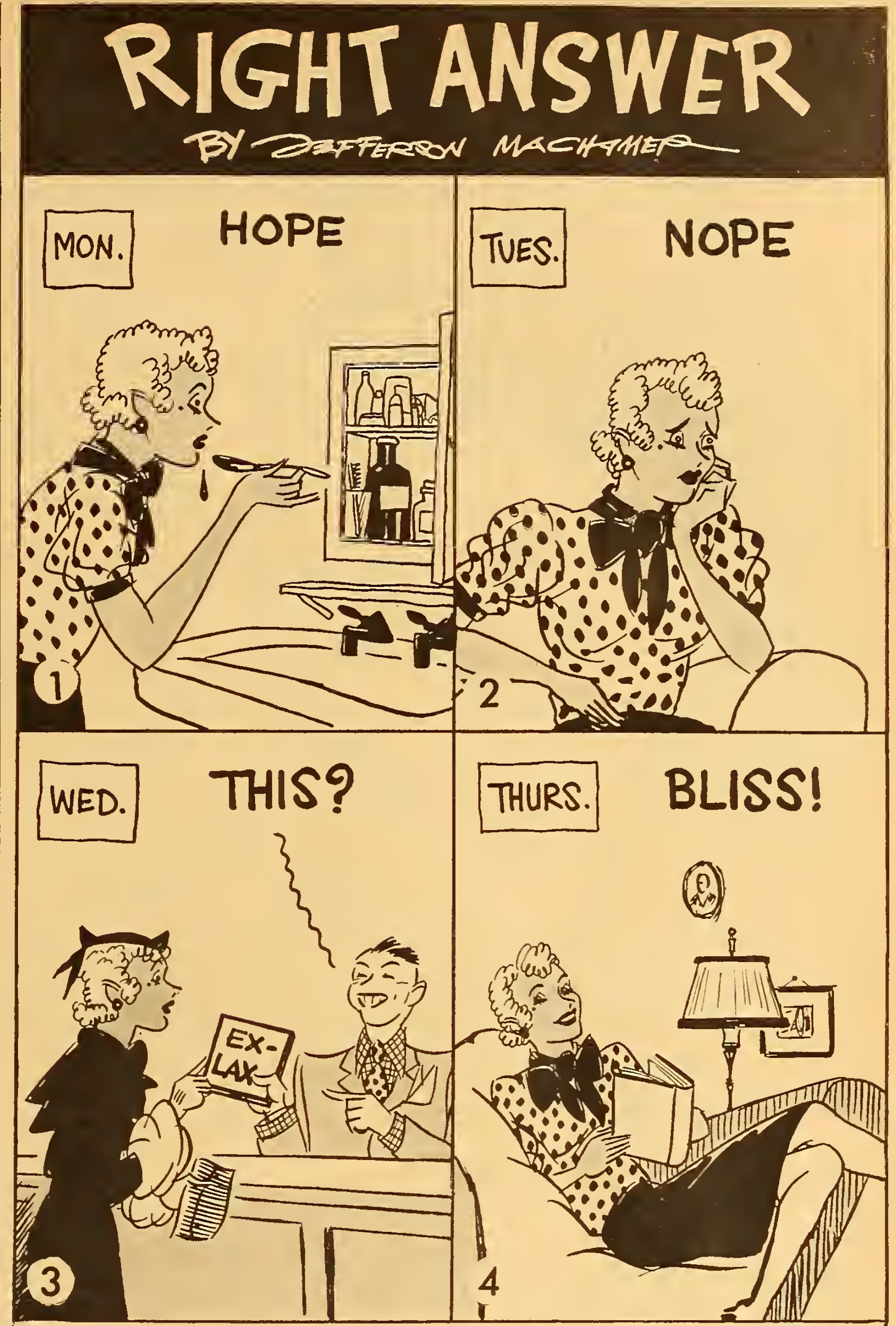
Tillie and Gus—Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields, brother and sister, return from shady adventures in far places to claim an inheritance—and then fight over who WON'T get it. Hilarious at times (Par.).

The Way to Love—Maurice Chevalier, revising his screen personality, stays away from boudoirs in this mild, but entertaining comedy of a lowly Parisian who aspires to be a guide and loves an unhappy gipsy, played by Ann Dvorak (Par.).

White Woman—Charles Laughton gives a vivid portrait of a madman's brutal cleverness in a hackneyed melodrama of a jungle plantation owner who makes the mistake of importing exotic Carole Lombard as a companion (Par.).

The World Changes—A saga of a young pioneer of the Middle West who grows wealthy and old, but never loses sight of what made pioneers the men they were. Paul Muni gives another great performance in an impressive story that totters toward the end (F. N.).

The Worst Woman in Paris?—That's what everyone asks about Benita Hume, good companion of Adolphe Menjou, until she gets away from it all, becomes "the best woman in Kansas" to Harvey Stephens, and then—gives herself an ironic future. A good idea, developed a bit hesitantly (Fox).



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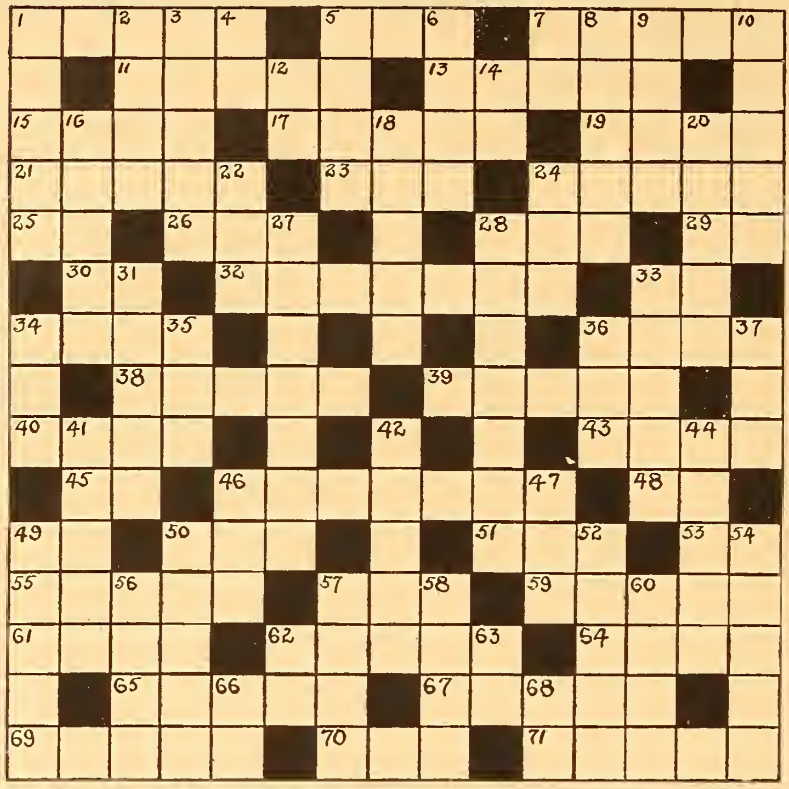
Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

No. 28

No. 64



No. 18

No. 58

Readers of MOTION PICTURE have long been looking over The Gossip Test (see page 10). Now, by popular demand, we are giving you still another movie test—in crossword puzzle form. If you think you are up on picture news and picture players, just pick up a pencil—and prove it. (There are only a few words that don't apply to Hollywood, and crossword puzzlers should know those!) You will find the solution—and a brand-new baffler—in next month's issue.—*Editor.*

HORIZONTAL

1. A personal servant to a movie actor
5. Recede
7. He was a judge in "Ann Vickers"
11. Covered with ivy
13. First name of Mrs. Rex Ingram
15. Plural of datum
17. She was in "Berkeley Square"
19. Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum (abbr.)
21. *Charlie Chan*
23. A Swiss river
24. Actors try to — pictures from each other
25. Initials of movie director who embraced Mohammedanism
26. First syllable of Mack's last name
28. She was in "The Bowery"
29. Karen Morley was born in this state (abbr.)
30. *General Yen* (init.)
32. She's in "Four Frightened People"
33. Symbol for Stannum
34. He was the talkies' first horror specialist
36. A listing of players and their parts in a picture
38. The most-dated girl in Hollywood
39. Made a comeback in "Ladies Must Love"
40. Neuter (abbr.)
43. *Slim* of "The Big Parade"
45. Initials of one of two famous screen brothers
46. A lattice for vines
48. Applause makes actors — their best
49. What the elder Fairbanks puts after his name
50. The animal on M-G-M's trademark is called —
51. Bag
53. Alberni is his last name (init.)
55. She's in "Dark Hazard"
57. She's in "The Right to Romance"
59. Made several hits with Marie Dressler
61. Elderly character actor in "Alice in Wonderland"
62. Novarro drank out of one in "The Student Prince"
64. Hero of "The World Changes"
65. Some of the players do this to and from the studios
67. Edmund's
69. She recently divorced Director Tay Garnett
70. "—Iceberg"
71. *Queen Christina*

VERTICAL

1. Noted screen director
2. Former wife of Charles Chaplin
3. She was in "Day of Reckoning"
4. First syllable of Mae West's name in "I'm No Angel"
5. Played the Red Queen in "Alice in Wonderland"
6. The screen's new "It" Man
7. Nice ingénue (init.)
8. Hollywood isn't a village. It's —
9. He's in "I Am Suzanne"
10. Heroine of "Saturday's Millions"
12. Initials of Richard Dix's leading lady in "Ace of Aces"
14. Initials of actor who always plays a timid soul
16. She was in "The World Changes"
18. Hollywood's "Woman of Mystery"
20. *The Invisible Man*
22. Katharine Hepburn was born in this month (abbr.)
24. Hollywood's pay day (abbr.)
27. He's in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
28. She's in "The House on 56th Street"
31. Most fans have one to keep their favorites' pictures in
33. A favorite dish on Hollywood diets
34. Bebe's husband
35. Movie stars should be wedded to their—
36. A legendary Spanish hero
37. Some musicals have this type of dancing
41. The comedian with leg trouble
42. Loretta Young's sister
44. The former Imogene Wilson
46. "The—Commandments"
47. Nickname of Eddie Cantor's producer
49. All fan letters should carry one of these
50. Moistens with the tongue
52. Margaret Sullavan is a—
54. She changed her name from Pomares
56. Mrs. Herbert Marshall
57. Played *The Fish* in "Alice in Wonderland"
58. Wins Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
60. A trick
62. Initials of star of "The Mad Game"
63. "—More Orchids"
66. Yes
68. Initials of two players in "Aggie Appleby"

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•

"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS"
NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?

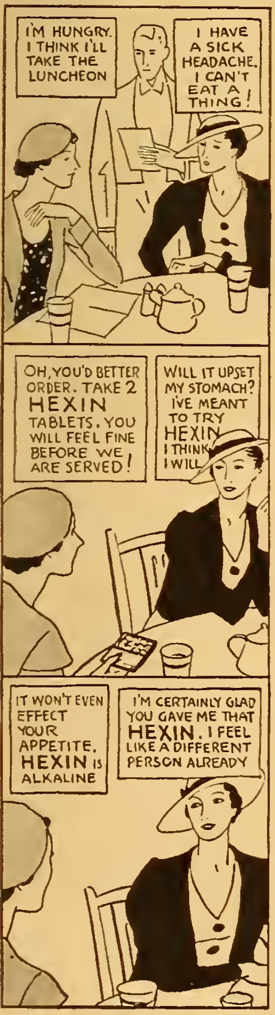
What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation.


I'M HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL TAKE THE LUNCHEON
I HAVE A SICK HEADACHE. I CAN'T EAT A THING!
OH, YOU'D BETTER ORDER. TAKE 2 HEXIN TABLETS. YOU WILL FEEL FINE BEFORE WE ARE SERVED!
WILL IT UPSET MY STOMACH? I'VE MEANT TO TRY HEXIN I THINK I WILL
IT WON'T EVEN EFFECT YOUR APPETITE. HEXIN IS ALKALINE
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GAVE ME THAT HEXIN. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON ALREADY

◆ ◆ ◆

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

◆ ◆ ◆

Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drugstore. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

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The MOVIE CIRCUS

MOTION PICTURE presents the greatest show on earth— the intimate goings-on of the stars at work and play

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

MOVIE CIRCUS honors this month are awarded to Peter John Weissmuller, not for making Lupe Velez his bride, but for his fearless attitude toward the sacrilegious press.

Flanked by two godless writers, who were nonchalantly cracking wise about holy matters, Johnny looked up with a glint in his eye: "Naw! Nothing doing like that," he said. "I go to church every Sunday."

The writers subsided.

LUPE WEISSMULLER adds to the story. "Yes, Johnny he is ver-ry good. I have in my house an altar . . . a leetle church, you know? . . . and every day Johnny he gets down on his knees, folds his hands like a leetle boy and says his prayers.

"Then he loo-oks at me and says 'Lupe! Have you said your prayers today?' "

PRAYERS or no prayers, marriage or no marriage, Lupe still holds all the aces when it comes to retorts. With all ten of those diamond-emerald bracelets clanking on Mrs. Weissmuller's arm, a female friend swayed up to her, the other night.

"Lupe," she drawled, "you've had wax duplicates made of those bracelets, haven't you? For protection, you know. Wear the copies and keep the originals in your safe."

Lupe looked at her for a moment, and then shrugged her shoulders:

"Why should I? I only have about a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

WHILE Lupe is the perfect extrovert, Johnny is the typical introvert, shy, retiring, anxious not to slight anyone. At Max Baer's beach house, Johnny went into the bedroom to change from swimming trunks into flannels. In the room was a stranger.

"My name is Zinke," the stranger said, putting forth his hand in greeting. Johnny shook it without a word, got a towel, rubbed the celebrated torso, struggled into his sweat shirt and slacks, then turned, in an after-thought:

"My name is Weissmuller," he said, gravely.

This makes Johnny as shy as Lindbergh who, identified himself, thusly, to the Paris reporters.

Acme

When Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone rushed off to New York, after finishing "Dancing Lady," the report was that Franchot wanted Joan to meet his mother and father. (It looks like a wedding next April!) But they also hit the high night spots—with Milton Beecher (right), noted public relations counsel, who gets around almost as much as Walter Winchell, acting as guide

SPEAKING of Max Baer, he has an ease of wit and a fluidity of speech that rivals any of Hollywood's best. At the time of his arrival he was viewed as an unknown quantity, during the filming of "The Prize-Fighter and the Lady" the town soured on him, but with his personal success as an actor there is a sudden sweetening of inclination toward him.

Through it all Maxie-Smaxie swings, broad-shouldered, jetty-haired, with a toothy smile, a weakness for Jean Harlow and confidence that he will be Primo Carnera's fistic conqueror. He talks volubly, humorously, glibly, and wonders why newspapers call him the "Lip from Livermore (California)."

ITALY'S Primo Carnera, world heavyweight boxing champion, is not without his humor. When W. S. (Woody to you) Van Dyke persisted in calling him "Firpo" during the spectacular fight scenes of the film, "da Preem" turned and waved his mammoth gloved fist at the director. "I git you for dis!" he threatened, with a broad grin.

WITH prize-fighters the film vogue (Jack Dempsey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer), Hollywood is also the mecca for another type of hero. The latest is cowboy-author-artist William Rodriguez James, better known as Will James, creator of "Smokey."

The Fox cinema emporium has completed the celebrated horse story (using Victor Jory, Irene Bentley, and eight assorted equines, the latter playing "Smokey" at various ages) and Will is about to move on, by degrees, including a lecture tour, to his huge ranch near Billings, Montana. He leaves behind him a host of friends and considerable indigestion.

It was Will who introduced to Hollywood what he calls a Western "del-*lick*-acy." It's marragut and consists of the entrails of a milk-fed calf under nine months, tastily stewed with a sauce. One of his newly-made cronies tried the dish with a few yards of the stuff. It didn't turn out well. At Will's questioning, he told how he had prepared it.

"Why, yeh *washed* it, yeh fool, before yeh cooked it. That's what spoiled it," said the former bronc buster.

James refuses to discuss "Smokey," a book that made this department weep large, salty tears. It seems that "Smokey" was his little cowpony and he hasn't recovered from his loss yet. It took place fourteen years ago. "Ef yeh'll read 'Lone Cowboy' yeh'll find out what really happen'd to him," the Irish-Spanish Mr. James told us, shoving his twenty-year old Stetson to the back of his head.

LEAVING Mr. James to his memories, we descend to more timely topics. Won't it be just ducky when we can put one foot on the rail and yell for a Garbo Gulp, a Tashman Toddy, an Extra Dry Gable or an Anna Sten Swizzle? It stands to reason there'll be no more film names wasted on innocuous, non-intoxicating ice-cream sundaes, as in the past.

Ave, Marlene Dietrich Pecan Nut Whip and Peach Cobbler *a la* Bull Montana!

(*Continued on page 75*)

YOUTH ROMANCE

Jesse L. LASKY'S I am Suzanne!

Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly *great* entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX

Even his best friend wouldn't SAVE HIM!

(Mostly boys in this picture, but the moral is for girls)

Not for love or gold would anybody "cut in" and take little Enid off his hands. They were "on to her." Even his best friend, broke as only a college boy can be, had scorned his secret proffer of five dollars. Enid was his—all his—until the band played "Home, Sweet Home." The whole thing was pretty awful. But it was worse for Enid . . . For by the cruel grapevine, everyone in the room knew what her trouble was . . . knew why no one wanted to dance with her . . . why no one would *ever* want to dance with her . . . .

How's your breath today?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. Yet anybody, you included, is likely to have it. Ninety per cent of cases, say dental authorities, are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush.

Don't guess about your breath. Don't risk offending others needlessly. Use Listerine and your breath will be pure, wholesome, and beyond reproach. Simply rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before social or business engagements.

Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It immediately halts fermentation, the cause of odors, then gets rid of the odors themselves. When you want quick action and lasting deodorant effect, use only Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

WANT OTHERS TO LIKE YOU?

Get rid of halitosis with

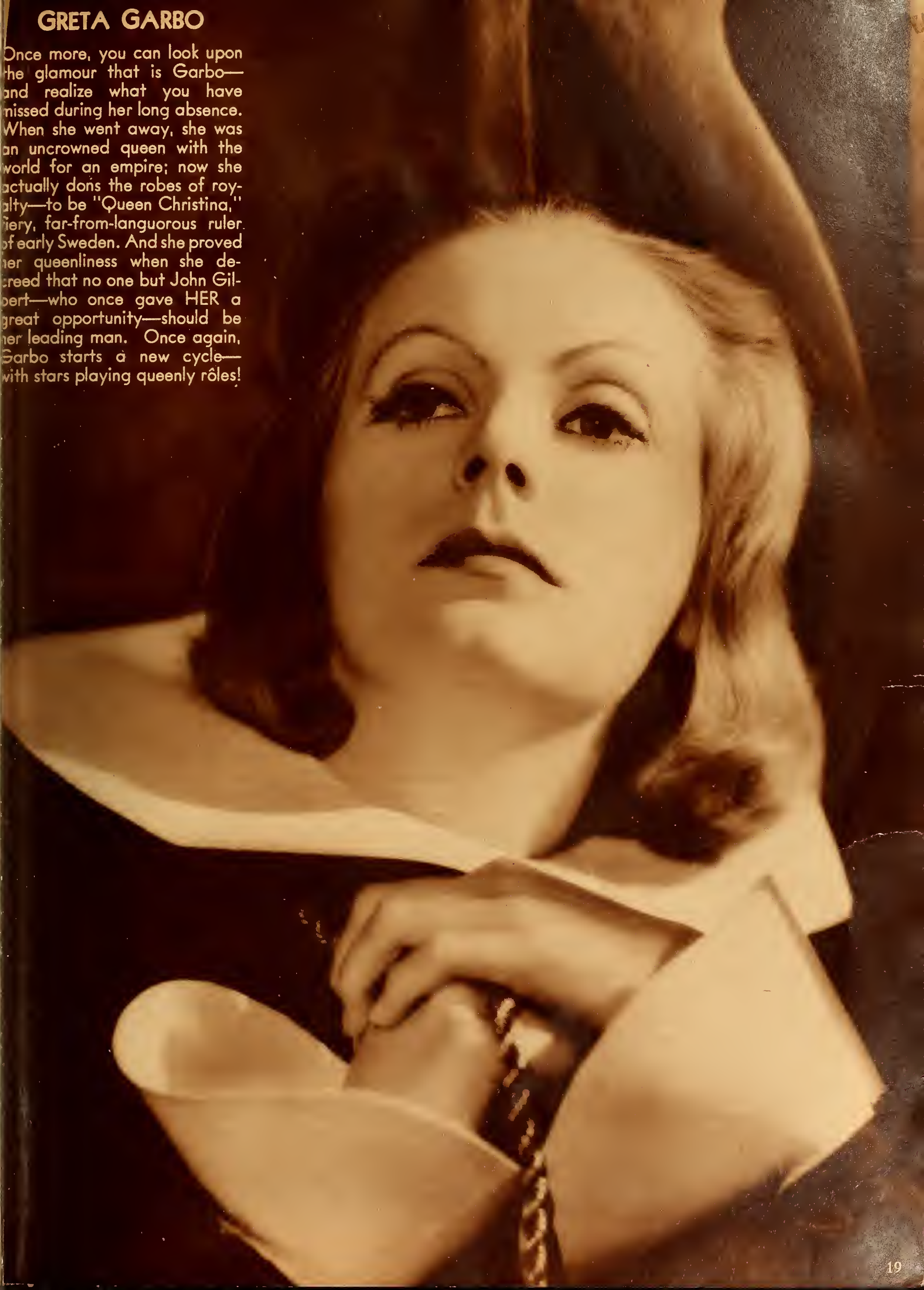
LISTERINE

Deodorizes hours longer

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

GRETA GARBO

Once more, you can look upon the glamour that is Garbo—and realize what you have missed during her long absence. When she went away, she was an uncrowned queen with the world for an empire; now she actually dons the robes of royalty—to be "Queen Christina," fiery, far-from-languorous ruler of early Sweden. And she proved her queenliness when she decreed that no one but John Gilbert—who once gave HER a great opportunity—should be her leading man. Once again, Garbo starts a new cycle—with stars playing queenly rôles!



LEW AYRES

Some think of Lew as sensitive, moody; others rate him as happy-go-lucky. And that applies off-screen, too, as these new portraits show. Guess which he'll be in "Fox Follies" and "Cross Country Cruise"!

DOLORES DEL RIO AND GENE RAYMOND

Happy days are here at last for dark-eyed Dolores. And Gene isn't the reason—though he appears to be, in "Flying Down to Rio." The reason is that Dolores has rebelled against being so beautifully tragic for the screen; she wants to smile, dance, sing, be gay! (And, perhaps, be even more beautiful?) Anyway, she's about to dance into Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar." But Dolores isn't the only one who is revealing a new screen personality; Gene, too, has gone light-hearted—not only with Dolores, but also with Lilian Harvey in her mad fantasy, "I Am Suzanne"

Portraits by Bachrach

If courage means anything, this talented little Texan is on her way to fame. Unlucky in her first try at Hollywood, she had the courage to go back home. Then, unsought, a break came—and not afraid of being disappointed again, she took it. Stick-to-itiveness made her a singer who could also act. She was vivid in a tragic rôle in "Beauty for Sale." Now, she's in "Dancing Lady"

FLORINE McKINNEY

MAXINE DOYLE

And if pertness means anything, this snappy little San Franciscan won't be sitting still—or standing still—on the screen. For on top of everything else, she's Irish, which cinches matters. A vaudeville headliner at fifteen, she was hired by a Washington theatre to be a mistress of ceremonies for two weeks. She stayed three years. No wonder she's a "find" in "The Search for Beauty"!

THREE OF AN ALL-TOO-RARE KIND

They got to the top on their acting, not their looks—Paul Muni (left), William Powell (top left) and Warren William (above). Which isn't a reflection on their looks, but a measure of their acting abilities. For all three started as character actors—and character actors seldom become stars. Paul is now using his wits as a newspaperman in "Hi, Nellie." Bill is mimicking a style-setter in "The Fashion Plate." And Warren is the newest man of medicine in "Bedside"

CONSTANCE BENNETT

In "Moulin Rouge" ("The Red Mill"), Connie apparently isn't going to let her right eye know what her left is doing, and vice versa. Which is another way of telling you that she's vixenish and sirenish. Moreover, she has a dual rôle — playing a blonde actress and a brunette wife of a theatrical producer (Franchot Tone). And that isn't all. She sings for the first time—and also dances!

Portraits by Hurrell

MARGUERITE CHURCHILL

There's just a hint of Hepburn in the new Churchill. And she didn't acquire it; it was always there—only Hollywood didn't discover it till she went away to Broadway, escaped from dull, sweet heroine rôles, and blossomed out. She wouldn't come back till she got her chance to be dramatic, daring, "different." And Mrs. George O'Brien will be all three in "Girl Without a Room"!

Day-Dreams come True for Joan · · with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

Many were the romance rumors about Billie Dove and screen heroes —but she married rancher Robert Kenaston (left)

Joan Blondell and Jean Harlow didn't fall in love with lads before the cameras, but with "more mature" lads behind said cameras. Joan married George Barnes (above), and Jean "eloped" with Harold Rosson (left)

D'Gaggert

Karen Morley married director Charles Vidor because he could "understand" her

Why Do Screen Beauties Marry Plain Business Men?

What's wrong with the screen lovers—why can't they win the fair beauties? Maybe that's what you've wondered, seeing Jean Harlow, Sally Eilers, Joan Blondell—and a number of others—marry older men who AREN'T romantic types. Here are some of the explanations!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WHAT'S wrong with the screen lovers? Why can't *they* win the fair screen beauties in real life? For practically all of the recent blushing brides of Hollywood have given romantic John Actor the big go-by. Instead of getting impulsive and eloping to Yuma with some onyx-haired, toothy youth, whose "a's" are as broad as his padded shoulders, this season's film bride has gone in for the older, sometimes baldish, substantial business man. You know the type—protective, dependable, sympathetic and full of worldly, practical wisdom.

So what? So the close embraces before a camera do not seem to lead to the real-life altar! Only five of the recent brides have been so smitten with amorous actors that they have married them—namely, Lupe Velez (Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller), Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea), Marguerite Churchill (Mrs. George O'Brien), Adrienne Ames (Mrs. Bruce Cabot) and Boots Mallory (Mrs. William Cagney). Meanwhile, a score of marrying damsels have been carried off by such less glamourous Lochinvars as John Producer, John Director, John Cameraman, John Playwright, John Banker and John Lawyer. All of which looks like a terrific reflection on the Hollywood actor as a husband.

"It's because we are so fed up with glamour," says Karen

Acme

Young screen actors did their best to interest Dorothy Jordan, but there was something faulty with their technique. At least, none of them ever thought of wooing her as did producer Merian C. Cooper (left)

Mary Duncan's film romances were only make-believe for she wed sportsman Stephen Sanford (left). And Minna Gombell (right) married banker Joseph Sefton, because he was "substantial"

Wide World

Sally Eilers, said the rumor artists, would marry James Dunn—but she "eloped" with director Harry Joe Brown (right), several years her senior. She prefers "maturer men"

International

Morley, wife of a year to Director Charles Vidor (who happens to be young). "We know glamour for just what it's worth. It's our business to supply it, and we know how much of it is put on with the grease-paint and how much is taken off with the cold cream after the day's shooting. Actors don't thrill us as they do non-professionals. That's why we don't marry them."

Perhaps Karen is right. Jean Harlow must think so. She was Yuma-ed (married in an elopement to the Arizona town) not long ago to 38-year-old Cameraman Harold Rosson. Within two weeks Sally Eilers, former spouse of Cowboy-Actor "Hoot" Gibson, was Yuma-ed to oldish Producer-Director Harry Joe Brown. Minna Gombell was Yuma-ed in May to Banker Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., of San Diego, who has a son in his teens. Dorothy Jordan paid no attention to the over-lapping years when she married Radio Pictures' Executive Producer Merian C. Cooper, former adventure-picture director and war hero.

Sally Likes Them "Mature"

"AGE doesn't mean a thing to me," says Sally Eilers Brown. "I married because I fell in love. It doesn't take any brains to answer that one. The reason I didn't marry a 'handsome, dashing actor' is because I didn't fall in love with one.

"Girls in pictures are wiser. A picture career is a complete education in itself. You learn more in a few years of film work than you do in a four-year college course. Picture girls soon find out they don't want kids for husbands. They want maturer men. That's why an older husband is more desirable.

"Do I think that an older man is more dependable? I wouldn't say that is always true. It didn't work out in my first marriage. But I do know that an older husband is more mature in his decisions. He is not so likely to make rash judgments. You can turn to him for advice and you will get it—helpful, sound advice, given considerately."

It may have been this, it may have been something else that has caused this recent deluge of actress-business man alliances. There was no particular disparity of age in the marriages of Bette Davis to Orchestra Leader Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., Mary Duncan to Sportsman Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, Billie Dove to Rancher Robert Kenaston, Alice Joyce to Director Clarence Brown, and Dorothy Lee to Assistant Director Marshall Duffield.

(*Continued on page 66*)

KATHARINE HEPBURN Reveals Herself—*for the First Time!*

Scoop! Katharine breaks her long silence and answers that baffling question: What is she really like? You'll remember what she says—and you'll remember, too, how she defies anyone to change her!

BY RUTH BIERY

This is the first interview that Katharine Hepburn has given in nearly a year. It is the most self-revealing interview that she has ever given. MOTION PICTURE is fortunate—and proud—to be able to present it to you.—*Editor.*

JUST what kind of woman is Katharine Hepburn? That is a baffling question that everyone wants answered. There is no one who can really answer it except Katharine, herself, who hasn't done so—until now. And how does she happen to be breaking her silence *now?* I'll tell you:

When Katharine first came to Hollywood, she saw interviewers. She pitted her wits against theirs as she had pitted them against producers. She would lunch with them, paying the checks cheerfully, and saying absolutely nothing of importance—cheerfully. With her long legs sprawled indiscriminatingly beneath the Radio lunchroom table, she would turn her eyes toward the fly-decorated ceiling and wrinkle her freckled nose tauntingly. "Married? Now, let me see—am I or am I not?—Children? Let me see—have I or haven't I?"

It was a game, with Katharine the winner. The one-hundred-per-cent winner. She tired of it. She decided that the Press was not equal to the game. She issued her ultimatum, "I will see none of them." And for almost a year she stuck to it. And we, of the Press, huddled behind the excuse, "She is imitating Garbo!"

Perhaps! But there was one strong point against that explanation. Hepburn's imitation stopped there. Garbo steals across her own lot incognito. Hepburn stalks across it, dungareed legs taking long, independent strides of defiance. While Garbo is furtively inconspicuous, Hepburn—with a knitted "fascinator" tied with safety pins across her angular shoulders and red-felt bedroom slippers flapping over her large feet—is as conspicuous as Marlene Dietrich in a tuxedo at a Hollywood opening. Incidentally, Garbo has eaten exactly three times in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary since her arrival; Hepburn always eats in the public lunchroom—beside the cameramen, electricians and "extras." You can hear her loud, enthusiastic laughter everywhere.

The Struggle to Get to Her

NO! That Garbo gag might be wrong. Then, what was it?—She was on location for "Trigger" when I decided to get the answer to that question. She was at Idylwild, one hundred and thirteen miles from Los Angeles. Well, I'd corner her on a mountain top and we'd see what influence the top-of-the-world atmosphere had upon her. We'd be two women, alone, with the whisper of pine trees, the closeness of sun and moon and stars to unite us. A communion of souls, inspired by the common embrace of Nature. You get what I mean.

I arrived at the location shortly before eleven in the morning. The guard on the dangerously-rutted mountain road looked at my credentials and shook his head solemnly, when I said I had come to see Katharine Hepburn. "She's not feeling well to-day. She's in a terrible mood." I zigzagged on upwards with the feeling that the very mountain top might tremble in wrath at any moment.

A second guard stopped me. "But Miss Hepburn is not feeling well to-day. She has a cold. She's in a terrible mood—"

The publicity man on the location approached me. "But—my God, what a day to pick to come up here! Miss Hepburn has a cold. She's in—"

I looked across one of those slight, mountain-top valleys to a huge rock on which a figure sprawled, arms and legs outflung, in the sun. "Is that she? I'm going over and talk to her!" I said.

"But please! Here comes her stand-in girl. We'll talk to *her!*" I looked at the publicity man closely. Had he really stuttered?

"I'll speak to Miss Hepburn," the girl said. "But she isn't feeling well to-day. She has a cold—"

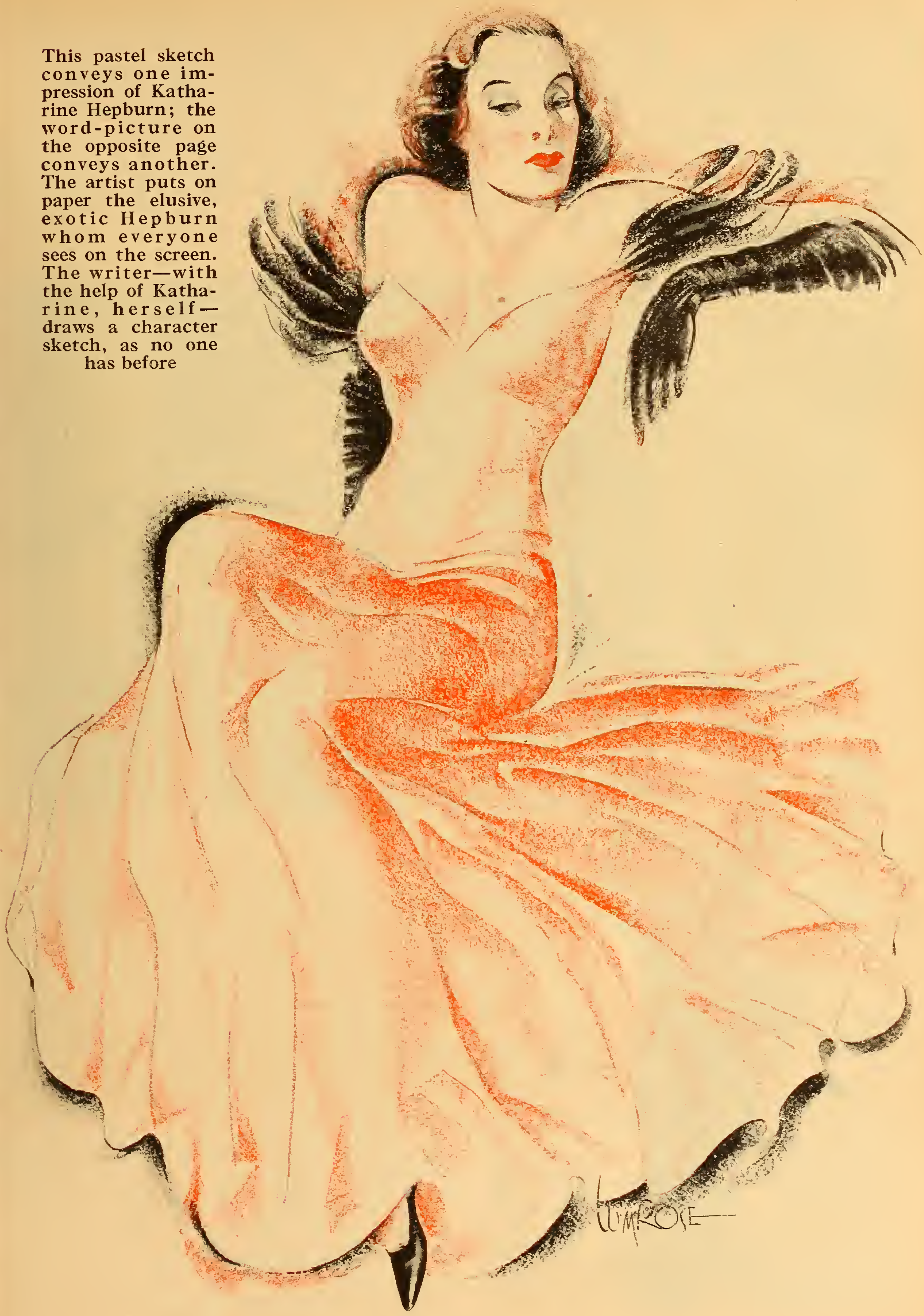
"I know," I interrupted. "I'm sorry. Tell her I have one, too, so it won't bother me a bit. Just ask her when I *can* see her—"

The girl returned. She was very sorry, but Miss Hepburn never gave interviews while she was working. When the picture was finished—

There was only one thing left for me to do.

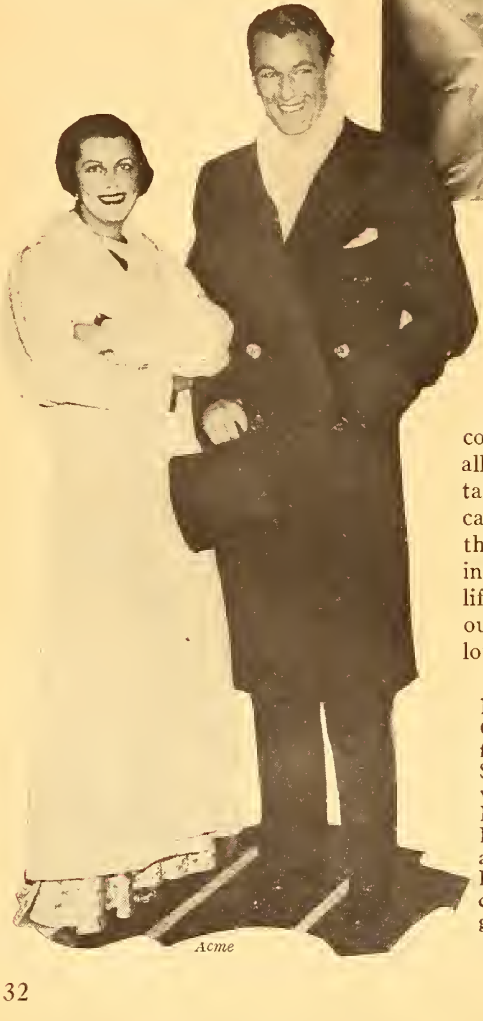
(*Continued on page 68*)

This pastel sketch conveys one impression of Katharine Hepburn; the word-picture on the opposite page conveys another. The artist puts on paper the elusive, exotic Hepburn whom everyone sees on the screen. The writer—with the help of Katharine, herself—draws a character sketch, as no one has before



GARY COOPER *"At Last"* Finds the Right Girl!

THREE months ago, Hollywood hears, Gary Cooper had a long telephone conversation with Lupe Velez in which he vainly tried to dissuade her from marrying Johnny Weissmuller. And if Gary actually made such a call—when he hung up the receiver, he must have bolted and barred the door of a torrid romance that had occupied his attention for three years. For the first time since he met Lupe, he must have felt really free to love another woman. Anyway, he *has* fallen in love with someone else—a girl, moreover, who at last meets the critical approval of his father and mother.



Acme

Left, Gary Cooper and his fiancée, Sandra Shaw—who was born into New York's Four Hundred as Veronica Balfe. Above, a close-up of the girl Gary is marrying

Almost immediately after that telephone conversation was alleged to have taken place, he came to one of the biggest turning points in his life. He rushed out and fell in love with Sandra Shaw, young screen newcomer. Within two months, their engagement was formally announced. Gary sealed Sandra's promise to marry him with an elaborate ring—an emerald-cut diamond of almost eight carats, set with small baguette diamonds and crescent clusters of small rubies. With this he presented a narrow guard, which was mistaken by hungry-eyed reporters for a wedding ring.

The engagement was the most sudden decision in Gary's deliberate life. As one of the most eligible bachelors in the film colony, Gary has been involved in many romances, real and rumored. Most of them have been of long duration, but never before this has one of them resulted in marriage—or even a formal engagement.

And the chief reasons for Gary's long bachelorhood, Hollywood has always believed, were his parents, the ultra-conservative Judge and Mrs. Cooper—who have been (so legend has it) strongly opposed to all of his previous affairs of the heart. Years ago, when it seemed that Gary might marry Clara Bow, his parents were reported to be frantic. Then, when he devoted himself to Lupe Velez, their anxiety was pictured as intense. Finally, their patience was depicted as snapping when the Countess Dorothy di Frasso came to Hollywood and monopolized Gary. Judge and Mrs. Cooper made no effort to conceal their disapproval. To friends, they pointed out

Thousands of disappointed damsels may dispute that—but Sandra Shaw meets the approval of Gary's parents. And that's news! For they have never publicly blessed any of his previous romances!

By VIRGINIA SINCLAIRE

Engstead

For the first time, Gary Cooper, his mother and his father, Judge Cooper, are agreed that he has found "the right girl"

that the Countess was much older than Gary and already had a husband. They felt that the constant linking of their names would react harmfully on their son.

Why His Mother Approves

HOLLYWOOD began to wonder if the Coopers, Père and Mère, would approve of his marriage to any girl. The engagement to Sandra Shaw was so sudden that close friends waited expectantly for Gary's parents to explode a bombshell of protest. Imagine my amazement when I went to Mrs. Cooper to ask her opinion of Gary's deepest and final dive into romance and she said:

"It is high time that Gary married and settled down. Judge Cooper and I both heartily approve of Sandra and believe that Gary at last has found the right girl—a girl who will make a good wife. He has chosen wisely this time. At least, I hope so. Sandra is charming—not a ravishing beauty, but an intelligent girl with a certain, exotic loveliness. I suppose you might call her auburn hair and interesting gray-green eyes beautiful. But beauty is unimportant in the long run.

"It is character and respectable ancestry that really count. I don't ask for an illustrious family so long as it is good stock. That, I suppose, is the English in me. I haven't been back to England since my mother died—I used to go over regularly to visit her while she lived. And then, of course, I put Gary and his brother in school in England when they were young. I wanted to give them the right start with their education. Sandra impresses me as being unusually well-informed for a girl of twenty. She is not too young for Gary, and they seem very happy.

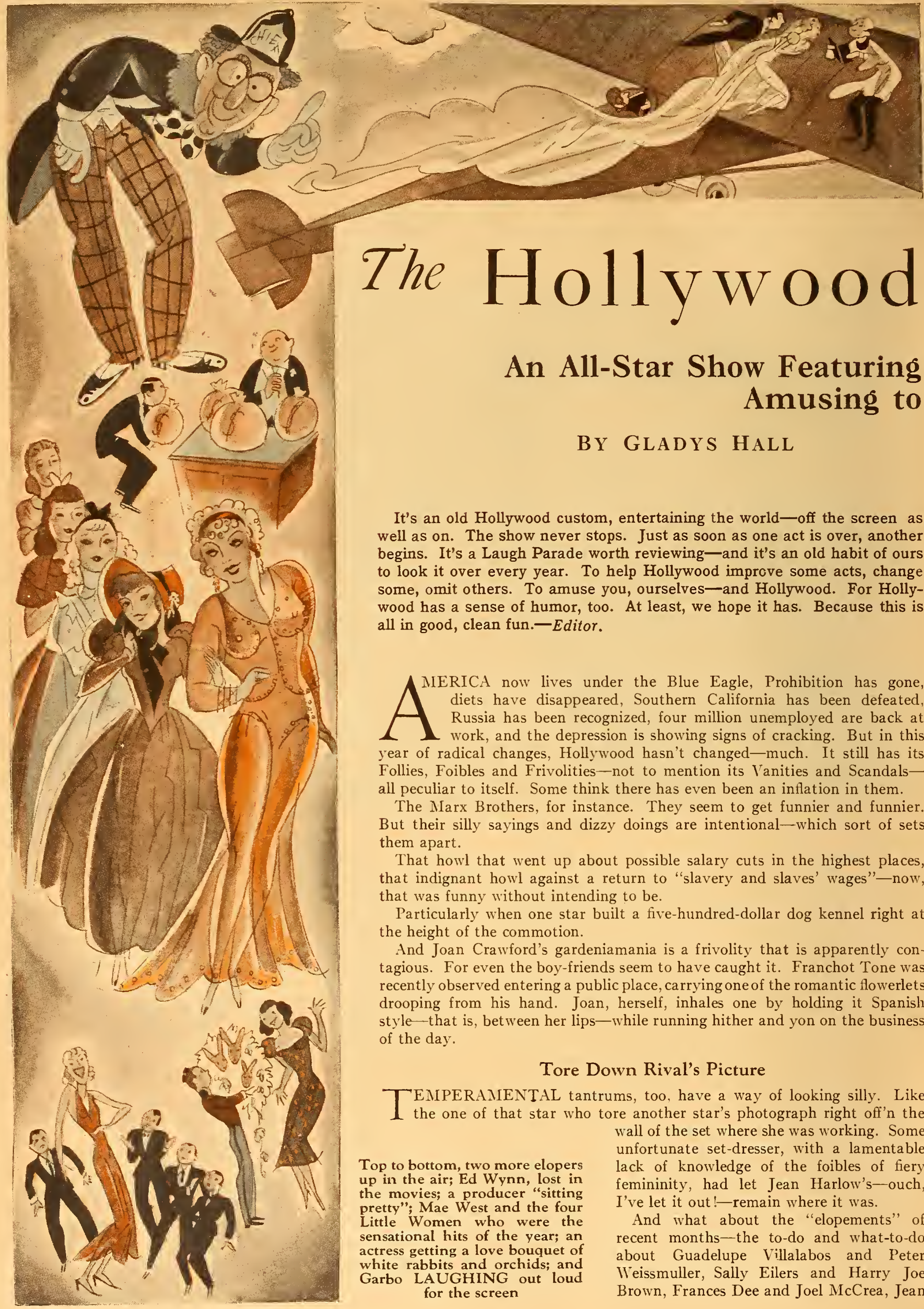
"Sandra has a sweet, naïve way about her. I know the day they became engaged, Gary had taken her for a drive, and they stopped by our apartment to break the news. Sandra was shy and appealing when she showed us her ring and asked for our approval. We liked her at once."

She's Giving Up Career

SANDRA, whose real name is Veronica Balfe, is a New York society girl. She first came to Hollywood a year ago to visit her uncle, Cedric Gibbons, the noted art director, who recently has become a film director. She was launched in Hollywood society by Dolores Del Rio (Mrs. Gibbons), who entertained extensively for her. Both Dolores and Cedric are very happy over the romance.

"Sandra gave up all thought of a movie career when she met Gary," says Dolores. "Of course, when she first came to visit us, she was fascinated by the glamour of the studios, as

(*Continued on page 90*)



Top to bottom, two more elopers up in the air; Ed Wynn, lost in the movies; a producer "sitting pretty"; Mae West and the four Little Women who were the sensational hits of the year; an actress getting a love bouquet of white rabbits and orchids; and Garbo LAUGHING out loud for the screen

The Hollywood

An All-Star Show Featuring Amusing to

BY GLADYS HALL

It's an old Hollywood custom, entertaining the world—off the screen as well as on. The show never stops. Just as soon as one act is over, another begins. It's a Laugh Parade worth reviewing—and it's an old habit of ours to look it over every year. To help Hollywood improve some acts, change some, omit others. To amuse you, ourselves—and Hollywood. For Hollywood has a sense of humor, too. At least, we hope it has. Because this is all in good, clean fun.—*Editor*.

AMERICA now lives under the Blue Eagle, Prohibition has gone, diets have disappeared, Southern California has been defeated, Russia has been recognized, four million unemployed are back at work, and the depression is showing signs of cracking. But in this year of radical changes, Hollywood hasn't changed—much. It still has its Follies, Foibles and Frivolities—not to mention its Vanities and Scandals—all peculiar to itself. Some think there has even been an inflation in them.

The Marx Brothers, for instance. They seem to get funnier and funnier. But their silly sayings and dizzy doings are intentional—which sort of sets them apart.

That howl that went up about possible salary cuts in the highest places, that indignant howl against a return to "slavery and slaves' wages"—now, that was funny without intending to be.

Particularly when one star built a five-hundred-dollar dog kennel right at the height of the commotion.

And Joan Crawford's gardeniamania is a frivolity that is apparently contagious. For even the boy-friends seem to have caught it. Franchot Tone was recently observed entering a public place, carrying one of the romantic flowerlets drooping from his hand. Joan, herself, inhales one by holding it Spanish style—that is, between her lips—while running hither and yon on the business of the day.

Tore Down Rival's Picture

TEMPERAMENTAL tantrums, too, have a way of looking silly. Like the one of that star who tore another star's photograph right off'n the wall of the set where she was working. Some unfortunate set-dresser, with a lamentable lack of knowledge of the foibles of fiery femininity, had let Jean Harlow's—ouch, I've let it out!—remain where it was.

And what about the "elopements" of recent months—the to-do and what-to-do about Guadelupe Villalabos and Peter Weissmuller, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, Jean

Follies *of* 1933

Real-Life Happenings—Too Be Forgotten

Illustrated by ELDON KELLEY

Harlow and Hal Rosson, and Polly Moran and Martin Malone, for Heaven's sake?

Why these "elopements" by 'plane? (Some wit calls them "fly-by-night" marriages!) Why not The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden, and cameramen hidden among the altar flowers, and rooms laden with loot, and lacy trousseaux, and meat and drink afterwards, followed by long, languorous honeymoons—as in the good old days? Why the post-haste marriages, instead of weddings in Emily Post style?

And why must so many elopements be decided upon at some night-club, along about time to go to bed? The gent who flies the *very* merry marriage-makers to Yuma or wherever they want to go, and who has more than earned his title of "Cupid of the Air," says that he hasn't had a decent night's sleep in a bird's age. Every time he hears there is a night-club party, he gets insomnia and tunes up his motors.

Some of these remarks that stars make just before they leap into matrimony—they're a scream. For example, Lupe telling an interviewer, just a few days before she eloped, "I'll never marry while I'm still on the screen. You can bet on that."

Those Little "Bright" Lies

THESE cheerful prevarications about wedding and divorce plans by star after star—don't they rate as follies? Of course, they prolong the publicity. But they're turning ardent believers into skeptics, who are gradually realizing that honesty isn't the best publicity policy. Not in Hollywood, at any rate.

The trend in pictures—my, my! The poster publicity anent Dorothea Wieck's first American opus, which read, "Every time she opens her eyes, a million women will be thrilled!" Women! Why women? What's the matter with the men? Aren't they thrillable any longer or have we entered the last stages of matriarchy? Or WHAT?

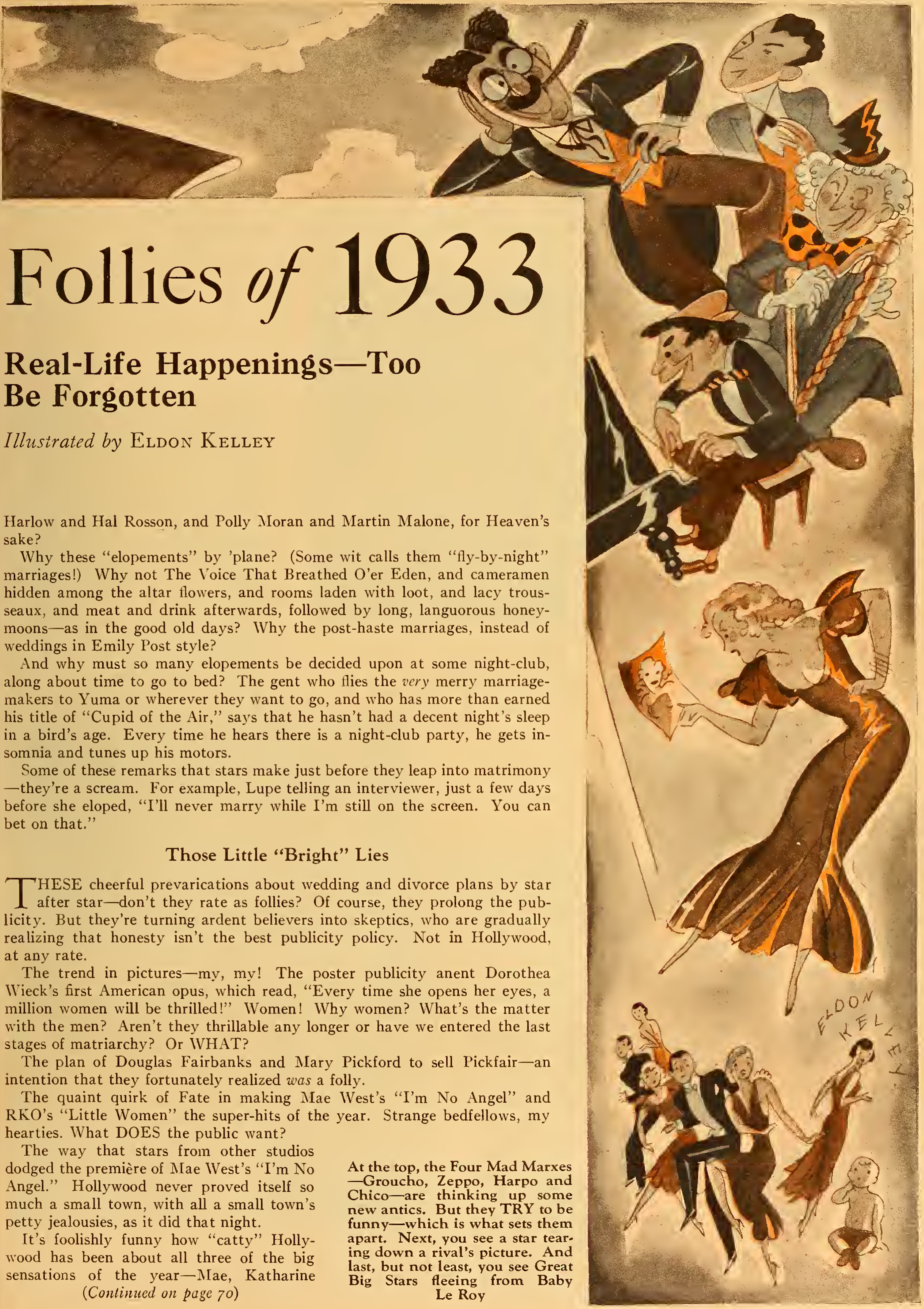
The plan of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford to sell Pickfair—an intention that they fortunately realized *was* a folly.

The quaint quirk of Fate in making Mae West's "I'm No Angel" and RKO's "Little Women" the super-hits of the year. Strange bedfellows, my hearties. What DOES the public want?

The way that stars from other studios dodged the première of Mae West's "I'm No Angel." Hollywood never proved itself so much a small town, with all a small town's petty jealousies, as it did that night.

It's foolishly funny how "catty" Hollywood has been about all three of the big sensations of the year—Mae, Katharine

(*Continued on page 70*)



At the top, the Four Mad Marxes—Groucho, Zeppo, Harpo and Chico—are thinking up some new antics. But they TRY to be funny—which is what sets them apart. Next, you see a star tearing down a rival's picture. And last, but not least, you see Great Big Stars fleeing from Baby Le Roy

COAST FLASHES

News *and* Gossip

✧ IF IT'S THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS YOU WANT,

DID Hollywood celebrate Repeal Night, December 5? File that among the Foolish Questions, Miss Hepplethwaite. New Year's Eve will be an anti-climax after *that* night!

IF Paramount's "Alice in Wonderland" goes over, M-G-M is all set to produce Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies." And Samuel Goldwyn has "The Wizard of Oz" on his mind.

IF you don't think that Gary Cooper's coming marriage to Sandra Shaw (née Veronica Balfe) is a big-time event, you're mistaken. The conservative New York *Times*, which is deaf to press-agents, gave more than a half-column to the news report of the announcement of the betrothal. The announcement was made at a supper dance in New York, given by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Shields, her socialite mother and step-father, who live on Park Avenue.

But the fact that he is about to be married hasn't dimmed Gary's popularity any, as proved at the New York opening of "Design for Living." He made the mistake of not ducking before the final fade-out. When he wanted to leave, he couldn't. The minute he stood up, women in the audience spotted his tall figure. In a moment, there was a surge of women around him, trying to touch him, pleading for autographs. Gary took it all good-naturedly and tried to write his way out of his predicament. No use. The girls weren't going to let him go. One girl leaped up and tried to kiss him; Gary jumped back. And about that time the police reserves were called.

Coburn

Dorothy Lee must have some influence with the publicity boys, as well as with Wheeler and Woolsey. The fast-patter team demanded her for their dancer in "Hips, Hips, Hooray"—and the publicity boys (who wanted some good photographs) insisted that she have a soft spot to rest between scenes

OUTSIDERS were amused when they read that producer Joseph Schenck went all the way to Warm Springs to talk with President Roosevelt about the motion picture code—and was taken for a tour of Warm Springs, instead. The President had a rule about not taking part in the framing of any industrial code. And Eddie Cantor, who arrived the next day for the same purpose, met the same reception. But Eddie did get something out of the trip besides a ride. He was appointed, with Marie Dressler, as a member of the Code Authority, which will administer the code. And the code, in General Johnson's words, contains "drastic provisions against excessive salaries"—which aren't defined. But there is to be a ninety-day investigation of high Hollywood salaries, and then maybe you'll have a definition. The report is that Washington will either make $25,000 the top yearly salary or see that screen workers are paid on a royalty basis from the returns of their pictures.

All of which is bad news to the Hollywood get-rich-quickers, who are still muttering about calling a strike if salaries are curbed.

Eddie Cantor doesn't think that they ever can be, but says "emphatically" that the code should be given "a fair trial."

MARIE DRESSLER, Presidential appointee to the Motion Picture Code Authority, is a personal friend of the Roosevelts. (See story, page 52.) And another picture personality who is always welcome at the White House is Eddie Dowling, who wrote the Roosevelt campaign song, "Row, Row, Row with Roosevelt." Eddie has recently turned producer and is responsible for the comeback of Lillian Gish in "Buried Alive." He took the picture to the White House for a preview and got some good criticism from the President. He's a real movie fan—and a helpful one.

English

The glamour of girlishness, and its innocence, are reflected in this scene in "Catherine, the Great"—in which Marlene Dietrich leaves a peaceful German garden to become Empress of all the Russias

of the Studios

LATEST
BULLETINS

GARY, by the way, is changing studios. After one more picture at Paramount, he is shifting to Twentieth Century. And Fredric March is doing likewise, after co-starring with Sylvia Sidney in "Good Dame." But George Raft is sticking with Paramount (his next is "The Trumpet Blows"), and so is Claudette Colbert (who is about to do "Cleopatra" for De Mille). And Mae West is signed up for four years more, and Marlene Dietrich for two.

Bachrach

Does Bette Davis still have the smallest waist in films? How about Helen MacAllister (above), the first chorine picked for "Flying Down to Rio"?

JEAN HARLOW didn't show up as per schedule, for costume fittings preparatory to "Living in a Big Way"—and her salary was suspended. Which brought another salary dispute out into the open. Jean's contract is likely to be re-written to include part, if not all, of that salary raise she says she rates. In "Living in a Big Way," she is to co-star with Marie Dressler.

Longworth

Richard Barthelmess has several feathers in his cap now. He not only plays an Indian in "Massacre," but is now an adopted son of the Sioux Indians—who haven't adopted a white man since the late President Coolidge. Dick's Indian name is "Thunder Horse"

REMEMBER Jackie Coogan? He isn't through with the movies yet, even if he is grown up and attending Santa Clara University. He's spending his week-ends before cameras, making a dozen two-reel collegiate pictures!

Richee

Ida Lupino left England for Hollywood. So England now wants several American players. She's in "The Search for Beauty"

THE mystery of the moment seems to be: What are Max Baer's plans? If you can believe all that you hear with your ear to the ground, he's giving the producers a run-around—maybe because he likes boxing better, and maybe because he's after a contract that would knock your eyes out. He's reported to be training, under the watchful eye of Jack Dempsey, for a bout that is to prove he didn't lose his punch in Hollywood . . . Aside from the mystery about his screen future, if any (and he was the only male among the four big surprise sensations of the year), what are his marriage plans, if any? A United Press dispatch from San Francisco reports that he is to marry Edna Dunham, New York divorcée, and quotes him as saying, "She thinks I'm sweet and I think she's sweet . . . Everything is hotsy hotcha with us." Three days later, another U. P. dispatch has him denying this vigorously and reports that he has a date with Estelle Taylor, the former Mrs. Dempsey, and is taking Dorothy Dunbar, his own former wife, to a boxing match. So what?

The latest flash about the exuberant Max—who got his start in his father's butcher shop in Livermore, Cal.—is that the papers are all signed for a championship bout with Carnera. This one will be "to a finish"!

It looks as if Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller is getting some competition from an unexpected quarter. Cast your eyes, for instance, upon Herbert Marshall, saying a jungle rockabye to Claudette Colbert in "Four Frightened People"

BUT even more of a mystery man is Charlie Chaplin. Maybe he did satisfy America's curiosity to know what his voice was like, when he broadcast in behalf of the "Buy Now" campaign. But otherwise he's very, very mum. He isn't telling, for instance, what his new picture (which he is just starting) is about—except that it reflects "the symphony of life." He isn't saying whether it's talkie or silent. He won't reveal whether or not he is keeping to his famous character of the baggy pants, under-sized bowler, bamboo cane and silly mustache. He won't comment on the persistent rumors that Paulette Goddard, his new leading lady, is secretly Mrs. Chaplin. Charlie, in other words, is still an expert at whetting public curiosity!

BY accident, not design, George Arliss' new picture, "The House of Rothschild," has a scene that is going to get talked about by the Nazi-Jewish debaters. As you probably know by this time, this is a pretentious historical drama, revolving around the founder of the famous European banking house and his eldest son (both rôles played by Arliss)—but moviegoers are going to find a parallel in the picture between present events and century-old history. For the picture's climax shows *Nathan Rothschild* at the zenith of his power, dictating to the Prussian Government (which has come to him for a loan) that it must issue a decree restoring citizenship to the Jews.

But don't mistake this for propaganda; it isn't. It's just history. Hollywood, as a whole, hasn't any axe to grind against Hitler—not with Germany such a good market for American films. Two independent producers, who have rushed out hurried productions with plots that make Hitlerism look like a scourge, haven't reaped the benefits they hoped. And an anti-Nazi play on the New York stage recently flopped. Americans apparently don't go for propaganda. Not in heavy doses, anyway.

KATHARINE HEPBURN has gone off to New York for what looks like a long stay—to star in "The Lake," with Colin Clive, her old friend of "Christopher Strong" memory, as her leading man. According to the terms of her contract, she doesn't have to be back in Hollywood for six months . . . Another star who looks all set for a Winter on Broadway is Miriam Hopkins, who was summoned East to replace Tallulah Bankhead in "Jezebel," when illness prevented Tallulah from continuing with rehearsals . . . And Helen Hayes apparently has made the biggest stage hit of her brilliant career in "Mary of Scotland"—which, by the way, is another tragic rôle for Helen.

IF the reports are true—and an intimate of Helen's in the Theatre Guild told us—Helen will be bending over a bassinet again before she returns to Hollywood. A report that probably brings tears to the eyes of Leo, the Lion, which has been making all sorts of plans for Helen. Leo, for one thing, promised Helen that she would have her long-awaited chance to do light comedy for the screen in "What Every Woman Knows." And the promise still holds good. For after seeing Helen in the Barrie play on the stage, no one could imagine anyone else in her rôle in the screen version.

LAST month we started testing your knowledge of Hollywood film happenings, besides giving you The Gossip Test, which calls for an awareness of what the stars are doing *off* the screen. And this month we have ten more questions all ready to tease you with. If you don't know the answers at a glance, you should—and you'll find them on page 98. We're asking you:

1. What ever became of Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame?
2. What star looks like a "natural" for the rôle of *Joan of Arc*, which is scheduled for her?
3. What former rôle is Ronald Colman expected to play again on his return?

Dyar

The lightest dresser among the stars is Lilian Harvey—who is also the lightest dancer. In "I Am Suzanne" she is giving you an unusual musical fantasy

4. What beautiful former star has a grown-up and pretty daughter now making a screen début?
5. Between what two stars lies the choice for the title rôle of "Anthony Adverse"?
6. What new picture has some of the most unusual interior sets ever seen?
7. Who will be the vivid Anna Sten's co-star in her second American picture?
8. What famous radio star is about to face the cameras again after a long absence?
9. What noted playwright, famous for his low opinion of movies as an art, recently sold one of his plays to films?

10. What star is about to make a film that, ironically, parallels some recent events in her private life?

THERE aren't many stage stars who are still adamant against movie offers. Even Katharine Cornell, the outstanding one, is reported to be weakening. Laurette Taylor, who made herself famous in "Peg O' My Heart," has said "Yes" to an offer from Movietown—and will make her film début opposite John Barrymore in "It Happened One Day." Jane Cowl, famous for her stage version of "Romeo and Juliet," is on the verge of heading for Hollywood. Helen Westley, of the Theatre Guild, has succumbed to the blandishments of the talkies, starting in Constance Bennett's "Moulin Rouge." And Dorothy Stone, dancing daughter of Fred Stone, is scheduled to be in "George White's Scandals" at Fox. Incidentally, the capture of George White, Ziegfeld's most prominent rival, right at the beginning of the biggest theatre season in years, is a bright feather in Hollywood's cap.

WARNER BROTHERS' press-agents solemnly announce that imitation liquor will still be used in all barroom scenes. So when you see stars quaffing on the screen, don't wonder if they're having Dry Martinis or, perchance, Bacardi Cocktails. Reserve your wondering for the news photos, taken at the bright night spots. And have you noticed how stars aren't timid any more about being seen with champagne glasses or highball tumblers in front of them? More and more, the town is going natural, instead of going Hollywood. Now, if everybody would only stop fibbing about marriage and divorce plans!

MAE West is going on the radio. (Imagine!—when the radio has more censors than movies!) And she's doin' very well by herself, boys—at $6,000 a broadcast. No wonder Mary Pickford and Marlene Dietrich are open to radio offers!

Have you noticed how redheads are coming into their own on the screen? And Peggy Shannon has auburn hair. Her latest picture is "Fury of the Jungle"

TED Healy did so well by his part in "Dancing Lady" that M-G-M is considering him for the title rôle of "The Show-Off," in which the late Louis John Bartels starred in silents. The only question is: What would they do with his Stooges?

Those bashful boys, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, again find themselves surrounded by dazzling damsels in "Hips, Hips, Hooray," which wins the Nobel Prize for Picture Titles. Bert and Bob are two Tired Business Men with insomnia

IF Warners want to be sure that the public won't think the stars are getting well perfumed right before their eyes, maybe press-agents should leap into another breach. In two new pictures, there are what look like real earthquakes. And those two scenes are likely to rock California Chambers of Commerce to their very foundations. They don't want the world to think there can even be imitation earthquakes in Sunshine Land.

HOLLYWOOD had plenty of fore-warning that the United States was likely to recognize Russia, but no studio was ready to capitalize on it by having a picture ready at the psychological moment. However, two studios are getting prepared to rush through two Soviet dramas. One is called "Soviet," and has been on and off the release schedule for two years at M-G-M, which planned to co-star Wallace Beery and Clark Gable in it. The other is called "Red Square," and will be produced by Columbia, under the direction of Lewis Milestone, lately returned from Russia, where he was born. He had not visited his native land since the War and was amazed by the changes that have taken place. As you may be, too, when he translates his impressions to celluloid.

Marion Davies keeps Bing Crosby at arms' length for a long time in "Going Hollywood"—and he's fit to be tied! A surprise team, they make a hit together

BARBARA BENNETT and her two children have arrived in Hollywood for a visit with Father Richard, and Sister Constance and Joan (who is expecting a second child, herself). And Barbara announces that she is returning to the screen while her husband, Morton Downey, is on a stage tour of the country—after which he, too, may head for Hollywood. And it is reliably reported that Alice Terry, wife of director Rex Ingram,

(*Continued on page 95*)

How Can Doug Stay Away from Hollywood?

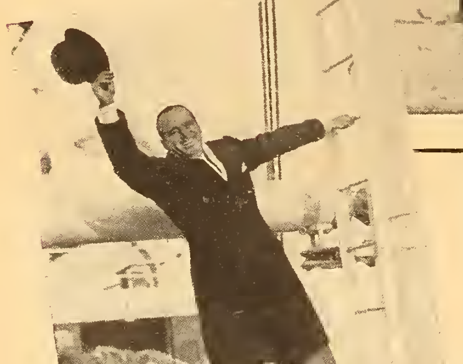
Has Douglas Fairbanks really deserted the town that made him rich and famous, given up America for England, forgotten old friends for new? Mary Pickford hasn't, and it's hard to believe that Doug has—especially when Hollywood needs him badly!

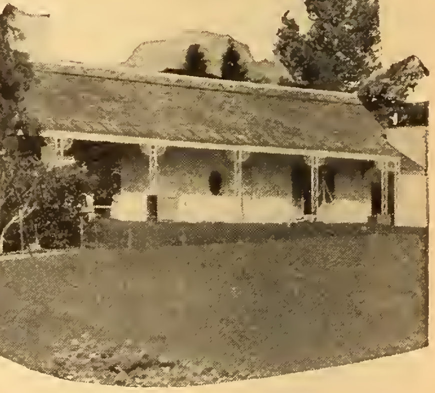
By Dorothy Calhoun

WHY did Douglas Fairbanks do it? Why did he leave Hollywood, where every face he saw was the face of a friend and every purple hillside had the familiar look of home—for strangers and strange streets? Why did he give up his position of leader, almost of ruler, which has belonged to him for so many years—to hobnob with the titles and aristocracy of foreign lands? Wasn't it enough to be King of Hollywood? Why did he abandon the industry that he helped to found, for the studios of our rivals? *How can he stay away?*

Hollywood remembers Doug as *Robin Hood* (left) and begs him to come back!

He could have had no need of money, though his world jaunts have no doubt been expensive. For in 1933 he was appraised the third wealthiest person in Hollywood, with only Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford ahead of him. And he once said, in defense of his globe-trotting, "I have enough money and I've worked all my life. Now I want to go places." But if he did need a little pin money, his old studio was waiting for him—and the crumbling plaster towers of Bagdad-in-Hollywood, and a whole country full of loyal fans, longing to hear their gay and daring *D'Artagnan*, their gallant *Robin Hood*, their dashing *Don Q* speak to them from the screen.





In 1932, after a globe-trotting trip, Doug grinned that he was glad to be back (left). Hollywood would like to see that grin again!

Then could it have been for "a ribbon to wear on his coat"? Hollywood did not have many more honors to give him. For years, it has watched him grow restless, longing for new worlds to conquer, gaming for titles, as well as tigers, triumphantly bringing back new members of the nobility from his forays abroad.

"I can live on coffee and handshakes!" he said once, exuberantly. He tried at first to break into West Coast society, until snobbish Santa Barbara social cliques made it clear that their exclusive clubs were not to be stormed by Hollywood celebrities. Only then did he turn his eyes toward Europe—where he and Mary Pickford had been fêted and petted and introduced at Court; Europe—where so many lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses owed him a return of his hospitality. Perhaps there is an ironic justice in the fact that California now is pleading for him to come home to stay.

Started Traveling in 1930

FOR the past three years, Douglas Fairbanks has been only a visitor in Hollywood between dashes to far corners of the globe and dates to play golf with the Prince of Wales. Yet Hollywood, knowing Doug's volatile spirits and small-boy restlessness, took his trips for granted, never feeling that some day he might not come back, that it might not have the chance again to welcome him home in conquering-hero style.

A visit to Europe in 1930 to attend the Walker Cup golf matches—his first trip abroad without Mary—brought him back to Pickfair in June, planning a new picture to be made in Hollywood. It was never made. On January 2, 1931, he set sail for the Orient—to hunt big game and to film "Around the World in Eighty Minutes." In May, he reached England, where Mary met him, and they returned to Hollywood together. By September, he was making plans for a picture-making flight over the headwaters of the Amazon. In November, he said he was going to make no more romantic films or studio pictures; he was going to travel, filming what he saw—and was heading for Europe, Africa and Asia. Planning at first to spend Christmas in Europe, he suddenly packed his bags and rushed back to Pickfair and a Yule dinner with Mary.

Less than two months later, the South Seas beckoned—and he was Tahiti-bound to film "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." In May he was back; and in August he was off again—to hunt long-haired tigers in Manchuria and to make a new film about China. The Sino-Japanese conflict forced him to change his plans and he continued on around the world, again making a last-minute dash to get back to Pickfair for Christmas. In February he departed on "an extended tour of Europe," where he was joined briefly by Mary, returning to Pickfair in May with Count Carpegna, Italian sportsman, and announcing that he was going to make a new picture. But the old wanderlust seized him again, and less than a month later, on June 19, he was playing in a golf foursome on green British turf with the Prince of Wales, Prince George and a golf professional.

Above, the veranda of Pickfair, where Mary and Doug were happy for ten years—until 1930

Doug left Mary to entertain alone—and she has done it. The Marchese and Marchesa Marconi (above) were recent guests

Acme

Doug brought England to Hollywood when he remodeled Pickfair last year. But to pal with English nobility, he had to go to England. Above, he is golfing with Lady Cholmondelay on Sir Philip Sassoon's estate

Pickfair (below) is now Mary's alone, by the terms of their divorce

Hollywood Dazed By News

ON July 2, Hollywood was dazed by an announcement from Mary Pickford that "Pickfair is for sale and a separation between Douglas and me is contemplated." On August 17, Hollywood was still more dazed (not anticipating anything like

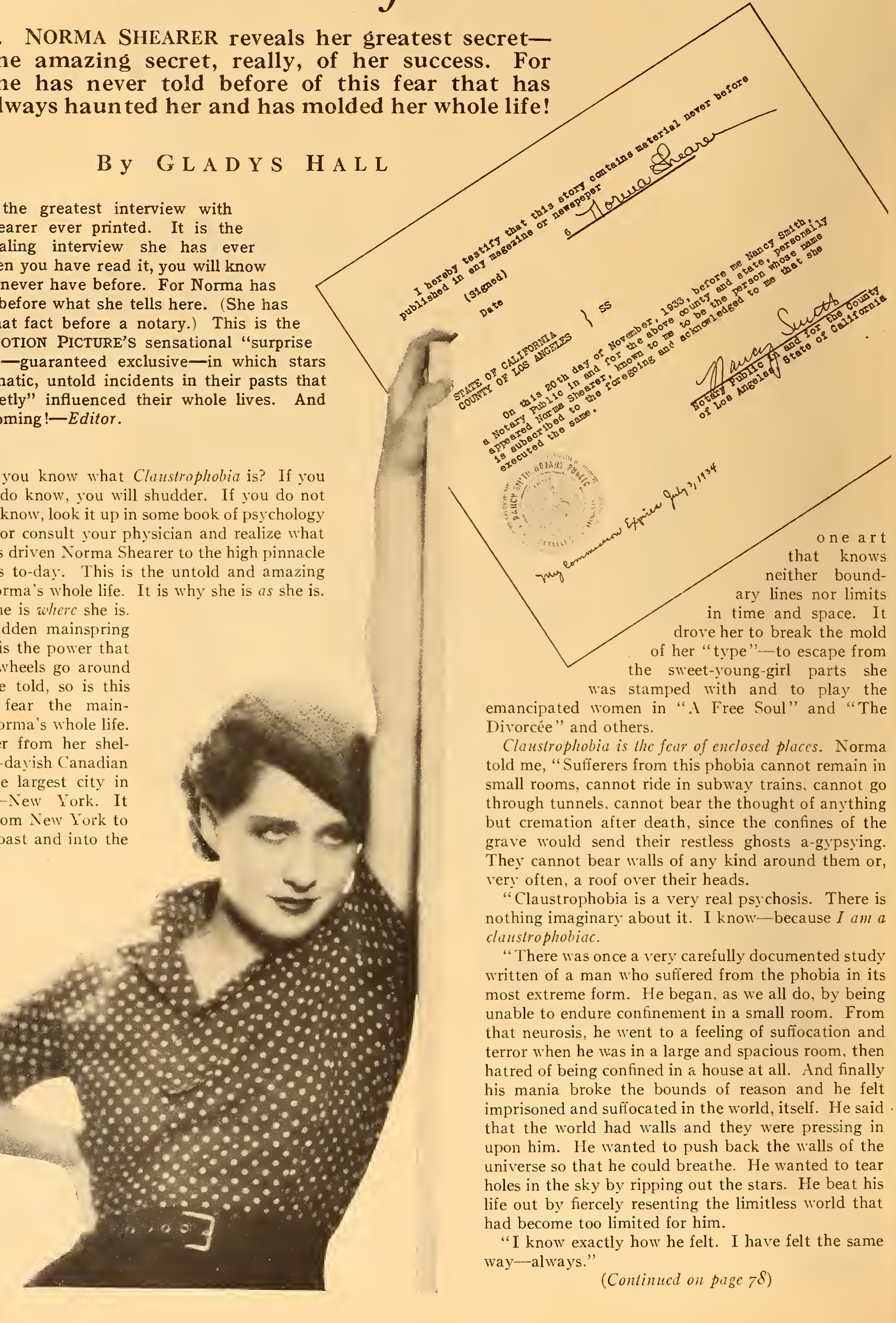
(*Continued on page 82*)

SECRETS *of the* STARS

3. NORMA SHEARER reveals her greatest secret—the amazing secret, really, of her success. For she has never told before of this fear that has always haunted her and has molded her whole life!

By GLADYS HALL

This is the greatest interview with Norma Shearer ever printed. It is the most revealing interview she has ever given. When you have read it, you will know her as you never have before. For Norma has never told before what she tells here. (She has sworn to that fact before a notary.) This is the third of MOTION PICTURE'S sensational "surprise interviews"—guaranteed exclusive—in which stars reveal dramatic, untold incidents in their pasts that have "secretly" influenced their whole lives. And more are coming!—*Editor.*



I hereby testify that this story contains material never before published in any magazine or newspaper

(Signed) Norma Shearer

Date 6

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } SS
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

On this 20th day of November, 1933, before me Nancy Smith, a Notary Public in and for the above county and state, personally appeared Norma Shearer, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing and acknowledged to me that she executed the same.

Nancy Smith
Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California

My Commission Expires July 3, 1934

DO you know what *Claustrophobia* is? If you do know, you will shudder. If you do not know, look it up in some book of psychology or consult your physician and realize what it is that has driven Norma Shearer to the high pinnacle she occupies to-day. This is the untold and amazing secret of Norma's whole life. It is why she is *as* she is. It is why she is *where* she is.

As the hidden mainspring of a watch is the power that makes the wheels go around and time be told, so is this compelling fear the mainspring of Norma's whole life. It drove her from her sheltered, every-dayish Canadian home to the largest city in the world—New York. It drove her from New York to the West Coast and into the one art that knows neither boundary lines nor limits in time and space. It drove her to break the mold of her "type"—to escape from the sweet-young-girl parts she was stamped with and to play the emancipated women in "A Free Soul" and "The Divorcée" and others.

Claustrophobia is the fear of enclosed places. Norma told me, "Sufferers from this phobia cannot remain in small rooms, cannot ride in subway trains, cannot go through tunnels, cannot bear the thought of anything but cremation after death, since the confines of the grave would send their restless ghosts a-gypsying. They cannot bear walls of any kind around them or, very often, a roof over their heads.

"Claustrophobia is a very real psychosis. There is nothing imaginary about it. I know—because *I am a claustrophobiac.*

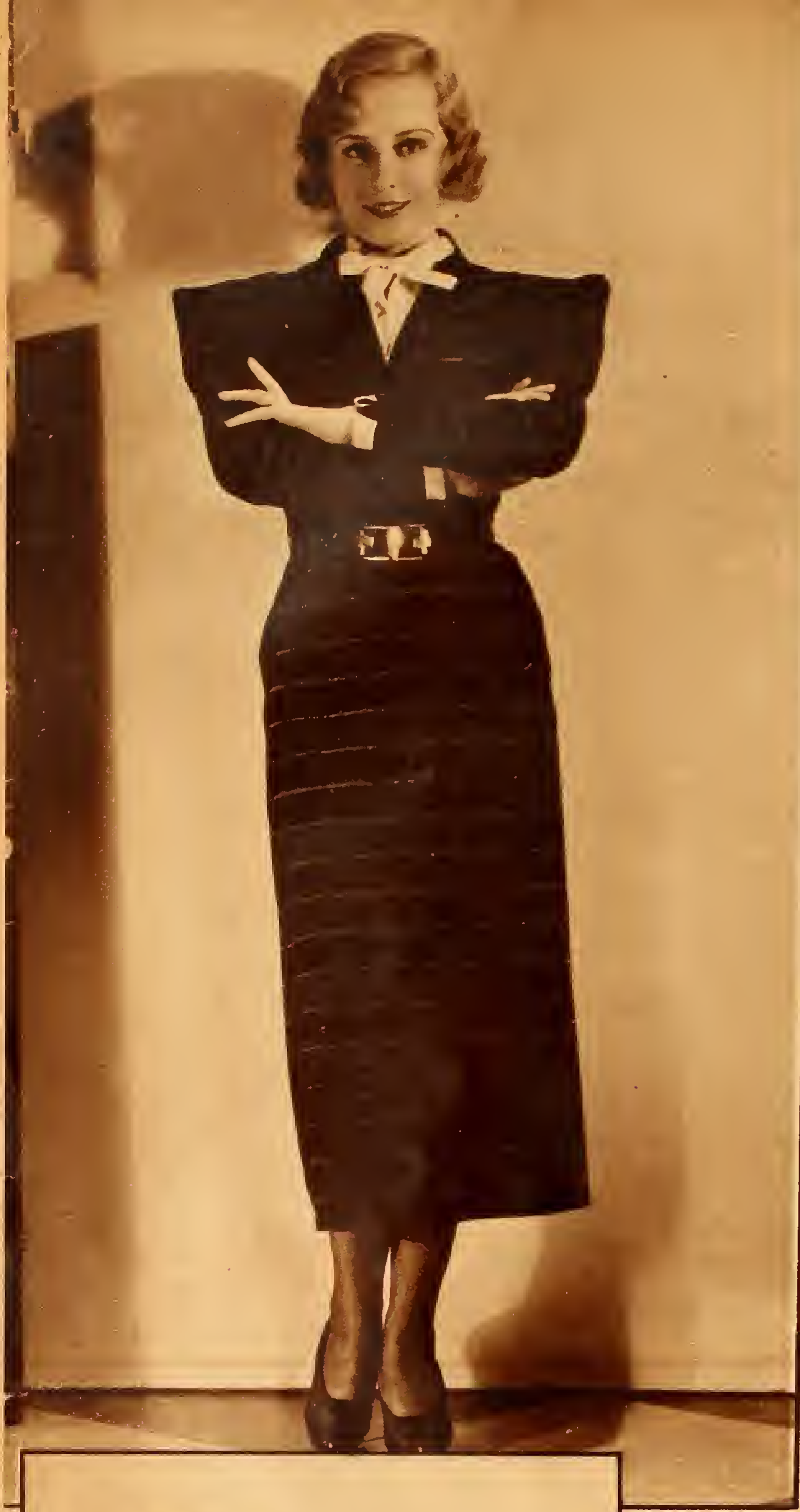
"There was once a very carefully documented study written of a man who suffered from the phobia in its most extreme form. He began, as we all do, by being unable to endure confinement in a small room. From that neurosis, he went to a feeling of suffocation and terror when he was in a large and spacious room, then hatred of being confined in a house at all. And finally his mania broke the bounds of reason and he felt imprisoned and suffocated in the world, itself. He said that the world had walls and they were pressing in upon him. He wanted to push back the walls of the universe so that he could breathe. He wanted to tear holes in the sky by ripping out the stars. He beat his life out by fiercely resenting the limitless world that had become too limited for him.

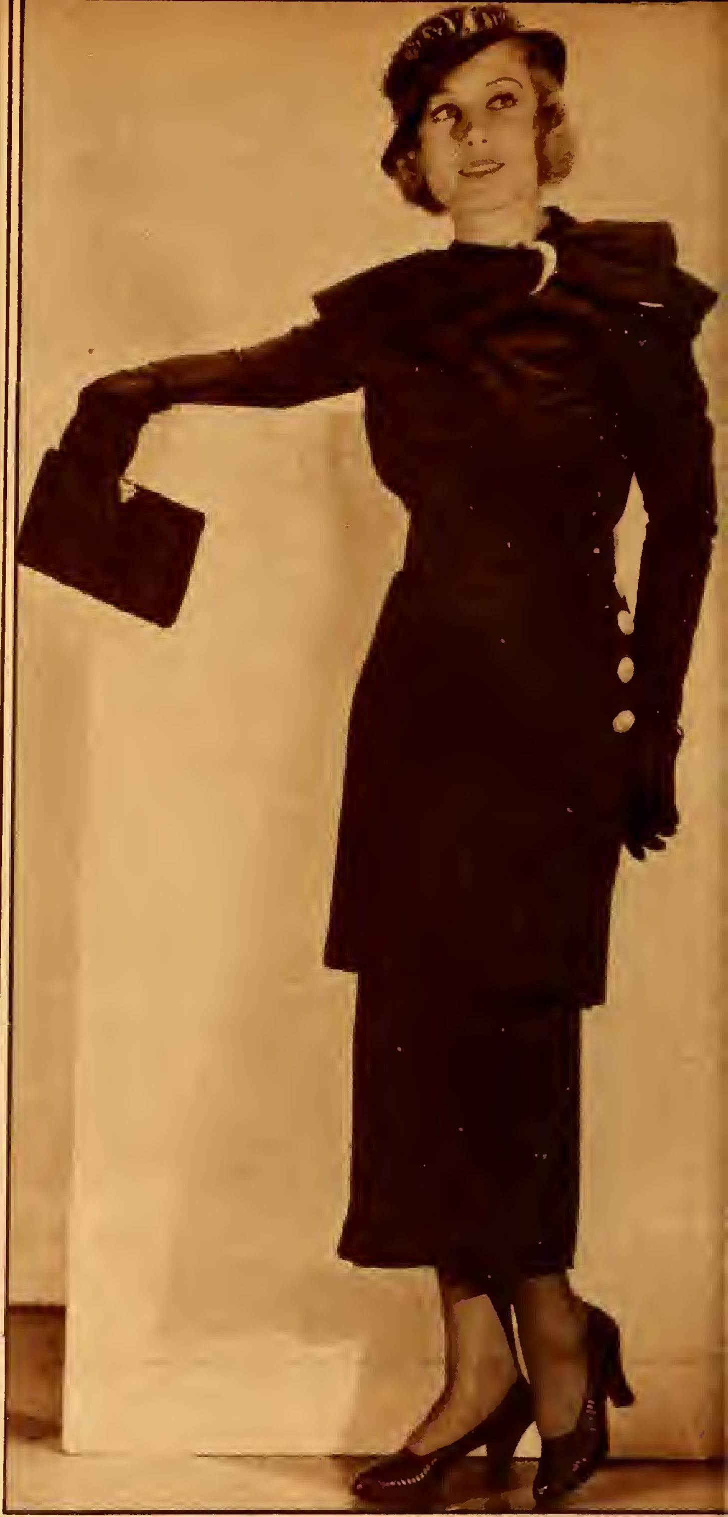
"I know exactly how he felt. I have felt the same way—always."

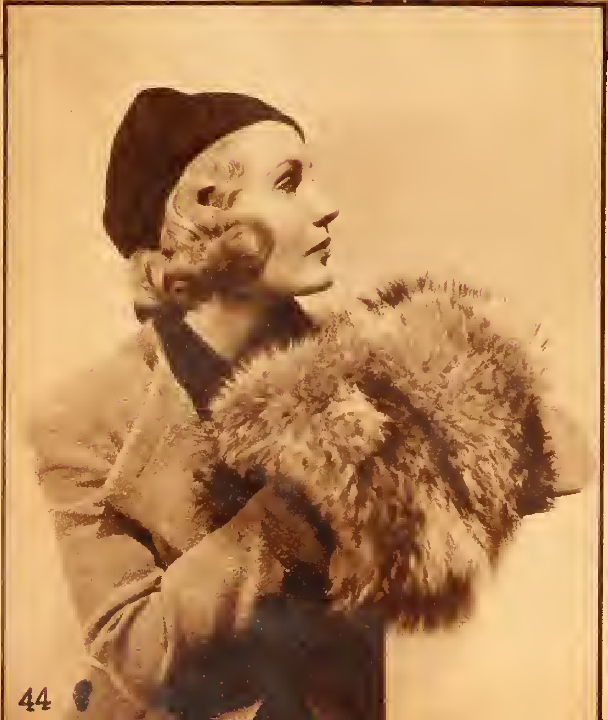
(*Continued on page 78*)

LORETTA YOUNG

Well, this IS a surprise — Loretta looking woman-of-the-worldish, so soon after being the inarticulate, idealistic young wife of "A Man's Castle," who thrived on struggle. From living for love, she now turns to pretending she loves for a living in "Born to Be Bad." Which only proves what is becoming increasingly evident—the girl is as versatile as she is pretty. And between the two rôles she has won stardom—and the feminine lead in George Arliss' most ambitious film, "The House of Rothschild"

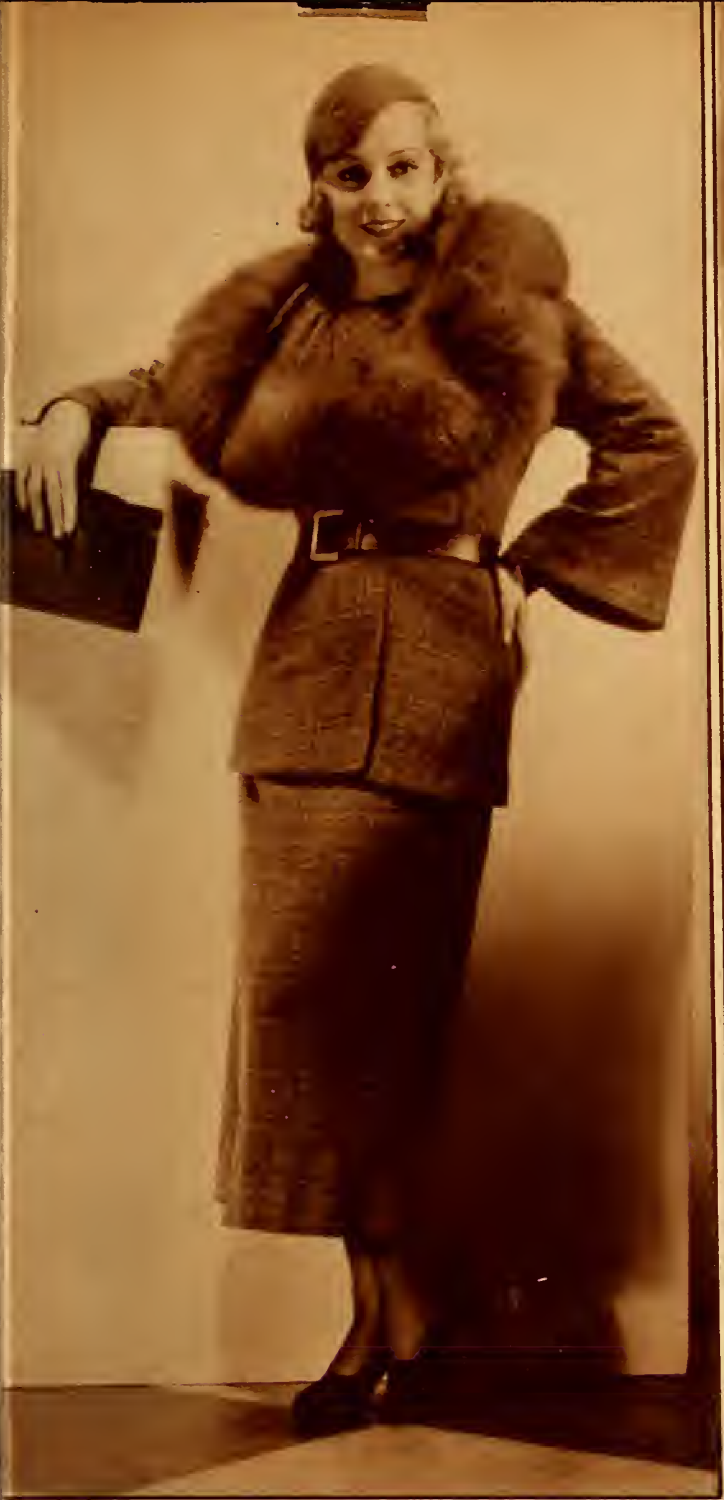


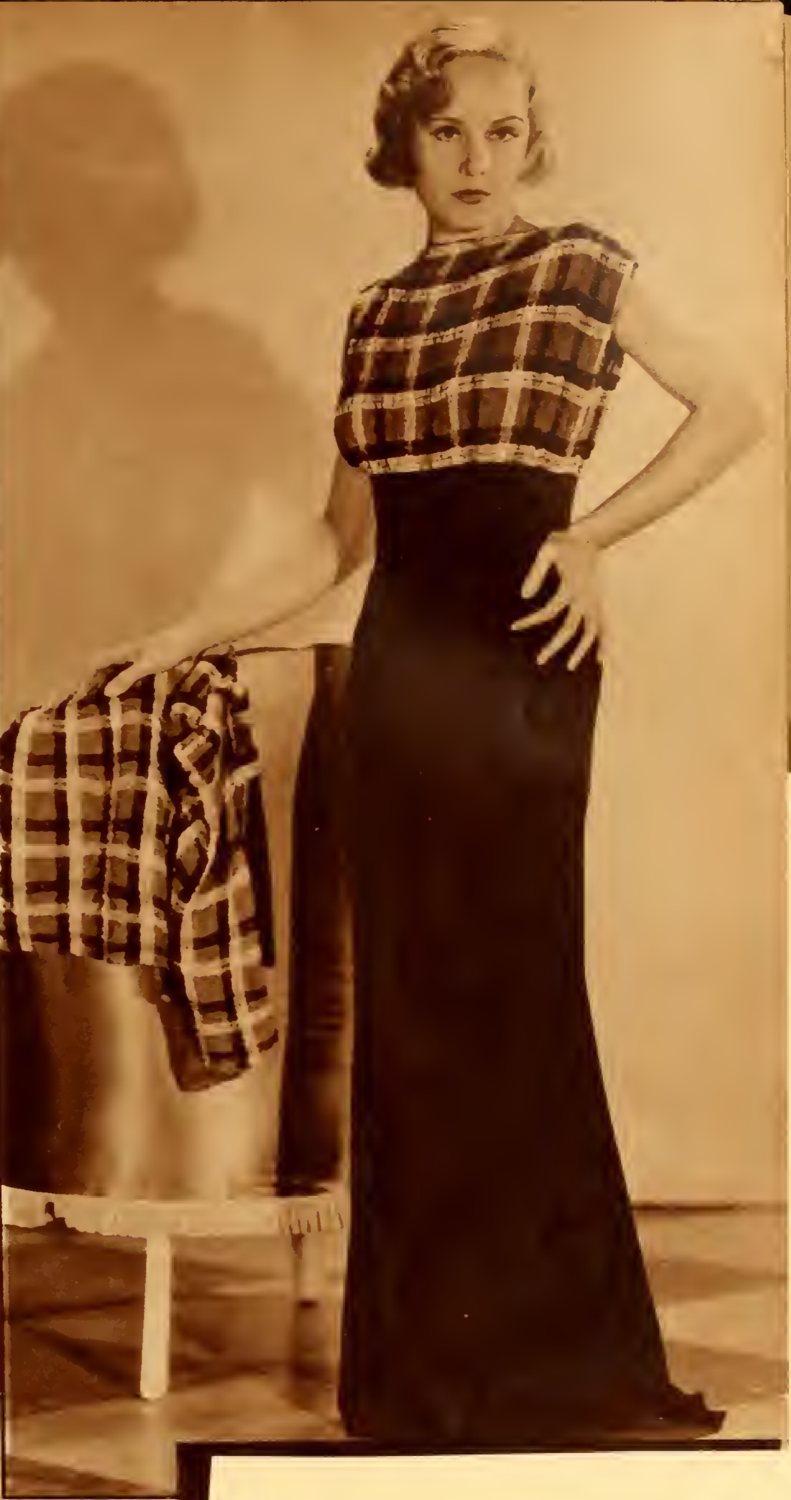




HAPPY NEW CLOTHES IDEAS —AS WORN BY MADGE EVANS

If you are the Madge Evans type, you'll adore the plaid velveteen dress in black and white with white piqué vestee and cuffs, and shoulders that are wide and pointed. (That military touch!) And if you decide to go in for the tunic type of dress that Madge is wearing above, you'll be sure to come in for a goodly share of compliments. It is made of black moire with an underskirt of black wool. The high scarf neckline is held by a brilliant crescent and has brilliant buttons at the hipline. The fur muff returns to fashion for Winter, and a long-haired one of wolf lends a smart accent to Madge's two-tone wool suit (left)

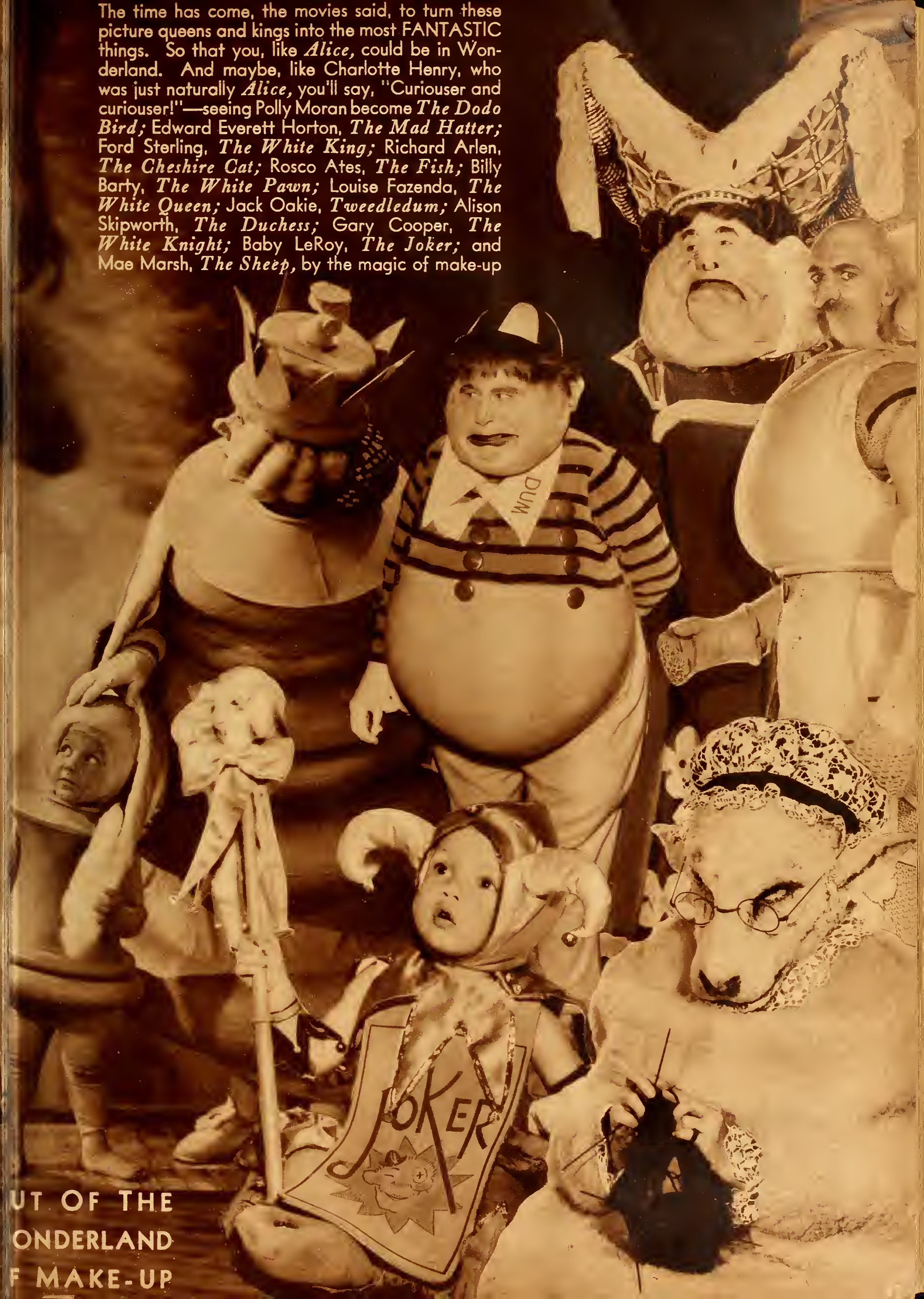




Tweed is always smart, but Madge Evans is wearing a super-smart tweed ensemble above. The novelty of this creation is the cape, which is really attached to the frock and pulled out to make a cape collar for the collarless jacket. And isn't the blue fox on the cape luxurious-looking? Her sheer wool evening ensemble, at the upper right, is in the warm mulberry shade, with plaid bodice and cape. (Note how evening clothes are getting away from the usual silks and satins and solid colors!) The ostrich shoulder cape of her lovely white satin formal frock, at the right, forms a sort of fluffy frame for Madge's face

Photographs by
RUSSELL BALL

The time has come, the movies said, to turn these picture queens and kings into the most FANTASTIC things. So that you, like *Alice,* could be in Wonderland. And maybe, like Charlotte Henry, who was just naturally *Alice,* you'll say, "Curiouser and curiouser!"—seeing Polly Moran become *The Dodo Bird;* Edward Everett Horton, *The Mad Hatter;* Ford Sterling, *The White King;* Richard Arlen, *The Cheshire Cat;* Rosco Ates, *The Fish;* Billy Barty, *The White Pawn;* Louise Fazenda, *The White Queen;* Jack Oakie, *Tweedledum;* Alison Skipworth, *The Duchess;* Gary Cooper, *The White Knight;* Baby LeRoy, *The Joker;* and Mae Marsh, *The Sheep,* by the magic of make-up



UT OF THE ONDERLAND F MAKE-UP

HERE are five little girls who seem to be going places on the screen—and which will get there first? Claire Dodd (above), a blonde New Yorker and a Ziegfeld girl, is coolly fascinating as The Other Girl in "Massacre." Lona Andre (below), a Nashville redhead and runner-up in the Panther Woman contest, has played in more pictures than the winner! Her smile and her pep are infectious anew in "The Search for Beauty"

FOUR out of five newcomers seem to be from Broadway. F'rinstance, auburn-haired June Brewster (above), the li'l show-girl of "The Blonde Bombshell," danced in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Blonde Claire Trevor (left), James Dunn's new heroine in "Jimmy and Sally," was young hit on the stage. An blonde Adele Thomas (below now in "Hip, Hips, Hoora was ballyhooed by Ziegfeld "America's Perfect Figure" (

Get Close to the Screen's *New Sensation!*

BY CRUIKSHANK

If you saw "Only Yesterday," you'll want to know all about Margaret Sullavan. If you missed it, you'll want to know why everyone is talking about this newcomer—who has equalled the feat of Katharine Hepburn and Mae West, being created a star, by public demand, after one picture. This exclusive story-interview tells you. Here is a girl who is going far. She has everything—vibrant youth, a startling naturalness, adequate good looks, poise that is not theatrical, great dramatic talent, and a remarkable speaking voice, a haunting voice. Don't delay getting acquainted with her!—Editor.

S-U-double L-A-V-A-N spells Sullavan! And Margaret, latest bearer of that illustrious name to bid for fame, insists that this is the correct Gaelic spelling. And when Margaret Sullavan insists—well, there's no use arguing. Ask her parents, ask Junior Laemmle, ask Hollywood. Or, if you'd rather not, just ask me. Margaret has her own ideas about things. And right or wrong, she sticks to 'em—this sensation who is afraid of her own shadow, her shadow on the screen.

When this five-feet-four, hundred-and-twelve-pounds of Southern (Norfolk, Virginia, Suh!) femininity decided, wholly without parental blessing, that she wished to be an actress, she stuck to the idea. That was three years ago. Since then the twenty-four-year-old youngster has made numerous other decisions. And has adhered to them. To the despair, incidentally, of executives, press-agents, interviewers and everyone—except Margaret Sullavan.

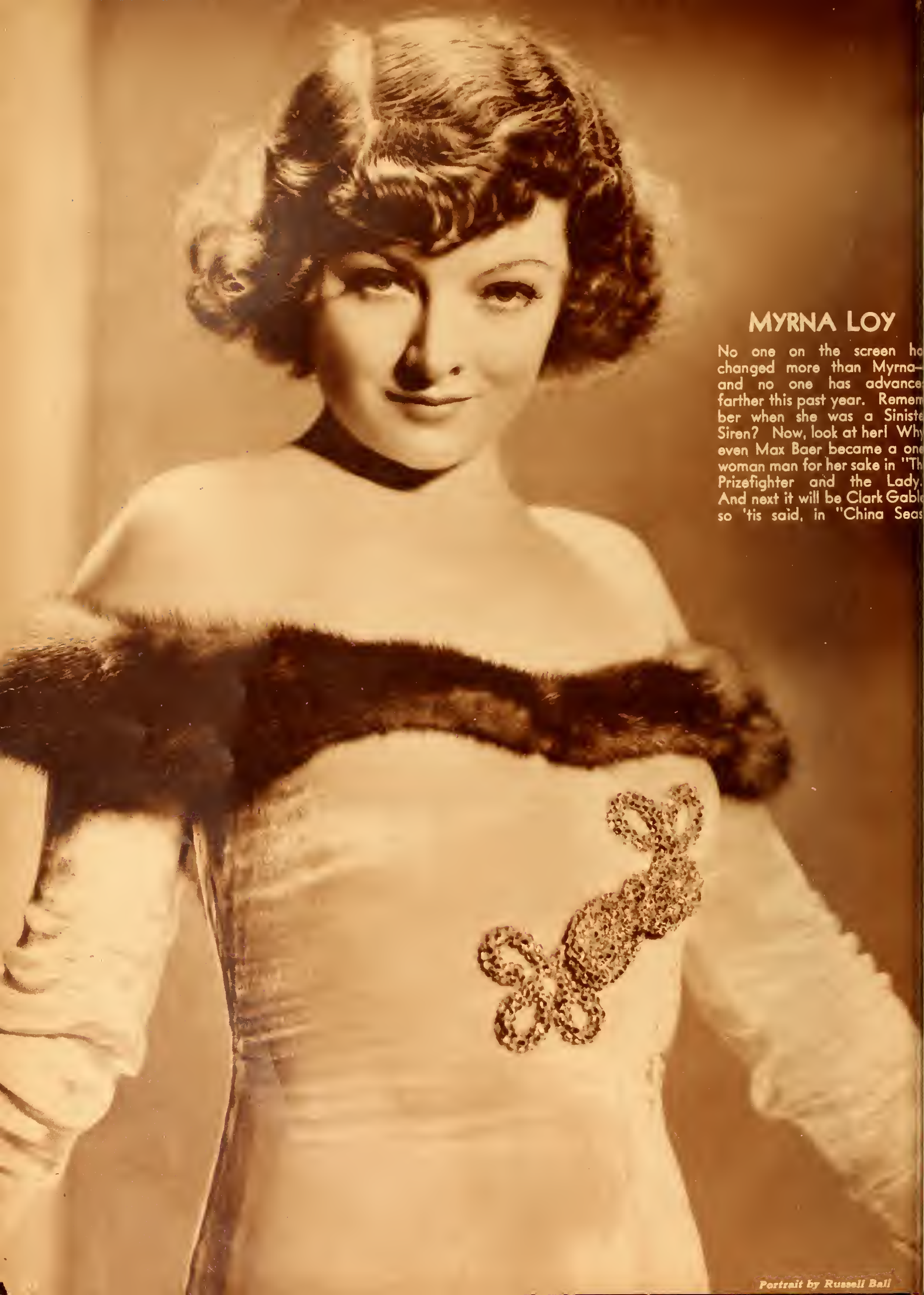
There's divvil a dash of lavender, nary a fichu of old lace, about the girl. Nothing quaint or whimsical. But there surely is a magnolia-scented fragrance, the ring of a Southern belle, in the names of the schools that may now claim her as an alumna. For Mistress Margaret mastered the mysteries of her "Three R's" at Chatham Episcopal Institute and—can't you see it?—Sullins College. A betting person might almost wager that the latter, at least, is a mere contraction of Sullins Select College for Young Ladies—preferably young ladies from Norfolk, Virginia, and other pernts South of the well-known Mason-Dixon Line!

It was in the revered halls of Chatham and Sullins that Margaret first tangled with the Muse. There, too, Thespis, god of drama, winning two falls out of three, claimed her for his own. In other words, no program of school theatricals was complete without the name of Margaret Sullavan (with two a's) listed in the cast. The fiction is that about this time the embryonic Duse developed an A. W. O. L. habit that took her scramming from Sullins' sacred portals to the purlieus of Broadway and its playhouses no fewer than seven times in three years. And, truth to tell, the facts in the case are not so vitally different.

In any event, 'way back yonder in 1930, a Miss M. Sullavan, with blue-gray eyes, brown, Autumnish hair, and a slight Mason-Dixon Line slur, took passage from Norfolk to Boston, and in the austere atmosphere of the Codfish City studied what is laughingly known as "acting technique" at the Copley Theatre, under the tutelage of a British gentleman whose name sounds like E. E. Clive. Come to think of it, his name was E. E. Clive, and may be still.

Just what rules of dramaturgy the young idea absorbed at dear, old Copley, deponent knoweth not. But, at least, Margaret remained steadfast in purpose and continued to guide her barque (*Continued on page* 89)

Move over, Katharine Hepburn and Mae West—and make room for Margaret Sullavan! She is a great personality, who will be a greater one—if they let her screen shadow remain as natural as this little Southerner, herself. This interview gives you an idea!



MYRNA LOY

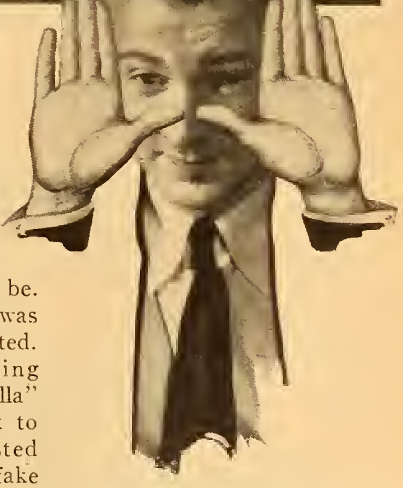
No one on the screen ha changed more than Myrna— and no one has advance farther this past year. Remember when she was a Siniste Siren? Now, look at her! Wh even Max Baer became a one woman man for her sake in "Th Prizefighter and the Lady. And next it will be Clark Gabl so 'tis said, in "China Seas

Portrait by Russell Ball

Did LEE TRACY "Insult" Mexico *—Or Did That Report Insult Him?*

The press dispatches from Mexico City said one thing—and cost him his job. He said just the opposite—and found himself deluged with other offers. Here is what eyewitnesses of the incident say!

By DOROTHY DONNELL



Wide World

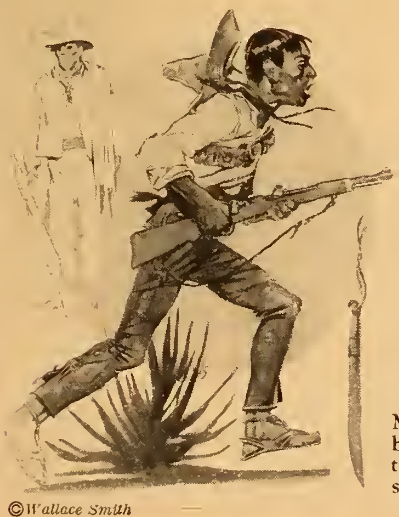
Lee Tracy didn't thumb his nose, says an eyewitness. He made a "cameraman's frame" (as at right). Isabel Jewell—and five hundred other people—met Lee on his return (above)

DID Lee Tracy "insult" the Mexicans, or didn't he? Or was that report, itself, an insult to Lee—who lost his job because of it? What, in short, is the truth behind the incident that caused all the newspaper furore? Hollywood is just beginning to learn all the facts. Do you want to hear them?

According to the press dispatches that came over the wires from Mexico City, Lee—who had, maybe, taken a taste of some *caliente* Mexican fluid—appeared on a balcony, clad only in a blanket (which later dropped), and almost stopped a parade of Mexican cadets with his pantomime and shouts. Outraged, our neighbors to the South arrested him; Lee got out on bail and fled the country. And before he could get back to Hollywood, where he told a version that differed radically from the Mexico City one, he was "fired" and the head of his studio wired the President of Mexico that the studio was "embarrassed and shocked . . . fully as deeply" as the Mexican people were said to be.

That, in bare outline, was what the newspapers related. But before the returning members of the "Viva Villa" company could get back to Hollywood several twisted versions, misconceptions, fake quotations and conflicting reports preceded them by several days. In the interval every so-called wit in town seized on the chance to give his naughty fancy full rein. The stories of just exactly what Lee had done were amazing in their variety and scope; and, although most of them were pure gossip, they were circulated as the truth. One well-known news weekly, which wired its representative for the facts of the Tracy incident, re-

(*Continued on page 84*)



©Wallace Smith

Mexico, often "insulted" by Hollywood, approved these impressions of foot-soldiers for "Viva Villa"—and the script, too

How It Feels to Be Hollywood's *First Citizen*

MARIE DRESSLER had a birthday the other day—her sixty-second. And not only Hollywood, but the whole country, picked the occasion to honor her as no actress has ever been honored before. How did it all affect her? She tells you here—in an interview you can't afford to miss!

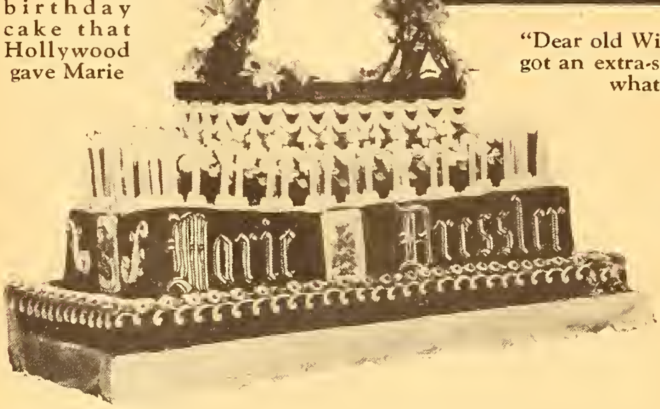
HOLLYWOOD'S First Citizen is a *woman.* An *actress.* Not beautiful. No longer young. Not one who has played in the Grand Tradition of Ellen Terry, of Bernhardt, of Duse. Not one who has "done" Shakespeare or the Greek Tragedies, or plays by George Bernard Shaw. She has no aura of the Empire Theatre, this First Citizen of ours. Far removed is she from the subtleties of Katharine Cornell, the histrionic greatness of Minnie Maddern Fiske, the classical predilections of a Margaret Anglin, the unimpeachable flavor of Maude Adams. But she is close to humanity—this Marie Dressler of ours. And how do you suppose she feels to be Hollywood's First Citizen?

Given to funny falls and guffaws and grimaces is this First Citizen. She can, and has, licked her weight in Wally Beery many a time. She has done "Tillie's Nightmare" and the bawdy old soul in the screen version of "Anna Christie" and the servant girls in "Emma" and "Christopher Bean," and the salty waterfront characters in "Min and Bill" and "Tugboat Annie." . . . And yet—on her sixty-second birthday—Marie Dressler was honored as no woman has been honored before, anywhere in the world.

Her birthday has become a National Event. November 9 was spoken of as "Marie Dressler Day." Many an actor has crashed the drama pages of the newspapers, the advertising sections, the headlines, whether he liked it or not—but Marie crashed the editorial pages hitherto sacred to cotton and steel and banking and the achievements of statesmen and scientists and such.

Wide World

"Dear old Will"—Will Rogers, to you—got an extra-special hug from Marie for what he said about her



Below, the birthday cake that Hollywood gave Marie

BY FAITH SERVICE

Above, Marie Dressler digs into the avalanche of mail that she received on her sixty-second birthday—from rich and poor, young and old. The composite picture across the two pages shows a few of the celebrants at her birthday dinner: left to right, Frances Marion, scenarist of "Min and Bill," Martin Malone and his wife, Polly Moran (often Marie's co-star), Governor Rolph of California, Marie, herself, Louis B. Mayer, George Hill, director of "Min and Bill," and Mary Pickford. Upper right, a tree of "orchids for Marie"

On Marie Dressler Day, all of the Governors of all of the States sent telegrams of congratulation, of appreciation, of gratitude for the professional Marie and love for the personal Marie. . . .

Where the Tributes Came From

ON Marie Dressler Day, there flooded in, too, wires from the flower girl at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York, wires from Charlie Chaplin and Oscar of the Waldorf and Schumann-Heink on her sick-bed. Wires from policemen and Western Union messengers and editors and trained nurses and elevator operators. A wire from one who had played the drummer boy in her old show, "Tillie's Nightmare." A boy no longer, this Billy Taub. A man—who remembers.

There were wires from doctors and tugboat captains and captains of industry. There was a wire from a man in Pittsburgh, a stranger, whose first baby was born on Marie's birthday and was named—Marie Dressler. There were wires from waiters and waitresses and Pullman porters and from small children. And there were many wires from old, old ladies who were living, that day, in the reflected glow of one who was wearing the laurel wreath of Triumph on the brow of Age, of one who had become the most popular, most loved woman in the world—at sixty-two.

Not strangers—any one of them. From Governors in their executive mansions to captains of tugboats on the riverways of the world, Marie is a *friend*, who has made the world a brighter place to live in.

Marie has recently been entertained at the White House. She didn't go, formally, for just an hour or two. She went as an old friend to call on her old friends, the Roosevelts. She stayed for two days and a night and she sat down to family dinner with her friends. She went with Mrs. Roosevelt to her clubs and joined her in other activities.

She said to me, "Eleanor Roosevelt is the most amazing woman alive to-day. That she is married to the most amazing man alive to-day does not need saying. She has inexhaustible energy. She works from fourteen to eighteen hours a day—*every* day. She isn't interested only in politics. She is interested in every phase of life at all pertinent to women. It is the first time in the history of the world that a man and a woman have worked side by side in so high an executive capacity. There have been kings and their consorts. There have been Rulers and their Powers-Behind-The-Throne. There have been Presidents whose wives were gracious and active socially. But never such hand-in-hand teamwork as this. . . ."

Marie has known intimately every President from the late Grover Cleveland on. She has visited the White House many

(*Continued on page 74*)

"I'm Afraid of Women," Says GEORGE RAFT

By SONIA LEE

George isn't wise-cracking. He was never more serious in his life. For he has learned something about real-life racketeers—of the female sex. And he speaks up about them in an amazing interview!

George Raft has been accused by Hollywood of being secretive. This vivid interview with him ends that particular impression forever; in fact, it creates just the opposite impression—that George is one of the most outspoken stars on the screen. For he talks of a topic that has been too long suppressed—and exposes a racket that needs exposing.—*Editor.*

"I'VE learned to be afraid of women," says George Raft, who specializes—on the screen—in being a romantic menace to the weaker sex. Morever, he says that every other actor in Hollywood shares his fear, though some of them may not openly admit it. And this is the reason: There are too many women racketeers, all ready to work the hush-money racket.

This is why George Raft—electric and romantic and fascinating, who stepped to stardom across a bridge of feminine sighs—avoids women. This is why he does not live alone and why, practically everywhere he goes, he has a male companion. This is why it is difficult to recall seeing any girl on his arm in his rare social excursions except the fair Marjorie King, whom he will probably marry when he is free to do so.

George's fantastic, amazing, almost unbelievable experiences with women have been enough to benumb his genius for friendship, his genuine liking for people.

"This breach-of-promise suit business is a racket in Hollywood," he declares. "Every star faces the danger of being put on the spot. Not even the married stars are safe from this sort of attempted highway robbery. And it's about time it was, exposed. It's time the public realized . . . .

He's One of Many Victims

"I'VE been a victim, myself. And I've got it straight that many of my friends have. Not many months ago, I paid two thousand dollars to a girl I can't even remember meeting. I had just finished a picture; I was having a little trouble at the studio. I didn't dare go into court and fight the case, even though I knew I could beat it without any trouble.

"I couldn't afford the notoriety, the publicity, or taking a chance that the public would be on my side. If I had been in another profession, I could have told her to go to the devil. Headline-hunters and headline-readers wouldn't be interested in what I did or didn't do.

"As a matter of fact, the suit would never have been brought if I were in the real estate business, or the grocery business, or any other business. But being a star, I looked like easy pickin's; she thought I couldn't hit back.

"This particular girl who sued me had failed to make a hit on the stage or in Hollywood. She had an idea that being linked with me would be good for her professionally. I fooled her. I kept her name a secret from reporters and she didn't dare reveal her identity, because in that case I would have fought it and probably got her a stretch for perjury.

(*Continued on page 86*)

George Raft isn't afraid of Marjorie King—as evidenced by their being Constant Companions. But Marjorie is an exception!

"I'm Afraid of Love," Says Richard Cromwell

Richard isn't joking, either. He's out to let the world know how hard it is to find real love, or hold onto it, in Hollywood—with gossips interfering in private lives!

Richard Cromwell says Hollywood has a habit of "spoiling" love. He and Dorothy Wilson "might have learned to like each other," but—

By Dorothy Manners

Across the page, you have had a chance to read a startling revelation about an actor's life in Hollywood—an explanation by sophisticated George Raft about the dangers of success. Here, also, is a frank disclosure—by a younger, less sophisticated actor—of the obstacles to real romance in Hollywood. And Richard Cromwell isn't exaggerating a bit!—*Editor.*

"WOMEN mean romance—and I'm afraid of both of them," says young Richard Cromwell. That amounts to more than a frank admission—it is a courageous one, for Dick is just at that age which likes to pretend a sophistication as great as the worldliness that a George Raft actually has achieved. Twenty-one makes a studied effort to ape its elders. Boys will be poised.

"I don't know how I'd feel about it if I lived in a normal, rational town," Dick continues. "But Hollywood isn't normal and certainly not rational. You try not to be influenced by what other people think or say about your private life, but you just can't help it. At least, I can't.

"Maybe I'd like to be a young-man-about-Hollywood. Maybe it would be kinda swell. But here's what you're up against, working in the movies:

"If you step out with an older woman, you're a gigolo. If it's a young girl, you're leading her astray. If it's a movie personality, you and she are both plugging for publicity—a co-starring picture or something. If you go out more than once with the same person, you're in love with her and you are constantly spied on by the press for fear you may sneak away for an elopement. If you're out with a different girl every time, then you're a trifler. And if you don't go out at all, it's just as bad. They want to know what in Heaven's name you're doing at home."

I hope all this isn't funny to you. Dick can't see anything humorous about it, despite his keen sense of humor. When it comes to the question of romance in his life, his eyes go intensely serious. His long, artistic fingers lock and unlock all the time he is talking. Now and then he uses his artist's hands to supply ideas that no words could possibly express. He is as boyishly honest as he is self-conscious.

There is nothing of the movie actor in young Cromwell, although he has been under contract to Columbia since his début in that studio's memorable "Tol'ble David." He drives a flivver and his sun-streaked blond hair has the darndest habit of always looking mussed. He appears the perfect foil for a designing woman. Seemingly, he wouldn't know how to repulse advances without giving offense; his only alternative would be to run. Fortunately, he has escaped meeting any obvious gold-

(*Continued on page 88*)

A Sweep of a Fan—and SALLY RAND Came Back

Sally was "just another" Baby Star in 1927, playing baby-faced blondes. She rebelled and left the screen. But she promised herself that some day she would attract Hollywood's attention in a big way. And she did!

SALLY RAND—the youngster who left Hollywood in disgust and has returned in triumph, the Baby Star of 1927 who has become a sensation as a dancer—told me, "I wanted to attract Hollywood's attention." She smiled that professional un-mirthful smile; her hands clenched slowly. "And here I am. It has taken five years to get back."

If her fan dance in "The Streets of Paris" concession at the World's Fair was just a stunt, you won't find Sally admitting it. You get the distinct impression that Sally was not trying so much to startle audiences with her daring as to win their admiration for the lithe subtlety of her art.

"A million people saw me dance the fan dance last summer," she says, "and *I received exactly three letters of protest.* The audiences watched in silence; there was never any unpleasant demonstration. It was only the newspaper writers who made it sensational—and the police.

"I was arrested just one day—sometime in August. But on that one day I was arrested four times. My mother read my name in the headlines and wired me, 'Have you gone completely crazy?' But when she came on and saw my dance, she changed her mind. She thought that it was beautiful and artistic. It was exactly that—against a classical setting of tall white columns and green cypresses and a blue pool.

"But the newspapers even printed that I had given the dance in court! Ridiculous! I merely showed the jury how I handled the fans, to simulate the graceful motions of a bird flying.

"I worked out the dance four years ago. At first I tried a costume with feathers and wings on the arms. It looked grotesque. My arms weren't in the right places on my body. Then

Above, Sally Rand in her early screen days—when she was a Baby Star, crop of 1927

And this is Sally Rand (with her famous fans) to-day

Parade

REVIEWS OF THE NEWEST PICTURES

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM

Hard-Working Cast In A Thin One: They must have started out to make this picture with a title instead of a plot—and then they forgot the title. Labored gags and laughless lines tax the comedy skill of Charles Ruggles, the charm of Charles Farrell and the ability of Marguerite Churchill. A curious mixture of farce and fantasy and satire, the plot details the misadventures of a timorous country youth in the mad life of the Latin Quarter of Paris, such as exists only in the feverish Hollywood imagination.

Since the hero and heroine are given nothing to do but to be bashful and misunderstood, the burden of the picture falls on the comedy team of Ruggles and Grace Bradley. As the futuristic artist friend of the hero, Ruggles is forced to fight a comedy duel and has one swell brawl with Grace that is the highlight of the action. A better script would have helped out good direction and a fine cast. (Paramount.)

SONS OF THE DESERT

Slapstick, But Funny: Undoubtedly, the best of the Laurel and Hardy ventures into feature-length comedies. It's rowdy slapstick that only occasionally fails to be as funny as intended.

As members of the lodge known as "Sons of the Desert," Stan and Babe want to attend the Chicago convention. They have marital entanglements to overcome, but finally get away from their wives. They are, of course, caught in the lie that won them their freedom, but not until they have enjoyed the convention to the full. The picture is a gorgeous travesty on men's fraternal organizations and the swank that marks their annual gatherings.

Laurel and Hardy profit by having a more substantial plot than usual. They are inimitable as always. Charlie Chase and Lucien Littlefield are excellent as fellow conventioners and Mae Busch and Dorothy Christy are the wives. (Roach-M-G-M.)

DARK HAZARD

Just Misses Being A Honey: Had "Dark Hazard" reached a climax or achieved some final story twist, it would have been a smashing drama. As it is, a vague conclusion sends you from the theatre with a feeling that you have seen an incompleted work. Something should have happened to this gambler who can't resist a chance, no matter what the game. A false lead gives the impression you are about to see an exposé of the dog racing racket. Instead of that, the picture peters off into a decidedly unsatisfactory finale.

Edward G. Robinson works wonders with what he has to do. It is a carefully presented characterization of a betting man in Robinson's usual vein. Genevieve Tobin again impresses as the wife who suffers ups and downs until she can bear no more. Glenda Farrell is wasted in a rôle unworthy of her. "Dark Hazard" gets its title from a dog by that name who, too, gives a swell performance. (First National.)

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?

Talky, But Clever—See It: Alice Brady's floods of conversation trickle over a farce-comedy of youthful hero-worship and middle-aged silliness, giving a rather tedious story coherence. As a character study of a completely brainless wife who yearns for romance, it is a splendid piece of work, although at times one yearns to slap the lady. As the bitter elderly husband Lionel Barrymore growls and burps and gives his wife splendid excuse for disliking her husband. Little Mary Carlisle, as the naïve eighteen-year-old daughter, surprises with an innocence well-nigh incredible in this day.

Smart and sophisticated in setting and situation, this is a comedy for the selective audience, rather than the neighborhood trade. Alice Brady's true to life heroine establishes her once and for all as the lady Lee Tracy of the movies, the fastest and most expressive talker among the women players. Go to see it—if you like your farce sophisticated. (M-G-M.)

ESKIMO

One Of The Best—Don't Miss It: Van Dyke's directorial courage and appetite for adventure must have been taxed by the making of this epic of life and love near the North Pole. Warm and comfortable audiences will shiver at the bleak wastes and icy blasts amid which Mala, the great hunter, pits his skill and strength against the elements, and finally against something much crueler—Man.

A rather slow story might have dragged if it had not been generously provided with thrills in the shape of a whale killing, a caribou stampede, and a remarkable fight between the hero and a wolf.

The authentic background of the North will make this one of the truly great pictures, whatever you may think of the primitive love habits of this strange peoples, and the rather Hollywoodish plot of betrayal and revenge in which the three women and Mala figure. Van Dyke has again proved the most undaunted director in the movies. (M-G-M.)

AS HUSBANDS GO

Just A Picture—Take It Or Leave It: Harking back to the days of the earliest talkies when stage plays were transferred to the screen without regard to the difference in the two mediums, "As Husbands Go" is nothing more or less than a photographed play. The Rachel Crothers drawing-room comedy remains a polite presentation of the situation of a wife who has fallen in love with love while in Europe and dreads the necessity of telling her mid-Western American husband about her affair. And then her husband and her lover get drunk together.

Unfortunately the casting removes any element of suspense. You know that Warner Baxter, because he is Warner Baxter, will triumph in the end. Helen Vinson is acceptable as the erring wife and Catherine Doucet has all the answers as an idiotic friend, but fails to make the most of her opportunities. Warner Oland alone shines as a fortune hunter. It is all very unimportant. (Fox.)

When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot fell in love, she still had a husband—and both had careers. But they defied gossips to do their worst and risked exile from the screen, rather than lose each other. And in this interview both tell you why!

Adrienne and Bruce, sharing the springboard here, will also temporarily occupy the house above—given to her by Stephen Ames

Why ADRIENNE and BRUCE Risked *All* for Romance

By ELZA SCHALLERT

THERE never have been two young players in Hollywood who have shown more daring in their personal lives, or taken greater chances with their professional prestige, than Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. And they did all of this—deliberately placed themselves "on the spot," became targets for inferential gossip and open criticism, and jeopardized their futures—for one reason. Because they were in love! Because they couldn't be happy without each other! And *are* they happy now?

According to an old Hollywood tradition, Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot should never have allowed themselves to fall in love, or to have risked so much for romance, so early in their professional careers, particularly since she was already married—to a likable, generous chap.

Married to each other now, they have recently been honeymooning in Honolulu, far from the hue and cry of Hollywood. But Hollywood, suddenly reversing itself, is ready to applaud their courage and welcome them back to their respective careers. Hollywood has even come to the point where it accepts with equanimity the fact that their home—for a while, at least—will be Adrienne's magnificent Beverly Hills mansion, which was built for her as a gift two

(*Continued on page 72*)

BEAUTY... doubly sure and doubly secure when your complexion is cared for by Woodbury's two new germ • free creams!

Courtesy of Lake Placid Club. Costumes by Abercrombie & Fitch

Bobsledding at Lake Placid! Glorious sport! But it roughens, chaps and irritates the skin. Not this girl's, however! Her complexion's safely protected by Woodbury's germ-free creams!

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Germ-free as long as they last

So snowy white, so pure when first they come to you—your fragrant, delicate beauty creams!

But take off the lid of the jar! What happens? Germs, you know, are everywhere! In the purest air. On your hands, even when freshly washed! They're bound to get into any cream while in use. In its fatty oils they flourish—multiply. If your skin is sensitive, thin, dry, has a tiny scratch or blemish, germs from the cream may get under it. And then! The risk of infection—blemishes, pimples!

Woodbury's scientists in their researches have always achieved unique results. Last year they developed Element 576, which in Woodbury's Cold Cream combats skin dryness, giving the skin special oils that keep it lithe, supple, young. Now, Woodbury's makes a second amazing discovery—adds to both the Cold and Facial Creams an Element known as Germ-destroyer, which keeps these creams germ-free as long as they last! Germs cannot live in them. Leave the lid of the jar off—still they're safe! This means greater protection, far less risk of infection for your skin, no matter how sensitive it may be.

Dermatologists agree on the superiority of these germ-free creams, because they know they are active in safeguarding skin health as well as in promoting skin beauty! Vital aids to supple skin texture, firm muscle tone, good fresh color. Vigor! Loveliness! Woodbury's Creams are as low in price as ordinary creams. 50¢ in jars, 25¢ in tubes.

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93% of them believe that Woodbury's Creams, being always germ-free, are clear of the dangers to which ordinary creams are subject... 96% of them agree that the germ-free properties of these creams greatly reduce the danger from bacteria that may contaminate the face from dust in the air or from the fingers... 100% of them state that apart from their germ-free properties, they are of high quality and benefit to the skin.

One dermatologist reported:—"I shall take great pleasure in recommending these creams to my patients in the future. I consider these creams of the highest quality; in fact, the best on the market."

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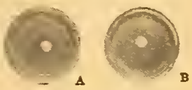
DR. JOHN M. SIGMAN . . . senior dermatologist of the Macon (Georgia) Hospital, says: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."

THE PROOF IS IN THESE AGAR PLATES! Plates spread with nutrient agar jelly, seeded with poisonous germs. Woodbury's germ-free cream in Plate A surrounded by a clear dark ring, where germs have been destroyed by it, proves active resistance of this cream to germs. Plate B, with ordinary cream, shows no dark ring, proving this cream does not destroy germs.



FREE! CREAMS AND FACIAL POWDER

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6338 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario

Please send me free generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free creams and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades.

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BING CROSBY—on Woodbury's Radio Program every Monday evening—Columbia coast-to-coast and Canadian network—8:30 E. S. T.

"I can help you win *and hold them,*"

GIRLS, HERE'S A SECRET I LEARNED MY VERY FIRST YEAR IN THE CHORUS. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE CHARM OF REALLY EXQUISITE SKIN MEN JUST CAN'T RESIST . . .
I HAVE THE SENSITIVE SKIN THAT GOES WITH RED HAIR, YET FOR YEARS MY SIMPLE BEAUTY CARE — LUX TOILET SOAP — HAS KEPT IT ALWAYS SOFT AND SMOOTH . . .

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists Explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

LUX
TOILET SOAP

For EVERY Type of Skin . . . *dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"*

hearts —

says BARBARA STANWYCK

DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH A SKIN THAT JUST "GETS BY"! WITH A TEMPTING, TENDER-SMOOTH SKIN YOU CAN WIN HEARTS .. AND HOLD THEM. JUST TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP— YOU'LL SEE!

LOVELY WARNER BROS. STAR

This fascinating screen star tells you her secret of loveliness . . . how to have a skin that wins instant adoration.

You see her here as she looks in her own boudoir in Hollywood. Notice how temptingly soft and smooth *her* skin is. Surely you'll want to follow her advice—make *yours* as lovely!

All over the country girls are turning to the complexion care Barbara Stanwyck uses—proving that it really does bring a thrilling new beauty to the skin.

Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this same wonderful aid to loveliness—fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap. Why don't you try this famous Hollywood complexion care? Get Lux Toilet Soap today . . . use it regularly. Notice how soft and smooth your skin looks . . . and *feels* . . . even from the first. Begin *now* to win new loveliness.

Men can't resist alluring skin
—you can have this charm

The Stars Want *Your* Advice!

And MOTION PICTURE offers you a chance to give it to them—and be sure it reaches them!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This portrait of Sally Blane led many people to confuse her with Sally Rand and to advise her to "give up" fan dancing. She has even considered changing her name

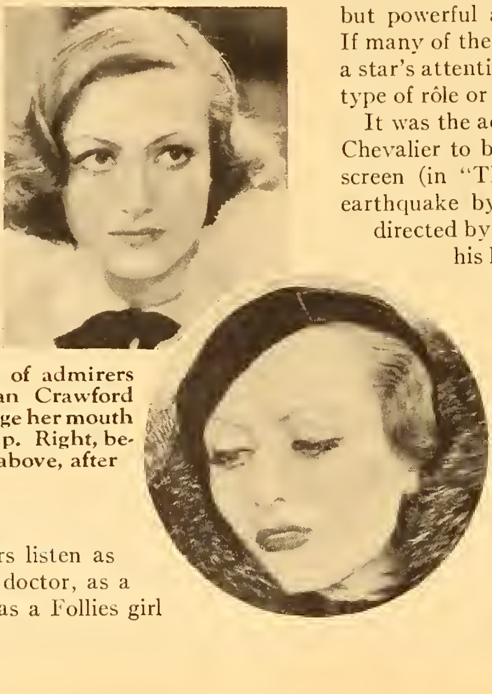
IT may be news to you, and it may not—but the stars want your advice. They want to know what you like about them and what you don't—and *why*. They want to know if it matters to you when they try to improve themselves in some little way; they want you to check them up if you think that they have been unconvincing in certain rôles. They want your praise and they want your constructive criticisms. And moreover, MOTION PICTURE will see to it that they, in person, *get* your advice.

Believe it or not, but Hollywood is one place on earth where people listen to advice; perhaps the only place. From the moment that the West-bound train shudders to a stop or a West-bound 'plane's tail-rudder touches the ground, the newcomer is overwhelmed with advice. And some of it is worth taking. It requires experience, of course, to find out which counsels are the wisest, but the smart newcomer soon learns. And the players who have been around a few months are expert at advice-taking.

If the newcomer is a man, he may be advised to have his nose cut over, to forget any marriages in his past, deny any children, and call the electricians and prop boys "Joe" to prove that he is "a regular guy." If the newcomer is a woman, she may be advised to change the color of her hair, her taste in clothes, her bust and hip measures, and her birthdate. All of which the newcomer may or may not do. Either way, he's likely to hear from the public about himself—and take *that* advice.

There are agents to advise the stars about making, saving and spending their money. Newspaper writers, intent on getting "scoops," advise them when to marry, whom to marry and how long to stay married. Photographers advise them how to look, smile and which side of their faces to show. The publicity departments advise them what life-story to tell interviewers. The directors tell them how to act. The critics advise them in what rôles they excel, technically. Their friends advise them what to think, do and say. All of this advice isn't welcome.

But there is one class of advisers to whom the stars listen as eagerly as a hypochondriac to his doctor, as a fox terrier to His Master's Voice, as a Follies girl to a millionaire—because their advice means the difference between fame and obscurity, poverty and wealth. And these advisers are the ten million Americans who go to the movies every week, who can make them by applause or break them by disapproval. Studios, screen magazines and the players, themselves, receive thousands of letters a week from these unknown, but powerful advisers—and every letter is read respectfully. If many of them agree on a criticism or comment, it is called to a star's attention—and he may even change his appearance, his type of rôle or his way of living to conform to their wishes.



Advice of admirers led Joan Crawford to change her mouth make-up. Right, before; above, after

It was the advice of his public that recently decided Maurice Chevalier to become a completely different personality on the screen (in "The Way to Love"). He caused a minor local earthquake by stipulating, it is said, that he should not be directed by Ernst Lubitsch or have Jeanette MacDonald for his leading lady in his next picture. "Ingrate!" cried Hollywood indignantly, while Lubitsch was pictured as seething with rage and Jeanette as admitting to friends that she was "crushed." Yet the simple truth is that Chevalier was listening to his audiences, who wrote letters advising him to stop playing naughty sophisticates and gay boulevardiers and to become simple and earthy and gamin, as he was in "Innocents of Paris."

"They are right," he told friends. "I am of the people. I was not born to the gay world. Why should I play a frequenter of

(*Continued on page 76*)

A PROMISE OF RENEWED LOVELINESS
PEPSODENT
Junis
FACIAL CREAM
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO USA
PEPSODENT
Junis
FACIAL CREAM
A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

A new idea . . . then thrilling proof

of how this discovery enriches skin

That's why women are excited about this new
face cream that does such incredible things

A SCIENTIST thought of it—thought of it for months before he finally tried it. "Why," he asked himself, "can't we give back to skin the natural softening substance that is lost with age? This substance gives young, firm skin its freshness and allure. I'll get some in pure form—put it in a fine, rare facial cream—have women try it."

That's what he did. How skins grew clearer, stirred again with renewed life, is now a part of beauty history. How age lines melted into the smooth skin of youth—and how "crepy" skin improved in texture has been told and retold by a million women.

Sebisol—newly developed

This scientist purified the natural skin-enriching substance and named it *sebisol.* It was so rare that we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply.

Sebisol is vital to every living cell. It is a natural substance skin creates to keep itself soft, smooth, and pliant. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Why skin grows softer, smoother, exquisitely appealing in a fortnight. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we know by women's statements: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

As you apply Junis Cream feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—so light in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream is both a cleansing and a night cream.

Many creams contain wax—Junis Cream does not. Wax tends to clog the pores.

We invite you to make this test

Try Pepsodent Junis Cream, at our expense. We believe you'll be delighted with results. We believe Junis Cream will thrill you as it has two million other women who have tried it. Don't neglect an opportunity that has so much to do with charm and feminine allure. Send the coupon for a generous test supply today.

THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO

JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

GENEROUS SUPPLY FREE

We want you to try Pepsodent Junis Facial Cream and see how truly revolutionary it is.

THE PEPSODENT CO., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
This coupon is not good after July 31, 1934 J-122

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NOTE: This offer is available only to residents of the United States. Only one tube to a family.

Why Do Screen Beauties Marry Plain Business Men?

(*Continued from page 29*)

Another happy Hollywood twosome is that of Una Merkel and her husband, Roland Burla, which is one more case of a screen player married to a business man. Burla is an engineer. They are shown attending the recent Marie Dressler birthday party

Again, maybe the girls have been persuaded by the evident compatibility in the mixed marriages of Actress Norma Shearer to Producer Irving Thalberg, Helen Hayes to Playwright Charles MacArthur, Elissa Landi to Barrister John Lawrence, Una Merkel to Engineer Roland Burla, Helen Twelvetrees to Realtor Jack Woody, Aline MacMahon to Architect Clarence Stein, Louise Fazenda to Producer Hal Wallis, Marlene Dietrich to Director Rudolph Sieber, Dolores Del Rio to Scene Designer Cedric Gibbons, Dorothea Wieck to Radio Columnist von der Decken, Irene Dunne to Dr. Francis Griffin, Mary Astor to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Joan Bennett to Writer Gene Markey, Fay Wray to Writer John Monk Saunders, Katharine Hepburn to Broker Ludlow Smith, and Gloria Swanson to Sportsman Michael Farmer. Maybe these samples are what have set Hollywood's future actress-brides to thinking that there must be something in this business of being the only grease-paint professional in the family, the only one entitled to temperamental tangents.

Karen's Husband "Understands"

"IF you think there is a lack of temperament in our family, you are wrong," says Karen Morley Vidor. "Perhaps I am the only one entitled to it, and I am not saying that I am, but Mr. Vidor is full of temperament—full of dark, turning passageways in his soul that not even I have been able to penetrate.

"However, he knows the problems of the actress. He is understanding. That's what an actress needs. She doesn't want to have to explain to her husband what has been going on at the studio that day, what has made her knees clank together and her head ring like a bell. My husband knows. He has the same troubles, himself. He is conciliatory, but doesn't have to be consoled in time for the next day's shooting so that he will be in form to give a good performance. He doesn't act. He directs."

There are plenty of Hollywood meanies who are only too willing to look upon this latest crop of marriages as a bumper harvest of weddings of convenience. Perhaps not in the truest sense of the *mariage de convenance*, but as a union that assures its feminine member a well-appointed home, luxurious motors, social prestige, or, should separation later occur, a generous alimony.

The average actress does not kid herself that her top-notch earning capacity will go on forever. If she draws a weekly salary of five thousand dollars for forty weeks a year over a period of five years, she feels that she has had a fairly successful career. The same thing applies to an actor. Both realize, with the coming of crows'-feet and sagging chins, that their heyday is well over. If they have saved their money and their investments have withstood the huffing and puffing of the recent Big, Bad Wolf, Depression, they face a comfortable future. If they haven't—but that's another story.

The idea of marriage to a reliable worker, with a steady job (he doesn't have to be an executive), is daily growing more attractive to the high-powered sirens of the screen. Romance and pretty speeches are all right when the cameras are grinding, but it takes something more substantial to keep the soup kettle boiling.

Joan Married Man, Not Job

"I WOULD have married George Barnes if he had been a street cleaner," declares Joan Blondell, wed a year on January 4, 1934. And then adds in a sweeping afterthought, "If he had been a white wing or a millionaire.

"No matter what George was, I would have married him. If he had been an actor, sure! I have nothing against actors as husbands. It so happened that I never fell in love with one—not during all the years, and all the musicals and road shows and stock companies I have been in. They make swell friends, actors. Some of my best friends are actors, but when I saw George Barnes grinding in back of those cameras on 'The Greeks Had a Word for It,' I knew he was my man. We would have been married immediately, if we hadn't had to wait for his divorce.

"You know, to me, kissing an actor is like kissing a door-knob. Loretta Young says she always falls in love with her leading man. Gives a better performance, I suppose, because her love for him is the real thing; but as for me, if I fell in love with every leading man I played with, at the rate I make pictures for Warner Brothers, I'd be a wreck in two months.

"There *is* a difference in our ages. George is thirty-nine. I am twenty-four. It doesn't bother us. As I said before, I knew George was what I wanted in the way of a husband, it was my first marriage, and that was all that mattered."

Jean Harlow followed Miss Blondell's suit and married her cameraman. The marriage license gave the bride's age as sixteen years less than her husband's.

"I never think about age when I like a person," the sultry blonde told me. "Your question why I married my husband is one of the hardest I have ever had asked me," she replied after a long pause. "You marry a person because you like him. That answers everything. If you say anything else, people misunderstand your statements.

"After all, I'm not young in experience. I think, at my age, that I know more about the world and what I want from it, materially and matrimonially, than a college girl does, because I have been around considerably. I was just a child in my first marriage. My second was—tragic. Hal Rosson has proved exceptional in friendship. I am sure he will be the same in marriage."

Non-Experts Are Best Wooers

ANOTHER reason set forth by Hollywoodians for these May-and-September marriages is that an older man is often more indulgent, more actively interested in a beautiful young wife's film life. Instead of being jealous of a rival career, as an actor-husband often is, he furthers it in every possible way. He is at once lover, adviser, helper. Knowing the prize that the Marriage God has dealt him, he is eager to cherish it. Often, too, his ways of wooing are superior to the youngish male's.

Dorothy Jordan's courtship by Merian C. Cooper is an example of this. Knowing his lady's fondness for birds, Mr. Cooper arranged to have Miss Jordan met at each 'plane stop on a pre-marital trip to New York by an attendant carrying a bird in an ultra-modern cage. One time it was a canary, another a love-bird. A less thoughtful admirer might have submitted prosaic gardenias or roses. Mr. Cooper said it with birds. What completely won Dorothy, if stories are correct, was the basket at her destination that brimmed with white orchids and wriggling white puppies.

"I think actors are less substantial than business men," says Minna Gombell. "But the real reason why I married Joe Sefton was because he could do five more things than I could. I had to admire him for it. Before that, and I've had two other marriages, I have always had to 'mother' my men. They'd come running to me with their troubles and I'd be left to iron them out.

"Joe is a banker, but he's also an amateur scientist and a snapshot hound; he hunts, swims, fishes, motors; manages his ranch in San Diego county and his home on Point Loma. He does everything so well that I simply *had* to admire him.

"I spend my week-ends down there and he comes to my Hollywood apartment as often as he can. Why, do you know, I find myself not absolutely self-sufficient for the

(*Continued on page 93*)

TEETH *whiter, more lustrous* —THE NEW VOGUE!

Firmer, healthier gums . . . a pure breath . . . all thanks to this remarkable new dentifrice that costs just half the price of many brands.

In Paris, they're tinting teeth to give them sparkling brilliance. American women—or at least 2 million of them—know that such an extreme is unnecessary. They have discovered that by changing to Listerine Tooth Paste they get naturally what Paris seeks by artificial means.

Teeth brushed faithfully with Listerine Tooth Paste soon acquire new whiteness, a higher polish and lustre. Thanks to a new polishing agent, this tooth paste removes film and discoloring stains with surprising speed. Yet the polishing ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste is softer than tooth enamel. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the teeth in any way.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste and learn these results. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel as your teeth gain new whiteness, new beauty. See how pleasantly refreshed your mouth is after each brushing; how pure your breath.

In just a few years, Listerine Tooth Paste has become the choice of fastidious women the country over. These women pay only 25¢ a tube, or less. Yet they use Listerine Tooth Paste because it gives them what they do not find in other tooth pastes at even twice the price.

Don't take our word about it. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. Find out for yourself just what it will do—why women prefer it to 50¢ brands. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Katharine Hepburn Reveals Herself—for the First Time!

(*Continued from page 30*)

Started Some Watchful Waiting

"I KNOW that gag. She says that, and then the moment the picture is finished, she sneaks off to New York or somewhere and shakes the interviewers. Tell her it's no go. I know her, you know. I'm not going to eat her. Tell her that we're here on the top of one of God's biggest mountains, together. There's only one hotel and we're both staying at it. I am in no hurry whatever. I'll simply wait."

I edged the car down that perilous three-mile grade to the hotel, praying that the car wouldn't decide to somersault. It would be just Hepburn's luck to have me eliminated by Fate before she should get an opportunity to attempt it . . .

How does news spread? In Hollywood, we blame a hidden grapevine telegraph. Up there, I could only credit the wind rustling softly through the pine needles. It had spoiled all but three minutes of "shooting" in as many days; now, it had told each of the sixty-two members of the troupe about my presence. As they straggled into the hotel from the location, they smiled at me, rocking indolently on the hotel porch. "The betting is fifty-fifty. No odds on either of you," one of them whispered.

She arrived at four, dressed in her mountain-girl calico and seated casually beside the chauffeur in the front seat—her maid and stand-ins and make-up woman in the rear of the limousine. She bounced from the car and dashed into the hotel *kitchen* to order tea. We were perhaps fifty yards from each other as she poured it—on the running board. She pretended not to see me; I pretended not to see her. Of course, I saw her every move; undoubtedly, she saw mine.

"Anyone have tea?" she yelled, so that the wild deer, scampering on the mountain ranges, could have accepted the invitation, had they desired. Yet I did not hear. "Come on, everybody. There's plenty."

She's One With the Crowd

THE prop boys and electricians crowded around. She poured for them; she dashed in to get extra cups for them. I fought back a queer sensation that was creeping unrelentingly upon me. She was not only hostess to this troupe; she was *one* of them. I tried to picture Garbo, whom I was supposed to believe she was imitating, standing there, legs apart, head thrown back, a combination of tomboy and woman—exchanging sallies with those who worked *for her*.

"All aboard!" It was Director Cromwell calling. Katharine pranced to another car, not twenty-five feet before me. "Oh, hello. I hear you're stalking me. Now, I'm going to see just how long I can keep you up here. It's a game—"

"You aren't running out on me, are you?" I challenged, as she clambered in beside another chauffeur.

"Oh, no. We'll be back for dinner. Just going to Hemet to see the rushes."

"I suppose I should follow you, but this chair is too comfortable—"

She laughed, waved her hand. "Well, have another try at dinner."

I was in the dining room early. Two hours passed. I became frightened. Mountain hotels are expensive. Acting as if I had all the time in the world was a bluff, because time meant money. Perhaps this idea of a mountain-top interview wasn't so bright as I had thought in the beginning. I slipped out to the manager. "Oh, no, Miss Hepburn never has her meals served in her bungalow," he told me. "She eats right in the main dining room with everybody. We've never had a star up here on location who is as democratic. Last night she played volley ball with the boys. She puts up a prize of twenty-five dollars each night."

Not Out to Make Enemies

AS I turned away from the desk, I ran squarely into her. She laughed, "Hello!", and held out her hand. "Come and have dinner with me. You've outwitted me, you know. Outfoxed me. What can I do up here? I could lock myself up in my bungalow, couldn't I? What would you do, then? But that would make me discourteous. I'm not discourteous by nature, you know. I like to like people and have them like me. You were right about after-the-picture being a gag. You saw through that. I say that and then go away the moment the picture is finished. Well, here we are. You chased me to the top of a mountain. I can't jump off. What do you want?"

"I want to know something about your personal life. Your history. Where you came from.—Your life-story, perhaps."

"I'll never give that. Never!" Her eyes gleamed; her lips trembled. "No, wait, I shouldn't say that. Perhaps I will. I've got to make a decision about this publicity business, haven't I? I have to reach a conclusion. I—Oh, don't you see? It doesn't seem as though I could talk about myself. It—"

"But don't you think, Katharine Hepburn, that you owe something to the public? A test was made in a certain city recently, asking the girls of that city whom they wanted to read about and the vote was for you. They pay to see your pictures. You owe them something."

"But do I owe them all of myself? My life is down in here." She flung a wide hand on a wide chest. "Do I have to give *that?* Don't you see?—that's mine. That's *me.* I can't talk about it. Why don't you leave me alone?"

"Are you trying to imitate Garbo? There is only one Garbo, you know. No one can imitate her."

"If I keep still, I am imitating Garbo. If I talk too much, I'm imitating—"(naming another famous actress). "If I wear pants, I'm copying Dietrich. What difference does it make?

Defies Films to Change Her

"HOLLYWOOD tries to make each person into a set pattern. Well, it can't cut me to a pattern. All I have is myself, my own personality. I have moods. Well, they're mine. Why should I change them?

"If I don't feel like having my picture taken at the tennis matches, why should I? If I *feel* like putting my hands over my face, why shouldn't I? At another time, I may *want* to have my picture taken. If I feel like it, I will. I'll probably be ready for more poses than they want.

"I'm not living my life for Hollywood or publicity, and I never will. Why should I change my personality?—It's all I have. I've always been honest with it, done what it demanded. All this stuff about my thinking up these stunts on the train to burst into Hollywood—it's ridiculous. I've acted as I've always acted. I've done as I *feel* like doing. If they don't like it, if *you* don't like it—well, you can say what you please, think what you please and write what you please. You've put me on the spot up here in front of all these people. It is *not* part of my nature to be discourteous. I hate that sort of thing.

"But interviews take time. Posing for pictures takes time. I work hard in a picture. You know that. I am not in pictures for money. I'm not exactly broke, you know. I have a family. I wouldn't starve. I'm in pictures because I *like* them. I have always wanted to act. I throw every bit of myself into a part. When I'm finished—I feel my life should be my own.

"I've been to a couple of Hollywood parties. I don't like them. Everybody *acting* off the screen. I like to live by myself; be by myself. I have one cook, a couple of acres, a high fence. I like to sleep. When I'm not working, I sleep the clock around. I like to cook. I always cook Sunday dinners. Why should I spend that time granting interviews and having pictures taken?

Why She Wears Old Clothes

"I LIKE to wear old clothes. I've always worn them. Those dungarees of which they've said so much—I've had them four years. If I want to wear bedroom slippers on the lot, I'm going to wear them. Should I wear a different kind of clothes just because Hollywood wants to make me over? Never! I will not be made over by you or anyone else. Not even on a mountain-top!" Her eyes twinkled. "I'm really not feeling good to-day. Why should I have to see you if I don't feel like it?

"About my private life. I'll make an agreement with you. I'll think it over. I couldn't talk to you about it up here, anyway. I just *couldn't.* We're up with the daylight to try to get good shots. You watched us leave for the rushes. I'm dead-tired, now. I *have* to sleep. You speak of my responsibility to those who see my pictures. Well, my first one is to make a good picture. And I can't do that by talking about myself. I've got to get my sleep, learn my lines, feel my part—

"You come to lunch with me the first day we're back in the studio. Don't forget to check and make it the first day because I am leaving for New York to play in 'The Lake' for Jed Harris the second I can. I'll give you my decision then!"

When I went onto the lot that day, she had left word that she was expecting me. I had repeated my experiences upon location to several Hollywoodites and they had laughed at me. "She was just taking you in as she does everybody," they taunted.

I was in a mood to do battle. I slipped onto her set, unannounced, and crossed the vast stage to the high partition that cut off that section in which the company was actually working. I was just about to round it and make myself known, when a voice cried:

Won't Fake Any Emotions

"BUT I can't play it that way, I told you. I don't *feel* it. I can only do what I *feel.* How can you tell me how to do this part when you don't have to play it *or* feel it? It's ridiculous for you to explain how *I* feel about it. I won't do it as *you* feel it. I can't and I *won't* make myself into something that I'm not—"

I tiptoed back. Katharine Hepburn was telling her *director* exactly what she had told me, an interviewer. "I will not be anything but myself for anybody!"

At luncheon she said, "I'm sorry. I can't give you that story, now. Perhaps when I come back. I simply don't feel like talking about myself. When I have been away for six or seven months; when I don't feel everyone is trying to make me over—But I will promise you this. No one else will get that story. You, alone, shall have it!

"I have not made up my mind entirely. It's like the little boy last night. I had never been to a preview of one of my pictures. I went to 'Little Women' because I knew I could stand up to it. It is a director-picture, made by George Cukor. I knew it was good. I was not afraid to see it. I have always been afraid before.

"When I came out, by the side entrance—a little chap ran up to me. 'Please sign your name for me, Miss Hepburn.'

" 'I never sign autographs, sonny.'

" 'But please. I *found* you back here!' He was so disappointed. And then he said, 'If I catch you again, will you sign it?' And I promised, but told him he'd never catch me again.

" 'Bet you ten cents I will!'

"I told him that if he caught me again I'd not only sign, but give him fifty cents! And he bounded away—happy."

Summing Her Up

I LAUGHED. And I felt somewhat like the little boy. I did not urge her to give me the story, then. I did not ask her for further assurance. Like that child, I believed her and—went away happy. Her word meant more to me than the signature of most people. And I had reached my own conclusions about this baffling Hepburn woman. I was ready with my answer to that constant question, "What kind of woman is Katharine Hepburn?" Here it is:

Katharine Hepburn is not beautiful, if you think only of appearance. Her face is a natural playground for innumerable freckles. But it is also a mirror that reflects what seems to be an almost exaggerated personality. The *power* that we so loosely call "personality" comes at you so swiftly, when you meet her, that you feel as though you had been literally *struck*. You feel the power of temper, also, the moment you meet her. Although she may show no sign of it whatever, you know that she has it. You are tempted to arouse it just for the excitement that you are certain it will bring you.

She is educated and intelligent. She can switch from English to French to German—I have heard her use expressions from all three languages in quick succession in an unguarded moment. She's a Bryn Mawr girl and she has a family tree. You don't have to investigate her long, fine, but slightly eccentric New England ancestry to prove it. You instinctively feel it. If she were a filly on a racetrack, you'd feel forced to place your bet on her, even though you didn't know a thing about her sire or her dam. You'd know what they were from her majestic independence and slightly contemptuous indifference.

And Katharine Hepburn is exactly the same on a high, lonely mountain-top as she is in a low, crowded valley. The top-of-the-world does not awe her; neither does the bottom.

"The whole town of Hollywood isn't going to take myself away from me!" she shouted. I believe her.

Did You Know That-

Katharine's stay on the stage looks as if it would be a long one—because of her tremendous popularity in New York, because the play, "The Lake," was a great hit in London, and because she doesn't have to return to Hollywood until June 1, 1934, according to her contract?

500 HUMAN BEINGS SHOW HOW TO ESCAPE COLDS
Interesting tests show h
Pepsodent reduced numb
of colds — cut time lo
from colds one-hal

Make $1 do the work of $3 when fighting colds!

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had *50% fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, *got rid of their colds in half the time.* What convincing evidence—what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with an equal part of water many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

NRA MEMBER

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Hollywood Follies of 1933

(*Continued from page 35*)

Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan. They aren't the partying type; they keep pretty much to themselves—so, unconsciously, they don't give anybody else a chance to grab some publicity by being seen with them.

And Ed Wynn is positive that he committed a frivolity—and maybe a folly—in signing up as a moom pitcher star. He got one look at the preview of his picture and "blew up." Never before, said he, had he been in a show that wasn't a Wynner. Soooooo, back to the radio he went. . . .

Those statements by Jean Harlow, following her nuptial flight with Cameraman Rosson, such as "He is My Man" and "We stood under a giant cactus in the moonlight and looked at one another and suddenly we knew it was to be." Or words very much, I am afraid, to that effect.

Almost Overlooked Home Talent

AND then there was that expensive folly of scouring the world and testing sixty-eight hundred girls, trying to find the right girl to play *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland"—when she was in Hollywood all the time, in the person of Charlotte Henry. And still the beauty contests and talent searches go on—outside of Hollywood. They keep on looking for "diamonds in the rough" in every place except the diamond mine.

Katharine Hepburn descending from her de luxe car on the RKO lot, wearing a knitted woolen fascinator such as our grandmothers used to make and wear, said fascinator being fastened about the Hepburn throat by means of a huge safety pin. Also, in the name of frivolity, wearing red felt slippers.

The high folly of the powers-that-be, trying to make *Diamond Lil* genteel and timid and sentimental.

The censoring and supervision of recent interviews given by the come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime gal. On one occasion, Mae took a lady interviewer motoring with her. The conversation was going on apace, when the lady interviewer became conscious that Mae was directing all of her conversation into the speaking tube of the car, so that, my innocents, *her chauffeur could be a witness to what she had said.* They'll be putting Mae in a pinafore next and starring her in "Elsie Dinsmore." She was nominated by some wag for the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland," you know.

The bright folly of M-G-M in hiring Max Adelbert Baer—despite the fact that screen audiences had never gone goofy about a prize-fighting he-man before. Max and Mae—what a team *they* would make!

Gary Cooper's "engagements"—to Judith Allen, to Lilian Harvey, to Carole Lombard, to Sandra Shaw, et cetera.

Ely Culbertson's not-so-grand slams at Hollywood and its bridge-playing ability. And the folly of Hollywood in not tossing them off with a laugh and a return wise-crack. Hollywood, in other words, bit at the bait.

A Joke on the Reporters

REPORTERS going hopefully (?) to Joan Bennett to dig up a rumored divorce story, only to discover that Joan is infanticipating, instead.

Certain producers who asked eighteen-dollar-a-week stenogs to take a fifty per cent cut in salary and then threw the sop that they, themselves, were taking a fifty per cent cut on their own half-million yearly salaries, thus leaving them a scant quarter of a million per annum to get along on. Which, as everyone knows, can barely be done.

The Fairbankses, Senior and Junior, turning their by-this-time Bond Street backs on dear old Hollywood, going phooey to the linsey-woolsey American movies and going Mayfair and Prince-of-Wales-ish on us all.

Imitation Mae Wests. Don't try it, girls. No one will come up 'n' see you *any* time.

But some who look as if they are going in for folly turn out to be wise. For example, the courage of Winfield Sheehan in making "Cavalcade." The British said that Noel Coward committed a shocking folly in selling it to Hollywood, that Hollywood would "ruin" it. The returns from the British Isles alone have already paid the cost of the picture; receipts from the rest of the world are profit. And the "wise ones" shook their heads when they heard that Warners were going to try to revive musicals with "42nd Street."

But consider Hollywood weddings and funerals at which ex-lovers, ex-husbands and ex-treme fools play the parts of ushers, best men or pall-bearers, as the particular occasion demands.

And divorced couples who have been divorced, we are assured, because they are just too congenial for words, have the greatest love, admiration, respect and friendship for one another, but just cannot, it must be assumed, manage to live together under one roof, sharing one heating apparatus and plumbing system. There must be SOME reason. Can't they be *primitive?*

What If She Does Wear 'Em?

MARLENE DIETRICH'S mannish clothes. Are they ridiculous or prophetic? Either way, the rest of the world made itself look foolish by raising a controversy about them. What does it matter, how any star dresses? Her acting is the important thing—or should be.

Eric Linden up and temporarily quitting his promising career because, it was reported, Frances Dee deeded herself to another. The grand gesture, Eric. Sometimes it *is* folly to be wise.

Mae West okaying a story written by one of her henchmen in which she is quoted as saying something to the effect that she wouldn't advise anyone to act like Mae West or—*Abraham Lincoln!* Well, they've both been Great Emancipators!

Paramount players who are scairt green to have Baby Le Roy in a picture with them—Baby Le Roy, the most feared player on any lot. One blubber out of him and a scene is stolen!

The sentence, "Come up 'n' see me sometime"—it's driving the whole world mad. And "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" will put the world *and* his wife in a padded cell.

Judith Allen selected from the midst of hundreds of girls for her "look of innocence." A month or so later, it was discovered that Judith was the wife of the large and muscular wrestler, Gus Sonnenberg, and was, to boot, on the verge of divorce.

The fact that the most popular person at all Hollywood parties is—the photographer. Social amenities are forgotten, groups are dispersed, while the stars trip each other up to get before the lens.

Margaret Sullavan, of "Only Yesterday" fame, going to sleep while being interviewed. Margaret sleeps all over the lot, even napping on a sound track. Her unofficial title: "The Sleeping Beauty."

Metro's letting Nils Asther's contract lapse.

Jean Harlow getting stuck in the cement, when invited to leave her footprints in Grauman's Chinese Theatre (Hollywood's own Hall of Fame).

George Raft telling an interviewer that he would "rather drive a taxi than be a star." Tch! Tch!

Al Jolson punching Walter Winchell because of a scenario he had allegedly written—thus giving said scenario all kinds of publicity.

The Most Dangerous Folly

STARS who have endangered their lives by working while ill—they have committed the most dangerous folly of all. Claudette Colbert rose from an appendectomy one week after going under the knife and boarded a steamer for Hawaii to make "Four Frightened People," accompanied by a trained nurse who could un-stitch her. Clark Gable returned to work too soon after a tonsillectomy, an appendectomy and a more-than-threatened nervous and physical collapse. Gary Cooper worked through "Design for Living" with a bad case of "flu" and a painful eye infection. Marlene Dietrich returned to work in "The Song of Songs" three days after she was thrown from her horse, suffering a brain concussion and two dislocated vertebrae. Phillips Holmes completed a picture, during the making of which he was so badly smashed up in an automobile accident that he had to have a special grease-paint make-up to conceal his injuries.

Pictures with kidnaping as a theme—e.g., "The Mad Game" and "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." The folly of enlightening amateur criminals about the snatch-racket, without showing how kidnapers can't win—with Federal forces relentlessly tracking them down.

Sylvia Sidney's walk-out while working in the Chevalier picture. Conceive, my good women, of any girl's walking out on Maurice! Folly sometimes transcends itself.

Alice White's account of how John Warburton up and bopped her one or two in the eye and "beat me up all over the street."

The way press-agents try to kid the Good Old Public. Saying, for example, that Charlotte Henry is seventeen, though she was fourteen in 1929, when she first entered the movies. Claiming that all the lasses in "Eskimo" were really natives—not Chinese beauties from Hollywood.

A Classic of Criticism

THE producer who sent for a screen test of Otto Kruger. The test showed a one-reel Lambs' Club skit, with Otto burlesquing *Jekyll* and *Hyde* and wearing an obviously preposterous dress suit, rented for the occasion. The producer wired back, "N. G. on Kruger—he can't wear clothes."

The gifts a certain producer made to a certain young star in their courtin' days—a bevy of white rabbits nesting in a few hundred white orchids, a cage of love-birds at every point of her 'plane trip back East, because she was "flying with the birds." Very pretty follies, these'n.

The numerous alleged "love-lives" of Clark Gable. The man has only twenty-four hours to his days and nights, even as you and I and Maxie Baer.

The folly of hiring brunettes to play blonde rôles, and vice versa.

Joan Crawford's thinness.

Nudist pictures. Fan dances. Belching on the screen.

Now Hollywood says "Glamour," instead of "Sex Appeal."

Walt Disney's glorious "folly" in paying himself a salary of only one hundred and fifty dollars a week—which, apparently, is plenty to live on, even in Hollywood—and turning the rest of the profits back into the business.

Pshaw for Shaw

GEORGE BERNARD Shaw's visit to Hollywood—and his broadside at it. He said it would be ten years before Hollywood would be fit to film one of his plays—and then sold it "The Devil's Disciple." The star will be John Barrymore, who was snubbed when he asked for an autograph.

The belief of Eastern stars, on the day of the earthquake, that they committed a folly in letting themselves be lured to the Sun-Kissed Coast.

The relief of the timid stars, with the advent of repeal—to think that they wouldn't have to worry about photographers concealed behind potted plants at parties, all ready to "shoot" them with goblets in their hands.

The costume parties that have become a vogue and a nuisance—such as Come-As-The-Star-You-Like-Best-Or-Least parties, farmyard parties, Bowery parties—based on the notion that stars like to dress up and be cute. They don't.

The stoppage of work at all studios, the afternoon that Southern California played Stanford, so that those who couldn't go could listen.

Then there was that publicity squib, headlined "Polyandry is Comedy Basis of New Film," which went on to say, without a quaver, "Polyandry, the system under which a woman is mated to two or more men at the same time, is being charmingly diverted into comedy channels at the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, where a picture dealing with that interesting theme is now being produced." Wonder if they'll give Kiddies' Matinees of this "interesting theme." It's so sweet and gentle and sorta uplifting.

Paramount contributed another naughty nifty, when an inspired publicity writer sent forth this pithy paragraph to a weary world: "Sexactly how Mae West, sexquisite sexuberant sexpert of the screen, sexploited sex still has America sexcited—"

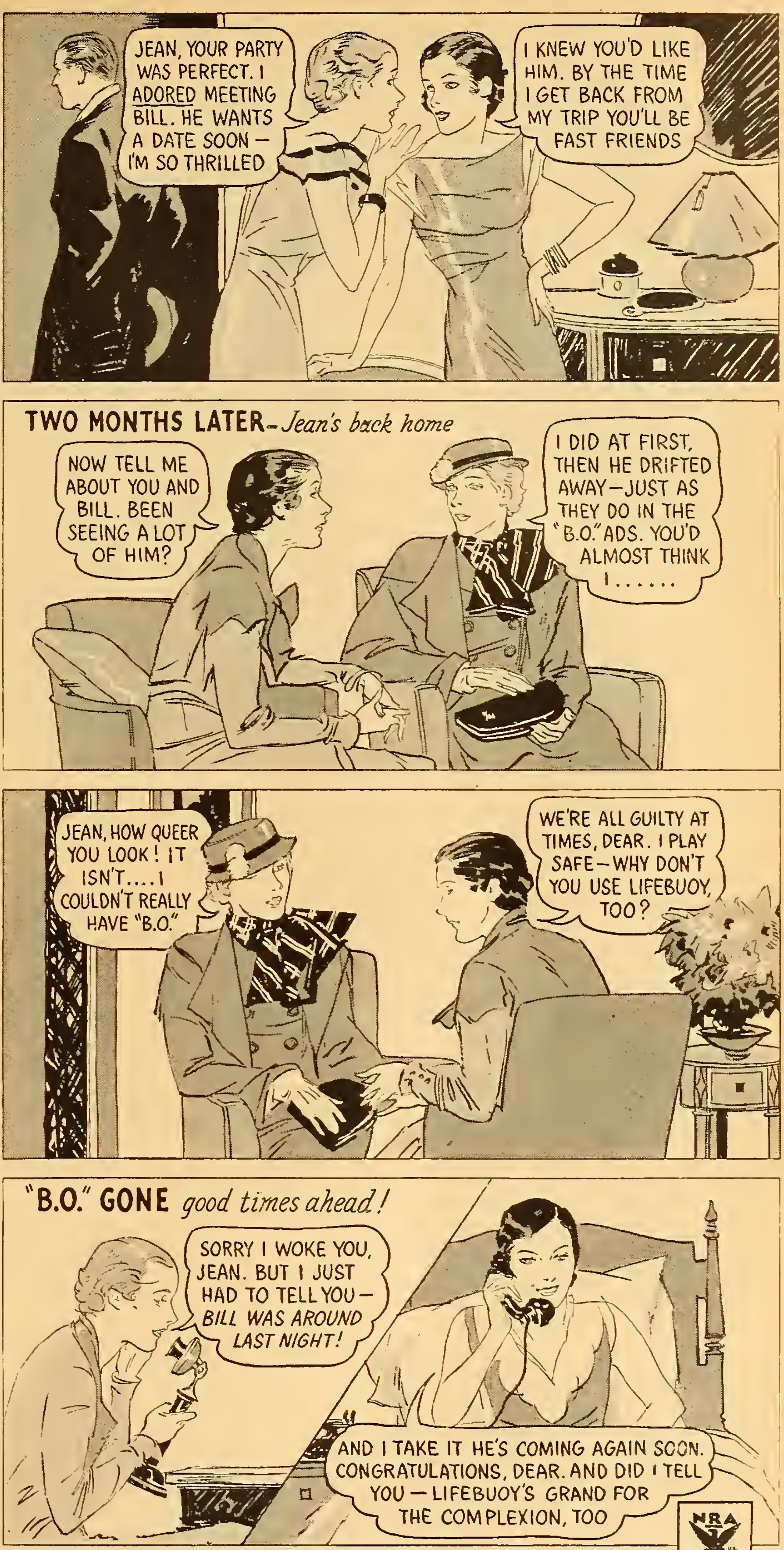
The scenario writers took a Roman holiday, too. Just ponder over Myrna Loy's unambiguous position in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," Frances Dee's predilections in "Blood Money," Miriam Hopkins' jolly status in life in "Design for Living," Ruth Chatterton's little habits in "Female." Are such things follies when the "sexcitable" (they've even got *us* doing it) adolescents gaze admiringly upon them, or are they follies?

Cellophane costumes for chorus girls.

"When, if ever, Garbo laughs—that should be news." Thus reads a recent publicity blurb from the M-G-Mers. It would appear that, in "Queen Christina," there is a scene where Garbo gallops down a mountainside, discovers John Gilbert's carriage stuck in the snow-clogged road, and is supposed to roar with laughter at his predicament. Garbo refused to laugh, said she had never laughed aloud in any picture and couldn't begin now. Director Mamoulian just had to have that laugh—and maybe he recalled that if you tickle the soles of a baby's feet, it will gurgle. Anyway, just as Greta galloped down the road for the scene, ten "Spaniards" who were also present whirled around, faced her and made the most gosh-awful mugs ever mugged by any mugger—and GARBO LAUGHED! If you don't believe that this cataclysm of Nature really occurred, watch for it in "Queen Christina."

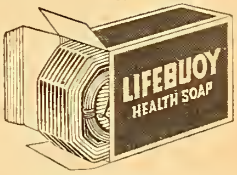
The publicity blurb blurbs further: "*Thus motion picture history was made—with Greta Garbo's first public laugh!*"

We can't top this one. We'll have to wait for the 1934 crop. . . .


JEAN, YOUR PARTY WAS PERFECT. I ADORED MEETING BILL. HE WANTS A DATE SOON — I'M SO THRILLED
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE HIM. BY THE TIME I GET BACK FROM MY TRIP YOU'LL BE FAST FRIENDS
TWO MONTHS LATER—Jean's back home
NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOU AND BILL. BEEN SEEING A LOT OF HIM?
I DID AT FIRST, THEN HE DRIFTED AWAY—JUST AS THEY DO IN THE "B.O." ADS. YOU'D ALMOST THINK I......
JEAN, HOW QUEER YOU LOOK! IT ISN'T.... I COULDN'T REALLY HAVE "B.O."
WE'RE ALL GUILTY AT TIMES, DEAR. I PLAY SAFE—WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBUOY, TOO?
"B.O." GONE good times ahead!
SORRY I WOKE YOU, JEAN. BUT I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU — BILL WAS AROUND LAST NIGHT!
AND I TAKE IT HE'S COMING AGAIN SOON. CONGRATULATIONS, DEAR. AND DID I TELL YOU — LIFEBUOY'S GRAND FOR THE COMPLEXION, TOO

Combats TWO winter foes

ENEMY NO. 1—cold, biting winds that roughen and irritate the skin. Lifebuoy lather soothes—cleanses, *gently!* ENEMY NO. 2—close, stuffy rooms that make it easy for "B.O." (*body odor*) to offend. Lifebuoy lather purifies—*deodorizes pores*. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you this rich lather stops "B.O."


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

Why Adrienne and Bruce Risked All for Romance

(*Continued from page 60*)

years ago by her recently divorced husband, Stephen Ames, millionaire New York broker.

Less than six months before Adrienne divorced Mr. Ames in Minden, Nevada, she and Bruce Cabot met for the first time. It was during the filming of the picture, "Disgraced," at Paramount. Adrienne was playing a second lead in the production and Cabot had been borrowed from RKO for the leading male part. That meeting was the inception of their romance, which culminated in marriage on October 31 in Carlsbad, New Mexico, the birthplace of Cabot, who was christened Jacques de Bujac.

Defied the Old Traditions

THEIR unbroken companionship for almost six months, coupled with a visit to Hollywood during that time by Stephen Ames, which lent dramatic emphasis to a situation that was fraught with suspense and intensity, placed them in the spotlight of sensational publicity. Just the kind of publicity that film players usually avoid until their success and fame are fairly well established. Both Adrienne and Bruce were just at the threshold of careers.

That they were courageous and daring cannot be denied. And that their faith in each other survived the perils of a notoriety that would have proved disastrous to most couples under similar circumstances certainly should demonstrate that their devotion to each other is of sturdy fibre.

I don't believe that Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames could have carried their romance to a happy ending in Hollywood four or five years ago. In that earlier day, their defiance of tradition, and their willingness to take the consequences, would have ostracized them professionally. Their spirit would not have been interpreted as representing fortitude so much as disregarding one of filmdom's unwritten commandments—the one about not obeying impulses until thinking how it would look in print. Emotions were to be masked. What the public didn't know wouldn't hurt the stars, themselves, etc. But this is a franker, more honest day. Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have proved it.

I called on the newlyweds a day or two before they left on their honeymoon trip, and I'm going to tell you what they told me about themselves and their romance and marriage, so that you will know the whole dramatic story. It was a story that they started to tell, strangely enough, after my observing to Bruce that he had cynical and penetrating eyes.

Loves Her for Her Courage

"YOU'RE right!" he said. "I pride myself on my cynicism. I was born with part of it, thanks to my Indian and French blood. The rest of it I cultivated through the experience of being double-crossed many times in life by men and women. There aren't many people who *can* be trusted, or who are worth trusting if they *could* be.

"One of the reasons why I love Adrienne as I do is because she is one of the few 'square' people in the world. She's honest and she has the courage of her convictions. That's something anytime, but especially these days. And if she hadn't had that courage, we wouldn't be married right now.

"Her fine qualities of character made me stand for a lot of abuse these past six months. I was 'on the spot,' naturally, because I fell in love with a married woman. Any man would be. But it was fate, and there was nothing to be done about it. The moment I first saw Adrienne on the set of that picture we made together, I fell in love with her. I knew that she was the woman I wanted to be my wife. The cards were stacked against us pretty high for a long while, and more than once it looked as if the whole deck would go down under its own weight, but we stuck together. And it has been worth it. I'd go through the whole business again to-morrow.

"Get me straight on this. I never had any respect, at any time, for any man who was in the position I happened to be in when I first fell in love with Adrienne. I often told her so. It's nothing any man with any common decency wants to face. It's a heavy load. You realize that the misunderstanding world has you sized up as a trespasser; but that's not as tough as your own opinion of yourself.

"Right in this room a couple of months ago, just as you and Adrienne and I are sitting together, my wife and Stephen Ames and myself sat together and talked things over.

"Ames said: 'We're three civilized people. We ought to be able to discuss our complex situation sanely.' And he was right about that. We did.

Why They Didn't "Elope"

"THE day after Adrienne got her final papers in Nevada she met me in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where we were married, with members of her family, and an aunt and uncle of mine, whom I think the world of, as attendants."

At that juncture of the conversation Adrienne interrupted by saying:

"You probably wonder why we went all the way to Carlsbad to be married—why we didn't 'elope' to Yuma or Las Vegas, or one of many other popular places where film people go for quick ceremonies. We wanted to get away from just that very thing. Our marriage meant too much to us, we had fought too hard for it, not to have it performed in the right sort of setting, with our own relatives taking part, and giving us the kind of send-off that Bruce and I believe in.

"If we had dashed into some out-of-the-way town in the middle of the night and had routed out a Justice of the Peace to marry us, almost the next minute after my divorce, both Bruce and I would have felt that we were getting a wrong start on something that has been, and we hope always will be, very sacred to us.

"Anyway, we're both very clannish. We enjoy our relatives and stay close to them. Bruce's mother died when he was a tiny boy and his father passed on also when he was very young. That's why he is so devoted to his aunt and uncle in Carlsbad. They are wonderful people, in the first place; and besides, they're his only blood relatives in the world. I realize that many people don't have a great deal of sentiment about families, but I'm happy that Bruce and I do. There isn't a lot worth while in life besides this.

"I am so happy in my marriage with Bruce because I have never known the true meaning of friendship and happiness before in my life. I am going to do everything in the world to make a success of our marriage, and while it sounds like a lot of bunk, I really mean that I would give up Hollywood and a film career at any time just for Bruce. Two years ago and long before that, the only thing important to me was a career in pictures. To-day the only thing that really matters is my love for Bruce."

I asked Bruce what he would have done in case Adrienne had not received her

Adrienne and Bruce in a happy moment in their garden before they sailed for Honolulu, from which they had to make a hurried and sad return. Their Hawaiian honeymoon was cut short by the death of Gladys McClure, Adrienne's sister, in an automobile accident. The screen knew Gladys as Linda Marsh pretentious home in part settlement of her divorce. After all, he is not yet making the income that he undoubtedly will in the near future—an income that would modestly approximate the mode and manner in which she has been accustomed to living. Before he had a chance to reply, Adrienne frankly stated:

"I am very happy to have the opportunity to make myself clear on that one point right now, and Bruce can speak for himself later. Luxury is something every woman in the world loves, and I am certainly no exception. However, it is still, in a measure, new to me. Compared with the long years of leanness, of doing without things I wanted and needed, I assure you it seems a very short time that I have lolled in lavishment. I've never forgotten those meagre periods. And I pride myself on having enough adaptability to fit into any pattern of living."

One has only to look into the clear, frank, blue-gray eyes of Adrienne Ames and observe the firm line of her jaw to be convinced that she means what she says. And for a woman of her youthful years she has had wide contrasts of living. Cabot is her third husband. Her first marriage occurred in her home-town, Fort Worth, Texas, just after she left high school. She has a young daughter of nine years by that marriage, who lives with her mother in Hollywood.

From Texas she came to Hollywood seven or eight years ago and first tried her luck in pictures, without success. Her next move was to New York, where she planned to study interior decorating. It was during that period that she met Stephen Ames and married into great wealth, and two years ago, with his backing, she returned to Hollywood with a film contract. A fast-moving, dramatic and colorful existence.

Not Worried About Future

AS for Cabot, his career has been highlighted by a previous marriage to a wealthy Chicago girl, daughter of a paper manufacturer. He has at various times been a ranch hand, an oil-field worker, in contrast to living in fashionable style in Paris with an uncle who was a member of one of the biggest banking houses in France. He learned to fight for his rights on board a tramp steamer, he was paid to help objectionable guests depart from night-clubs, and he has demonstrated his ability to battle fast and effectively for his place in the Hollywood sun.

"Nobody ever need worry about Adrienne and me," he said, picking up the thread of Adrienne's remark about adaptability. "We'll get along and we don't need her elegant home to make us happy. As a matter of fact, as soon as we get back from our honeymoon we'll probably change our living quarters to less pretentious ones.

"I hope things keep up as well for me in pictures as they look at present. If they do, to-morrow will be taken care of. And if they don't, there's nothing to get excited about. There are lots of other places besides Hollywood and there's more work to be done in the world besides pictures. I've always made a living and I'm confident enough in myself to believe I always will.

"As far as Adrienne and I are concerned, our biggest interest of the moment is that we're crazy about each other. Our love has been put to the severest kind of tests, and we're not much bothered about whether it will stand up against any more trials. We know it will. And that's all that's important!"

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames represent the new, young order in Hollywood. You can't ignore their courage, and you can't do anything but wish them well.

Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS

She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness without risking that painted look

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl."

So meet the girl men *want* to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to *you*. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today—39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

Cheeks must not look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives you the same natural color as the Lipstick. Now in new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee Refills and save money.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE
TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY, Inc. MP-24
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

How It Feels to Be Hollywood's First Citizen

(*Continued from page 53*)

times. It is no strange territory to her. . . .

She is entertained and sought after by the most social of the socialites of New York, London, Paris and Berlin. Visiting dignitaries of every station in life wish to meet Marie when they come to America.

She sold more Liberty Bonds during the World War drive than any other one individual. Ninety million dollars' worth is the figure, I believe. And she paid for all of her strenuous and far-reaching campaigning, herself, out of her own pocket.

Marie once had a home in New England. It wasn't a personal home, as Lionel Barrymore pointed out in the speech he made at her birthday dinner (which was broadcast to the world). It was a home for all the indigent, down-and-out and needy folk of the theatre, from a fallen star to the veriest charwoman who had ever scrubbed a stage floor.

On her birthday, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave her a birthday banquet the like of which has probably never occurred before in the annals of the theatre. Three mammoth sound stages were converted into a banqueting hall of stupendous proportions. Eight hundred and fifty persons were present, persons eminent in every walk of life. Governor Rolph of California came down from Sacramento to be present. And when Marie entered the hall, she did so on the arm of the Governor, as eight hundred and fifty people rose to their feet and the band played "Auld Lang Syne."

Will Rogers made a speech at that dinner. His concluding lines hold all the truth you need to know about Hollywood's First Citizen. They tell the complete story of why she *is* our First Citizen. He said, in effect: "When you were down, Marie, you never whined; and when you were up—*you never forgot.*"

There wasn't a dry eye in that vast assemblage when Will sat down. There wasn't a murmur of sound. There was only a vast throng looking at a stoutish, funnyish, elderly lady to whom a world was paying homage.

What It Means to Her

I WENT to have tea with Marie. The First Citizen was in bed, heavy with honors and fatigue. I sat beside the vast, low bed over which hangs, framed, the picture of the woman who was her dearest friend. A wood fire burned on the generous hearth. The late afternoon sun flung a kindly glow over the glazed chintzes and the pale green rug, poked its rosy fingers into the little sun-room off the bedroom, where Marie sits and darns and sews. . . . From the room itself, from all over the house, up and down the stairways, in every nook and cranny, rose the breaths of millions of flowers—"each flower," said Marie, "the thought of a friend. . . ."

I said, "How does it *feel*, Marie? To be First Citizen, I mean? Tell me honestly what it feels like—all this honor—all of this tribute.

Marie said, her eyes filling with tears, her mouth twisting in that funny-pathetic smile of hers, "It means just this to me, dear—that at last, after years and years, *actors and actresses have come into their own.* The way will never be so hard for us again. For years we have been treated like mountebanks and clowns, called upon to do our acts when we could help, pushed back to the Midway when they were through with us. I feel that this—all of this—is the first real recognition of our value to human society. Not *mine*—OURS.

"I said in my birthday dinner speech that I accepted that great tribute in behalf of my fellow actors and actresses and especially those who have worked long years without recognition, with long hours and small pay, social ostracism or, at best, the favor one accords a trained seal or a flea circus.

"Prior to this, actors have never been recognized socially, except when they were needed. Every time some big movement has been afoot, someone has suggested getting an actor or an actress to perform for the cause to get things started. And I have never known one of my people to refuse such a request. Why, they couldn't even have a war without us!

A Life-Long Dream Fulfilled

"I HAVE always felt this very keenly. And so, all of this that has happened to me has not happened to me as an individual at all. It has happened to my people, to my profession. *It is the fulfilment of a life-long dream.*

"I can't tell you, dear, how I have longed for the day when my profession would be accorded the dignity, the worth-whileness, the place in the sun given to the medical and legal professions and others. I have always dreamed of the day when Governors and Presidents and executives and professional people of all callings would honor an actor as they have formerly honored doctors and explorers and aviators and scientists and college professors. That day has come and I am happier than I have ever been in my life before. I am happy as one is happy who espouses a forlorn cause a life through and, as the end draws near, sees that cause triumphant.

"And so, when I visit the White House, when my friends in New York give testimonial dinners for me, when I am asked to speak on a cause of Mrs. Roosevelt's over the air, when Mr. Mayer gives me a great dinner and Governor Rolph comes down to be my guest—it means to me that my profession has achieved the recognition and standing of all the illustrious and dignified professions in the world . . .

"You want to know why I think this happened to *me?*" Marie's eyes twinkled. She said, "Seeing makes hard believing, doesn't it? Well, dear, I really believe it has come to me because I have never in my life done anything to bring down criticism or disgrace on my profession. I've always played close to human nature. I've taken funny falls and retained social standing and heart interest because, they tell me, they laugh when I fall, but they also feel sorry for me—

"I think it may be because I *love* people and love begets love, that's all. And because, most of all, I love my own people, the people in my profession. The old-timers who have given their lives to the theatre. The young ones who are just beginning. And because I have loved them so dearly, perhaps my love has helped a little in the way of which I spoke.

Often "Broke," But Never Bent

"I THINK it may be because I have been one with my people in crying 'Down with the Depression!' Bah! Don't tell me I don't know what I'm talking about. We all do. We've all been down-and-out, time and time again, and no one has ever known it. This crisis we are living through and *passing out of now* is only one of many similar crises in our lives. There was a stretch of nine years when I lived in Europe because it was cheaper and because not one manager anywhere offered me a job. Nobody knew I couldn't get a job. We have a fierce and loyal pride, you see, and that is one of the many reasons why we do belong on a par with dignity and recognition and respect.

"We don't squawk. We don't go about pitying ourselves. Other people are just beginning to discover what we have known ever since we were stranded in our first tank town. People have yowled because they've had to cut down on their gasoline. *We* had to cut out our daily bread many and many a time.

"And it's not the people who are *earning* their livings who are squawking now, either. It's the people who are stealing their livings. People who don't do necessary work, honest work, hard work—soft people. MY people are never soft, never have been, never will be. No, it's not the poor people who are 'talking poor.' It's the millionaires. They aren't piling up the millions as they used to do, but mark my word, they'll be richer than ever when this crisis is completely over. It has given them an excuse to economize to the limit.

"We never economize—we of the theatre. We spend when we have it and we spend when we don't have it. We live like kings and queens while we may and die like paupers if we have to. To-day may be famine, but To-morrow is just over the horizon. Patriotism was another thing that gave the millionaires an excuse to economize during the War. They saved until it hurt and came out of it richer than before—in dollars and cents.

Her Code for Living

"DON'T save—SPEND. Folks haven't got pockets in their shrouds. Send flowers to the living; don't wait till they are dead. Give away your heart while it is beating in your breast. You can't give it when you are gone.

"I don't know, dear, that I've explained it all very well. But I just feel that this has come to me because I've loved the world and all the people in it—from the President in the White House, bless his indomitable spirit, to the little flower girl at the Ritz who remembered my birthday."

Marie didn't win Fame by singing "Aida." She sang "Heaven Will Protect the Woiking Goil." Marie didn't star in dramas by Molière or Dunsany. She starred in "Tillie's Nightmare." . . . And a man in New York, unknown to her personally, sent her for a birthday gift a cameo of his dead wife's. He wrote, "It was her most prized possession. I know that she would rather you would have it than anyone else. You've brought so much happiness to the world." . . . A mother and three little babies were blessing Marie the day before yesterday because, when she happened to read in the papers that a wretched landlord had evicted them, she had them reinstalled and threatened to placard his house, herself, if he tried it again. . . .

Marie Dressler's birthday is a National Event because she has played, her life through, the greatest of all great rôles—that of a Great *Woman.* Whether on Broadway or on the sidewalks of London or New York, whether in Hollywood or in some tank town, that rôle has remained the same. Some call it LOVE.

The Movie Circus

(*Continued from page 16*)

MIXING drinks is one thing, but blending perfume is another. Recently Adrienne Ames, Joan Bennett, Ginger Rogers and Loretta Young permitted Parfumeur Chelle to blend them some "personality perfumes." Pleased with the results (which may be bought at your favorite drug store) Adrienne named hers "Temptation," Joan called hers "Serenade," Ginger "Satan's Holiday" and Loretta "My Darling."

A Chelle representative approached Lupe Velez with the same offer. "Perfume?" shrieked Lupe, putting a hand to her stomach, the other to her brow, rolling her eyes heaven-ward. "Perfume makes me *seeck!* I never use eet."

THE liquor question, which seems to occupy our thoughts, has its sober side. Victor Jory tells of an actor friend who had a 'phone call the other night from his bootlegger's wife.

"I've been told that you dilute my husband's Scotch when you serve it to your friends," she said. "You've got to stop doin' it. You're ruinin' his reputation."

Shame-facedly, the man said he would. It wasn't the principle of the thing, he told Jory later, but it was the spirits.

REFERRING still to the interesting problem of the moment, we must tell you about the studio at which production was halted for some hours on a film which we steadfastly refuse to name. The male star had been on what is known as a "binge" the night before and somewhere on his exalted tour he had removed his teeth, for comfort, and had forgotten them.

An irritated assistant director found them, about noon, sullenly waiting in salt water at a fashionable night spot. They snapped at him when he approached, he reports.

THE mention of night spots, leads us to Dorothy Mackaill's gay skirmish with the Brown Derby waiter:

"Please, Miss Mackaill," he solicitously asked, "do you mind if I take the telephone, now that you have finished using it?"

Dorothy was supping in one of those tricky booths and the 'phone had been brought to her.

"I should say not," she answered, magnanimously. "Take it away and have it stuffed if you want."

MISS MACKAILL may have her little joke, but we must remember that Hollywood has its serious-minded persons, too. There's Russell Simpson who says he wouldn't take anything, not even, we presume, an autographed Mae West (book, of course, silly!), for his fifteen volumes of Elbert Hubbard.

And the Chinese concert singer, Quon Ti, wife of Director Harry Lachman, has an interesting diversion. She follows the auctions. Recently she was the purchaser, we are informed, of a handsome old ivory bedroom set. It had twin beds, each head upholstered with crushed strawberry velvet; a love seat, ornately upholstered; and a full length mirror.

Said an onlooker: "You are going to have a number of interesting pieces in your home."

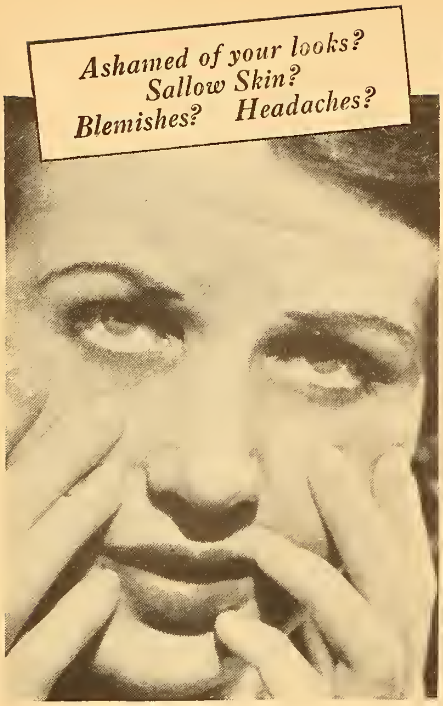
"Oh, that's for my maid's room" Quon Ti is alleged to have replied, swishing her silks in departure.

"Step right up,
LADIES *and* GEN'M'N"

HAVE you ever heard a street-corner medicine man hawking his wares? Confess. Weren't you tempted to buy by his persuasive talk? Why didn't you? Wasn't it because you could feel no real confidence in his product? Wasn't *that* because, though he was here today, you didn't know where he'd be tomorrow?

How differently you feel when you buy an advertised product. Here is no human personality to persuade you. But, instinctively, you know you can trust the word of "The salesman in type." Manufacturers and merchants who advertise are permanent. They stand back of their products! They spend millions of dollars to determine your needs and to perfect products that will satisfy those needs. Unlike the medicine man, their business is built on your continued goodwill.

Research laboratories, with the wealth and resources of great industries behind them, are constantly seeking to invent and improve things to make your life simpler and pleasanter. They bring their discoveries to you in the advertisements. Advertised merchandise is merchandise of quality. Merchandise you can depend on. Let the advertisements teach you what's new and good. Let the advertisements guide you in spending your money wisely. Step right up, ladies and gen'm'n!


Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?

STOP CONSTIPATION

THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

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The Stars Want Your Advice!

(*Continued from page 64*)

boudoirs?" Rumor has it that he is even insisting that his projected rôle of the *Prince* in "The Merry Widow" must be rewritten to show the earthy strain and peasant simplicity urged by his unseen advisers!

Joan Changed Her Mouth

YOU may have noticed that Joan Crawford has a new mouth these days. It wasn't Franchot Tone who got her to alter its shape by a new make-up. It wasn't even Louis B. Mayer, her employer. It was the uproar of protests against the pouting and heavy lower lip by admirers, who wrote to her via the studio, Crawford fan clubs and personal letters. "Joan, please, *please*, don't put on your lipstick that way!" they begged her. "It looks awful! Grotesque! Hideous! It's spoiling your beauty!"

When a magazine recently printed an interview with Gary Cooper in which he spoke enthusiastically of the eminently masculine sport of hunting, one hundred and forty letters were received at the studio in the next two days, protesting against Gary's "cruelty"! Think of that! One hundred and forty people actually cared enough about Gary's ideas to leave their housework, schoolbooks, clerking, farming, to sit down and advise Gary not to shoot lions or wildebeests any more. The idea didn't fit their illusions of him!

The advice of the public decided Paramount to put a curb on Mae West's astonishing opinions on sex, diamonds, feminine curves and getting-your-man. Now, thanks to motherly advice from women's clubs and the home circle, Mae is issuing soft and safe little platitudes anent respectability and assuring the world that she neither drinks nor smokes (which, by the way, *is* true) and that her private life is as respectable as any lady's (another statement that cannot be challenged). But there are other advisers who point out that she has brought men back to the movies—and men, who may feel self-conscious about writing letters, have been heard from only sparingly. In other words, women may unconsciously be trying to make Mae more like themselves and less of a stand-out sensation who intrigues men.

Sally May Change Name

AND Sally Blane is listening to the advice of well-wishers, who, it seems, have been getting her mixed up with another girl of the same first name. When Sally Rand's fan dance at the Century of Progress began to agitate Chicago authorities, Sally Blane's public started begging her to put on her clothes and put away that "horrid" fan. At first Sally thought the whole misunderstanding was funny, but as the days passed and the unclad cuticle of Miss Rand began to draw more and more publicity of a sensational nature, the situation became serious. Hundreds of letters filled with well-meant advice poured in upon Loretta Young's sister.

Sally remembered suddenly that just before her trip abroad last Summer she had had a number of pictures taken, clad in an entirely adequate dance costume, holding a huge ostrich fan. These had been widely printed, and memory of the feathers, combined with the same first name, had apparently convinced her admirers that it was she who was being haled into court—in spite of the fact that in those pictures Sally Blane had worn not only a demure bodice and a knee-length skirt, but a long pair of black silk stockings. Sally is considering desperate measures to prove to her public that their advice has been heeded and that she will never do a fan dance in the altogether. She is even considering the advisability of changing her name to "Jane Blane."

Yes, the stars want your advice. They not only listen to it—they take it! They are ready to change their faces, habits, names and even their boy-friends—as well as their rôles—in an effort to please you. So, to make it simpler for you to contact them, we are going to run an Advice-to-Movie-Stars Department.

Every month, we shall publish pertinent excerpts from your letters, containing sincere and well-meant suggestions and protests addressed to your favorites. We feel so sure that the stars are even more anxious to get your advice than you are to give it that we shall see that your letters are placed in their hands. The only stipulation we make is that your advice is seriously felt and is of a character that can really be followed. It must be the kind of counsel that you would give to a star if you were talking with him (or her) and he asked you, as a friend, for frank and honest suggestions or criticisms.

Showing You What We Mean

TO show you what we mean, we shall start the ball rolling, ourselves, by offering some bits of advice to several stars this month. They are written in all sincerity and friendship for the players, and we know that they will be received in the same spirit, whether it seems expedient for them to take the advice or not.

LIONEL BARRYMORE: Have you seen a recent number of a national weekly, famous for its sophisticated readers, which carried a cartoon of two men staring after a third? "That fellow is in the movies," the caption said in effect. "He burps for Barrymore!" Really, Mr. Barrymore, hasn't that particular mannerism gone far enough? We ask that after sitting through the duck-eating scene in "Should Ladies Behave?" The first time you used it, the mannerism may have been in character, but now you are facing a serious danger of letting a vulgar and ugly bit of realism detract from your really fine acting. How would you—a Barrymore—like to be remembered as "the actor who burped in every picture"?

KATHARINE HEPBURN: You are standing on the threshold of what may be the most amazing career any actress has yet had in the movies. You are the most individual, unpatterned and distinctive star on the screen, but—you are letting your impatience for Hollywood conventions endanger your position. Why not make friends with the writers—the go-betweens of you and your admirers—instead of antagonizing them? Whether you resent the impertinence of interviews or not, as an intelligent person you must understand that they are a necessary part of the business—the surest way of getting close to your public. You flamed once, "Garbo doesn't talk to reporters. Why should I?" There is only one Greta Garbo—and even she talked to reporters when she first came to the screen. Make the best of it, Katharine, like a sensible girl—and please, please don't tell any more fibs! They make you look silly.

Stay as You Are, Mae!

MAE WEST: "I'll out-smart 'em!" you told the writer, when she protested against the attempts of the studio to make you domestic and dull. But you're bucking Hollywood and not Broadway this time, Mae. You are already beginning to talk about being "misquoted" by interviewers. You gave an interview the other day in your limousine with the speaking tube in your hand, so that your chauffeur could be a witness! The next thing, you'll be worrying about the censors—and then it will be "Goodbye, Mae West"! You are in a position where you don't need to follow any professional advice except your own sense of showmanship—which has proved its shrewdness. Moviegoers expect you to shock and startle them, Mae. They are paying millions just for that. You wouldn't draw much money into the box-office, cast as *Pollyanna*. Don't let them sentimentalize you on the screen, or put priggish platitudes into your mouth on paper. You don't want to let them, Mae, I know—and you don't have to let them.

GEORGE RAFT: No more dead-panning, George, now that we know that you have as many expressions as anybody. We liked you in "The Bowery." We want more of you like that—vital, electric, alive, rather than sinister, deadly, expressionless. There isn't any future in the dead-pan line. Gangster pictures are on the wane, but the George Raft of "The Bowery" can stick around as long as he wants. He's an *actor*, not a type. You've often told writers that acting wasn't your "racket"—but you're wrong. It *is* your "racket."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT: After an operation for appendicitis, the treatment isn't usually a four-week hike through a dense tropical jungle, days spent under a freezing waterfall and mountain-climbing over broken lava blocks with cracks six feet deep into which to stumble. Don't be so reckless again, Claudette!

This is the type of advice that we would offer the stars, ourselves. Perhaps you have other suggestions for the same stars—or other stars. After every picture you see, don't you exclaim to your friends, "She was good, but I do wish she wouldn't always—" or "I couldn't forget that he was an actor, not that character. It's that little mannerism he has in all his pictures—" Now, you can tell them!

Write the stars, and address your letters to Advice to Stars Department, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Make your letters as clear, direct and as short as possible, and we shall see that your advice reaches your friends of the screen. Whether they are able to follow it or not, you will have to wait and see—but we can assure you that they will eagerly listen to what you have to say. This adds another service to readers and to players that MOTION PICTURE has been presenting throughout its twenty-two-year history!

Rochelle Hudson's idea of a comfortable outfit to loll around in, is this one of blue flannel slacks with tuck-in blouse

Only 25—but "DISHPAN HANDS" said 40

■ Nothing ages hands so quickly as dishwashing with soaps containing harmful alkali. This dries the skin, makes it coarse and rough.

Don't let dishwashing age *your* hands. Lux gives your hands a beauty treatment every time you wash the dishes. Lux has *no harmful alkali*—leaves hands softly young and white. Costs less than 1¢ a day!

LUX

—prevents humiliating DISHPAN hands

DARLING, PLEASE DON'T GET FAT!
MY HUSBAND'S GENTLE WARNING HURT ME SO..
IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW DESPERATELY I WAS TRYING TO REDUCE..
I WENT HUNGRY AT EVERY MEAL.. TRIED EVERY NEW REDUCING FAD..
I STRUGGLED HOPELESSLY BEFORE I FOUND THE RIGHT WAY!

"I Know It Has The Power To Reduce Fat!"

I WAS frightened. My husband thought that fat was unforgivable. Yet try as I would I could not get back my slender, youthful lines.

I tried almost everything before a friend suggested Marmola. I had heard of Marmola, of course, but I did not fully realize how effective it was.

How foolish I was to torture myself with diet, exercise, girdles and dozens of baseless fads, when Marmola employs a reducing principle that the whole scientific world recognizes. Why, doctors regularly prescribe the same ingredients. It is the outstanding fat-reducing method. It has stood test after test for years. Over 20 million boxes have been sold. Men and women swear by it. They ask for it in over 40 different countries.

And Marmola is so simple! No rigid diet watching, no exercises. Merely take 4 tablets a day. Why should anyone who wants to reduce—whether 40 pounds or 14—fail to try this delightful way that has been so thoroughly tested so many, many times? The formula is printed in every package. Ask for Marmola at any good drug store. Do not accept substitutes.

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The Right Way to Reduce

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● It's needless to suffer physically and endure mental anguish caused by the functional pains of the period. For Kalms can relieve those pains quickly. Headaches, neuralgia, pains of neuritis, and muscular aches and pains are promptly relieved by a small dosage. Kalms were developed in the Johnson & Johnson laboratories and contain nothing a physician could not endorse for the condition indicated. One tablet is enough for most cases. Buy Kalms at your druggist's in convenient purse-size boxes of 12 tablets. Mail coupon below for free sample.

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Secrets of the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

Norma told me, "When I was a little girl I had snatches of realizing that I could not endure the sense of confinement. I always had to have the largest room in the house, the master bedroom. I said I couldn't breathe in a small room, and I was so emphatic about it that I usually got my way. The family realized that small spaces actually made me suffer. One cold night, Mother had to rush out into the snow of our severe winters in Canada and drag me back into the house from which, on the spur of some suffocating moment *while asleep*, I had escaped, hatless and coatless.

"One time I was disciplined by being locked in a clothes closet. No other punishment could have been so terrible as that. I beat myself literally black-and-blue against the walls, trying to get out. I begged them to whip me, to send me to bed without any supper, to deprive me of anything, but never to shut me up in a small, dark place again. And the family never did try it again, because it threw me into a hysteria that stayed with me throughout the day.

First Thought of Escape Then

"IT was at that time that the thought of escape was born in me. Some day some person or persons might try to shut me up in small, dark places again . . . I knew that I would have to get away from home, from an environment that would close me in, from the life I lived and the life I was foreordained to lead.

"I used to walk in my sleep. *I still do.* And I have always been conscious that my sub-conscious motive in sleep-walking was to get out of the confining bed-clothes, out of the room, out of wherever I happened to be.

"When I was a small girl of about seven or eight, we were staying, one season, at a Summer hotel. One night I got out of bed, wandered up and down the hotel corridor, finally turned in at the wrong door and got into bed with an elderly man, who was mildly surprised to wake and find a small girl curled up beside him. He was a wise old man because he didn't wake me, but very gently lifted me to my feet and propelled me back into the corridor, where a friend of my mother's recognized me and put me back in my own bed.

"I've never been able to wear tight girdles or corsets or tight hats or shoes. I can't stand in a telephone booth. I cannot have a door locked in any room I happen to be in.

"I've always felt this sense of confinement most acutely and most uncomfortably on trains or in the cabins of ships, where there are only port-holes for air and light and escape.

"I believe that most suicides suffer from a form of claustrophobia. They must escape the narrow confines of their lives.

"I have never had more of a joy of freedom than the time I went to the top of the Empire State Building, far above the crowded, narrow streets of New York. I've always had a special fondness and sense of kinship with birds and 'planes—all free and flying things with limitless space for their natural element.

Why Her Home Is Where It Is

"I BELIEVE that I live down here, on the rim of the sea, all the year 'round, because it is wide and free and without the penthouse of limited horizons.

"Not very long ago, I had an experience at the studio that might have been amusing if it had happened to anyone not afflicted with my particular phobia.

"I was having a plaster cast figure made so that my gowns and hats could be fitted without my having to be there. In order to have this done, I had to wear fleshings, over which the plaster is laid, a thread is run up both sides and just before the plaster finally hardens, these threads or strings are supposed to be pulled and the cast drops away as do the twin sides of a mummy case. Well, by some miscalculation, the mold was left on me a minute or two too long. The plaster hardened too quickly, the draw-strings broke when they were pulled and I was *imprisoned* in the plaster cast.

"The thing began to harden like rock, to draw, to fill with heat that was almost insupportable. I began to grow panicky with a rising fear that threatened to become hysterical. I knew how absurd I must be looking. Adrian, who was supervising the making of the cast, was holding his sides with laughter at my expression and my ridiculous predicament. I knew, actually, that I was in no real danger. That had nothing to do with it. I was being stifled, pressed. I felt ashamed of the terror that gripped me. I tried to reason—no use. They broke the mold and began to peel it off *just in time*—just before I would have made a most unholy spectacle of myself.

Scare in Mid-Ocean

"WHEN Irving"—she is referring to Irving Thalberg, her young producer-husband—"and Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur and I were on our way to Europe this past summer on the *Conte di Savoia*, the Captain offered, one evening, to show us the engine room. In order to reach it, we had to make the last lap of the journey downward in a small elevator just large enough to accommodate the four of us and the Italian boy who was operating the lift. The Captain had to walk down the last flights. There we were, crowded into that small space with not room enough to turn around in, if we had wanted to. We started down and—*the lift stopped*. It was *stuck*.

We were stuck in a small steel cage in a narrow steel shaft. The lights went out. We were pressed, the four of us, body against body, in that small steel cage, airless, lightless, lost in the bowels of a ship at sea. In my most morbid nightmares I had never imagined anything so horrible as this. The men were calm and slightly amused. Helen laughed and was a good sport about it. Irving tried to put his arm around me, reassuringly—but even loving arms increased my feeling of panic. I drew away. I couldn't bear for anyone to touch me more than was physically necessary. I wanted to beat at them with my hands, to scream out, to tear at the steel walls of the cage that was confining me. I felt these screams tearing at my throat and knew, sickeningly, that the last ramparts of my pride were falling.

"We would be suffocated before help could reach us—*I* was suffocating right then and there. The walls of the steel cage were drawing to upon us, I thought; soon they would come together and we would be mangled between them. I thought that I could *see* them moving, nearer and nearer, as I stood there, rigid, in the darkness. The roof was lowering down upon us to crush us to the floor—the air was becoming heavy. And then—*help came!* Mechanics had been hastily summoned, as anyone free of the fear that grips me would have anticipated—and we dropped safely to the bottom of the ship and were out . . .

"I had the most marvelous feeling, as if I had been born again—as if I had died and come back to life. Nothing mattered, nothing worried me. I went around all that night feeling exalted, happy, SAVED.

Fear Has Molded Her Life

"THESE are a few of the physical experiences that have made me know very well from what I am suffering.

"And this phobia, or fear or whatever you choose to name, it is responsible for my whole life, for everything I have ever done and wanted to do, for everything I still want to do and to be. Without this phobia, I would be a small-town woman, living in a small house, doing the family marketing and budgeting, my name known only to the confines of a group of personal friends . . .

"I didn't know, back home, why I couldn't bear to think of the fate of other girls I knew as *my* fate. Girls who married nice young men of the neighborhood and went to live in small houses in the town. Girls who played bridge, belonged to clubs and attended them at eight-thirty o'clock of such and such an evening. Even in those days I couldn't bear to make dates in advance. There was something imprisoning about the mere thought of something to do on such-and-such a night.

"I don't *want* to know what I am going to do on two o'clock of the next Tuesday. I don't even like to plan my pictures ahead of time. I want time to be free and uncluttered and unencumbered . . . I only knew, back home, that I felt a weight of oppression right in my tummy every time I thought of such a confined and narrow existence.

Had to "Break Away"

"I DID know that I could never endure the restrictions of such a life. Young as I was, I had to break away. I had to be able to breathe, to stretch my arms and my abilities and my thoughts, to smash boundary lines, somehow, some way.

"I had to marry a man bigger and more important in every way than I was, myself. Only in such a marriage could I live without a sense of being cramped and compressed.

"I had to have freedom of speech, to say the wrong thing if it came to me, to say what I thought at the moment, at any rate. As, whenever I am angry or over-excited, *I tear my clothes off*—so, when I get angry or excited or stimulated, do I tear off the clothes of my mind.

"It was the impulse to escape grooves and channels that drove me to New York and, later, to the 'last frontier' of the Pacific Coast. It was that impulse, that phobia and *nothing else.* It was not that I thought I could act. It was not the need for making money. I could have acted on the stage back there, I could have earned a living back there, too. It was the need for more freedom, more scope, more air. *It was, simply, that I was suffering from claustrophobia*—though I didn't know it then. And claustrophobia, you must understand, affects the mind and the heart and the spirit, exactly as it does the body.

"In New York, I once saw the late Evangeline Adams, the famous astrologer, and she told me that I was going far away for happiness and success. I am as free here as I can ever be anywhere on earth. My home is on the edge of the sea. There is a sense of enormousness and bigness about California. When I work on the vast sound stages, they are so large that I never feel any sense of confinement. When I feel that one 'type' on the screen is imprisoning me, I can escape into the freedom of another.

"It is possible to use this phobia to great advantage. It is chained like a waterfall and has become an inspiring, motivating force, working in my blood and brain to drive me on, ceaselessly, to force me to break molds, to grow in time and space, to breathe and live and work more spaciously. And while I can push back walls and escape treadmills and channels, I am safe and reasonably content."

To Stop COLDS Quick

Stop Them in the First or Dry Stage!

A COLD is nothing to treat lightly. It may end in something serious. Learn the facts about colds and you have the first step to their mastery.

A cold ordinarily passes through three stages. The first is the Dry stage, the first 24 hours. The second is the Watery stage, from 1 to 3 days. The third is the Mucous Secretion stage.

A cold is twice as easily relieved in the first stage as in the second or third. The time to treat a cold therefore is while it is yet a "Dry" cold.

The 4 Effects Necessary

When you feel a cold coming on, don't waste your time with half-way measures but take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine as quickly as you can.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine "knocks" a cold quickly because it is primarily *a cold remedy* and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world. That testifies to its safety as well as efficacy.

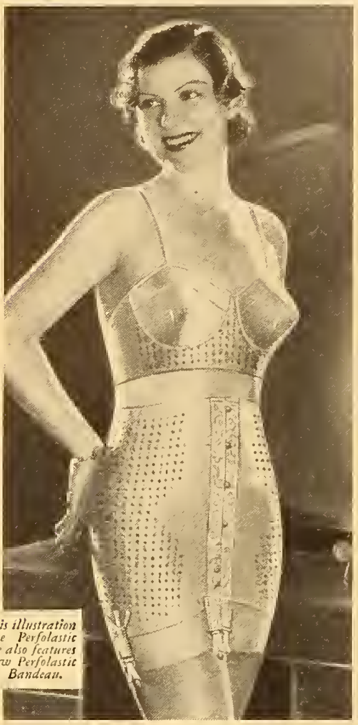
Now—20% More for Your Money.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet. Resent a substitute as an attempt to "do" you.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
For Colds
PRICE 30 CENTS
LBQ

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE



REDUCE
WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it won't cost you one cent!

● *This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.*

TEST . . . the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss Brian.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 162, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ______
Address ______
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

A Sweep of a Fan—and Sally Rand Came Back

(*Continued from page 57*)

"It was all politics, really—all the trouble I had because of my dance," she says. "You see, I knew Anton Cermak well. I was doing an act for a Miami night-club when he and the other boys from Chicago used to come down to get away from the wind for a few weeks. They would invite some of us girls to dinner now and then. I can talk. They liked that. You need more than a body to make a party go. I could get them all laughing, and they liked me just as well because, when the party was over, I would go home.

Says His Enemies Were Hers

"CERMAK was kindly and simple, a real peasant. When that assassin shot him, his heart broke, not because he might be dying, but because there was anyone in the world who wanted to hurt him. 'I thought they were my friends, Sally,' he told me when I saw him. I went to the hospital nearly every day. I was with him a few hours before he died. I made him laugh, so the hospital people were glad to have me with him. But when he died, his enemies in Chicago were out to 'get' his friends; even I was marked.

"I worked all day at 'The Streets of Paris,' and at night I danced three times in vaudeville and gave two performances at a night-club. I earned thousands of dollars—and had to pass out thousands to be 'allowed' to keep on working!"

Baby Star, 1927! There is nothing babyish about Sally Rand, Fan Dancer. Her curious little cap of bright blue wool, knitted to look like marcelled hair, gives her face hollows, showing bone structure that is reminiscent of Joan Crawford's.

"Whatever I may have been in my life—and that is my own affair," says Sally, scornfully, "I have never been ingénue, school-girlish, wide-eyed. I began to dance when I was six. I began to earn a living for myself and my mother and brother when I was thirteen. By the time I got to Hollywood, I knew what the world was like. And when I had to play little flappers and innocent, baby-faced blondes, I protested.

"I begged them to let me *act*. They said, 'You're an ingénue!' I was making two hundred and fifty a week in Hollywood after four or five years. I saw what was happening to the other Baby Stars. I knew what would happen to me—a gradual fade-out, and then people would be saying, 'Sally Rand? Let's see. Wasn't she in pictures once?' I didn't lose my job. I didn't have to give up the movies. I left of my own free will. I said to myself, 'I'm coming back after I've shown 'em! I'm going to make them send for me!'"

Earns Ten Times More Now

SHE laughs sharply, "Well, I did, didn't I? I'm back! They sent for me! I'm getting two thousand, five hundred a week—*as a fan dancer!* I made Hollywood notice me. They read the headlines in the newspapers; they saw my dance. But I'm not staying here as a dancer. If necessary, I'll go away again, and make *another* reputation. They can't lick me. Nobody can keep me down. Nobody can defeat me except myself. If I don't get ahead in Hollywood

Don't be misled by this pose of Sally Rand (left). She is still keeping her head up—'way up—and refuses to play just so-so rôles. Sally walked out of the cast of "Bolero" and didn't return until her rôle was changed to allow her to do a little more than just her dancing. Sally's fan dancing has become so popular that even Ginger Rogers (right) did a fan number in "Sitting Pretty" this time as an actress, I'll go away again, and come back again—and again—and again!"

There is something terrifying about such determination. There is something infinitely inspiring, strange as it may seem, about the story of this taut, pallid girl, who is even now under sentence of ten days' imprisonment in Chicago for giving an "indecent" performance (In July, another judge dismissed a complaint against Sally and her dance, telling the plaintiff, "Evil to him who thinks evil." The second judge originally sentenced her to a year in jail—but later reduced the sentence.)

"When I left Hollywood in 1928," Sally relates, "I got a headline job as a dancer in big-time vaudeville. I had my own company. I created my dances. I made big money, and I saved it. I saved a fortune—which was swept away in 1929, along with everyone else's. At the same time, I lost the man I loved. He was a Naval lieutenant. One morning I opened a letter from him. 'I still love you, Sally,' it began, 'but I've met the woman I want to marry—' Just like that.

"I couldn't go on with my act in vaudeville. Nobody had any money to stage it. I couldn't stage it myself. I went to work for fifty dollars a week, under a fake name, as a chorus girl. I took whatever money I made and put it back into myself. I studied with all the great dancers in the country, I enrolled for a course at Columbia, I took voice culture and diction from the best teachers. I worked with stage trainers. I lived on nothing, and invested my money—not in stocks this time, but in Sally Rand. I was a model at seventy-five cents an hour when I couldn't get other work. I danced in night-clubs. I never once swerved in my determination to attract Hollywood's attention, and get back there as a dramatic star.

The Comeback She Once Planned

"I TELL you, *I know that I can act.* Don't laugh! *I believe that I could do the rôles that Helen Hayes does now.* I had it all planned, how I would come back to get dramatic rôles. When I had enough money saved so that I could return to Hollywood in spectacular style and live there for six months in the only way that Hollywood admires, I would go back. But that would mean real money, money for an imported car, for gowns and furs and jewels, and a gorgeous apartment, a maid, entertaining. I couldn't save enough. I had to improve myself, get a beautiful voice, learn the technique of real acting. I made a great deal of money at times in night-clubs, but when I had saved almost enough, my bank failed and there I was—back where I had started!

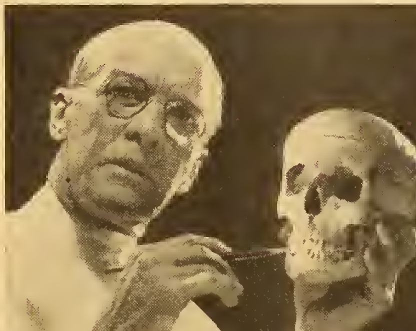
"Then I took stock of myself. Time was passing. *I had to get back to Hollywood.* There wasn't time to earn another fortune. Then I thought of my bird dance. The World's Fair was about to open. I had created twenty-five other dances, some of them much more beautiful. One I danced to Debussy's 'L'Apres Midi D'un Faun,' with my body gilded and a mask for a face. I had a Polynesian native dance, some of the geometric dances of the new German School, and the classic Denishawn dances. But the dance that depicted the flight of a bird, the dance with the beautiful fans—the nude dance—would make the most talk. *I wanted to attract Hollywood's attention. . . .*

"They met me at the train—with a fan. All the interviewers want to talk to me about is the fan dance. The only photographs they have made of me are with the fans. I am to do a fan dance in my first picture. *Will I ever escape from it, I wonder?*"

I wonder, too.

Why The Strongest Men Often Have Poor Teeth

Science finds the strong man's wife often has better teeth than her husband. Foods that make muscle do not necessarily make strong teeth. What to eat and what to do to make strong teeth.



The human skull shows the damage done by dental ills not easily apparent in real life.

The teeth and jaws of some athletes are so strong they can support tremendous weights.

Often the frail little co-ed may have far harder and more decay-resisting teeth than her football hero, science finds.

WHETHER one is a football player or just a fragile co-ed doesn't indicate how strong teeth are. Science now finds that often the slender little co-ed has far harder and stronger teeth than her adoring suitor, the two hundred pound full back.

That is explained by the fact that teeth and muscle require different foods. What teeth need most are the minerals, calcium and phosphorus. They also need the mysterious substance known as vitamin D which is found in sunshine and cod liver oil.

But what you eat is most important before teeth come through the gums. When teeth have erupted, the enamel becomes a dead, unchanging substance. It cannot be made harder in order to resist decay.

The best tooth protection known to modern dental science is to keep teeth free of film, or *bacterial plaque.* Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. The germs that cause decay-producing acid have a friend in film. It glues them to the teeth, provides a warm shelter, and even feeds them.

Thus removing film from teeth has become an important problem for dental science. A notable discovery was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. Herein lies the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains.

This new discovery is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth pastes. Therefore Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. For this reason Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

FREE—10-Day Tube

This coupon is not good after July 31, 1934.

Special film-removing tooth paste
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The Pepsodent Co. Chicago, U.S.A.

THE PEPSODENT CO. 4279A
Dept.122, 919 No. Michigan Ave.,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to
Name________
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Only one tube to a family.

6:35 P.M. WITH OLD POWDER

6:40 P.M. WITH JONTEEL

Yes really . . . **FIVE YEARS** *off in five minutes*

The camera is telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth! These are two photographs of the same girl . . . taken only five minutes apart.

In picture number two flower-fragrant Jonteel veils the tiny lines and wrinkles that make women look old. And yet, Jonteel tones in with the skin so invisibly, that you don't look "powdered". There's none of that haggard, "whitewashed" look, because color experts have blended Jonteel face powder in the flattering shades, proven to match all skin tones. Jonteel clings for hours and you'll adore its fragrance . . . a wonderful new odor, blended from 26 flowers!

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder—two sizes 25¢ and 50¢ . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

How Can Doug Stay Away from Hollywood?

(Continued from page 41)

this) by the announcement that the two Fairbankses were forming a British film company with the avowed purposes of producing pictures that would rival American films. British papers and film circles were jubilant, predicting "the decline of Hollywood." The great buses crashing down the Strand carried posters that announced that Douglas Fairbanks and his son were in England to stay. English newspapers and magazines openly rejoiced at having acquired America's film leader and rumored that he was about to become a British citizen, even suggesting that he aspired to knighthood—and merited knighthood.

The two Fairbankses were pictured by English reporters as believing that they could get along without Hollywood and be happier, working in England. Though they announced plans for only three pictures—one about Czar Peter III and Catherine of Russia, starring Doug, Jr.; one called "Exit Don Juan," starring Doug, Sr.; and a third, a Zorro story, co-starring them—it was implied that they would be staying a long time. It was intimated that several American-trained screen stars had been invited to join the Fairbanks enterprise—among them Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, Colin Clive, Maurice Chevalier and even Charlie Chaplin. Meanwhile, the Fairbankses both hurried into production in Elstree studios.

Scant news of them has come to the friends they have left in Hollywood. They have appeared in cabled items as strolling on the Champs Elysée, dining at Deauville, running down to Rome to visit their tailor, or week-ending with some member of British aristocracy, always together, always surrounded by an admiring throng. Young Doug has been the pet of London, we read, presenting musical comedy actresses with gigantic bouquets, the life of all parties. His father's name has been coupled with that of a well-known and spectacular Lady. "You'll get used to seeing us around the rest of our lives," Fairbanks has been quoted as saying to English newspapermen. "You'll see so much of us that you'll refer to us as 'those two tiresome Fairbanks fellows.'"

Not Telling His Future Plans

IT all sounds rather final, as though Hollywood had indeed lost its leader. But friends who have seen Doug in London say that he denies plans to become a British citizen, will not admit that he wishes a divorce to marry into the English peerage, and speaks of making another picture in California in the Spring. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has returned to Hollywood to make "Success Story." But no one seems sure that either will remain in America—not after the way they have apparently been enjoying themselves in Europe.

"Why don't I stay in Hollywood?" Doug asked a friend in Paris recently. "Well, it probably wouldn't look well in print, but it bores me. That is the truth. Why should I spend my life in a narrow little village when there's a whole world to amuse myself in?"

Hollywood is not easily roused to rancor. For most human foibles and failings, it has a shrug or a wisecrack. For Doug, Junior, it has excuses. After all, he has always worshiped his father and has never had the opportunity to be pals with him until now. But for Douglas Fairbanks' apparent desertion it has, strangely enough, only a pathetic and bewildered resentment, as of one cruelly hurt by a familiar and loved hand.

And all just for "a ribbon to wear on his coat"? Just for the thrill of saying, "My friend, the Duke" or winning a smile from a Duchess? Just for his name on alien lips, his picture in the papers of a country not his own? It's hard to believe—when the industry that he helped to found needs him. Several Hollywood studios are in financial straits, whereas one British company cleared five million dollars last year. British technicians are studying American methods on every lot. British papers are crowing, "We have been clever. We have learned in Hollywood studios how American pictures are made and now we are prepared to offer them real competition."

Mary Kept Her Chin Up

BUT Pickfair, robbed of a host, still has a gracious hostess, and Hollywood still has a leader. For two days only, Mary Pickford—who, by the way, was born a Canadian, a British citizen—hid her heart-ache behind closed doors in that house on the hill that was called the happiest home in Hollywood for thirteen years. On the third day after the story of Doug's abandonment of Hollywood and Pickfair had been blazoned in every newspaper in the land, she stepped out serenely with a gallant smile to face the world. And in the months since then she has never allowed her personal emotions to change her way of living, to keep her from entertaining Hollywood's distinguished visitors, helping with its charities. Look for a moment at just a few of the items in Mary's engagement book!

On the Fourth of July, escorted by ten military 'planes, Mary flew to the Municipal Airport to sponsor the National Air Races as the only honorary woman "ace" in the world. All afternoon she stood in her box, shaking hands with a thousand spectators, meeting their curious and pitying stares with gentle dignity, golden head high. The public had supposed that she would not keep her promise to be there, after reading of the breaking-up of her home; but it never occurred to Mary to disappoint them.

On July 6, Mary saw United Artists officials off on their return trip to New York. On July 8, she attended a dinner at the home of the Barthelmess'. On July 14, she saw her niece, Gwynne, sail from San Pedro. On July 15, she worked all day tirelessly on a one-reel film, "Hollywood on Parade," for the benefit of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, riding in her automobile up and down the palm-lined streets of Beverly Hills with cameras grinding, and going down to the Belasco Theatre to make a scene with Bing Crosby.

On July 22, Mary saw a New York social leader off on a Canal trip. On July 24, she looked at the finished film of "Hollywood on Parade" in the Paramount projection rooms. On July 26, she attended a dinner to Adolph Zukor at the Ambassador.

Out to Help Co-Workers

ON August 4, Mary held the first conference with Frank Woods to better the condition of Hollywood "extras" under the NRA Code. (Woods went to Washington and later telegraphed that all of her suggestions had been incorporated in the Code.)

On August 8, Mary gave a luncheon at Pickfair to Lady Thurston, the famous British sportswoman.

On August 10, Mary left for New York to look over plays and to help her cousin, Verna Chalif, buy hats from the wholesale houses for her new Westwood Village millinery shop, which Mary is sponsoring. In New York she spent days going from one wholesale hat factory to another, attended innumerable dinners, receptions and teas, and was appointed a member of the committee sponsoring the International Air Races. She revealed that she had written the libretto for an operetta for Grace Moore. On September 2, she returned to Hollywood after stopping for a day at the World's Fair. On September 15, she helped her cousin at the opening of the Westwood shop and acted as saleswoman for the day.

In September and October, Mary also gave a tea at the request of the Chamber of Commerce to the wives of the members of the Congressional Naval Affairs Committee and the wives of the officers of the fleet. She made a speech at the request of Washington in behalf of the "Buy Now" campaign and received a wire of thanks from General Johnson. She played hostess to the wives of several Governors who were in conclave in Los Angeles. She made a short film for the Community Chest, showing her coming out of a chest and voicing an appeal for funds.

She consulted with the Assistance League about a series of concerts to be given for charity and promised to act as hostess to the first concert. She was Grace Moore's guest at the opera, and attended Donald Ogden Stewart's dress-like-your-favorite-movie-star party garbed as Dolores Del Rio. She attended an exhibition of contemporary American art and furnishings at the Stendhal Galleries for the purpose of patronizing living artists, went to the opening of "The Bowery" and sat next to Marconi, the Wireless Wizard, at a luncheon, later entertaining him and the Marchesa at Pickfair. And these are only a few of the activities of Mary Pickford—social, professional, personal, local, national, and international—in the four months since Doug announced in London that he was planning to spend most of the rest of his life as an expatriate.

Mary Won't Abdicate

NOW, though Mary has asked for a divorce, Pickfair has been taken off the market. The serene and charming "White House" of Beverly Hills is not to be sold, but will still be the center of a rich and beneficent hospitality, and a pilgrimage shrine for Hollywood's distinguished visitors, as well as for the dusty, tent-laden, children-filled cars of tourists, who draw up a dozen times a day in Beverly Hills to ask citizens: "Please, Mister, can you tell us how to get to Mary Pickford's house?"

To Mary, such humble homage is as thrilling as the roars of crowds on the Champs Elysée or Piccadilly, and infinitely preferable to the patronizing smiles of lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses, who do not speak the Hollywood language. Fifteen to twenty requests for Mary's help with some important undertaking come to Pickfair each day. Uncle Sam, himself, has learned to turn to her when he needs assistance. Twenty-five thousand "extras" speak her name reverently, and many of the hungry and the homeless of Southern California owe food and shelter to her efforts. No picture star has ever felt the responsibility of a great position as has Mary Pickford. It is her kingdom, and she will not abdicate before heart-break or humiliation.

It was a truly great social position that Doug gave up to take tea with titled ladies, to shoot tigers with Rajahs, and to golf with Princes. Does he never think, in a foreign land, of the fading painted turrets and dusty plaster towers of Bagdad-in-Hollywood, crumbling under the California sun? Doesn't he ever remember, as he hears his name in British accents, the glad shout of the radio announcer at a Grauman opening, "And here, folks, come Doug and Mary"? Can a ribbon of alien honors worn on a coat keep his heart warm? How can he stay away from Hollywood, where he was not a curiosity or an expatriate or a week-end guest, but a worker, and a leader and a friend?

DON'T BE SKINNY
HERE'S MY SECRET-

I WISH I HAD YOUR FIGURE AND PEP!

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS *in a few weeks!*

Thousands who were once skinny praise quick way to get lovely curves and vital health!

Posed by professional models

STOP being ashamed of your figure—having people call you "skinny", and losing your chances of making friends on that account. Here's a new, quick, easy treatment that is giving thousands solid, healthy flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown men and women. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, strong nerves, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the healthy flesh you need. Do it *before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. So successful has it been in even hopeless cases that it is positively guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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Because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold every lock of hair securely. Insist on HOLD-BOBS always.

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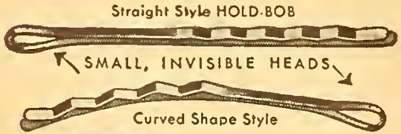

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Did Lee Tracy "Insult" Mexico —Or Did That Report Insult Him?

(*Continued from page 51*)

ceived the reply: "Tracy rude, nude, lewd, stewed."

Irving Pichel, a fellow-member of the "Viva Villa" cast, and Howard Hawks, director of the picture, read with amazement remarks that they were supposed to have made—and hadn't. Lee, himself, stepping gaily off a 'plane at El Paso, was dumfounded to find that he had been "fired" from his studio job before he could tell his side—and that malicious gossip was so well established that it was accepted as the truth.

Deluged with Offers

BUT, fortunately, the public has more faith in its favorites than Hollywood, the hotbed of gossip. More than that, it resented the treatment that Lee had received—whether the reports were true or not. Unmistakably, the public said, "We're with you, Lee. We believe in you. We like you on the screen. We don't want to lose you."

And so, although Lee, smarting with humiliation and rage, said in El Paso, "Tell Hollywood to go to Hell! I'm going back to the stage!", he has reconsidered and is now trying to choose between several offers that have been made to him. Four major companies were quick to sense the instant resentment of the public against Lee's being "driven out" of Mexico and "fired" from his job. Movie contracts—contingent upon the approval of the Hays Office—were offered him at nearly double his previous salary. Ten stage rôles were offered to him. His services were sought for radio broadcasts. Newspaper syndicates begged him to turn real-life reporter (he was playing a reporter in "Viva Villa") and write for them. Dozens of vaudeville and personal appearance offers deluged him.

Evidently, Americans as a whole were satisfied with Lee Tracy's own statement as, bewildered and stunned, he faced the reporters at El Paso: "There was no flag anywhere near our window. There wasn't any balcony. And, besides, I'm an Army man, myself." (He was a lieutenant in the World War.) "I wouldn't insult any flag. As a matter of fact, I hated to leave Mexico. I wired the studio last week and got them to let me stay three additional days, just because I was having such a swell time. I'd been to a cabaret on a gay party and, like any drunk, I was noisy; but I didn't thumb my nose at anybody or yell insulting things. I'm amazed at the whole affair. Why, I wasn't even arrested. They didn't try to keep me from leaving the country. Everything was perfectly friendly when I left."

But in case there is any lingering doubt in the minds of any moviegoers, MOTION PICTURE, in the interests of fair play, presents the statements of two reliable eyewitnesses of the whole affair.

Saw It All from Below

ONE, George Rigas, who plays *Pancho Villa's* father in "Viva Villa," stood below the window of Tracy's room, watching the procession with Charles Clark, the cameraman of the company. He saw everything that Tracy did and saw the reactions of the crowd around him and of the boys and girls marching past.

"I am not a personal friend of Mr. Tracy. I have talked to him only once or twice in my life," he says. "But I feel that a grave injustice has been done and I should like to see it righted. You see, I saw it all. I was not in the room with him, but—even better —I was standing under his window, watching the procession pass. Everyone was smiling and in a grand good humor. When Lee Tracy appeared above us, the soldiers cheered and waved their hats at him. Lee was a favorite with Mexican crowds—his gay and reckless personality pleased them. All the while he was at the window, the soldiers in the procession were laughing and waving to him. We have pictures to show the happy temper of the crowd.

"The window where Lee stood was on the fourth floor of the building—and since Mexican rooms are half again as high as American rooms, that corresponded to about the sixth floor of an American building. A railing, waist-high, surrounded it. When Lee appeared, in a hilarious mood, he was wearing a blanket around his shoulders; but as he gesticulated to the crowd, the blanket fell off and we could all see his bare arms and shoulders. 'Viva Mexico!' he was yelling—and pronouncing it right, too. 'Viva everybody! I must get a picture of these smiling faces!'

"And he held up his two hands in a gesture familiar to every motion picture worker —thumbs together, hands at right angles, making a square through which he peered down at the procession. Such a square is the familiar 'frame' that movie cameramen make to look at a scene, so that they can judge just what will show in the picture. Perhaps it looked to the crowd—which, of course, would not recognize the technical gesture—as though he were thumbing his nose at them. I can see how it might, but still they laughed and shouted greetings up to him. There never was the slightest sign from the crowd or the soldiers that they were annoyed or insulted.

Who Sent the Police?

"BUT a certain newspaperman was in the crowd and watching what happened. This fellow had been after our company ever since he had demanded a job at two thousand pesos a week from Howard Hawks when we arrived. He wanted to be technical adviser on the picture; and when he was refused, he went away in a rage, shouting threats. He 'would make the Americans sorry.' He 'would show them.' And he did. Nearly every day, a scurrilous article appeared in his particular paper, trying to inflame the populace against the American picture company. Sometimes the articles complained that the company wasn't properly feeding the soldiers who played 'extras.' Sometimes they railed against the 'caricature' that he said Wallace Beery was making of their great national hero, Villa. Now, this reporter saw his chance to make real trouble in the harmless hilarity of an American picture star. He sent policemen to Tracy's room to arrest him on the charge of insulting Mexican soldiers.

"When the police arrived, Lee very humanly told them to go to Hell. So he had to go to the police station. But he never was behind bars. He sat around for a couple of hours, talking and kidding with the police commissioner and his men—and you know how Lee can talk! At the end of that time, they all shook hands and mutually apologized and Lee left. That afternoon, he attended a bull fight. The next day, as he had planned to do all along, he flew to the border. Nobody tried to stop him. I was amazed, on arriving in United States territory, to read the highly-colored version of this incident."

The other eyewitness to Tracy's conduct whom we interviewed was Irving Pichel, who was with him and several others of the company in their hotel room, during the parade.

Saw It All from Room

"IT was a sports parade with thousands of boys and girls of the various tennis clubs, polo teams, soccer teams, gymnasium classes and so forth marching by for two solid hours," explains Irving. "The only people in uniform were some cadets from a military school. There is no denying that Lee had had plenty to drink, but all the time that I was there I did not see him do an insulting or indecent thing.

"He would dash to the window when the bands came along and shout and gesture, and the marchers would cheer and wave up to him. Nobody could have heard much of what he was saying from the street—and people who didn't understand English might have thought that he was making fun of them. He wasn't. He was merely cutting up. Of course, after the police came up, things got lively, with the doors locked and Mexican cops kicking on them and everybody shouting. We persuaded the officials to leave, promising to see that Tracy came down to the police station to explain himself to the commissioner. He did and apologized for being noisy. He talked and told some swell jokes. Everybody laughed, slapped his back, and apologized for the trouble they had caused him, and he went away in the friendliest spirit possible. He later went to a bull fight and took the 'plane blithely for home—only to find that the incident had taken on the aspect of an international crisis when he stepped on American soil!

"As to the remarks I was supposed to have made in Mexico City, all I can say is—I didn't make them. I never said that I ought to have knocked out Tracy to prevent him from going to the window. When a news service man remarked to me, 'That stunt of Tracy's is worth a million dollars in publicity to M-G-M on "Viva Villa,"' I made some non-committal answer and that was all I said about the whole matter."

Explanation of His Dismissal

THEN just why did a Mexican paper raise the cry of "Insult!" and demand not only that Tracy should be expelled from the cast of "Viva Villa," but that all M-G-M pictures should henceforth be barred from Mexico? It was this cry, of course, that brought forth the telegram of apology from the head of M-G-M. No matter how big a box-office attraction Lee Tracy might be, the possible loss of the Mexican market for M-G-M loomed as too serious to be trifled with.

"Lee Tracy," says a prominent Mexican official in Los Angeles, "is being made the scapegoat for all the humiliations Mexico has received from American pictures."

The quarrel between the Mexican government and Hollywood is one of long standing. It dates back to the early days of movies when the villain of most Westerns was a Mexican with a huge black mustache and sinister intentions. Since then many pictures have aroused Mexican wrath and been barred from the country. In fact, almost the only films containing Mexican characters that have pleased our neighbors below the Rio Grande have been "In Old Arizona" and "The Cisco Kid."

But, curiously enough, both the Mexican government and the Mexican public were delighted with the idea—sold to them by that artist, writer and world-adventurer, Wallace Smith—of having the colorful career of Pancho Villa put on the screen. Smith, who wrote the script for "Viva Villa" from a recent novel, was sent down to Mexico by M-G-M to make all arrangements for the filming and to get the official sanction of the government. In his three weeks' stay there, everything was settled, including the arrangements for a native army officer to serve as technical adviser, and the use of soldiers of the Mexican Army

(*Continued on page 87*)

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

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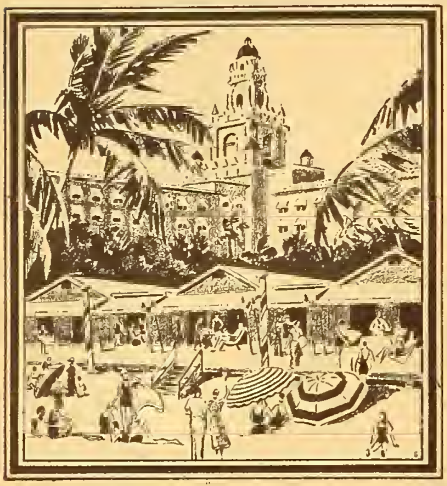

Because it values the enviable position it enjoys in the play life of those who cherish a taste for good living and have the means to indulge it . . . because it appreciates that a keen sense of values is invariably the companion of good taste . . . the Roney Plaza has declined to permit the bright outlook for better times to influence its tariff schedule.

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RONEY PLAZA

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

"I'm Afraid of Women," Says George Raft

(*Continued from page 54*)

"There are many girls like this one in Hollywood. If they fail to click, they go after a star whom they can eventually sue for breach-of-promise or any other trumped-up charge, hoping that the publicity will do 'em some good. They're looking for a tag to their name so that studio casting directors will recognize 'em. Once in a while it works, and it encourages other suits.

"No man is safe in Hollywood. The girls—the unknowns—have a lot of beautiful gags that work like dynamite.

Mothers Can Be Dangerous, Too

"THERE'S the mother gag. And it operates something like this: If a star lives in an apartment house, he wakes up one morning to find a new neighbor. Maybe it's a nice, elderly woman, with a pretty daughter in tow. Get it? The baby-faced kid thinks it would be simply gr-r-r-and to be in pictures. And isn't it romantic that she has had the opportunity to meet a great, big star?

"If a man isn't a heel, he can't be short with them. The mother and the daughter may be invited in for a cocktail; they might even be given an introduction to the casting director of the star's particular studio. If the girl gets along—fine! If she doesn't, mama begins to hint vaguely and darkly that you'd better get busy in her daughter's behalf. Before you know it, you're threatened with a breach-of-promise suit, and where do you go from there? Why, to your check-book most of the time. You can't do anything else.

"There are dozens of ambitious mothers in Hollywood who are perfectly willing to throw their daughters to the dogs for the sake of fame. They urge and engineer love affairs—and stage scenes involving a star—that would do credit to the climax of a third-rate drama.

"There's a cock-eyed notion that stars' telephone numbers are a secret. But any clever and ambitious young woman can discover the telephone number of any star. She does. And so maybe she works gag number two.

"She calls you. She's a friend of a friend who insisted that she ring you. It sounds on the up-and-up most of the time, and naturally, if she's alone in the big, bad city of Hollywood, you'd like to do something for a friend of a friend. Sure! So you invite her up. She shows up in almost no time, and you suspect that she 'phoned from the corner drug-store.

Beware Even Amusing Ones!

"LATER, you may discover that she lied about that friend-business; but if she's amusing, you may throw discretion to the winds and go on seeing her. And most of them *are* amusing—and not hard to look at. All of 'em are smart little gold-diggers, out to make their coffee and cakes and an extra penny in any way they can. If their suggestion that you buy them fur coats and such is met with a cold shoulder—because you see no reason for spending money on a girl to whom you've fed cocktails—then bango! there's a little breach-of-promise suit staring you right in the face!

"When I first came to Hollywood, the studio told me that I must be nice to all newspaper writers. So when a girl called, saying that she was a correspondent for a French newspaper and asking if she could come up to see me, I didn't bother to check on her with the studio, and made a date for an interview with her.

"When she arrived, she admitted that writing was just a sideline, and that her real work in life was selling cosmetics. I bought pounds of cold cream—enough to last a lifetime—and a lot of other stuff I didn't need, hoping to get rid of her in a hurry. She settled down for the afternoon and wouldn't take hints to leave and I was getting plenty hot around the collar. I didn't know what I was in for, and I wasn't taking any chances. I was just figuring on whom to call up to join our twosome, when some of the boys from the studio walked in—and I was plenty glad. She called up a couple of times, but I was always busy. No more chances for Georgie.

"After all, a guy is human. It's darned hard to be nasty to a girl who says you're her favorite actor—and hands you the line that she has been living just for the moment when she could meet you. This fame business is new to me—and I don't know yet how to go about the job of keeping out of trouble. Maybe I'll learn after awhile—and maybe I won't. Plenty of the old-timers don't spot a racket in time. Anyway, there's a new one born every day—and you have to have second sight to spot 'em.

Girl Gave Him Real Scare

"THERE'S another gag that would be funny if it weren't so dangerous. It was pulled on me while I was making personal appearances in the East. I had been working night and day, and I suppose if I hadn't been so tired, I could've spotted the gag. But I saw a woman standing in the wings just before I went on for my act, and she had a pencil and paper in her hand. She said she wanted to see me, and of course, I took it she was a newspaper woman. So I said, 'O. K.' and told her to wait until I was through, and we could talk.

"When my act was finished, I asked her to give me ten minutes to get out of my stage clothes, and then to come down to my dressing-room. But it wasn't a minute before she popped in. She wouldn't wait outside while I changed, and insisted that she had been around stage people all her life and didn't mind my changing before her. I put on my dressing gown and dropped down on a couch to rest, all set to answer any of her questions. The pay-off was that she started tearing off her clothes, and I had a terrible time getting her out of the room. I didn't know what she'd do next—or what she'd say. She left only after I promised to meet her when my last show was over. For a week I dodged that gal. And I kept the door of my dressing-room locked. I wasn't taking any chances.

"No wonder I'm afraid of women! There isn't an actor in Hollywood who hasn't a special lock on his door, if he lives alone. The old badger game still flourishes. And a man can't talk to a girl alone—that is, a girl he doesn't know well—without cold feet.

The Only Remedy

"I DON'T know any cure for the situation, unless the public helps us by believing in us. If we knew *for sure* that every moviegoer would stand back of us when we're in a spot, if they realized just exactly what we're up against, most of us would fight in court. And if it was done often enough, there wouldn't be any trumped-up breach-of-promise suits to worry every man in Hollywood.

"That old line about 'where there's smoke, there's fire' doesn't mean a thing in breach-of-promise cases. It only means that some wise little girl is out to make good in her own peculiar way. But we can't buck public opinion that is ready to convict us before we're tried. We can't take the chance of ruining our careers by fighting for our rights."

A Clara Bow goes to court and ruins her health and interrupts her career, because she has the intestinal fortitude to refuse to pay hush money. A public ready to believe evil put Clara Bow, and not the real criminal, on trial. Hollywood remembers Clara's experience, and takes it as a warning that for the men and women of the screen there can be justice in a court of law—but conviction without a hearing, perhaps, by the headline-hunters and the headline-readers.

Many a star has come home to find a strange woman sitting in his most comfortable chair. Sometimes that stranger makes a pretense of infatuation. Sometimes not even that. It's a hard, cold proposition. How much will you pay?

And if the star doesn't pay—the morning papers record an unsavory episode that had allegedly taken place the night before, involving his name. The girl makes her own key to the apartment, she rips her own clothes—and she begins screaming at the psychological moment.

Who will believe the star's story that she is a stranger to him? The star doesn't know. Even if it is an out-and-out hold-up; even though the sued gentleman has never had the doubtful pleasure of acquaintance with the girl involved and can prove his contentions—can he afford to take the suit to court? The girls think that the newspapers, and the public, will be on their side—because they are girls. And the stars never know. But they are getting so that they do know danger when they see it. And its name is Woman.

This is the incredible, astounding truth of the Hollywood breach-of-promise racket! No wonder George Raft is afraid of women!

Did Lee Tracy "Insult" Mexico—Or Did That Report Insult Him?

(*Continued from page 85*)

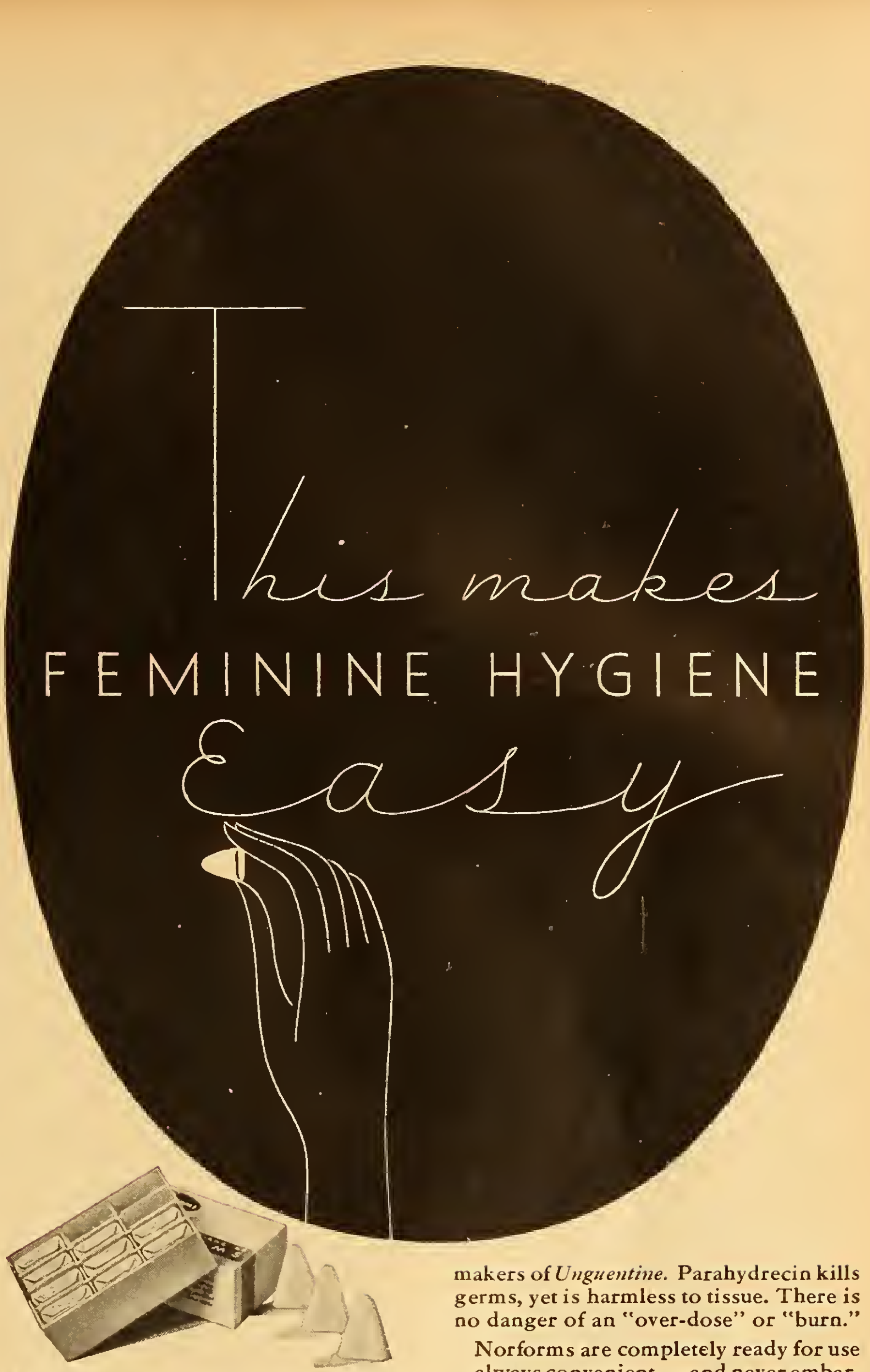
as "extras" in the picture. Wallace Smith had known Villa, had fought beside him, and spoke the language like a native. He cleverly played up the national pride of the country by excusing Villa's revolutionary tactics by an incident in the script, showing how the execution of a member of his family when he was a boy had filled him with the bitterness of a rebel.

Weren't Prepared for Trouble

IT was unfortunate that Smith was not sent back with the company during the actual shooting, knowing as he does the language, customs and peculiar tabus and prides of a proud and sensitive people. For he might have foreseen a way to avoid the trouble that overshadowed the venture almost from the first. An army officer, besides the prominent newspaper reporter, came to the "Viva Villa" company and practically demanded a job, which was refused, provoking more threats of retaliation.

Now, Lee Tracy is by way of being Hollywood's white-headed boy—the popular hero of a public anxious to show its sympathy with one of its favorites who, it believes, has been a victim of injustice. The audience that saw the unannounced theatre preview of "Advice to the Lovelorn" (made before his trip to Mexico) nearly tore the place down with their enthusiasm when his name flashed on the screen. The theatre rocked with thunderous applause.

Five hundred men and women were at the station to greet him on his arrival from El Paso. And while Lee kissed Isabel Jewell, his fiancée, and posed with his hat at its usual debonair angle and a smile covering whatever hurt and chagrin he may have felt, the crowd unmistakably told him that they were with him.



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"I'm Afraid of Love," Says Richard Cromwell

(*Continued from page 55*)

diggers. But, then, there wouldn't be any gold to dig. "Not at my salary," he grins.

Dick supports a mother and a younger brother. He has built a house in the hills that is still being paid for. So there isn't much left over to play around with. His fear of women has nothing to do with blackmail. It is simply an inherent fear of something he doesn't understand. The habits of emotion-ridden Hollywood leave him nonplussed. In a different atmosphere, he might learn to understand as many of the feminine vagaries as any man ever comprehends. But being in Hollywood, he finds the progress of his education retarded by a native shyness—and the instincts of a gentleman.

"Look," Dick says suddenly, "don't get me wrong. I'd like to fall in love. Yet I'm afraid of love. I've been thinking about it off and on ever since I was in high school. Kid stuff then, you know, and pretty silly. But, as it is the only incident in what can be laughingly called my 'love-life' that is funny to me, I'll tell you about it."

Wanted to Be "Free Souls"

THE story begins with Dick at the age of sixteen. He was an artist even then, dabbling in portrait painting and sculpturing. And he felt that, as a true artist, he needed feminine inspiration.

He sought out a young fellow-student, an emancipated miss who was in his botany class. During a very practical heart-to-heart talk, the decision was reached that they might as well Live In Sin. Dick refused to say so, but I suspect that the suggestion came from the high-school lass.

After an ice cream soda and an hour's discussion on "freedom from convention, the restraining influence of family life. and the truly artistic soul," they decided that the following Thursday would be a convenient time to begin their Life of Sin. (Dick was going to be busy over the weekend and his partner-to-be in the free life would be needed at home Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.)

Dick's "artist studio" was to be the love nest—and just by way of getting things off to a gala start, twenty of their closest and most intimate school friends were invited to the studio for a "pre-sin" celebration. It was all very sophisticated and advanced. Hot dogs, dill pickles, potato chips, chocolate cake and ginger ale were served and everybody sat about, seriously discussing the radical social step. About eleven o'clock slight attacks of indigestion and sleepiness began to overtake the "free souls" and by eleven-thirty the guests were homeward bound, leaving the self-conscious sinners to get about their sinning.

The scene was perfect—the moon high and the studio lights low. The phonograph in the corner ground away seductively. The two "lovers," who had never so much as kissed, stood in the middle of the big room and looked at each other. It was the Big Moment. *And then they laughed!*

They laughed—of all things—so hard that tears streamed down their faces and their stomachs ached. They laughed so hard that they saw themselves for what they were, two very scared youngsters who were suffering from too much "new thought" and too many hot dogs!

"And that," says Richard from the vantage point of an added five years of age, "is the only episode that has ended humorously. The others have all been broken by the constructions that *other* people have put on *my* feelings. It is damnable how often Hollywood interferes in matters that are none of its business.

"It works this way: Before you and the girl have a chance to decide exactly what your feelings are toward one another, some gossip columnist makes up *his* mind about it; then everything is spoiled.

"Not so long ago, I happened to be interested in an older woman. I think she was the most fascinating and interesting woman I have ever known. We used to have long talks about everything under the sun. I enjoyed talking to her. I loved being with her—though I hadn't exactly come around to knowing just what my emotions were toward her as a person! Before I had a chance to decide some wisecracker saw us together and said: 'Well, who would have thought you would have turned *gigolo!*' I know she heard the remark. After that, in spite of trying to ignore it, both of us felt self-conscious with one another. We tried not to let silly talk interfere with our friendship, but we both knew that, somehow, everything was spoiled. . . .

"Later on, I happened to meet a very young girl. She was about sixteen years old, but advanced for her age, charming, a swell kid. I liked her a lot, because—well, I guess I was flattered by the way she regarded me as an important movie actor! You know, I don't feel very important, myself. But this kid seemed to think I was Clark Gable's only serious competition. I really got a kick out of it and invited her to a movie a couple of times, and to the Cocoanut Grove dancing. Not long after, one of the columnists had an item to the effect that Dick Cromwell had been glimpsed out dancing with *'jail bait'! That spoiled that!* I felt as self-conscious as an old roué leading a Young Thing astray, after that interpretation of our friendship!

What Kills Studio Romances

"EVEN with the girls your own age and in your own profession, it doesn't work out much better. When Dorothy Wilson and I were making 'The Age of Consent,' we might have learned to like each other, if someone hadn't commented that we were making 'publicity' for the picture by lunching together. In other words, it looked as though we were 'plugging the picture' every time we were seen together.

"And as for Sally Blane" . . . Young Mr. Cromwell pauses at this fair lady's name. You can see that it evokes a tender memory . . . "I think Sally is a grand girl and just about the prettiest thing in Hollywood. We were seen a couple of times together and up popped the usual 'that way' rumor.

"Now Sally is a darned popular girl. Before she left for Europe, I used to drop by her house Sunday afternoons—and I had to comb her beaux out of my hair! Every fellow in town wants to take Sally out. Well, it just happens that my finances don't stretch far enough to take in much entertainment. I'm not going to go over that long sob-story of my small salary again. But in view of my financial situation, it certainly isn't fair to expect a popular girl like Sally to sit around with me, doing nothing, when she could be out doing all the interesting things that girls like to do. So I gradually dropped out of that picture, too.

"I have come to the conclusion that those people who make Hollywood's reputation for 'falling in love easily' are not afflicted with my brand of self-consciousness.

"Understand, I'd like to fall in love, all right. But I'm afraid of love. It's about the only thing I am afraid of, too. And I blame Hollywood and Hollywood interference entirely for a situation that does not allow a natural impulse to be expressed naturally."

Get Close to the Screen's New Sensation

(*Continued from page 49*)

by the theatrical stars. So next we find her back home in Dixie, a member in good standing of the University Players. Now, the University Players must have been a most interesting aggregation. They were, as the star, herself, puts it, a group of "terribly young people" and, like everything that is terribly young, they hurled themselves into the drama with a bright and burning fury that simply couldn't help but kindle a blaze of attention.

As a matter of record, they did some worth-while things that year. And, anyhow, it was all great fun, for the kids did everything themselves. This week's star might be next week's scene-shifter. To-night's handsome hero might be to-morrow's ticket-taker. And the villain, by the same token, might double as floor-polisher and chief chewing-gum picker-upper. Margaret got a sufficient share of the Players' laurels to garner an engagement in several Norfolk Little Theatre pieces. And so the Winter passed.

How She Got to Broadway

NOW, mind you, that was 1931. And in 1931, little more than two years ago, Margaret really began her professional career. She went back No'th, and what with that Mammy accent, and all, she was a natural for the rôle of the little Southern ingénue in "Strictly Dishonorable." Perhaps she wasn't the timber for the Broadway production. Anyway, Destiny and Brock Pemberton routed her into a road company, and she stormed through the Southern sticks, getting experience—and the smell of tank-town dressing-rooms in that Autumnish hair of hers. It was about this time, too, that Cupid had his way with her. In an emotional moment she and Henry Fonda, an Omaha, Nebraska, boy, found their way to a Baltimore knot-tier. But we can forget this romantic interlude. Margaret has. She has been free since last May.

Since giving the interview on which this story is based, Margaret Sullavan *has* gone back to Universal City to star in "Little Man, What Now?" This shows her on board the S. S. Cecilia, as she sailed from New York for the West Coast

Although Margaret lost her amateur standing—theatrically, I mean—she made another appearance with the simon-pures that marked one of those milestones that folk always find in stars' lives after fame brings writers to jot down the facts. And her chance came through another of those fortunate near-accidents that actually play such big parts in bringing the breaks. Margaret went down to Princeton, a New Jersey college that has a football team, as guest star in a rah-rah production of a show bearing the Montparnassian title of "Three Artists and a Lady!"

Well, maybe it's my evil mind. Maybe the show had nothing whatever to do with —ssh—"la vie Bohème," ateliers, vin rouge, and models called Fifi, Mimi, Bibi, and—er —cherie. Anyway, Margaret Sullavan went to Princeton to do a favor for a friend. Another Margaret, Perry by name, was scheduled to be the Lady among those Three Artists, and at the last moment didn't wanta, or something. Thus it happened that when the curtain rang up on that eventful evening, Miss Sullavan was discovered on the stage. Discovered, too, by no less a light than Elmer Harris, who had sneaked away from the theatre to go to a show. Before he returned to civilization, it was all arranged that Miss Sullavan should make a Broadway début in "A Modern Virgin."

After that came other engagements, in "Happy Landings," for instance, and "Chrysalis," and "If Love Were All" (which we have seen it isn't—at least, in Margaret's young life). As is their way, however, Hollywood's allegedly wise men were as blind as Justice, herself, to the potential picture talent being flaunted in the New York theatres for all to see. And it was not until Miss Sullavan followed another Margaret, or Marguerite, to be exact—Marguerite Churchill—in "Dinner at Eight" that Universal's talent scouts rubbed the sleep from their eyes and exclaimed, "What ho! How long has this been going on?" and "Sign here, please." That's how-come La Sullavan hied toward Hollywood. And here ends the first chapter.

Not Crazy About Hollywood

THE second has to do with our heroine's first—and so far, only—picture. It was, and is, titled "Only Yesterday," and while it is devoid of the remotest relationship to Frederick Allen's book, the name is at least appropriate to the star. For, surely, it was only yesterday that this brilliant new star was struggling in the maze of theatrical obscurity for recognition even then belated.

So, as someone was saying, she went to Hollywood. But she didn't "go Hollywood." Indeed, she didn't go *for* Hollywood. She loathed it. Now, in the dispassionate wisdom of her years, she looks back upon those febrile first days and recalls that she didn't get to see anything of Hollywood except John Boles' profile. And while she yields to no gal in her admiration of this natural masterpiece, it wasn't entirely the be-all and end-all of Margaret's career, or Margaret's ambition. All of which is just an obscure way of saying that she had to work too darn hard even to see Catalina on a clear day.

They were a little behind on the story—

(*Continued on page 91*)

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Gary Cooper "At Last" Finds the Right Girl!

(Continued from page 33)

any nineteen-year-old girl would be. David Selznick met her at our house and was struck by her appearance. He offered her a contract at Radio Pictures, and she was with that studio for six months.

"Then she got a contract with Goldwyn. Of course, she played only very small parts, because she was inexperienced. But she came to realize the pitfalls in the path of stardom and decided that love and marriage were more important to her. So before she and Gary left for New York to visit her family, Sandra asked for a release from her contract.

"She just wanted the thrill of having a chance to work in pictures. Neither Cedric nor I expected her to take it seriously as a career. She was educated in Eastern finishing schools and it was only natural for her to forget about a career when she fell head over heels in love."

Just before Gary and Sandra went to New York for the express purpose of having Gary meet Sandra's family, to obtain *their* blessings on the marriage, they went on a short trip to Arizona with Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert as chaperons. The trip had been planned as a hunting expedition, but the party never got beyond the Biltmore Hotel at Phoenix. Hollywood suspected an "elopement"—and was fooled.

Two Oblivious Lovers

"THOSE were five very happy days for all of us," reveals Virginia Bruce Gilbert. "Gary and Sandra had just become engaged—and they were terribly in love. In fact, they were so much in love they were oblivious to everything else. They didn't talk about it or discuss their plans, but Jack and I knew that was because their love was so new that they weren't ready to share it with anybody.

"Sandra played tennis and golf with Gary. She is marvelous at sports and beats most of the men she plays with. And they swam and rode horseback. Both of them adore these things.

"We never got a chance to go shooting because Jack was called back to the studio for some retakes. But I doubt if Gary and Sandra could have kept their minds on hunting, anyway."

The development of Gary's romance with Sandra Shaw was entirely different from the progress of all his other romances. Gary has been in love, or at least infatuated, many times before—in an easy-going way. But with Sandra it was another story. Sandra sought the approval of Gary's parents, and then took him back to New York to gain the consent of her family to the marriage. How different all this is from the usual procedure in Hollywood, where consent of parents is regarded as belonging back in the starched-collar era!

All in the Best Tradition

THERE seems to be no doubt that Gary feels a different kind of love for Sandra. It is love mingled with respect and the protective instinct. You can understand why this romance, of all his romances, meets with his parents' approval.

Both his mother and father were born in England—a country where the strict social conventions are of primary importance. His mother came to the United States forty-two years ago, and married two years later. Judge Cooper has been in this country even longer, but he has lost none of his respect for good old English customs.

Looking back over Gary's love affairs, it is now easy to see that at least a portion of Judge and Mrs. Cooper's disapproval was based on the fact that the girls who intrigued Gary were of the ultra-modern school. Clara Bow, for instance, is adored by her friends, and is one of the best-hearted little stars in Hollywood. But Clara has had newspaper notoriety that would be painful to the conservative Coopers.

Lupe Velez is so candidly outspoken that even Hollywood gasps at some of her remarks and escapades. A fascinating little vixen, to be sure, but not exactly the type of daughter-in-law that proper Judge and Mrs. Cooper would welcome into the family.

Then there was the Countess di Frasso. At first thought, you might expect a titled woman of the world to have all the social requirements desired by Gary's anxious parents. But his association with the Countess apparently upset Judge and Mrs. Cooper more than all Gary's other romances put together. They felt that the disparity of their ages was insurmountable. But, above all, they deplored the romance rumors because the Countess already had a husband, from whom she was not even seeking a divorce.

About Those Countess Rumors

I DON'T believe that Gary ever was exactly romantic about the Countess. One day he explained very delicately to me that he had met the Countess through friends in Rome when he was returning from his African hunting expedition. He was entertained royally by both the Count and herself during his stay there. And so, when she came to Hollywood, it was only natural that he should wish to return the courtesy.

"We are only friends," Gary explained to me. "It is very unfair to the Countess to talk about a romance between us. I am sure it must be embarrassing to her."

Gary has had many minor romances in addition to the big-time ones. Because he was handsome, famous and eligible, he has been the romantic target of nearly every girl in Hollywood.

Lilian Harvey, the petite foreign beauty, has said that Gary Cooper was the only attractive man she has met in Hollywood. For a time it looked as if there might be a romance between the tall Montanan and the little Cosmopolite. But that quickly died out. It was reported that the "romance" rumors had been engineered by clever press-agents to give Lilian, a newcomer, some romantic publicity.

Gary even squired Judith Allen for a time. When her husband, former wrestling-champion Gus Sonnenberg, read that Gary and Judith were going about together, he became so angry that he revealed his secret marriage to Judith, thereby causing the actress great embarrassment. Their divorce soon followed. And once again it was rumored that Gary had just been giving a little newcomer a hand.

Throughout all these romances Judge and Mrs. Cooper have sought to protect Gary from a permanent entanglement. They are fiercely devoted to him and regarded each new romance as a separate problem to be solved. But when Gary found Sandra Shaw, they relented.

Judge Cooper has told me of Gary's stubborness, a quality which he admires in his son.

"Once Gary makes up his mind, there is no power on earth that can sway him. Gary is very slow to decide, and few people are able to tell when he has reached a decision because he is secretive. But he has a stubborn determination that can't be swayed."

Think that one over!

Get Close to the Screen's New Sensation

(*Continued from page 89*)

you know how it is. So when they did get set, it meant shooting from early morning on—on to the following dawn. The day the film was finished, she packed the vanity-case and said "One-way to Broadway" to the ticket-agent. In her wake, strange Hollywood tales arose. Among these were rumors that she was snooty and inaccessible, that she was "pulling a Garbo," that she was usually asleep when the director was ready to fire, that she wouldn't co-operate, that she didn't give a damn. Only the last is correct—that is, without qualifications.

Margaret has certain ideas about Constitutional Rights regarding life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And they don't include personal publicity as purveyed by prying persons, who would like to delve deeply into nooks and corners of her heart that are marked "Strictly Private." Moreover, she wasn't very sure that she would ever return to the Coast. Then she was weary and ill at ease and pretty well worn out. The making of "Only Yesterday" had not been entirely a happy experience. Oh, yes, about that sleeping business. You see, that's true. It's one of Margaret's idiosyncrasies and God-given faculties to be able to cat-nap at the slightest provocation—or none at all. So while they were fooling around with lights, getting a set-up, Miss Sullavan would pass calmly into the Land o' Nod, somewhat after the fashion of L. Barrymore, another Hollywood personage. Out at Universal, they didn't like it very much. They like people to be on their toes out there.

Will Go Back, But - -

ANYWAY, Margaret went back East. She never thought she'd return to Hollywood. Since then she has altered her opinion—for once. But it's only a compromise, because the contract she signed gives the girl the Winters for herself. In other words, she'll make movies in the Spring and Summer, but when Fall comes, and the theatres open, and first-night audiences glitter in them, she'll go to town and have her name in lights on the "legit" marquees. (Katharine Hepburn has a somewhat similar contract. So does Helen Hayes.)

Perhaps no newcomer has suffered more acutely than Margaret Sullavan over her first film. Maybe "suffer" isn't just the word. But Margaret was, and is, intensely, violently afraid of her movie shadow, afraid it won't let her be herself. Paul Gulick and his Universal henchmen blubbered all over the projection room at the preview of "Only Yesterday." They called her up, sobbing, weeping, to tell her she was not only colossal, but terrific! And Margaret laughed a short, mocking laugh—ha-ha, like that—and said, "Oh, no! Don't give me that! I'm bad! I know I'm terrible!" She insisted—there was no use arguing. I saw her on the way to see her picture, and herself, for the first time. She would have preferred a punch on the nose—and it wouldn't have had to be delivered by Max Baer, either.

When the picture opened, the critics came out with raves. Justified raves. Margaret was wonderful. Still is. Immediately there was a run on the Sullavan bank. Press-agents, interviewers, inquiring reporters, agents, producers, all such terrible persons besieged her. And what did our little girl do? She packed her bag and slipped away to that pleasant *terra incognita* labeled "Whereabouts Unknown." In a phrase, Margaret, Southern accent and all, murmured: "T'ell with 'em!"

That's about the way things stand now. She has a half-dozen play offers—good ones, from producers who have money in the bank, as money and banks go to-day. She's a town toast, a favorite with the fans. And Universal is champing at the bit, or something, to get her back on the lot right away for its prize picture, "Little Man, What Now?", and after that for another one that looks more than okay—"The Good, Red Bricks." I think, eventually, that Universal will succeed, and that Margaret will give in. She must. For excepting Maxie Baer, Mae West and Katharine Hepburn, she's the one outstanding personality to come to pictures in many months. And by the time you read this, Mae and Maxie may be passé, at that.

Summing Her Up

A FUNNY kid, this Margaret Sullavan (with two a's). She has a certain boyish quality mingled with her youthful, buoyant femininity. She doesn't slither like a movie star when she walks. She strides, with long, swinging steps, like some Amazonian maid in armor. Her body is slender, lithe, straight and strong with vigor and well-being. She wouldn't let 'em change her in Hollywood—so her hair remains as it was, as it should be; and her teeth are not the too-perfect dental marvels of the artisan. She's natural, fresh, and her personality has a tang to it.

When she talks, she almost whispers, her voice is so low. It's very, very sweet, too. She has an odd way of regarding you with side-long glances. Even when her face is serious, there's a gleam in her eye—a twinkle. And when she smiles—well, she's pretty ravishing. Among other things, she insists she isn't pretty. I agreed with her. No use arguing. But I lied. She is. There's no pretense about her. She agrees freely that she has made remarkable progress during the past two years. But she'll wriggle restlessly as she admits it, and declare that she must get to work—she must act—she can't stay away from it—she must have more experience—she must go on and on.

Strange girl. I think she's doing things the hard way. Making it tough for herself. She's unusual. And people won't understand that. What seems perfectly sane and logical, to her direct way of thinking, will be resented by round-about-brains and pretenders. She's not a player of the game. Definitely, she's different. In person, she's what Hepburn appears to be in pictures. Do you see what I mean? She won't be glorified. She won't be publicized. And it's not a pose. Eventually, she'll realize that there's more than talent that goes into the making of a movie star. She'll know that the glamourous figures of the films are carefully manufactured products, backed by the efficiency of an entire factory force, an inspired advertising department, a high-powered sales organization. She'll learn that a star is shaped and molded and wrapped in cellophane, packaged attractively and put on the market with a tremendous sales campaign.

Once in a while comes the exception that proves the rule—an actress so endowed with personality and talent that she can stand alone, towering so far above the competition that the good, old build-up becomes absurd and futile. They have been known to the stage—and in lesser degree to the screen. Great players, mighty men and women divinely gifted. Margaret Sullavan may be one of these. Personally, I shouldn't be surprised.

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Answers to Your Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 10*)

1. No doubt, the only one you could name in the picture on page 10 is Mary Pickford. But as the other girls are not screen players, you would really only be expected to pick out Miss Pickford. The five débutantes with her and in whom Mary takes a great personal interest are her nieces. Left to right, they are: Flobelle Fairbanks, Gwynne Pickford, Mary M. Fairbanks, Lottie Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Lucilla Fairbanks, gathered at Pickfair, where Mary entertained them at a large family party.

2. Although Gary Cooper's name has been linked with that of many girls, Countess di Frasso, Lupe Velez, Carole Lombard, Lilian Harvey, to name a few—he managed to remain single, but his bacheloring days are over now that he has met Sandra Shaw, whose real name is Veronica Balfe. The pair have announced their engagement and that there will be a wedding before long. Further details of their romance will be found in this issue on page 32.

3. Jackie Coogan, leading child actor of pre-talkie days, whose screen career came to an end when he outgrew child rôles, has returned to the screen in a series of two-reel college films. Jackie, who attends Santa Clara College, will do his film work in spare time. He is now nineteen.

4. The dinner-dance given in honor of Marie Dressler's 62nd birthday, November 9, was attended not only by hundreds of filmland's notables, but by such celebrities as Governor Rolph and Senator McAdoo. This tribute to the grand old lady of the screen gives a good idea of the love all Hollywood has for Marie Dressler—who tells, on page 52, what it meant to her.

5. Harry Bannister, stage and screen star and former husband of Ann Harding, and Mary McCormic, opera singer, have admitted their troth and the fact that they are planning to be married. The opera star recently divorced Prince Serge Mdivani, who was once married to Pola Negri.

6. Sylvia Sidney's real father, Victor Kosow, sought to have the adoption of his daughter by her foster-father, Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a New York dentist, set aside—on the grounds that he had never been officially notified of the adoption. Sylvia charged that the suit had been brought only after she had refused a demand for a large sum of money—and said she would fight it. The suit has since been dropped.

7. Veree Teasdale is the girl on Adolphe Menjou's arm these days when he is stepping out and he is planning to make her Mrs. Menjou just as soon as his divorce from Kathryn Carver becomes final on August 15, 1934. Miss Teasdale, a former society débutante and now playing featured rôles on the screen, is a relative of the late poetess, Sara Teasdale.

8. Joan Crawford seems to have found, in Franchot Tone, the man who can fill the place in her heart left vacant by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Recently Joan and Franchot made a visit to New York so that he could introduce Joan to his family and they are planning to be married in April, which is when Joan's decree from Doug Jr. becomes final. That's a nice picture of them together in New York on page 16.

9. After completing her rôle of *Amy* in "Little Women," Joan Bennett, Connie's sister, retired from motion picture work in anticipation of a blessed event which will take place some time in February. Joan, who is Mrs. Gene Markey in private life, is scheduled for the title rôle in "Blonde Poison," production of which is being held up to wait for her. Joan has a five-year-old daughter by a former marriage.

10. On his return to Hollywood from Mexico, where he had been arrested for an insult to the government of Mexico, Lee Tracy was met at the train by his sympathetic and understanding fiancée, Isabel Jewell, who was ready to stand by Lee despite the fact that he had been accused of shouting insults at some passing military cadets and as a consequence fired from the cast of "Viva Villa." (See story, page 51.) All this trouble has brought the pair closer.

11. Texas Guinan, famous night-club hostess and stage and screen performer, died on November 5th following an operation for an abdominal ailment. Miss Guinan, who appeared in motion pictures in the silent days had recently made a screen comeback.

12. Alice White, petite blonde movie actress, and Sidney Bartlett, writer, held some sort of record for long engagements where Hollywood was concerned, but on December 3, they finally said their "I do's" in Sonora, Mexico. 'Way back in 1929, when Alice's motion picture career was at its height, they announced their betrothal.

13. Francis X. Bushman, former screen idol of the silent era, and a vaudeville trouper of late, has entered the liquor business by taking over, under his own name, a Chicago wine and liquor house.

14. Raquel Torres, the Mexican motion picture actress, is the beauty on whom Stephen Ames, wealthy New York broker, has been showering all kinds of attention since his divorce from Adrienne Ames. When Raquel returned from a European trip, Ames met her at the pier and was very attentive, but both would only admit that they are good friends. Adrienne Ames, his ex-wife, married Bruce Cabot, screen actor, the day after she divorced Ames.

15. Linda Marsh, who was Adrienne Ames' sister and whose real name was Gladys McClure, was killed in an auto accident in which three others died, when two speeding cars collided on a highway not many miles from San Francisco.

16. Not very long ago, Lona Andre was being escorted to the marriage license bureau by James Dunn when she suddenly had a change of heart and decided she didn't want to get married. She gave as her reason the fact that she thought it best to concentrate on her film career. But Jimmy hasn't yet become a moody hermit.

17. Marion Nixon and her millionaire ex-husband, Eddie Hillman, who were married in 1929 and divorced last year, won't admit a thing, but they say the new diamond bracelet Marion is wearing was a gift from Hillman and that their renewed interest in each other may lead up to another try at married life.

18. The well-known screen actor, Ricardo Cortez, expects to marry Mrs. Christine Lee, a New York society woman, as soon as his picture work permits him to take a little time off. Cortez was the husband of the late Alma Rubens, the motion picture star who died about three years ago.

Why Do Screen Beauties Marry Plain Business Men?

(*Continued from page 66*)

first time? I get lonely. I miss my husband. It is a new experience for me."

Taken all in all, the film girls may have married position, wealth, stability, but the old chemical elements of love and respect seem to have entered into all the unions. Like the song, the girls are sure "This Time It's Lo-ove!"

Anyway, for better or for worse, Ruth Hall is now married to Cameraman Lee Garmes, Constance Cummings to Playwright Benn W. Levy, Lucille Browne to Writer James Flavin, Jr., Kathleen Burke to Photographer Glen Rardin, Eleanor Hunt to Dr. Frank Nolan, Eleanor Holm to Radio Singer Arthur Jarrett, Helene Costello to Cuban Lawyer Arturo Del Barrio, Louise Brooks to Broker Deering Davis, Lillian Roth to Justice Benjamin Shalleck, Frances Williams to Business Man Miguel de Sousa; and Merna Kennedy (by the time you read this) to Dance Director Busby Berkeley (who reverses the procedure and says, "Merna is a great girl. No one ever understood me before"). Yes, and when Polly Moran got ready to elope, she didn't pick any movie smoothie; she married handsome Lawyer Martin Malone!

What the Stars are Doing

(*Continued from page 6*)

Gaynor, Janet—starting work on *The House of Connelly*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gibson, Wynne—playing in *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Gilbert, John—recently completed rôle opposite Garbo in *Queen Christina*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Grant, Cary—recently completed *Born to Be Bad*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Hamilton, Neil—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harding, Ann—playing in *Alien Corn*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Harlow, Jean—scheduled to co-star with Marie Dressler in *Living in a Big Way*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Harvey, Lilian—recently completed *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Hayes, Helen—playing on stage in *Mary of Scotland*. Next picture will be *What Every Woman Knows*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Henry, Charlotte—played the title rôle in the recently released *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hepburn, Katharine—playing on stage in *The Lake*. Recently completed *Trigger*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Holmes, Phillips—recently completed rôle of Anna Sten's leading man in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Holt, Jack—playing in *Whirlpool*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hopkins, Miriam—recently completed *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Howard, Leslie—scheduled for *British Agent* on return from England—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Hume, Benita—vacationing abroad after completing *The Worst Woman in Paris*—Fox Studios 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Huston, Walter—recently completed *Rodney*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Hyams, Leila—recently completed *The Poor Rich*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

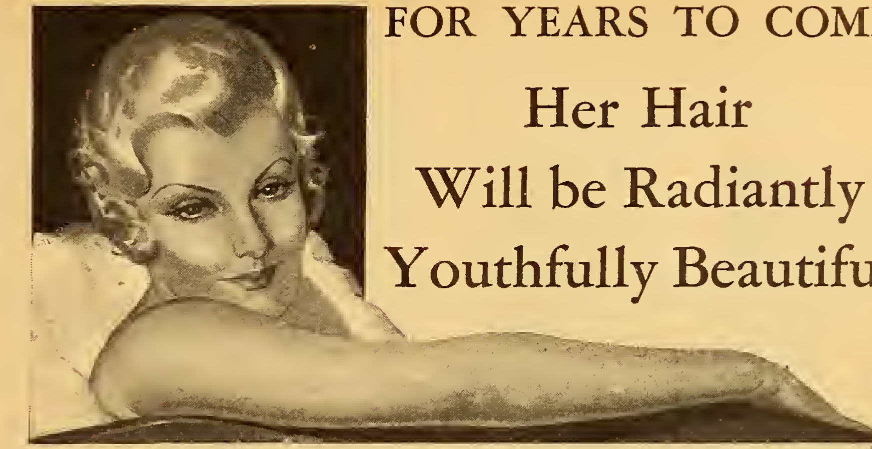
* * *

Jolson, Al—playing in *Wonder Bar*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Jones, Buck—recently completed *Gordon of Ghost City*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Jordan, Dorothy—recently completed *One Man's Journey* and has temporarily retired to await a Blessed Event—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Jordan, Miriam—playing in *Let's Fall in Love*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.



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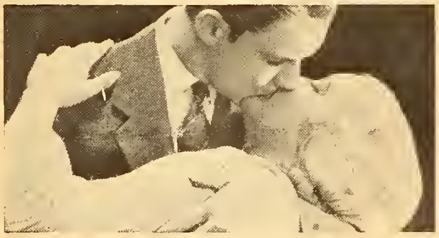

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Karloff, Boris—scheduled to play in *A Trip to Mars*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Keeler, Ruby—will co-star with Dick Powell in *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kelton, Pert—co-starring with Zasu Pitts in *So You Won't Sing, Eh?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Kibbee, Guy—playing in *Wonder Bar*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Kirkland, Muriel—gave Anna Sten some competition in the recently completed *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Knight, June—playing in *The Life of a Crooner* with Russ Columbo—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Kruger, Otto—recently completed *The Comeback*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Landi, Elissa—recently completed *Man of Two Worlds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

LaRue, Jack—recently completed *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Laughton, Charles—back in England for a winter on the stage, after finishing the recently released *White Woman*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lederer, Francis—romantic young Czech makes his screen début in the recently completed *Man of Two Worlds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lee, Lila—recently completed her rôle in *Lone Cowboy*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lindsay, Margaret—scheduled for *A Modern Hero*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Lloyd, Harold—starting work on *The Cat's-Paw*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lombard, Carole—playing in *Bolero*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lowe, Edmund—playing in *No More Women* with Victor McLaglen—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Loy, Myrna—scheduled for *Streets of New York* opposite Clark Gable—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Lukas, Paul—will shortly appear in *The Golden Fleece*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lyon, Ben—recently completed *The Women in His Life*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

MacDonald, Jeanette—recently completed her co-starring rôle with Ramon Novarro in *The Cat and the Fiddle*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mack, Helen—recently completed *All of Me*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Mackaill, Dorothy—latest release—*The Chief*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

MacMahon, Aline—playing in *Heat Lightning*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

March, Fredric—playing in *Death Takes a Holiday*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Maritza, Sari—recently completed her rôle in *The Right to Romance*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Marshall, Herbert—playing in *Rip Tide*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Marx Brothers—latest release—*Duck Soup*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

McCrea, Joel—playing in *Gambling Lady*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

McLaglen, Victor—playing in *No More Women* with Edmund Lowe—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Menjou, Adolphe—playing in *The Journal of a Crime*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Merkel, Una—scheduled to play in *Comin' Round the Mountain*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Montgomery, Douglass—recently completed his rôle in *Eight Girls in a Boat*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Montgomery, Robert—playing in *Rip Tide*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Moore Colleen—playing in *Success Story*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Moran, Polly—latest release *Alice in Wonderland*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Morris, Chester—playing in *Practical Joker*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Muir, Jean—playing in *As the Earth Turns*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Muni, Paul—recently completed *Hi, Nellie*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Nagel, Conrad—appearing on stage. Latest release, *Ann Vickers*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Novarro, Ramon—playing in *Laughing Boy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Oakie, Jack—playing in *Looking for Trouble*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, George—playing in *Heir to the Hoorah*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

O'Brien, Pat—playing in *Hell's Bells*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Maureen—will resume work with Johnny Weissmuller in *Tarzan and His Mate* as soon as she recovers from an appendix operation—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Parker, Jean—playing in *Wild Birds*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Pickford, Mary—looking for a story for a new picture—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Pitts, Zasu—co-starring with Pert Kelton in *So You Won't Sing, Eh?*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Powell, Dick—about to sing to Ruby Keeler again in *Sweethearts Forever*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Powell, William—playing in *The Fashion Plate*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

* * *

Raft, George—playing in *Bolero*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rains, Claude—scheduled for *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Raymond, Gene—recently completed rôle opposite Lilian Harvey in *I Am Suzanne*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Robinson, Edward G.—scheduled for title rôle of *Napoleon*—First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Robson, May—playing in *Old Hannibal*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rogers, Ginger—recently completed *Hips, Hips, Hooray*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Rogers, Will—recently completed *Mr. Skitch*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Roulien, Raul—the Brazilian singing star recently completed *Flying Down to Rio*—Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Scott, Randolph—recently completed *The Last Round-Up*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Shearer, Norma—playing in *Rip Tide*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sidney, Sylvia—playing in *Good Dame*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Skipworth, Alison—playing in *Six of a Kind*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Stanwyck, Barbara—playing in *Gambling Lady*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Sten, Anna—Russian star makes her American début in *Nana*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Stone, Lewis—playing in *Old Hannibal*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Stuart, Gloria—playing in *Glamour*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Sullavan, Margaret—playing in *Little Man, What Now?*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Taylor, Kent—playing in *Catherine, The Great*, with Marlene Dietrich—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Tearle, Conway—recently completed *Should Ladies Behave*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Tobin, Genevieve—playing in *Ninth Guest*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Todd, Thelma—recently completed *Joe Palooka*—United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tone, Franchot—recently completed rôle opposite Constance Bennett in *Moulin Rouge*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Tracy, Spencer—playing in *Looking for Trouble*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Trevor, Claire—playing in *Woman and the Law*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Twelvetrees, Helen—recently completed *King for a Night*—Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

* * *

Velez, Lupe—playing in *Laughing Boy*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Vinson, Helen—recently completed *As Husbands Go*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

* * *

Weissmuller, Johnny—playing in *Tarzan and His Mate*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

West, Mae—her next picture will be called *It Ain't No Sin*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

White, Alice—scheduled to play in *The Heir Chaser* with James Cagney—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wieck, Dorothea—recently completed *Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*—Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

William, Warren—recently completed *Bedside*—Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Wray, Fay—playing in *Once to Every Woman*—Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Wynyard, Diana—scheduled for *The Paradine Case*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

* * *

Young, Loretta—playing in *House of Rothschild*—20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Young, Robert—playing in *Carolina*—Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 39*)

would think twice before turning down a big Hollywood rôle; which must mean that Rex, who left Hollywood and set up a studio at Nice in order to get away from Hollywood's commercial influence and produce art, might also be open to offers—either as an actor or director. Corinne Griffith has been playing on the stage in the New England provinces, thereby proving that she does have a good speaking voice—and thereby tempting producers to step right up and let her look over some rôles worthy of her mettle. Thomas Meighan, with the arrival of cold weather in the East, departed his Long Island home for the warmer climate of Southern California—and he has been calling on old producer-friends. Pola Negri is returning in the middle of January, after a too-long absence. And Betty Blythe is to be seen in George O'Brien's "Heir to the Hoorah." As has often been said: "They can't stay away!"

IF you wondered where Wallace Beery was, the night that everyone else in Hollywood was honoring Marie Dressler at a birthday dinner, he was in Mexico, making "Viva Villa." And didn't that picture get plenty of publicity—when Lee Tracy, playing a reporter in the picture, got into that scrape in Mexico!

GRETA GARBO is reported to be looking for a new home—because so many tourists have found her present one. Recently, too, she was "annoyed" by a Long Beach laborer who felt that he and Greta were "spiritual affinities" and tried to get to her "to give her a book of poems on love that I copied for her"; he was released by police with the admonition to stay away from her home. Meanwhile, you hear romance rumors about Garbo again—which is a novelty. The two most persistent ones have her engaged to a Swedish business man and about to marry Rouben Mamoulian, director of "Queen Christina." Garbo, of course, serenely ignores them.

The other evening, there was a fire in a Santa Monica canyon. During the smokiest part of it, the double-padlocked gates of an estate were opened and a limousine with all curtains drawn drove through the crowd and disappeared. Somehow, the word went around, "This is Garbo's house!" A reporter rushed into the sacred precincts and found a maid planted before the front door. The smoke was so thick that he could hardly see her. "In what room is the fire?" he shouted. The maid, half-strangled with smoke, shook her head. "Fire?" she asked. "No, no, I do not know about any fire." It *must* have been Garbo's house!

GEORGE BANCROFT was off the screen for what seemed a long time, but now that he is back, he is going great guns. "Blood Money" started him off, and now he is making "The World's Greatest Spender," based on the colorful career of "Diamond Jim" Brady. And next he may bring back to life, via the screen, P. T. Barnum, the granddaddy of ballyhoo.

THE petty racketeers are going to find the going tough in Hollywood from now on. The "smuggling" racket is the one that finally led the movie folk to organize for protection. Smooth young men and women—maybe actors out of work, because they played their parts so well—approached players with everything from fur coats to liquor for sale, hinting rare values because the goods had been smuggled. Two prominent feminine stars "bit" for some "rare" perfume, only to discover that it was scented water. Thereupon they appealed to their studio police department, which has joined with other studio police in having an undercover information service about petty rackets that stars should be on the watch-out for. If they are bilked now, it will be their own fault!

PINEAPPLE juice, tomato juice, grapefruit juice, pomegranate juice, sauer kraut juice, orange juice—Hollywood claims to have discovered the health benefits of all of these. And now it has added a new one to the list—cocoanut juice. It's taken internally and is supposed to give a clear complexion. One of these days, says one weary prophet, Hollywood will get around to discovering the health virtues of cow juice. Milk, in other words.

THE death of Hugh Trevor at thirty-one shocked Hollywood terribly. Hugh insisted on leaving the hospital a week after an operation for appendicitis, against the advice of physicians. In a few days he was rushed back with a relapse, but died before the doctors could operate again. Hugh was once Betty Compson's Big Moment and was well liked by Hollywood. Other movie stars who have hurried their convalescence after appendicitis operations must have shivered. Clark Gable returned to pictures before he was considered strong enough, and Claudette Colbert was struggling in jungle swamps and streams only a few weeks after her operation.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN had an emergency operation for appendicitis—which she had delayed having and developed peritonitis, as a result. Serum, rushed from San Francisco, saved her. Joan Blondell also tried to fight off an appendectomy, carrying an ice pack on her side for two days, but finally had to submit—and just in time, too. Another star who has been very ill is Richard Dix, a victim of double pneumonia. And Paul Lukas has gone back to his native Budapest for "a major operation" necessitated by an old War injury.

THAT report that Al Jolson was going to take Ruby Keeler away from Hollywood has been interred with appropriate ceremonies. When studio officials got a look at the first "rushes" of "Wonder Bar," they bustled out and handed Al a contract for three more pictures. Meanwhile, Ruby is getting ready to make "Dames" with Dick Powell. It will be another big musical. After that, Al and Ruby may do a picture together.

AMERICA has recognized Russia, and the Russians, who are great experimenters, have in turn recognized that capitalistic Hollywood may have something they might profitably see. In short, they have invited Harpo Marx to the Moscow Art Theatre for a month's stay to reveal his famous pantomime—and Harpo is, even now, on his way there. In Russia, movies are a government industry. The Soviets realize the power of pictures for teaching the illiterate—and they realize the power of actions to say more than words. Hence, the invitation to Harpo, who broke his famous silence long enough to say that it awed him. He will be on the stage alone, with not a blonde in sight.

IT *must* be tough to get scenarios accepted by studios! Major Fiorello H. La Guardia, new Mayor of New York City, recently had one turned down. You might have thought that his name, alone, would have sold a picture. But that apparently didn't count. Even so, he was luckier than most; he got his manuscript read. Many a would-

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be scenario writer has had his manuscript returned to him unopened and stamped "Not Read." The reason? Studios are afraid of plagiarism suits, buying from unknowns—or, rather, from unknowns who don't come recommended by reputable agents.

EDMUND LOWE and Victor McLaglen are teaming up once more in "No More Women," resuming their comical quarreling over the female of the species. And Hollywood waits ten years before it gets up courage enough to film "Alice in Wonderland"!

THE most amazing advertisement of the month was the single page on the back of a local trade paper with the words, "I Am at Liberty," and signed, "John Gilbert." Which told the world that "Queen Christina," in which he has played Garbo's leading man, was finished—and that he was advertising his belief in himself. It's encouraging to know that he hasn't been humbled by his absence from the screen and by his experiences in early talkies.

According to report, he and director Mamoulian had heated words on several occasions about how scenes should be played and Jack withdrew several times to his hilltop castle, where he sent word to the frenzied studio that he was sick and couldn't come to work. Thank goodness, Jack is still the untamed and insurgent! At least, here is one actor whom they cannot change or enslave.

DIRECTOR Mervyn Le Roy is marrying Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner of THE Warner brothers, the first week in January. And now Gwen Heller, a niece of the Warners, is reported engaged to one of her uncles' boys. At least, Dick Powell and Miss Heller are seen everywhere together and with the air of being That Way, which the wiseacres interpret as the forerunner to an engagement announcement. There's nothing like raising the husbands for your girls—and giving them jobs before, instead of after, marriage to find out if they know how to work!

SPEAKING of marriages, Busby Berkeley, who thinks up all those dance numbers for the Warner musicals, has given Merna Kennedy a hilltop home as his wedding present. Anita Louise is wearing a ring that Tom Brown gave her in exchange for a promise to marry him. Eleanor Boardman and Director Harry D'Arrast are engaged to marry when her divorce from King Vidor is final; Adolphe Menjou is engaged to marry Veree Teasdale when his divorce from Kathryn Carver is final; and the reason why Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone went off to New York for a holiday was to get his parents' approval of their nuptial plans. And Eleanor Hunt, former wife of Rex Lease, is now married to Dr. Frank Nolan; Allan Jacobs has just wed Mary Landee; Rita Flynn is now Mrs. James M. Bryant; and Fifi Dorsay has married Maurice Hill.

And speaking of divorces, which nobody was, among the recent filers-of-suits are Crane Wilbur and Beatrice Blinn; Mary McCormic and Serge Mdivani; Benny Rubin and Mary Rubin; Helen Vinson and Henry Vickerman; Frank Albertson.

WONDER what Ann Harding thinks of the new Mary McCormic-Harry Bannister alliance? Ann and Harry got a divorce, if you remember, because Harry was being called "Mr. Ann Harding." And Mary McCormic, who is an opera singer, seems to have a positive genius for getting her name in headlines!

THE answers to the ten questions on page 38 are:

1. Frank Buck has been somewhere East of Suez, rounding up more ferocious beasts and having a cameraman catch the proceedings. He's now returning with a colorful collection and a mile or so of film, which you will eventually see as "Wild Cargo." There's one big thrill scene, it is said, of a rhino going berserk.

2. When Katharine Hepburn, she of the auburn hair and the auburn will power, gets back from New York, she will find "Joan of Arc" and "Tudor Wench" (which is about Queen Elizabeth, the most famous redhead of history) both ready for her.

3. Ronald Colman's return looks imminent, what with a sequel to "Bulldog Drummond," one of his biggest hits, being prepared for him.

4. Alice Joyce, recently wed to director Clarence Brown, is the star — and Alice Moore, who makes her bow in "Coming Out Party" for Jesse Lasky, is the daughter. Another former woman star who has a grown-up daughter following in her screen footsteps is Seena Owen, now a top-notch scenario writer at Paramount, whose daughter is newcomer Pat Marsh.

5. Since Leslie Howard has been delayed from returning to Hollywood by making a hit in the rôle of *Shakespeare* on the English stage, and since he has an agreement to make "Of Human Bondage" for RKO soon after his return, Warners have been trying to get Fredric March for the title rôle of "Anthony Adverse." If they can't, Leslie may still get it. Which would be *your* preference?

6. Watch for the interior sets of Marlene Dietrich's new picture, "Catherine, the Great." There is no record, either pictorial or written, of what the interior of the Kremlin looked like in Catherine's time. So director Josef von Sternberg and his art director let their imaginations run rampant in the interior backgrounds, to bring out the uncivilized state of those times.

7. Anna Sten, the Russian star who has been groomed for her American début for nearly two years, looks like the new sensation of the screen in her first American picture, "Nana." And in her next, "Barbary Coast," she will have Gary Cooper, no less, for her co-star.

8. You guessed it. Rudy Vallee, who's a better actor to-day than when he first attempted the screen, is coming back—and will probably be the headliner in "George White's Scandals" at Fox. He made a big hit on Broadway in one of the stage versions of the "Scandals."

9. Yes, George Bernard Shaw has finally capitulated—after being told by G. B. Stern and Clemence Dane that Hollywood did right by their respective brain children, "Long Lost Father" and "A Bill of Divorcement." He has sold "The Devil's Disciple," which deals with the American Revolution, to RKO, which will star John Barrymore in it.

10. Lenore Ulric, returning to films after a long absence, is to make a picture that revolves around the marital difficulties of a stage couple. She and Sidney Blackmer were secretly divorced several months ago.

IS Hollywood to have another alignment like that of Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg? Many are the murmurs that Katharine Hepburn and George Cukor will be a similarly inseparable team. "He is the most wonderful director of them all," Katharine declared, after the "Little Women" preview. "I want him for all my pictures hereafter."

WHEN publicity stories went out that Mae West had met her old friend, Eva Tanguay, on the street in Hollywood and had immediately assumed the support of the former "I-Don't-Care" Girl, the result was serious for Miss Tanguay. What Mae really did was to buy her a hat and coat and present her with a check to buy dress and shoes to match—a warm-hearted gift of a warm-hearted woman—but the sequel was an un-

(*Continued on page 98*)

Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 8*)

pathos at the finish. Clean throughout. Pulse-quickening. Care-erasing. Not once did I remember the tax-bill and the jumping cost of food while this corker was unreeled!

But why saddle a good movie with such a cryptic title? I almost passed it up. Can't we have more of these? Sane, unusual, breath-taking, refreshing pictures that stimulate the blood, bring back childhood enthusiasm and make work-weary, harassed old adults forget the pressing cares of life. We're starved for stories like these!

Anna E. Benson.

Good Entertainment Is What Counts

MEMPHIS, TENN.—"The phenomenal success of 'Little Women' has turned the attention of motion picture producers to the screen possibilities lurking in Louisa M. Alcott's other novels," writes a columnist of "Footlights and Flickers."

The phenomenal success of "Little Women," I say, is due to excellent casting of parts and the authentic adherence to the original story.

Just as we lovers of "Little Women" have always pictured them, so they appeared before us on the screen. No other actress could have portrayed the rôle of "Jo" to such perfection as Katharine Hepburn. Joan Bennett, Frances Dee and Jean Parker were "Amy," "Meg," and "Beth" as we've always imagined them.

Prior to its presentation, there were a few misgivings, I am told, on the part of some theatrical managements, as to whether or not this picture of sweet, simple sentiment would attract the public as thoroughly as the super-advertised, de luxe sex pictures which they always flocked to see.

It's a far cry from "I'm No Angel" to "Little Women," but to illustrate a point, we liked them both because they were good entertainment. Theatre managers can bear this in mind, if it's good entertainment the public will be there. *Anne McLemore.*

Teacher Praises Films

DECATUR, ALA.—Many people have a blanket condemnation for the motion pictures' influence upon the younger generation. Undeniably, there are some features of the average picture that could be deleted with profit to all humanity, but there are others that are rivalling the schoolroom in educational results.

As a teacher of high-school English, I have noticed that students who are familiar with the movies appreciate literature more than those who are strangers to the theatre. The glamour, the thrill of adventure, the colorful life, and the stirring episodes of the movie story develop and foster a taste for drama. My students who thrilled to "Idylls of the King" in tenth-grade work were almost without exception consistent patrons of the picture show.

Also, these students are well-informed. How often have I heard, "I saw it in a newsreel" or "It was in a picture!" If the modern picture can aid in developing an appreciation of life's finest things, why condemn it utterly? *Mabel Brown Sherard.*

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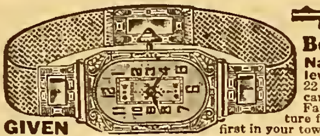

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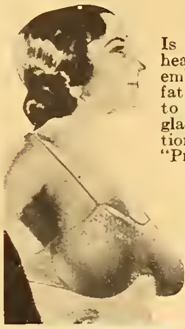

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—Mrs. Mary Bean

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News and Gossip of the Studios

(*Continued from page 96*)

happy one. The theatrical organization that had been taking care of Miss Tanguay since her almost fatal illness of two years ago notified her that its support was withdrawn, now that someone else had taken it over; and a publisher, who had been sending royalty checks monthly, wrote that he would withhold further royalties until his own business was on a better footing.

Eva Tanguay is walking again and is better than for two years. The arthritis that made her an invalid is almost gone—thanks to the fine specialist hired, not by Mae West, but by Sophie Tucker. For when Sophie arrived in Hollywood (she's about to star in "Husband Hunters"), Eva was in real distress. The publicity about Mae West's help had innocently caused it. Sophie Tucker repaired that havoc, with a generosity that has known no limits and deserves full credit.

"Mae was very kind," says Eva, "but it's Sophie Tucker who is putting me on my feet, who is sending me back to Chicago for an operation on my eye, who is helping me so I can go back to my career—"

Eva Tanguay once had a million dollars. Incidentally, she supported twenty-eight people besides herself. She owned fourteen pieces of property in Hollywood. She mortgaged one after another to pay doctors' bills for herself and others. Then the depression. Income stopped. Property lost—one piece after another. And she doesn't want anybody to talk about "poor Eva Tanguay" and make her out a charity case because "I'm so much better. I'm coming back. I'll be all right soon. It was worse on those I was helping than on myself. But everything's going to be all right now, thanks to Sophie Tucker!"

NOW that the code forbids one studio's raiding another for stars, the producers are going to have to find another way of meeting competition. And Hollywood wonders if, maybe, they haven't found it already. RKO, for example, has a duplicate of Warner Brothers' James Cagney in Jimmy's brother, Bill. Though Bill has been in the ladies' wear business all his life, he is already a featured player in "Joe Palooka" (for which United Artists borrowed him from RKO), thanks to his amazing resemblance—profile, straight face, sober or grinning—to his star brother. Katharine Hepburn had a "double" who looked so much like her that Twentieth Century hired her and is featuring her in Hepburnish rôles. The statuesque and Swedish-looking girl who was under contract for more than a year "just in case" Garbo *didn't* come back has been hired by Warner Brothers, who will give her Garboish rôles. The new motto seems to be: "If you can't get a star you want, get a carbon copy!"

CERTAIN foreign players under deportation orders have learned that, as long as they are involved in litigation, they cannot be made to leave the country. So they interweave one lawsuit with the next and, with the inevitable delays and possibilities of postponement of cases, are sure of remaining in America indefinitely . . . or until the government gets wise to the racket.

THE decision of a recent lawsuit, in which a screen magazine was sued for one hundred thousand dollars because of the use of a photograph of a former star, brought some amusing remarks from the Court. In awarding the plaintiff fifty dollars as top price for the market value of his picture, His Honor said that the testimony had shown him that nothing was more common and plentiful than photographs of motion picture stars!

WHEN the Gay Nineties, the newest Vine Street beer parlor (with singing waiters 'n' all the trimmings), opened, its program bore the line, "Texas Guinan, you will always be with us," with a deep black border. Thus does Hollywood pay tribute to the late Queen of the Night Clubs, who was never revealed by the movies as she really was! Even in her last picture, "Broadway Through a Keyhole," the movies made her night-club look as big as Grand Central Station, when Texas really specialized in cosy cubbyhole clubs! When she was in Hollywood, making the picture, she renewed many old acquaintances (she was in the early movies as "The Female Two-Gun Bill Hart"), so that the movie town's memory of her was fresh. She had dieted strenuously for her return to films and had lost twenty pounds in a few weeks, which may have much to do with the intestinal ailment from which she died so suddenly in Vancouver about the time the picture was released.

ADRIENNE AMES' new-found happiness as the bride of Bruce Cabot was tragically interrupted by the death of her younger sister in an automobile accident. Linda Marsh was her screen name; Gladys McClure, her real name. Adrienne had taken great pride in the youngster and was trying to give her every advantage in getting started on the screen, to spare her the difficulties that she, herself, had encountered.

THE English certainly are after Hollywood players. Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres are just back from a picture jaunt to England; David Manners and Greta Nissen have just been in an English picture together; ditto, Ben Lyon and Sally Eilers; Laura La Plante has made two; H. B. Warner has just finished an English talkie version of "Sorrell and Son" that is being highly praised. And English studios candidly announce that they are after Charles Farrell, Joel McCrea, Carole Lombard, James Dunn, Marian Marsh, Joan Bennett, Fay Wray, Frances Dee, Bette Davis and Nancy Carroll. Maurice Chevalier has signed up to make one British picture a year. And Charles Laughton (who happens to be English) has agreed to make five British pictures over a lengthy period.

THIS second generation is springing up mighty fast. Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, made her screen bow in "My Weakness." Director Frank Lloyd's daughter, Alma, is facing the cameras for the first time in "Jimmy and Sally." Marlene Dietrich's daughter, Maria, plays in "Catherine, the Great." And, of course, there are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Noah Beery, Jr., and Carlyle Blackwell, Jr. And Harold Lloyd, Jr., is coming up!

Speaking of the younger generation, they are in for two screen breaks in two new pictures. Frank ("A Man's Castle") Borzage is directing a group of young boys in "No Cannons Roar," and King ("Stranger's Return") Vidor is rounding up a cast of high-school age for "Give Us the Right to Live."

ROBERT BENCHLEY, who is a writer by inclination and an actor by persuasion, determined to do right by the writing craft in his reporter rôle in "Dancing Lady." It's his observation that only *reel* reporters go around with pads and pencils in their coat pockets; the *real* ones jot down notes mentally. So he lacks both paper and pencil—and his imitation of a newshawk trying to read a letter on an executive's desk is a classic.

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BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. *So point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is fragrance. Will you like Princess Pat? Yes. For its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of romantic things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume. *So point three* in favor of Princess Pat powder is a fragrance of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*. For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the almond found in *no other face powder*. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! When you powder, you actually improve your skin. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture. You will inevitably say you look younger *by years* once you have changed to Princess Pat face powder.

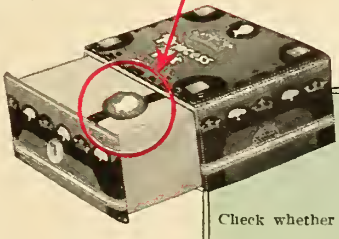
Princess Pat Ice Astringent *acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.*

NOW IS THE TIME! Receive FREE a beautiful Vanity

It's a courtesy gift with Princess Pat face powder, this Vanity in rich gold or gleaming silver finish. Never sold for less than $1—worth more. The cleverest Vanity you ever knew; comes ready for use—filled with Princess Pat powder and indelible lip rouge. Positively cannot leak or spill. Refills easily. For beauty and convenience the Vanity will simply charm you.

What you do to get the Vanity

Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent *entirely* free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.



PRINCESS PAT, 2709 S. Wells Street, Chicago. Dept. A-3012. I am enclosing ribbon and medallion from a box of Princess Pat face powder. ENTIRELY FREE, postage prepaid, send me the Vanity offered. The Vanity is to come filled, with Princess Pat face powder, and indelible lip rouge.

Check whether Gold________ or Silver________ finish is desired.

Name ....

Street ....

City and State ....

PRINCESS PAT

LONDON . . . . CHICAGO

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
20
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE
Reach for a Lucky, for always Luckies Pleas

Copyright, 1933, The
American Tobacco Company

MOTION PICTURE

March

15¢
FORMERLY 25 CENTS
IN CANADA 20c

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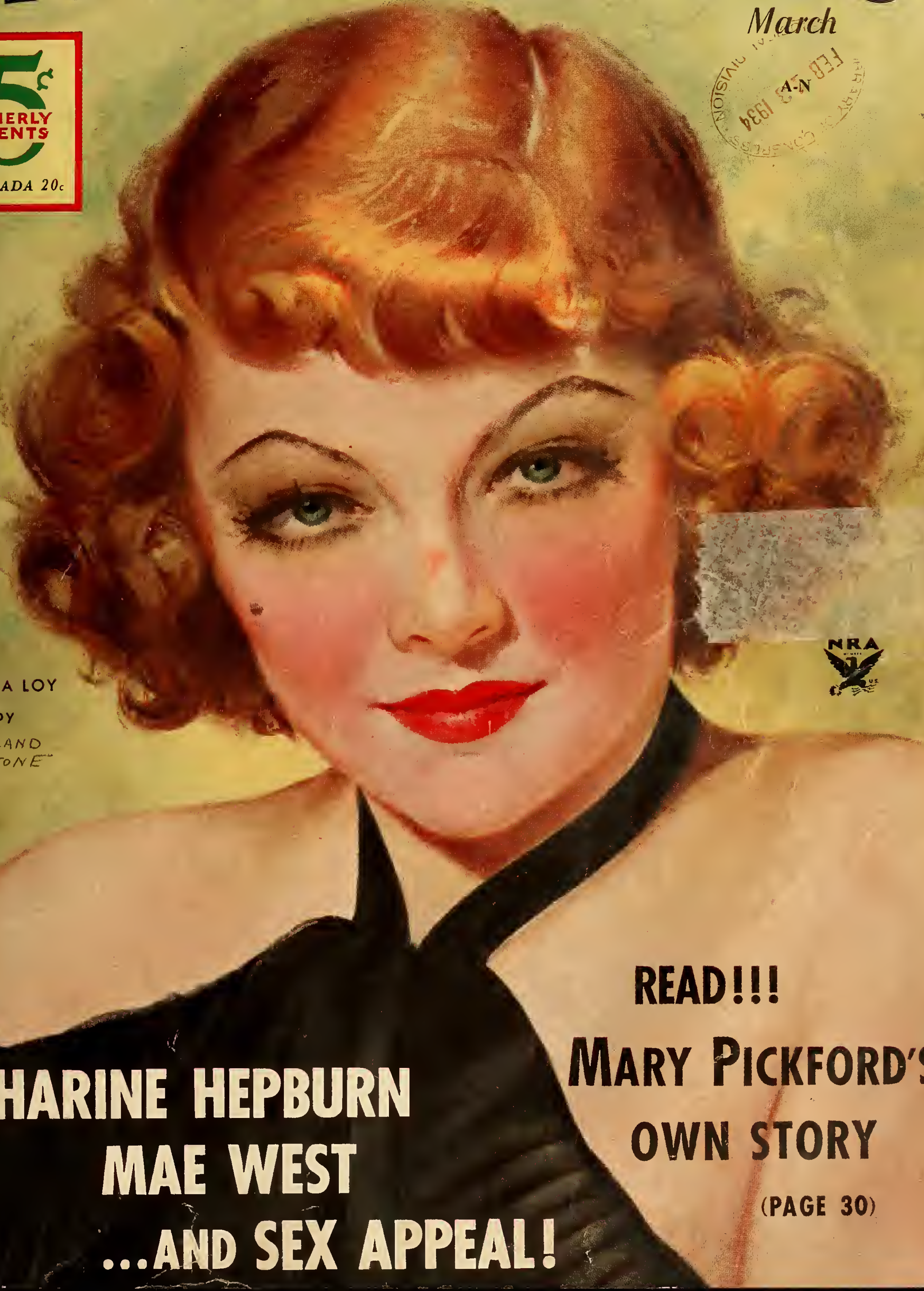


MYRNA LOY
by
MARLAND STONE

READ!!!
MARY PICKFORD'S OWN STORY
(PAGE 30)

KATHARINE HEPBURN
MAE WEST
...AND SEX APPEAL!

Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* · · with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

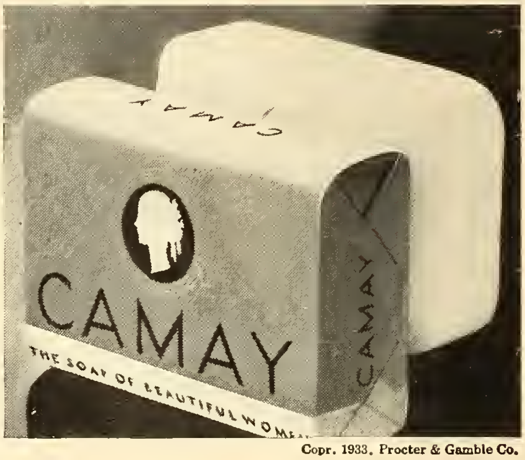
For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!

Don't let

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. HH-34
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

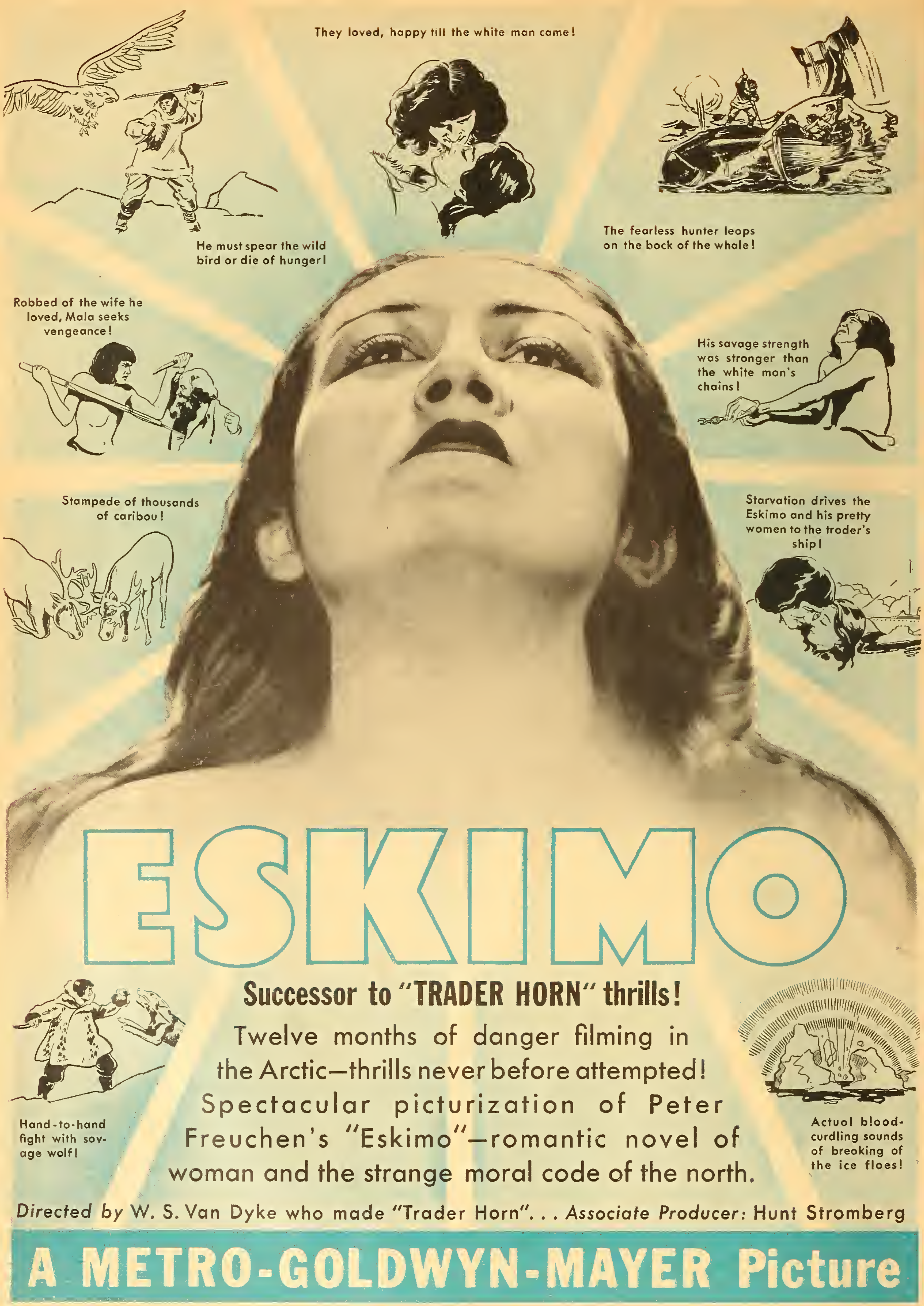
NRA
WE DO OUR PART

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ State ____________



They loved, happy till the white man came!
He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!
The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!
Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!
His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!
Stampede of thousands of caribou!
Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!
Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!
Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn". . . *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

FEB 13 1934
©CIB 217018

MOTION PICTURE

MARCH
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVII, No. 2

What! Can MYRNA LOY Be Lonely?

Did you ever see anybody look more wistful than Myrna Loy does, above? Can those "lonely heights of stardom" really be *that* lonely? Or hasn't Ramon Novarro been calling as regularly of late?

Myrna, herself, says it's a pleasure to look wistful—she had to look "dangerous" for so long. But if you ask us—and ten million other moviegoers—she's more dangerous now than ever!

Anyway, in "Men in White," she's the girl Clark Gable loves—and he has to choose between marriage to Myrna and a great career as a doctor. Which would *you* pick?

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Cover Design of Myrna Loy Painted By MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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Flashes from Filmland

Here's a little girl who's going to gallop places—and we don't mean on horseback, either (except when she's down at Palm Springs). Toby Wing, from down Texas way, is Hollywood's "most beautiful chorus girl"—and is she in trim for "Search for Beauty"!

Wide World

Marlene's Legs Hidden

HOLLYWOOD resents the fact that Marlene Dietrich isn't showing her legs in public these days. And India resents the fact that she *did* show them in "The Song of Songs." At least, the British censor objected to the huge billboards that called attention to the fact. The Hindus, who wear ankle-length skirts, haven't seen a pretty leg (ah there, Gandhi!) for centuries. And, well—to have Marlene's famous underpinnings before their eyes might start a revolution, or something. Anyway, the big posters were banned—though the picture, itself, wasn't.

Hot From the Air

WITH the tremendous success of Bing Crosby (he was one of the three big sensations of 1933), Paramount is lining up other radio favorites—remembering that George Burns and Gracie Allen haven't done so badly in films, either.

Ben Bernie, "the Old Maestro," is headed for films. So is Lanny Ross, who sings 'em in the caressing manner. So is Joe Morrison, who made "The Last Round-Up" a radio rage. And Ethel Merman, the blues singer, is opposite Bing in "We're Not Dressing."

Other studios are also radio-conscious. Rudy Vallee is the star of "George White's Scandals" at Fox, and Alice Faye, feminine vocalist with his Connecticut Yankees, is his leading lady. Sam Goldwyn plugged Ruth Etting in "Roman Scandals." Russ Columbo is being groomed for stardom by Universal, with "Show Boat" coming up. M-G-M has Arthur Jarrett on hand as a song-plugger. (He put across "Everything I Have Is Yours" in "Dancing Lady.")

Tough on Nudists

POSTER art of the unclad female form divine—or photographic portraits of such—are now on the pan even in Hollywood. There were definite suggestions from Washington that the movies had better clean up, or else . . . So all advertising art and "stills" for distribution to magazines and newspapers must now be okayed by the Hays Office before they can ever be sent out. We have already had some glimpses of photos bearing the stamp of the Hays Office—which, by the way, is said to have told Lee Tracy that if he proved he could get along on ice water, he could take some of those big offers that several studios are trying to make to him.

Nothing to Hide

THE Nudists! They have done more to bring us face to face with the bare facts than the late Depression.

Apropos of the popular movement, a physician-surgeon who has been royal herb dispenser to Their Graces, Greta Garbo, Gloria Swanson and Dr. Albert Einstein, met a recent patient, a Nudist.

"Doctor," she cooed, "I'm so pleased with my operation. Everyone at the colony admires my scar."

Walling

These trim Texans are eye-catchers. Clara Lou Sheridan—nice name, nice girl—is the latest. Out of thirty contest-winners in "Search for Beauty," she's one of six who have been asked to stay

The Boys Go for Suède

THE spirit of Nudism seems to be infectious. Most of the male actors of the town are going in for undressed-kid shoes. So popular are suèdes, in fact, that

(*Continued on page 8*)

Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Flashes from Filmland

The third cutie from the left can't keep her eyes off Le Roy Prinz, dance director of "Search for Beauty"—and is he sore! They're all prize beauties—from the British Empire and the U. S. A. Can you pick out the Yankees?

(*Continued from page 6*)

you can safely bet that if he wears lambskins on his tootsies, he's in the theatre world.

Gary Cooper has a pair of tans; Victor Jory's are gray. Other darlings who have affected them are Claude King, José Crespo, Jason Robards, Walter McGrail, Lincoln Stedman. So have Sid (Chinese Theatre) Grauman and Metro's Costumer, Adrian.

Joan's Big Plum

JOAN CRAWFORD gets the title rôle of "The Merry Widow," Chevalier's next picture—which has been re-tailored to fit him. Joan was the choice over Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, Lily Pons and Vivienne Segal.

With Ernst Lubitsch reunited with Maurice as his director, M-G-M had hoped that the Frenchman could be persuaded to team up again with Jeanette MacDonald, also. But he apparently couldn't—not after the way his fellow-countrymen had cheered Jeanette in their appearances together. Grace Moore and Lily Pons, both possessing operatic voices, rated consideration on that ground—though not well-known to movie audiences. Vivienne Segal, also a possessor of a fine singing voice, was similarly considered.

But the studio (and Maurice, too) finally decided that he needed a sensational screen actress as co-star to put the picture over with a bang. It's a bit difficult to envision Joan in the rôle—but maybe her rôle will be rewritten, too. It's a cinch that the surprise team of Chevalier and Crawford will draw the crowds!

Howsabout It?

WHAT everyone is wondering is: Will they keep that famous dance on the long staircase in that new version of "The Merry Widow"? It is well-known that, as a dancer, Maurice is a good singer. That waltz was the Big Moment of the 1925 version, starring Mae Murray and John Gilbert and directed by Erich von Stroheim—who may be the "heavy" in the talkie edition.

The heroes don't always marry the heroines. Ricardo Cortez, f'rinstance, has picked Mrs. Christine Lee, of Connecticut society, as his bride!

Charlie Kisses Janet Again

LIKE Chevalier, Charles Farrell once felt that his co-star was getting most of the "gravy." That's why the team of Gaynor and Farrell broke up and Charlie asked for a release from his Fox contract to become a free-lance player. Now that he has built up a reputation on his own again, and moviegoers have kept right on pleading for a reunion of Janet and Charlie, he has listened to suggestions that he return. He has not only listened; he has signed. You will see him with Janet once more in "The Sun Shines Bright." And another long-parted team of screen lovers who will be reunited in the *same* picture are James Dunn and Sally Eilers. Somebody at Fox had a bright idea to take the cobwebs off box-offices!

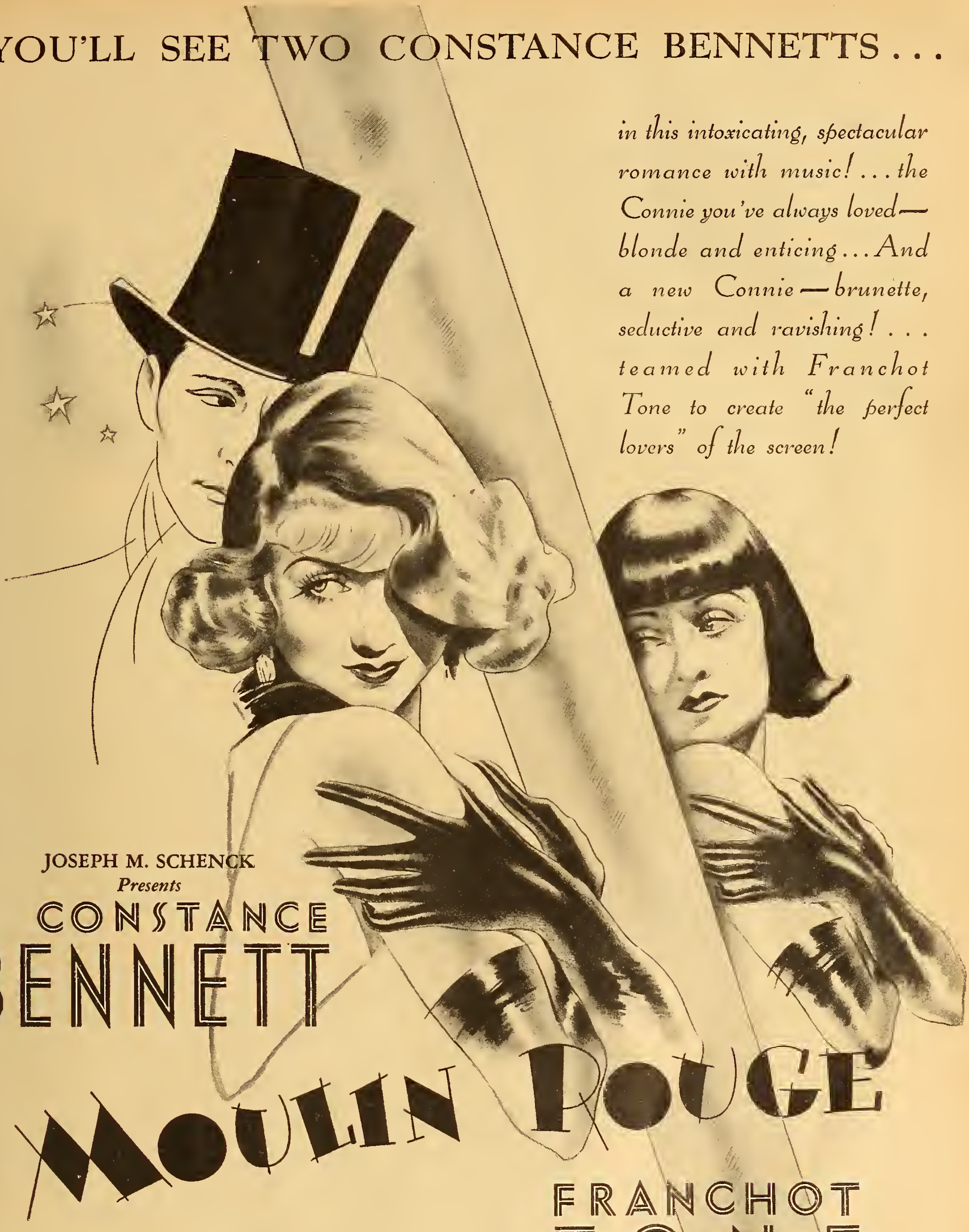
Was Will Rogers Sick!

PLENTY of people are going to be watching for Will Rogers in "David Harum," saga of an American country squire—which is being filmed in the period in which it was written. And Hollywood was plenty amused to hear of an "accident" that overtook Will during production. The script required him to smoke a pipe—something he had never done before. Manfully, he accepted the assignment and lighted up.

(*Continued on page 10*)

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS . . .

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! . . . the Connie you've always loved—blonde and enticing . . . And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! . . . teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents
CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT
TONE
TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS
Directed by Sidney Lanfield

20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production . . . Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Flashes from Filmland

(*Continued from page 8*)

Puff, puff, puff. He began to get "pale about the gills." Suddenly he shouted to director James Cruze, "Jim, I'm sick!" When he was able to bear the sight of the pipe again, he smoked aromatic herbs!

Richee

Does Carole Lombard have class? Well, just watch her dance with George Raft in "Bolero"!

He's Taking After Buddy

SINCE Will vocalized in "They Had to See Paris," there has been no holding the cowboy-philosopher-polo-playing actor. He wants to sing, sturdily and long, in all of his pictures. You probably noticed in "Doctor Bull." Studio officials think Will has been attacked by a "Buddy" bacillus. The more modern of them refer to it as a "Crosby complex."

The condition is contagious. Will James, cowboy-artist-author-actor, expressed a yearning to croon Western laments in the film version of his story, "Smoky." So did Victor Jory.

Wanted 'Em Cowboy-Style

GENTLY repressed in this desire, Mr. James' discontent had vent elsewhere. He was taken to the ultra-swank Colony Club to see Hollywood at play.

"What kind of a joint is this, anyway?" he asked, sourly, looking around. "They only have 'tailor-made' cigarettes."

A Colony Club waiter, in full regalia, was sent scurrying to the neighborhood tobacconist's for a lowly, but virile, roll-your-own kit.

Liquor's Still Banned

DESPITE Repeal, it has become increasingly necessary for Fox players, et al, to take their liquor-drinking guests to local taverns for alcoholic drinks. At cafés in both the Westwood and the Hollywood Fox studios even the innocuous 3.2 brew is banned. At iniquitous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, however, the foamy stuff can be guzzled at any time and right at the table, too. But they have their restrictions. The deadly juice of the grape, fermented, is banned.

There is a mysterious tabu at the studios, as yet, against wines. The perfidious grape has yet to be sanctioned by those who manufacture moral codes in Darkest Hollywood. No one is photographed sipping Sauterne. But the California grape-growers are bringing pressure to bear. . .

He Hasn't Forgotten Lon

TALKING about restaurants, there is a genuine heart-throb in restaurateur Al Levy's tribute to his friend, the late Lon Chaney. On one of the busiest corners in Hollywood, at Vine Street and the Boulevard, a wrought-iron bench for weary pedestrians bears Lon Chaney's name. Below, in fine type, is also Al's.

At his café, the Tavern, Mr. Levy, squat, round, baldish with a fringe of gray hair, shrugged his shoulders, expressively, when we asked him about it.

"There is nothing to tell," he said, "except that Lon was my friend for more years than I can remember—maybe twenty or thirty. I knew him when he was in vaudeville. It's just in memory of our long friendship, that's all."

Hollywood Mourns

HOLLYWOOD is in mourning for Herbert Somborn, the owner of the Brown Derby Restaurants (which helped to make Hollywood famous), former film director, and former husband of Gloria Swanson—dead after a lingering illness. He was one of the Favorite Persons of the whole movie colony.

His divorce from Gloria in 1923, after four years of marriage, was perhaps the first of all of Hollywood's long succession of "friendly divorces." Gloria was given custody of their little girl—named after her mother—and he often called to see the child and often had her with him. Gloria called to see him several times during his last illness. He and Wallace Beery and the Marquis de la Falaise called each other "brother-in-law".

(*Continued on page 12*)

Acme

Is Mary Pickford blue? Not so New York could notice it! She's rehearsing a new play and skating with the boys in Central Park. Back on page 30, she tells—for the first and only time—what it's like to have a great romance end

NRA
WE DO OUR PART
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

GOOD BEER FOR GOOD FELLOWS

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

HOME from the ride to the cozy warmth of the cabin . . . a crackling log of flame and gold . . . good fellows . . . good beer . . . Pabst Blue Ribbon. Its full-bodied vigor and vibrant full strength are relished in town and country, wherever men and women work hard, play hard, and live life to the full. Blue Ribbon Beer responds to their most exacting demands. It will satisfy you too—completely.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. NBC Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

Flashes from Filmland

In "Trigger," it looks as if Ralph Bellamy has a good, firm hold on Katharine Hepburn. But she has eluded all Hollywood—and gone East to be in a play!

Two pretty good imitation Indians, Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez, meet a heap big chief—"Chief" Myers, once-famous baseball star. He's in "Laughing Boy," too

(*Continued from page 10*)

Baby Le Roy's Rival

IS Baby Le Roy growing up! The youngster who has the world's funniest grudge—he blubbers whenever he catches a glimpse of W. C. Fields—is now twenty months old. And already he has outgrown small-baby parts. He was originally intended for the title rôle in "The Baby in the Icebox," but his size was against him. So the baby you'll see in the picture will be none other than Richard Ralston Arlen, infant son of the hero of the piece. Following in his Dad's footsteps pretty young!

Expecting a Namesake

SPEAKING of babies, Jack Dempsey beat the colyumists to the draw in telling the world about his—and Hannah Williams Dempsey's—expectations. Heading East after a honeymoon of several months on the Coast, he hopped off a train in Utah, his home state, long enough to let the natives in on the "secret." The name, he said, will be either Jack or Jacqueline.

Not Fighting-Mad Now

WORD that Max ("It"-Man) Baer—Dempsey's protégé—had invaded the New York night-club field as an entertainer brought only a terse comment from one of his former associates, who thinks that Max should stay with the squared ring and training if he still wants to lick World's Champion, Primo Carnera.

"Max is going to be just a live coffin of dead hopes, I'm afraid," he said sadly, shaking his head.

Max Wired Congrats

BUT it's hard to make Max flustered. In San Francisco, a few weeks ago, Mrs. Baer's boy hinted that he might soon be marrying Edna Dunham, pretty New York divorcée. She hinted right back that it was news to her and said something about its being a "silly" idea. Max seemed a bit piqued. But when Edna recently announced her engagement to Philip Plant, former husband of Constance Bennett, Maxie was the first to wire congratulations.

One of the surprises of the month is the news that, in returning to Hollywood, he'll probably make a picture for either RKO or Fox, not M-G-M (the studio that handed him stardom in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"). No one thought the M-G-M-ers would let the Big, Bold Baer get away from them—except to try to knock Ponderous Primo off his famous feet.

Kay and Kenneth Split

ANOTHER surprise of the month was the friendly parting of Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna. It wasn't a surprise that they parted friends, but that they parted at all—after all that Kay has told interviewers about how this was one marriage that wasn't going to crack up. They married in January, 1931, after a friendship of five years which had started on the Broadway stage. Nothing has been said about a divorce yet by either the former Katherine Edwina Gibbs or the former Leo Mielziner.

Miriam Ends a Secret

MIRIAM JORDAN also surprised the folks when she filed suit for divorce from Joseph Davis of New York and London. Hollywood hadn't even known that she was married! The little Londoner forgot to mention the fact to interviewers, perhaps. The marriage took place in 1926, and the rift occurred in 1929. She has sued on the grounds that hubby was "lazy" and content for a long interval to let her do most of the bread-winning. It's a relief not to hear "incompatibility" as the cause, for a change.

Lost Suit—And Then Coats

AFTER the legal smoke of a certain recent divorce had cleared, the ex-husband bethought himself of three over-

While Katharine has gone back to Broadway for six months, Lenore Ulric is waving goodbye to Mazda Lane—and heading for Hollywood. That's good news, anyway!

coats that his tailor had been ordered to deliver to the gentleman's late residence. Calling his former wife, who had by this time taken unto herself another husband, he asked about his missing garments. The wife denied knowledge of them.

Puzzled, the ex-hubby let the matter drop for the moment. He let it drop until the evening paper showed a picture of filmdom's newest bride with her husband as they were about to leave on their honeymoon.

"There," said the ex-husband, laying a well-manicured (we hope) finger on the picture of the new groom, "is one of my coats."

Still Lovey-Dovey

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Paulette Goddard are almost pastoral in their romance. They were sighted crossing Wilshire Boulevard the other evening toward a movie theatre, swinging hands. They admit now that they will be married after Charlie's new picture is finished—which postpones a wedding story about them for anywhere from one to three years. (Maybe!)

The cast of the Chaplin picture has been sworn to secrecy about the plot, but we can tell you that Charlie will play a forlorn atom in the great army of the Out-of-Work. Paulette is his romantic interest in the picture, too.

They're That Way

NOW, it's Gordon Westcott who is certainly getting bothered about Diana Wynyard. This Utah boy, who earned his university course by catching wild horses for Uncle Sam during the World War, went to Dublin University later and has an accent that probably appeals to English Diana.

Ann Dvorak Appeals to You

HAVE you seen Ann Dvorak's father? She's looking for him—after a separation of thirteen years. She last saw him when she was eight years old and her mother, Ann Lehr, parted from him, going to the West Coast and taking Ann with her. He was then an actor on the New York stage, appearing under the name of Edward McKim. . . . For three years, she has been making a private search that has been unavailing. Now she is appealing to the public. If you know of his whereabouts, write her at 9460 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills.

Will Eva Break the Ice?

TO those who know their New York theatre, it will be good news that the movies are finally serious about getting Eva Le Gallienne out to the Coast. The famous actress, founder of the Civic Repertory Theatre (offering good drama at low prices), is wanted by Fox for "L'Aiglon." It's reported that they are tempting her with $50,000 for the one picture. And she has promised to consider it—after she finishes her present tour in "Alice in Wonderland" (she presents a sophisticated version), "Romeo and Juliet" and other plays.

Jack Haley's Tough Break

JACK HALEY had a tough break. Just after the young and nimble-witted Broadway comedian (who knows his pantomime) had scored a hit with Jack Oakie in "Sitting Pretty" and had just been presented with a daughter by his wife, he had to fall ill—and he was about to step into "George White's Scandals" as the chief comic. Jimmy Durante took his place. And Hollywood hopes that Jack won't have to wait now for another big opportunity to come along. The town likes the lad. And so, apparently, do movie audiences—judging by the letters that are coming in.

(More news? You'll find plenty on page 36!)

Let's talk about Something Pleasant!

A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And *you* ought to know it!

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh violent purgative was ever more effective!

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty — Ex-Lax is effective. Everybody loves chocolate — so every age likes Ex-Lax.

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them *better!*

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective — but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

Twenty eight years ago Ex-Lax was just an idea—today it's America's leading laxative. That tells you how the nation has swung to "the pleasant side."

So next time when you "need something" get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

At all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

Keep "regular" with

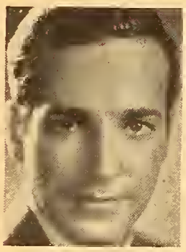
EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.



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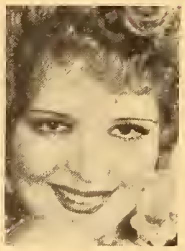

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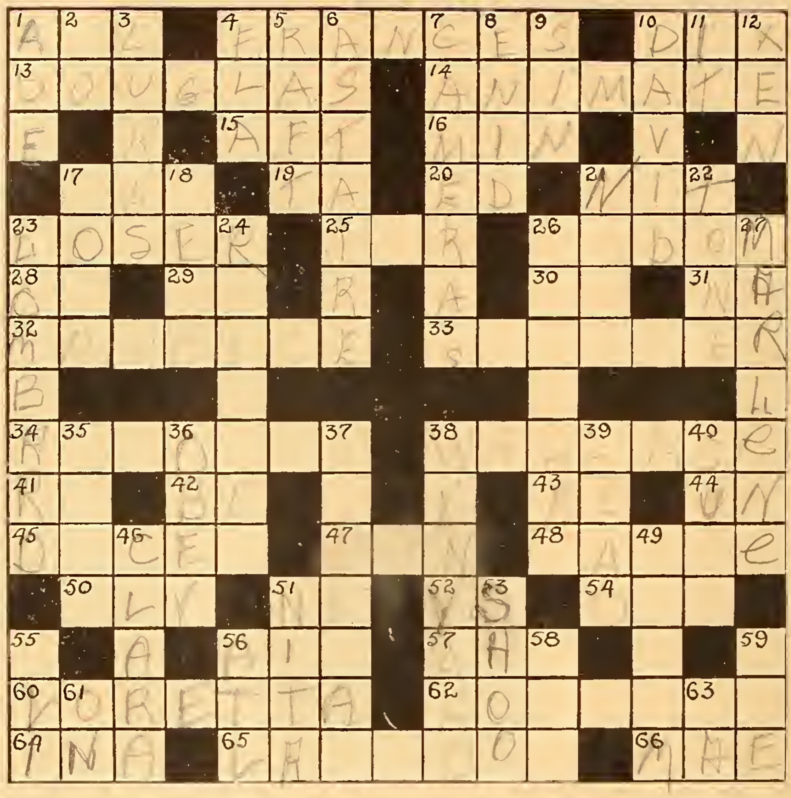

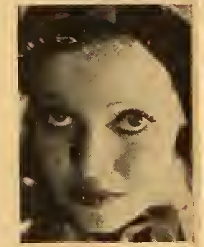

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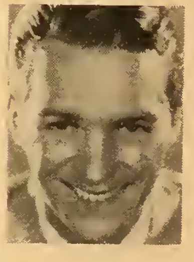


No. 13

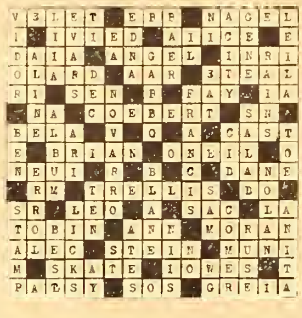
HORIZONTAL

1. "The —— American"
4. Mrs. Joel McCrea
10. Winifred Coe's ex-husband
13. (See illustration)
14. To make a cartoon character move
15. Near the stern
16. Part once played by Marie Dressler
17. You don't have this when you stand up
19. Child actor in "Rasputin" (Init.)
20. Stage and screen star of "Honeymoon Lane" (Init.)
21. The Marx Brothers act like —— wits
23. Not the winner
25. Suffix
26. A Biblical city that was destroyed
28. Oleum (abbr.)
29. Ellis' initials
30. Deceased character actor who was never seen without a cigar (Init.)
31. Nobleman in "By Candlelight" (Init.)
32. A great French lover of the screen
33. Last seen in "Smilin' Through"
34. Nuts—to you
38. He's in "Viva Villa"
41. Rafaela's initials
42. "—— Mine Tonight"
43. Famous aviatrix (Init.)
44. One (French)
45. One who plays dice
47. Long period of time
48. A cereal grass
50. The big bad wolf is——
51. Near (abbr.)
52. Twenty-fifth letter of the alphabet (pl.)
54. What Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot were in "Mary Stevens, M.D." (abbr.)
56. All actors — to be stars
57. Exclamations heard when favorites appear on screen
60. (See illustration)
62. The Pathé News trademark
64. Ex-Mrs. John Gilbert
65. The baby-faced comedian
66. "Come up 'n' see me some time—— time"

VERTICAL

1. An American humorist. He wrote "Fables in Slang"
2. British star married to Jill Esmond (Init.)
3. Plays a valet in "By Candlelight"
4. Stepin Fetchit was born in this state (abbr.)
5. Did fine work in "The Bowery"
6. Famous dancer seen in "The Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio"
7. These are used to make movies
8. Mrs. Fred Niblo
9. "They Call It——"
10. (See illustration)
11. Max Baer is the new ——man
12. Xenon (abbr.)
17. Lew Ayres' ex-wife
18. Nobleman
21. The Lane with an Irish first name.
22. He's Joan Crawford's boy-friend
23. Formerly Mrs. William Powell
24. Directed Ed Wynn in "The Chief"
26. Stars like Garbo get this kind of rôle
27. "The Scarlet Empress"
35. She played in "Deluge"
36. Most Hollywood nuptials omit this
37. He's a director and actor
38. She was excellent in "Reunion in Vienna"
39. The star of a picture always has the ——
40. Actors wait for their ——
46. (See illustration)
49. The most elusive film star
51. Former screen vamp who played with Valentino
53. Scat
55. A man's name
56. Atlantic (abbr.)
58. "The —— Daughter"
59. What this country was
61. "Don't Bet — Love"
63. He was in "Beauty for Sale" (Init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle



THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!..

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade" . . . and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known—"Wonder Bar". Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON	**KAY FRANCIS**
DOLORES DEL RIO	**DICK POWELL**
RICARDO CORTEZ	**HAL LEROY**
FIFI D'ORSAY	**GUY KIBBEE**
HUGH HERBERT	**KATHRYN SERGAVA**
RUTH DONNELLY	**ROBERT BARRAT**
MERNA KENNEDY	**HENRY KOLKER**

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

A Welcome Sign, But It Takes Pictures Like "Only Yesterday" and "Little Women" To Bring 'Em Back Into The Theatres, According To Our Readers

Margaret Sullavan and John Boles—the lovers in "Only Yesterday"

Second Prize

This reader believes that the wholesome new adventure of pictures into the land of youthful romance is as it should be:

"I am moved to tell you how thrilled our children were at the treat of beholding their favorites, 'Little Women' and 'Alice in Wonderland,' on the screen; and how delighted they were with Disney's little pigs," writes L. W. Carter of Dalton, Ga. "There are pictures and pictures, plenty to select from for all ages. All you have to do is keep up with them and discriminate as to what is suitable for youngsters. The movies are not as harmful as half the novels that are published."

Third Prize

An original package of S. A., primitive, and naughty is how H. H. Cleavelin, Jr., of Evansville, Ind., describes the Big, Bad West:

"East is East and West is West, and it is my wish that she remain so. Mae West brought us 'Diamond Lil' and we liked her. She wasn't culturally sophisticated, but she was entertaining and different, a definite personality that flaunted svelte hips and an irresistible smile. Why shouldn't she continue to be a box-office attraction?

"The fashion parade stopped, looked, and was impressed when 'She Done Him Wrong' and curves, long confined to state highways, came back into their own. For those of us who prefer our women feminine, the renaissance was welcome. Mae is an original package of sex-appeal, perhaps primitive and naughty, but naughty people have a fascination all their own."

First Prize

At last! We've been given an all-absorbing movie that deals with fundamental things:

"'Only Yesterday' is one film that will be remembered long after many yesterdays are forgotten because it deals with fundamental things: the love of a maid for a man, and the love of a mother for her child. A tenderly touching story," writes Gertrude Poillon of Detroit, Mich., "in which Margaret Sullavan and John Boles enact their rôles with sincerity. It is a picture of the last two decades which have swept over America like a forest fire, destroying the very foundations of our industrial, moral and social life."

We gather from the remarks of John F. Mac Duffee of Portland, Me., that he doesn't like the Marx Brothers:

"I have just spent a miserable evening watching the antics of the screen's worst imaginary funny men—the Four Marx Brothers—in 'Duck Soup.' Their pictures have no redeeming features. Producers would make us happy if they'd decorate some telephone pole with the remains of these comedians."

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

The much-abused producer comes into his own and gets a great big hand from Marie Hogan of Kansas City, Mo.:

"Notwithstanding the criticism, scorn, ridicule and the tirade against them, the world is indebted to the producers. I'd hate to hear the howl if they all closed up shop. They must satisfy the coarsest tastes and the finest of feelings with the same thing without offending either. Let's give them a hand!"

Joan Bennett was *Amy*—Katharine Hepburn played *Jo*—Jean Parker was *Beth*—Frances Dee played *Meg* in "Little Women," the picture everybody is still raving about—and writing about

Janet
GAYNOR
Lionel
BARRYMORE
"Carolina"

Robert YOUNG • Richard CROMWELL • Mona BARRIE

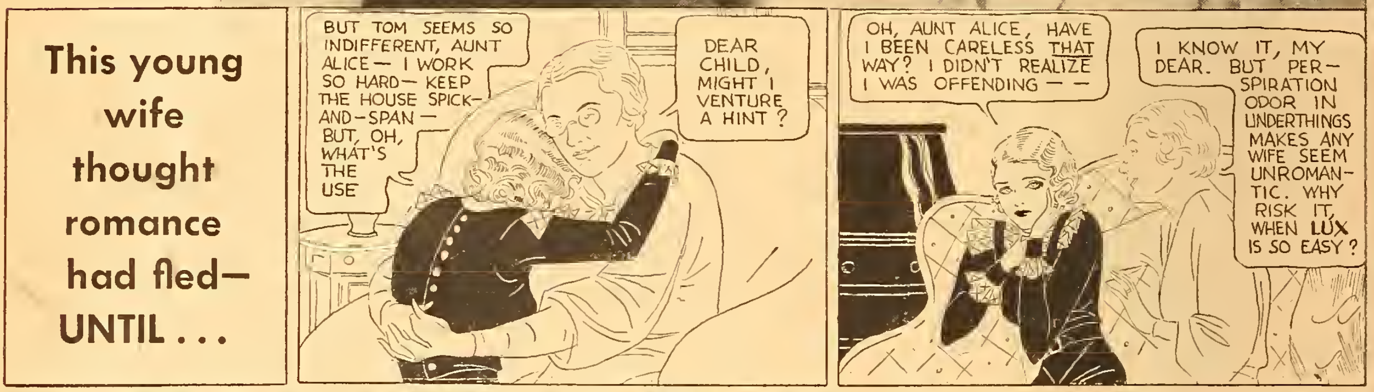
Henrietta CROSMAN • Stepin FETCHIT •

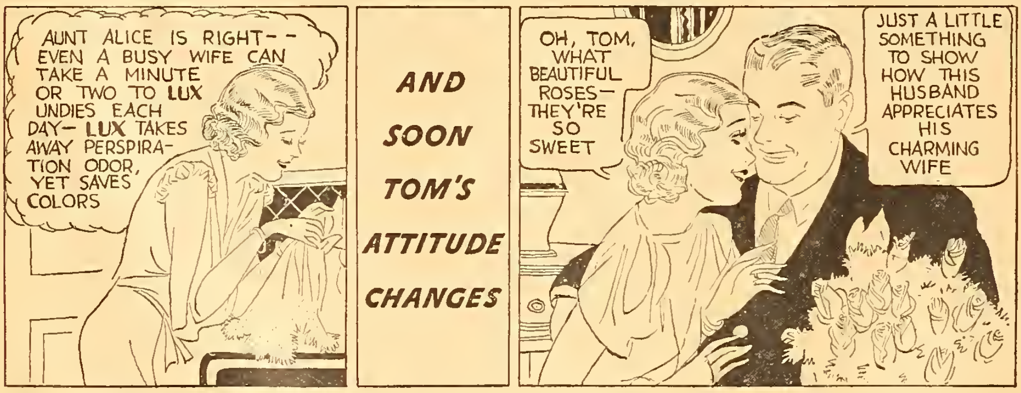
DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX

"what's the use"


This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL . . .
BUT TOM SEEMS SO INDIFFERENT, AUNT ALICE— I WORK SO HARD— KEEP THE HOUSE SPICK-AND-SPAN — BUT, OH, WHAT'S THE USE
DEAR CHILD, MIGHT I VENTURE A HINT ?
OH, AUNT ALICE, HAVE I BEEN CARELESS THAT WAY? I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS OFFENDING — —
I KNOW IT, MY DEAR. BUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS MAKES ANY WIFE SEEM UNROMANTIC. WHY RISK IT, WHEN LUX IS SO EASY ?


AUNT ALICE IS RIGHT- - EVEN A BUSY WIFE CAN TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO TO LUX UNDIES EACH DAY— LUX TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR, YET SAVES COLORS
AND SOON TOM'S ATTITUDE CHANGES
OH, TOM, WHAT BEAUTIFUL ROSES— THEY'RE SO SWEET
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW THIS HUSBAND APPRECIATES HIS CHARMING WIFE

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor — *protect daintiness this easy way . .*

No girl need *ever* be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away *completely* and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

LUX
Won't shrink woolens
won't fade colors
if it's safe in water it's safe in LUX
NRA
WE DO OUR PART

—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

A party isn't a party without peppy girls — and Hollywood isn't Hollywood without its dazzling damsels. SooOOO, when you go to "The Hollywood Party," you're not only going to hear some snappy lines, but see some. Like those of Muriel Evans (left) and those cuties in cellophane down there at the bottom

SHAPING UP FOR "THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY"

Rough stuff—that's what all the lads are going in for, from Gable right down the line. The suit Clark is wearing (right) will probably scratch up Jean Harlow's arms in "China Seas"—it's that rough. Adolphe Menjou (below) is going in for Scotch checks — the kind that don't bounce—just so he'll be easy to see and "Easy to Love." Johnny Mack Brown (bottom center) is up to his ears in herringbone. You'll spot him, all right, in "Swan Song." And Richard Arlen (bottom right) says that plaid rags are glad rags to him. He's squaring off now for "Baby in the Icebox," with Sally Eilers

ROUGH STUFF

SAUCY, WISTFUL
ND HOW-ARE-YOU?

What's this—Sally Rand in a HAT (above)? She put away her fan and kicked her heels at "Bolero" until they put some drama in her dancing rôle. Now, watch saucy Sally step! She's just the opposite of Dorothy Dell (top, right)—who's the wistful kind, even if she WAS "Miss Universe" in 1930 and then a Follies queen. She steps into the movie spotlight in "Murder at the Vanities." And those on-the-level eyes of Evelyn Venable (right) are worth looking into in "Death Takes a Holiday." This clever stage youngster is on the up, up and UP!

STEN-sational! — that's the word for Anna Sten. This girl from the U.S.S.R. (Russia, to you) is out to be recognized by the U.S.A. as having what it takes to make a star. Before she gets through, she may be a headliner to you—and a headache to Garbo, Dietrich, West and Hepburn, Inc. She's vivid, dramatic, seductive—and real. Supply your own adjectives after you get a look at her in "Nana," as a lady of love in the Paris of 1870. And then try to wait patiently to see her second picture, "Barbary Coast," with Gary Cooper acting as Her Man

THIS SOVIET DEMANDS RECOGNITION

EVENING
AFTERNOON
MORNING

PECK & PECK *tells you how to save lovely* **STOCKINGS**

from a cruel fate: "Use **IVORY FLAKES**"

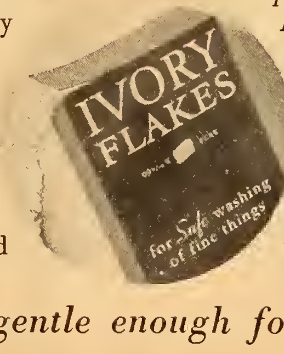
When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best . . . cautions you with these very words, "Never tub stockings with impure soap . . . it's too strong. Use *pure* Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water." It's advice we can't improve upon!

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of *pure* Ivory Soap that puff into *instant* suds!

And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into *pure* Ivory suds. Takes but a minute! And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. Why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!



IVORY FLAKES · *gentle enough for a baby's skin* · *$99^{44}/_{100}$ % pure*

KATHARINE MAE and Sex

By CONSTANCE

Most stories about stars tell you only about the stars. This one also tells you about yourself—and it talks straight from the shoulder. Maybe you'll admit to yourself that Dr. Payne is right in analyzing YOUR preferences in stars and sex appeal. Maybe you'll dispute him. Either way, we promise you that here is an unusual, stimulating article that you will talk about and remember!—*Editor.*

MAE WEST, take a back seat! Katharine Hepburn has you backed off the map when it comes to sex attraction! But just a minute—before you moviegoers who have gone West chew our head off. Do you think Clark Gable has more "man appeal" than Leslie Howard? Does your pulse do a tom-tom when Joel McCrea steers a blonde into his arms, the while you grow chilly in the screen presence of William Powell? Do you feel that Jimmy Cagney is a human bombshell, while Franchot Tone is only a firecracker? And WHY does Katharine Hepburn get a higher mark in sex

Which do YOU think has the more sex appeal? Answer that one—and you reveal your character! At least that's the claim of Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, the noted psychologist—who tells you why. And this, incidentally, is true of any star you prefer!

HEPBURN, WEST— Appeal!

CHAMPION

attraction than curvacious Mae West?

Anything you say will be held against you. For unless you are acquainted with the latest theories on the psychology of sex—unless you know your *sex pattern*—you're bound to be wrong.

You wouldn't hesitate to label such poles-apart screen luminaries as West and Hepburn just as you would your water taps—"hot" and "cold" respectively. West, with her swivel-chair walk, her billowing undulations, and her why-doncha-come-up-sometime air, stands for sex. The hollow-cheeked Hepburn, tragic of mouth, firm of brow, lithe, spirit-like, is anything but a vamp.

But this is psychology, folks, and when all is said and done, the chilly austerity of Miss Hepburn wins the s.a. prize from the sizzling incandescence of Miss West!

How Katharine Outdoes Mae

IT takes a psychologist to prove it—none other than the eminent Dr. Arthur Frank Payne, who has told hundreds of thousands of men and women what's what in love and marriage, and is now focusing the arc-light of science on your screen favorites to prove his contention that the public, if not always fickle, doesn't really know what it wants.

"Both Miss West and Miss Hepburn," he declares, "have the power to attract sexually. Behind their tangible attributes lies a potent, invisible quality that accounts for their success. Both hold the missing pieces to your sex pattern—and mine. Yet of the two, Miss Hepburn's appeal will last because hers is virtually a fire of ice that will never melt.

"The average repressed male watches a Mae West picture and reacts pleasurably. To him she is a woman who is flamboyant, unbridled. She gratifies his sub-conscious. On the screen, he can get the better of her. She makes him feel one hundred per cent man. She presents no difficult problem to him, and he understands her—or thinks he does.

"But not so with Miss Hepburn. Here is a complex personality, stern, self-disciplined. She is beautiful, and apparently cold. Presto—his interest is aroused! She is 'hard to get': therefore, worth getting. When, during the last reel, she finally succumbs to the hero's blandishments, Mr. Average Repressed Male sighs

(Continued on page 87)

EXCLUSIVE!
Mary Pickford's Own Story!

This is the one and only interview that Mary has given about the end of her great romance with Douglas Fairbanks

By GLADYS HALL

MARY PICKFORD said to me, "Sometimes, to hold a person is to interfere with his development. I *did not interfere* . . . I have never discussed this situation before. I shall never discuss it again. From this day forth and from this story forth, a door is closed. But it hurts me, even now, when unkind criticisms are made of Douglas. They are unjustified, unwarranted. He has worked hard all of his life. He should be able now to live and to work where he pleases—and it is my pleasure to have him do so.

"When I make this statement, I am not speaking for publication only, Gladys, but between you and me, *honestly*, from the bottom of my heart."

Mary had suggested lunch in Douglas' room, where a fire blazed on the man-sized hearth. Douglas' pipes were on their pipe rack, his pictures of his travels, his scrapbooks and trophies were as they had been when he went away. Nothing had been moved in that room. Nothing had been changed. From the wide window where we sat at table, we could see the lawn of Pickfair with the swimming pool in the distance and the far-off horizon wrapped in mists. What lies beyond the horizon—for Mary?

I wondered. I wondered as all the world has wondered, what she is thinking, what she is feeling and planning, now that the old order has definitely passed away. In the confusion of reports, rumors and conjectures that have buzzed around Mary's head since the news of her separation from Douglas Fairbanks first broke and astounded the world, she has preserved the dignity of an utter silence on the subject. She is breaking that silence now for the first time and the last.

"Pickfair is not for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it . . . Douglas has earned the right to live and work where he chooses . . . Life will go on for me again. I am more at peace than ever before . . . I am glad that the storm has passed. I have found myself . . . You cannot lose any one you really love. They can't take themselves away from you. And I am happy because I know this."

No Gloom at Pickfair

AS we talked, the happy sound of young voices came from the guest house below us. Gwynne, daughter of her sister, Lottie, adopted by Mary and loved as her very own; Letitia and Lucille Fairbanks, daughters of Douglas' brother, Robert; and six or seven other youngsters were making merry at Pickfair. Gloom has not settled down over the house that once was called "the happiest in Hollywood."

Mary sat there, young and golden, wearing turquoise-blue corduroy lounging pajamas. She looked very young and very, very wise—with the wisdom of one who has grown, through work and love and success and defeat, beyond the ordinary human limitations, beyond the petty human passions and demands. You know this as you look at her closely, listen to the tone of her voice, and become aware of the tranquility, the breath-catching peace in her eyes. You know that there is, and has been, a change at Pickfair. But it is less the sailing away of Douglas, this change, than it is the sailing into harbor of Mary. She has come safely into port. She is happy with the hard-won happiness of one who waits and does not ask, who releases because she, herself, is free.

IN FAIRNESS TO BOTH MARY AND DOUG, WE
THEIR SEPARATION. HERE IS MARY'S STORY. ON THE

Somehow, you know that Mary has found sanctuary, a retreat, where the noise of love coming or going, careers failing or returning on flood tide, cannot matter. Mary, in her retreat, sees now with a clarity of which the physical eye alone is incapable.

She said to me, "The linnet is blinded before he can sing——"

But to start at the beginning. I said to Mary, "Couldn't you tell me something about your present emotions, your future plans—for the first time? It is hard for me to ask this. It is hard for you, I know, to answer me. But the world is interested because, after all, the world is your friend. Friends have a little right, I think——"

She Can't Forget

MARY replied slowly, feeling her way out of the silence that she has preserved intact from the first, "I can't analyze my feelings for you. I can't dissect them, take them apart, tag and label them. If I could place my feelings in a test-tube or even in words, I wouldn't have felt very deeply. I only know that you *cannot* lose anything or anyone who has been near to you. Not really. No matter what happens.

"I am beyond insisting that others conform to my formula for happiness which, contrary to statements that have been made and beliefs that seem to be held, does *not* necessarily entail the making of pictures or residence in Hollywood alone.

"But Pickfair is NOT for sale. I could not bear the thought of other people living in it—other *families*, who might not know and might not care about all the love and thought and tenderness and dreaming that have gone into the making of it. Perhaps, some day, I should like it to be used as a place for people to come and study, as a sort of a small museum, as a place that might, in some form or fashion, mean beauty to others as it has meant beauty to—to us.

"Of course, having Pickfair makes it easier for me. It is ridiculous to say that there is anything consolatory or glorious about poverty. It is harder to keep happiness where there is fame and wealth and world-attention, but it is also easier to bear unhappiness. I get a thrill out of all of it. I'd be false and silly to deny it.

"I love my lovely things, my china and glass and books, my lovely lingerie and perfumes and fresh flowers, the sun flooding in at my windows, the white walls and green carpets, the gay spirit that is Pickfair. I love the happy hours that walk, still, in these rooms. There isn't one tiny object anywhere that doesn't speak to me with a tender little tongue of its own.

No Reunion In Sight

"I KNOW all about the reports, rumors and talk of a possible reconciliation between Douglas and myself, supposed to take place in New York as soon as I get there. I can certainly say that those rumors were—rumors unfounded in fact. Douglas has begun production on his picture, 'Adios Don Juan.' He will be in Spain for a great many of his locations. Naturally, he couldn't have been planning to come to New York. There was never any

(Continued on page 66)

Reveal How Each Feels About Following Page Is Doug's

Mary Pickford says: "I took the final step between Douglas and myself because I believe it to be for the good of both of us. I wanted to set him free, not only for myself, but for him"

Doug's Side of the Story

MOTION PICTURE is proud to be the only publication to present Mary Pickford's own story of the collapse of her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks. We wish we could also have given you Doug's own story. But he is abroad and, moreover, will not talk on the subject. So we do the next-best thing. We present his story as told by a man who knows it intimately—a man who has had his confidence for twenty years and has long had the respect of the movie-going public. At his special request, he remains anonymous—Editor.

FOR five and a half years, in the rôle of intimate friend, I have watched the disintegration of Mary Pickford's and Douglas Fairbanks' love idyll. For three years, I have known definitely that these two would never again be happy together—and that a divorce was inevitable.

I have seen Doug very recently. The newspapers were then broadcasting Mary's first dignified divorce statements, with their under-current of pathos and bewilderment and martyrdom. Gallantly, he was maintaining an inflexible silence—and his parting words to me were, "Don't defend me! I must keep silent."

I am deliberately breaking a promise I made to him because my regard for him is too deep, my friendship too long-lasting, to stand idly by while Hollywood and the world viciously attack him. Doug will know who is telling this story. I hope that he will come to understand my reasons for disclosing his side of this divorce and that, at some not-so-distant day, he will forgive this violation of his confidence.

When a marriage fails, it is never the fault of one person alone. I like Mary. I have known her as long as I have known Doug. I respect her integrity and her ability and her fine

As Told Anonymously to SONIA LEE

intelligence—but I refuse to see my friend take the entire blame for the wrecking of their marriage. There is something to be said on his side.

First, let me tell you that Doug did not want a divorce. For three years, he has been fighting it. The newspapers intimated that when Doug, Jr., returned from London to make a picture, he brought some word from his father that prompted Mary to file her divorce papers on the very day of his arrival in Hollywood. That is not true. It happened to be an unfortunate coincidence. As a matter of fact, just a few hours before Mary's petition was filed, Doug talked to her over transatlantic telephone and begged her to defer her action. He told her again, as he has told her times before in my presence, that a divorce would cause both of them needless grievance, and asked her to postpone such action until such time as one or the other wanted to marry again. Which is not the case at the moment.

Doug has no romantic interest in either titled or untitled ladies. He isn't considering marriage. Only in work is he seeking surcease from the unhappiness that has been his for many years.

Douglas Fairbanks, himself, has kept silent about the break-up of his marriage. But a man who has been his close friend for twenty years speaks up and tells you Doug's side of it!

As recently as 1932, Doug and Mary symbolized happy home-builders—adding a new wing to Pickfair

The trouble between Mary and Doug started in the latter part of 1927 when she was making "My Best Girl" with Buddy Rogers. Vaguely, Doug and Mary suddenly realized that their perfect accord was slipping in spots because her interests had suddenly turned away from Douglas.

Shortly after the picture was finished, Mary's mother passed away, and to counteract her great distress, Doug prevailed upon her to go to Europe. That was in 1928.

It was their first trip alone since they had been married. Before then, wherever they went, Mrs. Pickford went along. And Doug was tired of family—jealous of the first claim they had always had on Mary's interest and on Mary's love.

A new Mary came back from Europe. On landing in New York, she bobbed her famous curls. She had new ambitions—new plans for a greater fame than had ever before been hers.

But Douglas was tired of their monotonous life—circumscribed, as it was, almost entirely by work. He pleaded with Mary that now was their time to play. They had all the money they would ever need or would ever want. Why keep on making pictures? Why not settle back and enjoy the fruits of their long toil? He wanted to travel—to see the far places of the earth, which had beckoned him ever since he was a boy!

Mary refused to entertain—even for a moment—the suggestion of retirement. *For the first time in their life together, the temperamental differences between them were apparent.*

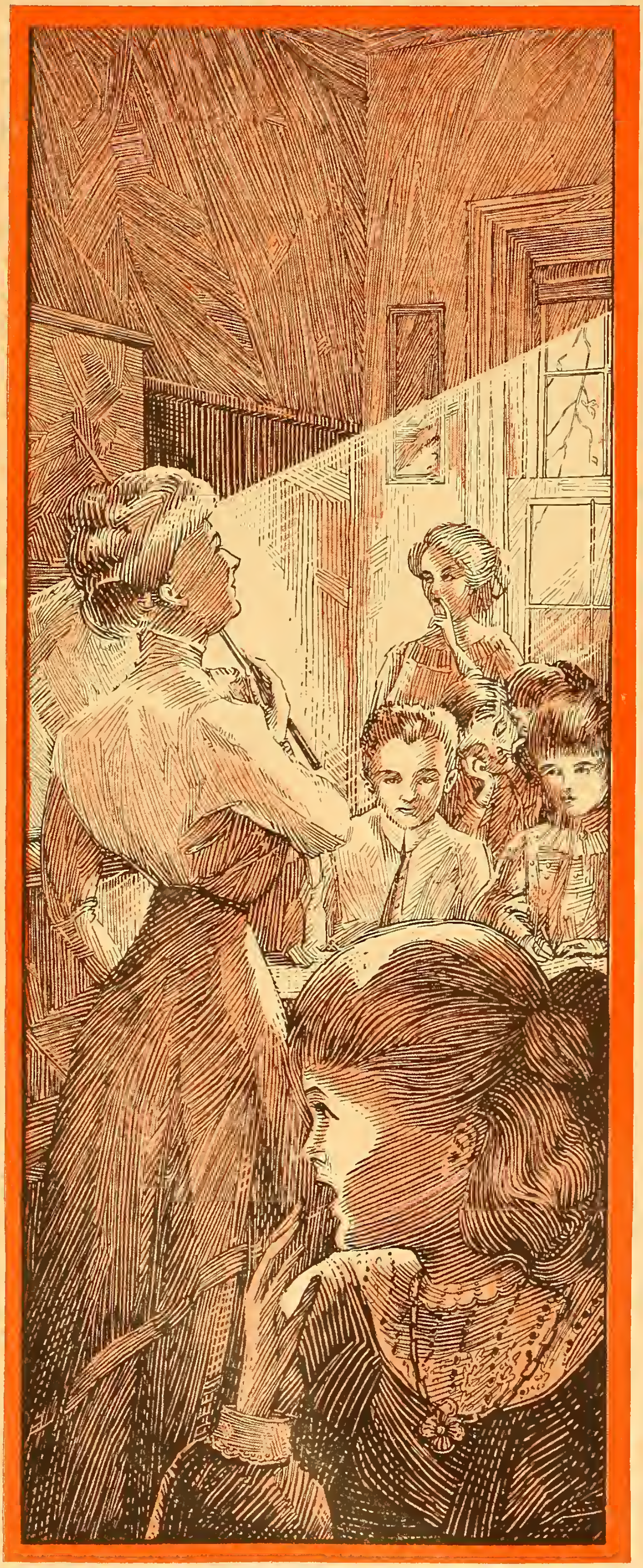
Just How They Differ

DOUG always had been and always will be the Peter Pan—the boy who is not destined to grow up—a man who flavors life with a joyful and buoyant spirit. Mary, on the contrary, is not an adventurous soul. She wants her own fireside—her own and intimate circle. She is completely content to read about the Temple Bells of Burma, rather than to hear them; to see travelogues of the Wonders of the World, rather than to behold them with her own eyes. I've frequently discussed this phase of Mary with Doug.

Mary had been working since she was six. The habit of work, like any other habit, cannot be broken suddenly. She once said, wistfully, "I've never learned to play."

(Continued on page 68)

The Little Red School



In the old days in the little red schoolhouse, the teacher first had to make us listen, then make us interested, then make us believe what she said and, lastly, remember. And how much did she succeed—with only blackboards and books to help her?

You stared at a blackboard when YOU went to school—and you've forgotten what was on it. But the children of the future will be looking at a movie screen—bringing the whole world to them. And do you think THEY will forget? Not if Lois Weber, famous woman director, knows movies and children!

SOME day, the movies are going to the Little Red Schoolhouse. A screen will take the place of a blackboard. Boys and girls will literally *see* what they are being taught. Education will be more than a monotonous routine of study and recitations; it will be a continuous succession of vivid experiences. And when this dream comes true—one of the first persons for America to thank will be Lois Weber, one of the most famous women ever connected with motion pictures.

When I was a child, I rode four miles on horseback every morning to go to school—in a little red schoolhouse! Parked in the middle of a hay field, it resembled nothing so much as a kindling box. And in that one small room sat, or rather fidgeted, all the grades from Low One to High Eight who were about to graduate, and, fortified with learnin', go to work in their dads' grocery stores or livery stables.

On a raised platform between the door and the pot-bellied wood stove, was The Desk, and behind it sat a thin, sour, frustrated human being we disliked intensely, but who was supposed to inspire in us that tremendous amount of faith necessary to make children believe everything she said. It entailed more than that, however. She had to make us listen first, then make us interested, then make us believe what she told us, and, lastly, remember.

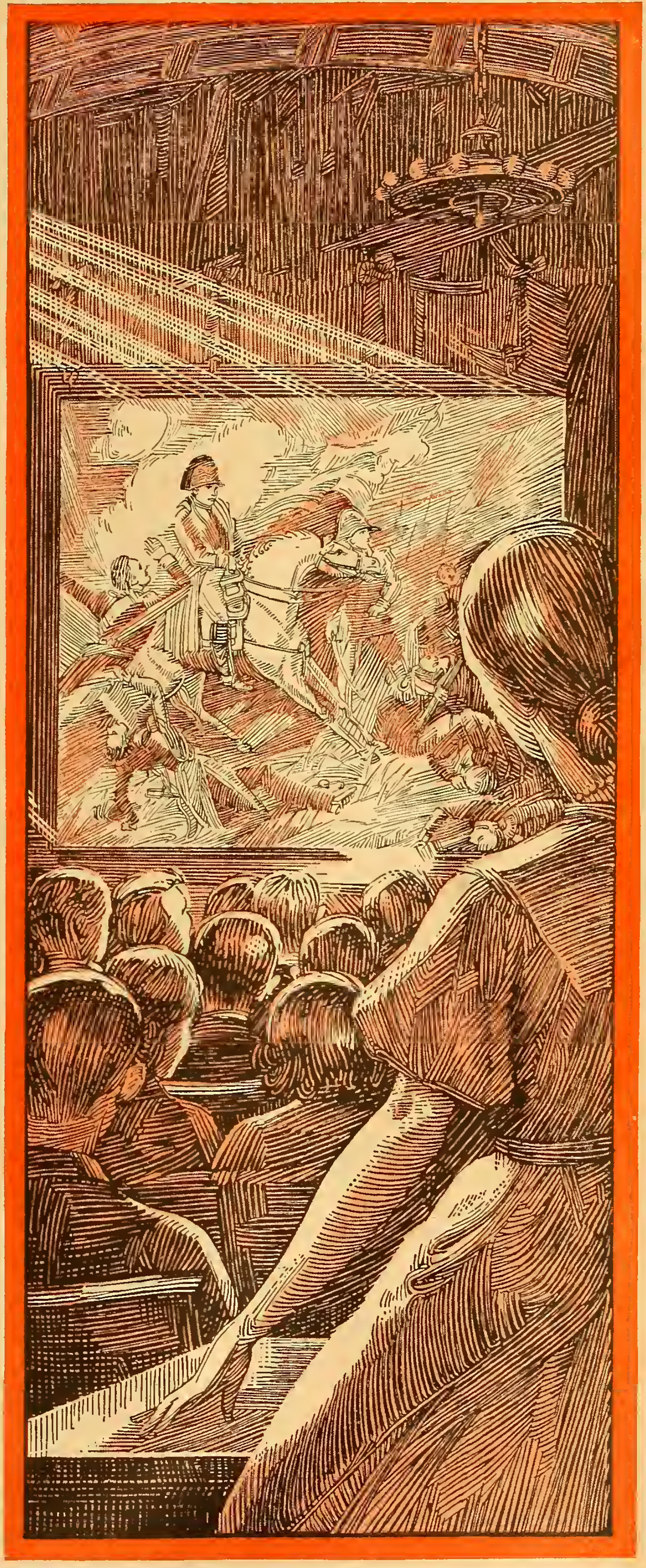
Of course, she failed. She worked for the most part only through one of our senses—our hearing. Besides, I think it was rather a point of honor with us to make her life one big thwart.

Those were the days when the family rode into town on Saturday nights to go to the movies. The floor of the picture house, about thirty feet wide and a mile long, sloped terrifically toward the stage, leaving the seats in the back of the house high and dry and attainable only by ascending six or seven steps.

The bad boys of the town sat in the front seats and supplied gratis the off-stage noises for the picture, especially at the clinch; the choir from the Episcopal Church had its own section (right rear) reserved every Saturday (if it was a "nice" picture), and the rest of us made a concerted rush for the mid-section.

house Becomes a Theatre

LOIS WEBER



But with movies in the classroom, bringing the great figures of history to life, dramatizing geography and science and geology and music and all the rest—children will actually SEE what they're told to believe. And they're bound to remember!

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustrated by JOHN J. SHAYN

The School Books Are Forgotten

TO this day, I have never forgotten one detail of those old flickers. And I *have* forgotten practically everything that the thin, bony structure of learning in the little red schoolhouse hoped I would remember. And there must be millions more like me.

Which brings up this subject that is much to the fore in thoughtful editorials all over the country today, and which is the dream and ideal of Lois Weber—a dream of visual education in schools.

First—about Miss Weber. Some few years ago, she retired from motion pictures with a nervous breakdown and a fortune, both of which she lost in due time. She has never lost, however, the reputation of being one of the most brilliant directors ever to wield a megaphone.

For nearly twenty years she balanced neatly and easily on the top rung of that ladder of fame that everybody tries to climb in Hollywood. She became celluloid-conscious in 1908, after being a concert singer in New York. After her father died, she returned to her Pennsylvania home, but when she offered to sing in the church choir, the deacons threw up their hands in holy horror at the audacity of this "stage person!"

So Miss Weber went on with her musical training, and at the same time began to prepare for missionary work. The latter didn't take. She got a job with the "Zig Zag" company as soubrette. And made good.

She then joined another company playing "Why Girls Leave Home," and her next big step was film-ward—with the old Gaumont Company. This new medium—the movies—proved fascinating. Miss Weber was all set to go and nothing could stop her. She directed the first picture she had anything to do with, and it was a talkie, too . . . in 1908! A phonograph, lurking behind the screen, was the talkie part.

She Knows Her Movies

WHILE she was with the Gaumont Company, she never had a dull moment. Nobody else did, either. She helped to design the costumes, found props and locations, ran the camera, painted sets, cut and edited film, wrote the titles and acted and directed.

When that company became part of Universal, so did Miss Weber. She received under one contract a salary of

(*Continued on page 85*)

Let's Go!

HOT NEWS from HOLLYWOOD

Garbo Goes Places

LIKE the girl in some Middle Western state who has been in a baffling sleep for two years and is now showing signs of awakening, Greta Garbo is slowly coming to life—to life, that is, as Hollywood lives it. She is seen places these days—lunching, dining, playing tennis, going to the theatre with Rouben Mamoulian (director of "Queen Christina"), breaking precedents of years' standing. To Hollywood, it looks like love. What else could make her side-step the legend of mystery and solitude and emerge as the gay, laughing girl her intimates know her to be? That's what Hollywood wants to know.

Divorced suits—that's the kind Greta Granstedt (right) wears, winter or summer. They're Moor in style now, don'tcha know? This Greta, by the way, likes Florida for her vacations

Acme

Tank She'll Stay

AND something else that Hollywood wants to know is—how much truth is there in that report from Stockholm that Greta is organizing a Swedish film company and will soon return there to remain permanently, as a star-producer? Her studio, M-G-M—which is mighty careful about what it says regarding her plans—asserts that the Stockholm reports are not true and that Greta is bound to stay in Hollywood for a good, long while. Bound by a contract, in fact. And her next picture, they say, will be "The Painted Veil."

Ritchee

When Fredric March makes love, his heroines know what it's like to get a crush. Katharine Alexander, one heroine in "Death Takes a Holiday," says the title should have been "Breath Takes a Holiday"

Hepburn Takes to the Air

WOULD you pick Katharine Hepburn—or would you pick Mae West—as the greatest sensation of the past year? We aren't trying to start an argument; we're just asking. As the Hinds people asked themselves, when they wanted a glamourous, sensational star to inaugurate their "Hall of Fame" radio broadcasts. It was a toss-up as to which rated the call. First it was reported that Mae had received the bid (at a reported stipend of $6,000 for the broadcast); but it was Katharine who laid the cornerstone to the "Hall of Fame" when the programs started on Sunday, January 7. (At 10:30 o'clock, to be exact.) Which makes Katharine look like the winner of the first popularity skirmish between them. But watch out for Mae. She has something up those puffed sleeves besides some shapely biceps!

Making Stage Bows, Too

MAYBE one thing that influenced the choice of Katharine was the fact that she was in the East, within easy reach of NBC microphones. Also, maybe the broadcasting boys had heard that tickets to the opening of her Broadway play, "The Lake," were as scarce as Columbia bets before the Columbia-Stanford game. News had drifted up to New York from

Washington, where the play was tried out, that Katharine had had to bow for five minutes straight in response to the acclaim that greeted her. New York was almost as vociferous—though, the next day, the critics more or less damned the play, itself, with faint praise. One critic, who apparently still harbors the quaint notion that the demands of the stage are more severe than those of the screen, said of Katharine that "the most promising young actress in America" remained "the most promising young actress in America." His facetiousness was lost, however, in the tumult and the shouting—and the rush to the box-office.

Well, you asked for it—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen battling again. In "No More Women," it looks as if they're going into some dives together—maybe in search of mermaids

Just as soon as you stop seeing dots before your eyes, maybe you'd like to know the little girl's name. She's Suzanne Kaaren, an ex-college athlete, model and Broadway actress, who gets her start in "Sleepers East"

Dyar

Other Stars for Radio

KATHARINE, by the way, isn't the only movie star who's going to appear on those "Hall of Fame" broadcasts—not by a long shot. Lily Pons, Metropolitan Opera star (who may be in the movies one of these days), was featured in the second program. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, the maestros of wisecracking, starred in the third. And so it will go—first a star from the screen, and then one from the stage or the concert hall. Screen stars will predominate. They're the stars Mr. and Mrs. America and all their children know best and will stay at home to hear. As Eddie Cantor is proving—also on Sunday evenings. And are the managers of movie theatres howling!

One Kate Smith Sufficient

EVERYBODY knows by now that Katharine Hepburn is married—and has been for three years. The gentleman's name is Ludlow Smith, and he's a young New York insurance broker. Katharine kept reporters guessing for several months, if you remember, about whether she had a husband or not. Now, the reporters take keen delight in mentioning his name at every possible opportunity. And they recently unearthed an anecdote about him that would seem to prove that he has a sense of humor.

A relative of Katharine's in Baltimore asked Mr. Smith why Katharine didn't

Hurrell

Jeanette MacDonald (above) won't be hugging that gay dog, Chevalier, in "The Merry Widow"—but with "Captain" handy, Jeanette won't be lonesome. She's resting after "The Cat and the Fiddle"

American stars have the drawing power, say the British. So they hired Raquel Torres to rope in Don Alvarado in "Red Wagon"

use her married name on the stage. His answer was: "What! Two Kate Smiths before the public?"

Mary Back to the Stage

ANOTHER famous screen star, who also got her start on the stage, has likewise gone back to Broadway temporarily. We mean Mary Pickford, who made her adult stage début on January 8, 1913, and received favorable notices. Pleading self-consciousness after being away from the footlights for so many years, she said she would have to get used to herself "in person" all over again. So, to get used to herself and to audiences, she signed for personal appearances, five times a day, in both New York and Chicago—playing a scene from "A Church Mouse." The crowds turned out and they applauded. It looks as if Mary's hunch that a change might do her good was a happy one.

Living a Full Life

RIGHT after announcing that she was divorcing Douglas Fairbanks after thirteen years of marriage, Mary said she "wanted to get away from Hollywood for a little while." So off she rushed to New York, dodging all questions en route and on her arrival about the divorce. (MOTION PICTURE scored a real "scoop" in getting her to talk on the subject. See page 30!) And in New York she didn't do a Garbo act to get away from inquiring reporters, either. She talked to them on every subject they wanted her to—except THAT one. She went skating in Central Park. She was to be seen in swanky clubs. Photographers took scores of pictures of her, all smiling. Mary isn't pining away . . .

Doug Drops in on Joan

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., arrived in Hollywood from England to make "Success Story," friends prevented Joan Crawford from going to the airport to meet him. And they almost had to use force. Joan didn't see why she shouldn't, but the friends knew what a newspaper uproar such a spontaneous reunion would provoke; they could visualize the hinting headlines. However, she 'phoned Doug at once and invited him over to the house to get a birthday present that she had bought for him.

They greeted each other by shaking hands (no kisses) and then Joan took his arm and showed him around the house, pointing out the new curtains she had bought since he was there last, and the new puppies 'n' things, ending their tour in the living room. About that time Franchot Tone appeared on the scene. Was there any embarrassment? No! Doug and Franchot greeted each other cordially and sat down to talk shop, discussing the rôle in "Success Story" that Franchot had played on the stage and Doug was to play on the screen. Joan was almost forgotten for two hours . . .

The Crawford-Fairbanks divorce becomes final in May.

Imagine His Embarrassment

NOBODY was able to keep the press from meeting Doug at the airport. And the first question hurled at him as he stepped out (very much Bond Street as to clothes) was: "Do you expect to have Lady Ashley for a step-mother?"

Doug confessed afterward that he would have loved to poke the nose-for-news of the masculine-looking lady who popped that at him, but he answered, "Lady Ashley? Hm, let's see—do I know a Lady Ashley? The name sounds familiar——"

The next question was: "Are you going to let Franchot Tone marry Joan?"

That was too much even for Doug's new *sang-froid.* He didn't wait for the third question, which was: "And when are *you* going to marry Gertrude Lawrence?"

However, confirmation of his alleged marriage plans from Doug, himself, was apparently not considered necessary. For news dispatches forthwith went out from Hollywood with the definite announcement that he "will" marry Gertrude Lawrence, English musical comedy actress, in May. It wasn't just rumored; it was stated as a fact. The next day, from London, came dispatches quoting Gertrude as denying any such marriage plans, saying, "The young gentleman has not asked me yet. It's quite untrue." The London dispatch, for some strange reason, ended with the statement that Doug was 26 and Gertrude, 35. And what does that prove? Gloria Swanson is considerably older than Michael Farmer; and that applies, too, to Mrs. Gable and Clark.

Welbourne

After five years of marriage, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson (above) are still tearing their hearts out for each other—and wish they could do a picture together. Maybe they will, after Ruby finishes "Dames." Al just completed "Wonder Bar"

Miehle

Want to find out what a good skate really is? Just follow the lead of Adele Thomas, new RKO "find," who has invented Skataplaning. That wheel can go 45 miles an hour

If they ever make a picture called "Lightfoot Parade," Hal Le Roy will top the cast. This youngster from Broadway can out-step any of 'em. He got his movie start in two-reelers. Now he's a full-fledged hero, playing the title rôle in "Harold Teen"

Lazarnick

Beau Menjou Among 'Em

DOUG, JR., as well as his father, received honorable mention in the recent balloting of the aristocratic tailors of London, New York and Hollywood to name the ten best-dressed men in the world. Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, George Raft, Robert Montgomery and Warner Baxter also received honorable ment on. The only screen star to land in the top ten was—of course—Adolphe Menjou, who possesses a wardrobe of more than a hundred suits.

The size of his wardrobe was prominently mentioned in the news stories of the vote. Maybe Adolphe felt that there was an insinuation that he was included for the quantity, rather than the quality, of his suits—which obviously show him to be a great supporter of the tailoring industry. Anyway, Adolphe issued the statement that a man can be well-dressed if he has three suits—one dark blue "for semi-formal occasions"; one, a well-cut tweed (preferably with knickers to match) "for knock-about and sports wear"; and a brown (or a dark mixture) "for neat street wear." He discounted evening clothes as not necessary to the wardrobe of a well-tailored man. Which sounds like treason, coming from Adolphe—who is best known for his dress suits and top hats.

And what comprises a well-dressed man in the eyes of the tailors? He's a

(*Continued on page 76*)

How HOLLYWOOD Likes Its Legal Liquor

The stars didn't go wild on Repeal Night. They stayed right at home—in their own swelegant barrooms. And what are their ideas about serving drinks? Look over a few of them!

By JACK GRANT

ALL over the country on the night of December 5th, merrymaking marked the end of what a few people still call a "noble experiment." By an overwhelming vote, the citizens of the United States had repealed the Eighteenth Amendment and ratified the Twenty-First. It was time for celebration. And how was Hollywood celebrating?

You've never enjoyed brandy, points out Sally Rand (left), unless you've first inhaled its bouquet from a brandy "snifter." And for cordials, liqueurs and beer, you really need the three different glasses that stand before her

Rhodes

Left, Joan Bennett plays barmaid to husband Gene Markey in their own private barroom, which is white with green trimmings

Wide World

'S everybody happy? Colleen Moore (right) pours "a wee one" for Dick Powell, while Jean Harlow and Mary Brian wait to hear "Sweet Adeline"

"We may think we're having fun," the rest of the country said, "but we can't hold a candle to what Hollywood must be doing tonight. The movie crowd will paint that town a red that is a red."

We, in Hollywood, had the same idea. As a consequence, the Boulevard took on the air of a Mardi Gras festival. Crowds thronged the streets, all seeking a glimpse of stars Making Whoopee. Obviously, the crowds had turned out merely as sightseers and had no intention of taking part in the celebration, themselves. Unfortunately, however, there was no revelry to see. There was liquor, liquor everywhere, and hardly a star in sight. Motion Picture Magazine had photographers and reporters stationed in every night-club and popular restaurant in town. As reward for our pains, we had a lot of other photographers and reporters from the daily newspapers to keep us company. In every instance, representatives of the press outnumbered the guests. At the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, perhaps twenty couples danced to the music of Gus Arnheim. The Ambassador had a slightly larger crowd, the Roosevelt a few less.

What's home without a bar? That's the cry in fashionable Beverly Hills—where Chester Morris (in circle) has one of the best. It's concealed behind a sliding bookcase in his library. "How about an egg-nog—Virginia style, suh?" asks Jack Holt (below), humming "Auld Lang Syne"

When better bars are built, movie folk will build them. Left, Arline Judge and the Wesley Ruggles' bar

Left, Bruce Cabot mixes a tall one for Adrienne Ames at the marble bar in their playroom

As early as eleven o'clock, the Vendome Restaurant closed its doors for the night. The several Brown Derbys and Sardi's stayed open in anticipation of after-the-fight patronage—which, as it turned out, was lighter than usual. Some of the other cafés were crowded, but not with film folks.

At the Clover Club, where the Goddess of Chance mingles with the Great God Bacchus, picture "names" were none too profuse. At the Colony Club, admittedly one of the smallest gatherings in months attended. Practically the only fellow who appeared to be celebrating was Nils Asther. He sat by himself at one end of the Colony bar nearly all evening. Next morning, the papers announced the granting of Vivian Duncan's final decree of divorce from Nils. So apparently it wasn't a Prohibition issue after all.

Repeal Sobered 'Em

ONLY one conclusion can be reached after the December 5th fiasco in the night spots of Hollywood. Repeal has had a sobering effect on this town. In fact, there was one case in a downtown restaurant where the proprietor appeared before his guests to announce, "Utah has just ratified the Repeal

(*Continued on page 90*)

I hereby testify that this story contains material never before published.

Subscribed and sworn to
before me this 20th
day of December, 1933.

L. M. Miller

By
GLADYS HALL

SECRETS *of the* STARS

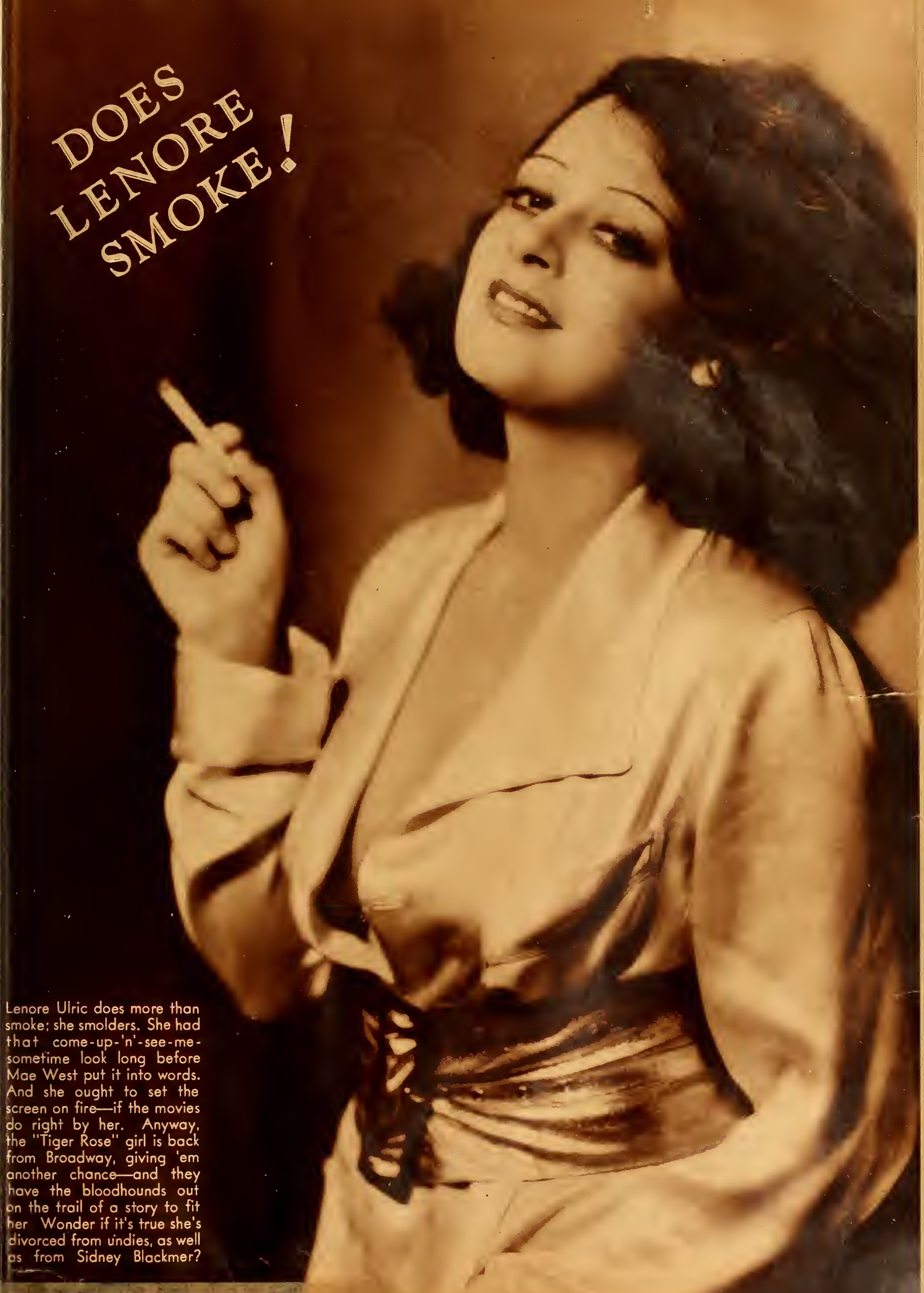
4. CONSTANCE BENNETT tells—for the first time—*how* and *when* and *why* she nearly became a nun!

MOTION PICTURE is out to give you dramatic true stories about stars—revelations that you have never read before—secrets that they have never told before. Here is a vivid sample—Constance Bennett's own story about the experience that has "secretly" influenced her whole life and career. (And when Connie says something, it's news.) It's guaranteed exclusive with MOTION PICTURE. And other secrets of other stars are coming—big secrets of big stars! —*Editor*.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, as feminine as filigree, speaks and thinks with a man's directness, a man's force. When she says something, she means it. She said to me, "I have two secrets, if you wish to call them that. I have two—well, *things* in my life about which I prefer not to talk. The first and most important is my small son. I know that you are going to ask me to talk about him. Everyone has. There is no sort of use in asking

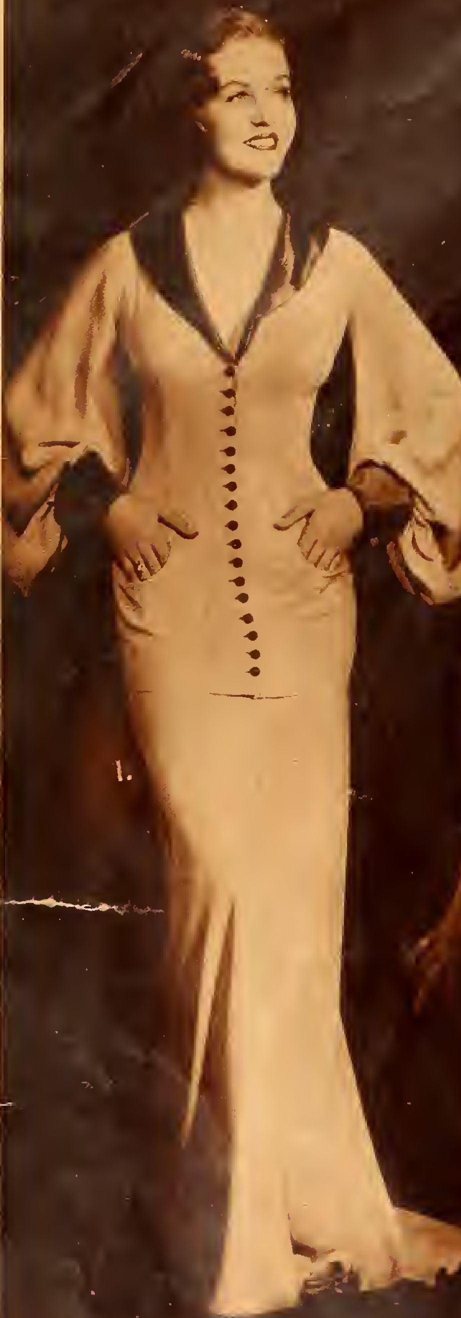
(*Continued on page 69*)

DOES LENORE SMOKE!



Lenore Ulric does more than smoke; she smolders. She had that come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime look long before Mae West put it into words. And she ought to set the screen on fire—if the movies do right by her. Anyway, the "Tiger Rose" girl is back from Broadway, giving 'em another chance—and they have the bloodhounds out on the trail of a story to fit her Wonder if it's true she's divorced from undies, as well as from Sidney Blackmer?

DID YOU EVER HEAR A DREAM GOWN TALKING? LISTEN TO THESE!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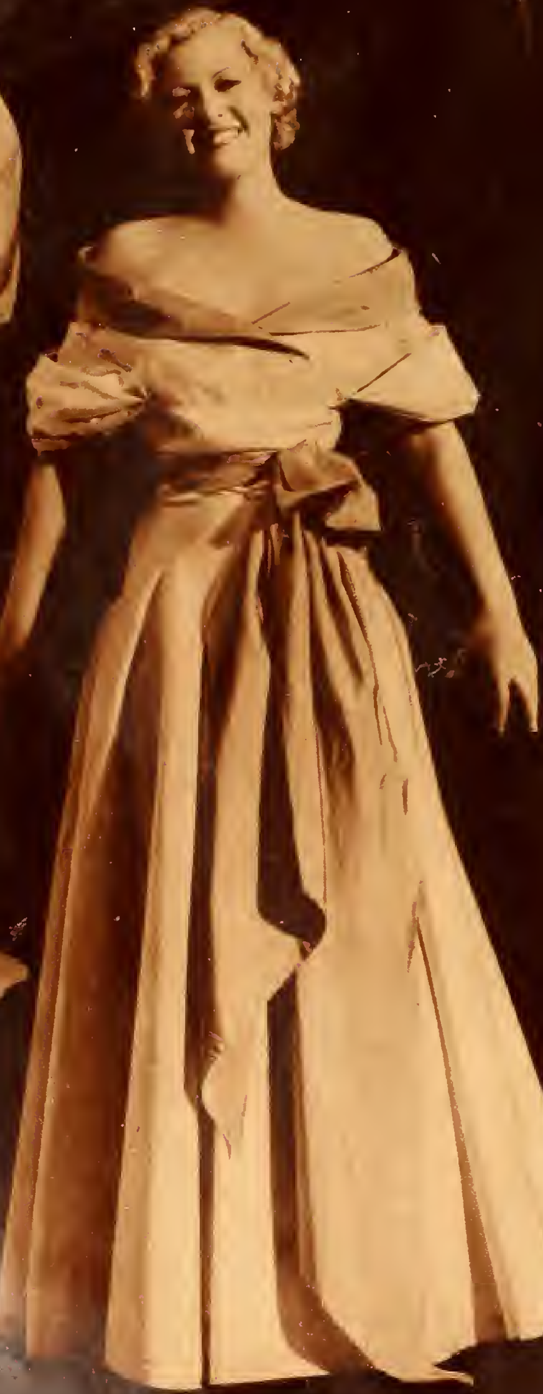
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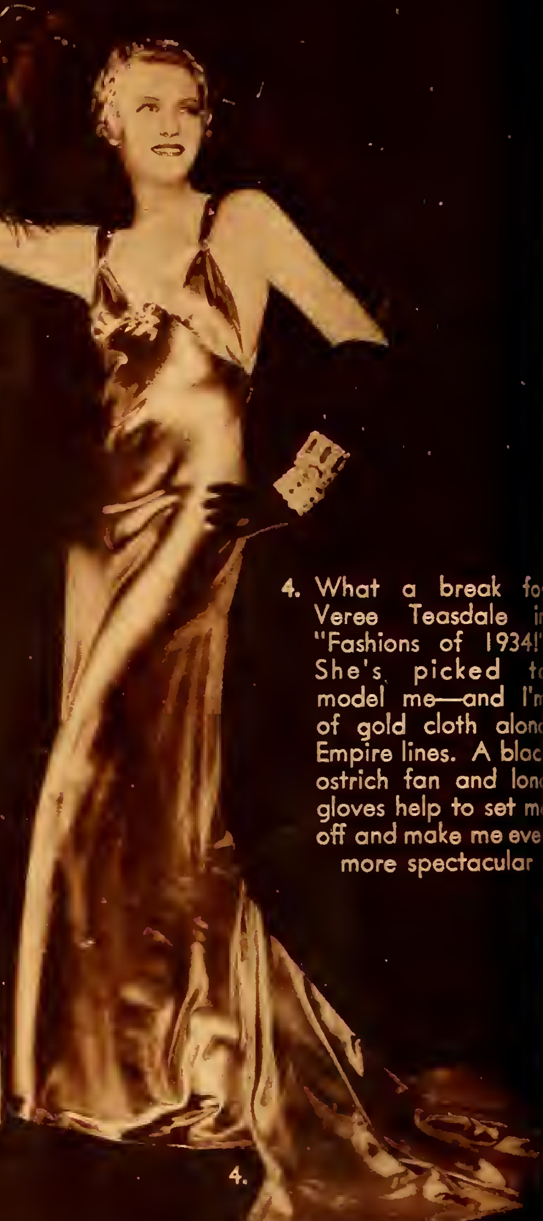
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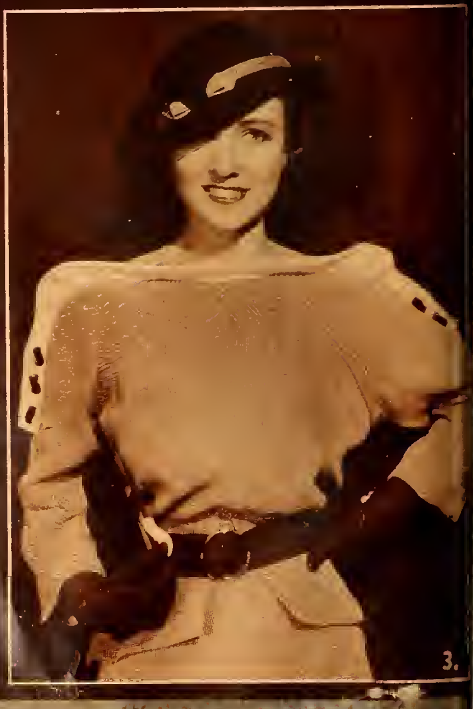

3.

1. I am a hostess gown with the power to charm you, my dear, and I consist of a trailing skirt and hip-length jacket of Nile green crêpe, with brown satin trim and buttons. Patricia Ellis is my model

2. You'd smile, too, if you could wear me while dancing as Claire Augrot is doing. I am of taffeta—pink and blue—and I think you'll like my new lines, in the off-the-shoulder neckline and bouffant skirt

3. I hate to boast, but words like "chic" and "smart" couldn't begin to describe me. Brown-and-white-striped silk with white piqué across the front neckline—that's me! (Modeled by Margaret Lindsay)

4. What a break fo
Veree Teasdale i
"Fashions of 1934!'
She's picked t
model me—and I'
of gold cloth alon
Empire lines. A bla
ostrich fan and lon
gloves help to set m
off and make me eve
more spectacular

Paris gowns and coats cost plenty, but when girls carry ostrich fans, that's when their overhead is high. So two style racketeers — William Powell and Bette Davis (below)—corner the market on feathers in "Fashions of 1934." They have other bright ideas, too—like staging a Parisian musical show in which even harps have sex appeal!

HEY'RE ALL AMONG
E "FASHIONS OF 1934"

Yessir, Stuart Erwin and Stuart, Jr.'s mama, June Collyer, are still as happy as the day they were married! (That was in July, 1931.) Just because a girl stops being an actress when she becomes a bride, does that mean that she'll stop being a wife when she becomes an actress again? Not in this case! June returns to the screen in "Before Midnight," with Stu's blessing. Stu is the lad who replaced Lee Tracy in "Viva Villa" after all that thunder over Mexico

Schafer

IT'S LOVE WITH THE ERWINS

Are They Making a *Goddess* Out of GARBO ?

Do you realize to what extent this silent, solitary "woman of mystery" is actually worshiped? This story will open your eyes!

By JAMES M. FIDLER

GRETA GARBO is fast becoming a myth. This woman, pale and strange, with great mournful eyes and hollow cheeks like the face of some medieval martyr, is a living legend. Her solitude, her strange aversion to being seen by her fellow-humans, her communion with Nature, her silence—the most un-understandable quality to Hollywood—all these set her apart from the noisy, eager, pulsing life around her. Being incomprehensible, mysterious and baffling, she is becoming endowed with supernatural qualities. Like a goddess.

On her lonely walks in shadowy canyons, they whisper, wild creatures follow her, and the birds alight on her shoulders. *Women and men come from far to see and touch Garbo.* They cry that they are sure their ills will be miraculously cured under her fingers. Cripples, the blind and deaf, the hopelessly afflicted—all scream to reach her; they regard her as a miracle-healer. These people, rich and poor alike, come bearing gifts—as to the shrine of a goddess.

None ever reaches Garbo. Garbo is beyond reach. Even Hollywood cannot reach the glamourous Swedish actress. In a town that has few reverences, mention of her name never fails to create a breathless suspense, an air of expectancy. To have said to a group of early Yankees, "The headless horseman is coming!" could not have created more excitement than the whisper, on Hollywood Boulevard, "Here comes Garbo!"

For Garbo is a legend even in Hollywood. Except for brief glimpses of her as she rides from studio to home in her ancient sedan, or quick visions of her fleeting figure as she hurries from her dressing-room to her sets, Hollywood never sees Garbo.

Whoever has stood within the shadows of studio walls and heard those fateful words—"Here comes Garbo!"—must remember the awed curiosity, the almost reverential frenzy, that greeted the announcement. No congregation of people in Hollywood is too important—or too *unimportant*—to fail to pale at mention of the mysterious star's presence. Stars, producers, directors, "extras"—all bow at her shrine.

Strange, indeed, are the countless stories that are told about Garbo. Almost unbelievable are any number of them—like the legends that gather and grow about the life of some pale medieval mystic.

It is true, for example, that so great a star as Katharine Hepburn worships Garbo to such an extent that she went to her own studio executives and begged permission to work as an "extra" during the filming of "Queen Christina," in order that she might observe at close range the mysterious Garbo charm and technique. And there are "extra" girls who swear

(*Continued on page* 72)

GARBO ?

Well, if it isn't Greta—who is it? Look at those long, long lashes, those meditatin' eyes, that moody mouth, the contour of her face! She's the girl M-G-M had under contract a year—just in case Garbo didn't come back. Her name is Kathryn Sergava, and she's Russian. Yeah—Russian for stardom as a Garbo rival who looks the part, Warners' "Bedside" and "Hi, Nellie"

Almost Divorced After Three Weeks of Marriage!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

ALONG with two or three other couples (choose your own risks), Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, are among the few remaining "happy marriages" of Hollywood that the natives would be willing to bet on. And yet exactly three weeks after their sudden runaway marriage, Dixie sent a lawyer to Bing for the sole and exclusive reason of informing that amazed young man that she was divorcing him!

The present happy marriage of Bing and Dixie is one of the strangest and most unique love stories ever to come out of Hollywood. Where Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., William Powell and Carole Lombard, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson and all the other EX-love-birds started out with love and kisses, Bing and Dixie started out with "scenes" and quarrels and one big "blow-up" that missed the divorce court by about the breadth of Jean Harlow's eyebrows. And thereby hangs this amusing story that Bing told me just before he started "We're Not Dressing."

Bing Crosby can laugh about it now—but his marriage to Dixie Lee got off to the world's worst start. Let him tell you about it!

Now, I'm not going to say that Bing is the hottest box-office bet on the screen at the present moment, because Wallace Beery or Jimmy Durante might get sore about it. But the Voice With The Love Call is plenty *caliente*. It is estimated that after a short visit of perhaps two or three years on the Sun-Kissed Coast, the Crosby sock will be bulged by about one million dollars—inflation or no inflation. It was once reported that as Marion Davies' co-star in "Going Hollywood" he was getting $50,000! That was a mistake; what he actually received was $65,000! He isn't doing twenty-six weeks on the radio this Fall for coffee-and-crullers, either. And when you count personal appearances and maybe a Broadway show thrown in for good measure—well, there are plenty of people who would rather be Crosby than lucky.

They're Harmonizing Now

WITH his private life, everything is equally hotsy! Ever since Dixie Lee Crosby let her hair "go back" to its natural chestnut shade, she has been about the prettiest thing this side of Jeanette MacDonald. But she's letting her husband do all the screen acting for the family these days. There are gentlemen of the village who are more impressed with the Crosby luck after a glimpse of Dixie than they are with his complete income

(*Continued on page 86*)

Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test!

There's only one way to know how good your chances might be in the movies—give yourself the tests that Hollywood would give you. Here they are. Be honest with yourself in trying them. And if you pass—read how you can call the fact to Hollywood's attention without spending a cent!

William Watson, test director at Fox, says movies aren't searching for beauty—but for interesting *faces*

A TEST FOR AVERAGE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS

Are you between seventeen and twenty-five years of age?

Are you of normal height? (A girl should not be more than 5 feet, 7 inches; and a man should stand at least 5 feet, 9 inches—with six-footers preferred. Abnormally-sized women or under-sized men create casting problems that count heavily against a newcomer's chances.)

Are you too fat? Too thin? (No chart of weights can be given as average, without taking height into consideration. The important factor is how you photograph. Although the camera does strange tricks, they are seldom in your favor.)

Have you a physical deformity of any sort?

Are your hands shapely and graceful? (Remember, hands play a big part in acting.)

Are your legs straight? Your ankles well-formed?

Are you in good health and able to withstand the rigors of hard work and long hours?

ARE you one of the vast horde of aspiring amateurs who believe that only a lack of opportunity stands between you and stardom in the movies? Your belief may be well-founded or it may be just another case of self-delusion. Few people possess that rare faculty of being absolutely honest with themselves—of viewing impartially their faults or virtues. You must be honest with yourself or you cannot profit from the Hollywood talent tests that we present herewith. They are the tests that Hollywood would give you.

To begin with, you should know that the mathematical possibilities are decidedly against you or any other amateur. According to statistics compiled by all studios during 1933, only one out of eighteen hundred applicants ever gets beyond the first interview. One out of five given second consideration—or one out of nine thousand original applicants—*actually receives a screen test.* This may appear to be an extremely low percentage, but you have no conception of the number of people who erroneously believe that they are potential film stars or personalities.

Of those tested, one out of twelve gets a job—which means a contract for a single picture or, at best, a three or six-months agreement with options. Nor is the battle ended there. Only one out of the six who are signed ever rises to the featured player class. The other five continue to play unimportant bits, then vanish. There are no available figures on the percentage who reach featured rôles and yet find stardom just beyond their grasp.

But even in the face of these statistics, the fact remains that never in the history of the motion picture industry has there been such demand for new faces and new talent as now. In the last twelve months, no less than two hundred contests—national, international and sectional—have been conducted by film companies with the object of bringing to light promising screen material. In most instances, the contests had to do with the discovery of a personality for a specific rôle such as the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland," for which more than sixty-eight hundred girls were tested.

While contests are conducted with much public ballyhoo and resultant newspaper space, there is also a great

Al Kaufman, Paramount executive, says that if you think you have movie possibilities, don't rush to Hollywood; make Hollywood come to you. He tells you how!

Richee

By JACK GRANT

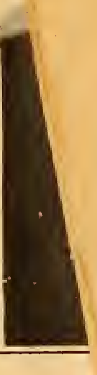
amount of activity about which you seldom hear. It approaches a tremendous espionage system, with every film exchange manager and newsreel cameraman asked by his company to recommend likely prospects. Likewise, movie directors keep their eyes open for new faces. There is nothing that brings greater joy to a director's soul than a *bona fide* "discovery." In addition, several of the studios employ men as talent scouts. They tour the country as do the "ivory hunters" of baseball constantly in search of material.

We have talked in recent months many of these talent scouts and fro their observations the accompanyi Hollywood talent tests were compil The information contained in the te can be applied to your own case and y may thereby honestly determine yourself your chances of achieving a f career.

In the majority of instances, talent scouts requested that their na be deleted from this chronicle. reason why they wish to ren anonymous is obvious. It was necess therefore, for us to seek two st executives for elaboration of some of the points included in the talent tests.

William W. Watson is the special test director at Fox Films. He has just returned from a tour of the entire United States, on which he visited Little Theatre groups, dropping in unexpectedly and unannounced to watch a performance or two. As a result of the tests he made on this trip, six newcomers to the screen have been given Fox contracts.

"I was lucky," Bill Watson will tell you, "to find as many as six. And remember, my search was mainly among people with at least some professional experience. The physical requirements of motion pictures bar many actors of unquestioned ability. On the stage, ability alone can win them success. On the screen, they must also be physically attractive.



Toby Wing passed all three of these tests—without trying—the first time Al Kaufman saw her. Presto!—a contract. She has what it takes to make strangers turn their heads

A TEST YOUR MIRROR WILL ANSWER

Are your features regular?

Do your eyes match? In color? In size

Are your teeth straight or—more importan—is the shape of your mouth normal? (A good dentist can do much to straighten teeth, but he cannot alter the shape of a jawbone.)

Do you show too much of your gums above your teeth when you smile or laugh?

Have you a receding chin? A protruding chin? (Either is equally bad, photographically.)

Does your face reflect emotions naturally—that is, when you talk, do your expressions change with the mood of the conversation?

Have you answered these questions honestly, or have you given yourself the benefit of vanity?

A TEST FOR PERSONALITY

Do you stand out from the crowd?

Are you the most popular member of your own set?

At public functions, do strangers ask to be introduced to you because they have been impressed by your appearance?

Are you the glory or the despair of the "stag line" at a dance?

Do you "sit out" dances because of preference or because you cannot find a partner?

Have you more "dates" than you can possibly accept?

Do you meet people easily or are you shy and self-conscious? Are you poised, conversationally?

Have you based your answers upon what others think of you, or upon what you think of yourself?

The Kind of Faces They Want

"DON'T misunderstand me. Beauty is not the prime requisite. Few of our stars to-day possess classical beauty of face. But their faces are invariably *interesting*. They arrest attention. We can collect great beauties in wholesale lots, but usually there isn't a personality in a carload.

"I'm not going to attempt to define that elusive quality called 'personality.' You either have it or you don't have it. And even if you do, it isn't always caught by the motion picture camera. The camera does strange tricks—which is the reason why screen requirements must be as stringent as they are.

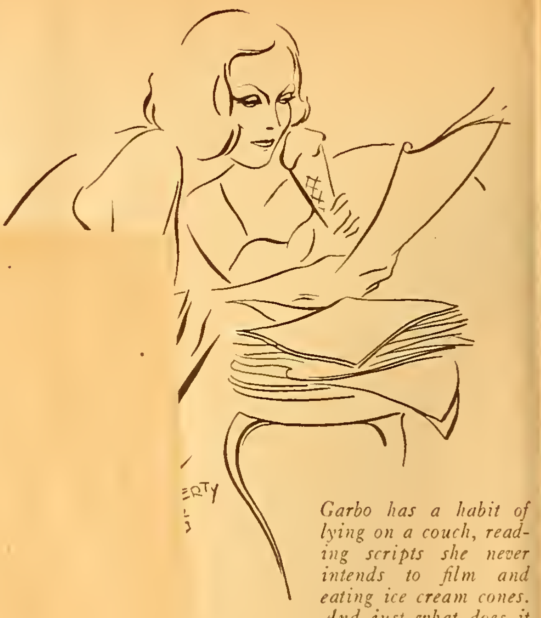
"Any deformity, however slight, is magnified a thousand times by the camera. There are some things—like hair, eyebrows and lashes, freckles, or a bad complexion—that are not serious drawbacks. They can be cured by expert make-up. But no make-up man in the world can cure eyes that do not match.

"You may be surprised to learn the difficulties that we have with eyes. Often one eye is larger than its mate and the difference in size looks comic in close-ups. The camera is unkind to eyes that are too black. It makes them look like shoe-buttons. Eyes that are too light a blue fail to photograph at all. And the cases where a pair of eyes differ in color are more numerous than you may believe.

"I recall a test watched by more than twenty executives. 'Nice smile,' one commented after the test had been run. 'Didn't see the smile,' almost chorused the others. 'Cou'dn't see anything but her odd eyes.' The reason happened to be that this girl's

(*Continued on page 74*)

Take a long, searching look at them—and
you'll be looking into the stars' inner selves.
Their MANNERISMS ALL!



Garbo has a habit of lying on a couch, reading scripts she never intends to film and eating ice cream cones. And just what does it all signify?

YOU D YOUR
S
You K Habits

MANNERISMS have meanin
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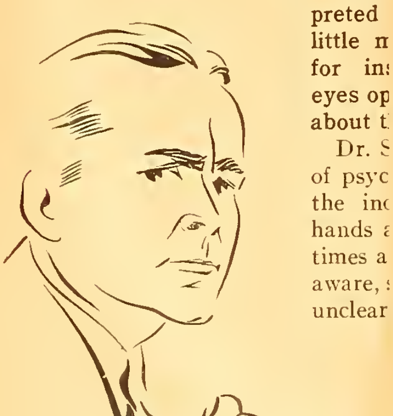


Does James Dunn reveal an inferiority complex by this habit?

its can reve
in mind.

The Four Marx Brothers, for instance,

dio silently—and separately. They
t a time. When they meet people on
ed as to seem negative—at first. Just
ttle parlor game of psycho-analysis, I
etness of the Marx Brothers is their
hem that they are too noisy and ob-
hat they come in separately and never
nscious proving to them that each one
on, and in no need of his brothers.
s talks to people in a husky whisper.
uld never dream that he can sing as he
nost suspect him of a voice impediment.
think *that* proves? I believe I have an

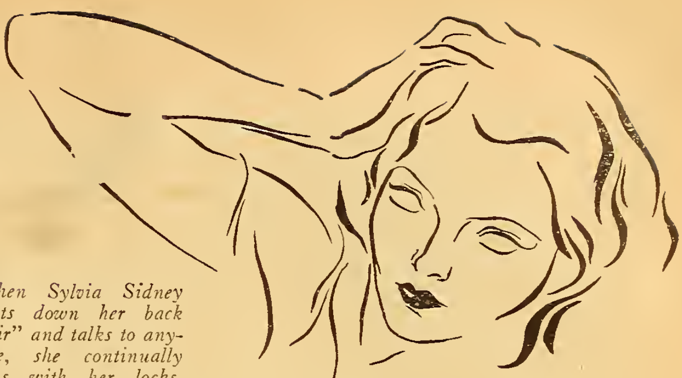
vey is being interviewed, she always taps
n of her chair, tap-tap-tap, a nervous tattoo
every time she tells of some incident in her
under her breath, the little German phrase,
neans "good luck." All of which is—you've
eeply sensitive nervous system seeking these
a flash of superstition.

Jimmy Needs Gestures

N invariably emphasizes what he has to say by
the palm of his left hand with the clenched fist
If I may be Dr. Freud for one moment, I should
say s a manifestation of the good, old gray-bearded
inferiority complex. Jimmy's sub-conscious is warning him that what he puts into words is not powerful or purposeful enough.

By FAITH SERVICE

Illustrations by JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.



When Sylvia Sidney "lets down her back hair" and talks to anyone, she continually toys with her locks. Maybe, like Will Rogers, she finds the habit a brain stimulant

He tries to make his words seem stronger by hammering with his fist.

Nils Asther always raises one eyebrow high and twisted above the other when he talks to anyone. This may be a "defense mechanism," as well as mannerism. He may be silently challenging his listener to try to stop listening or to doubt his statements.

Lawrence Tibbett has the mannerism, if I may call it such, of standing on his head and walking about the room on his hands. He usually performs this somewhat amazing feat just before a performance. He says it clears his brain and his throat. Well, mebbe. But I'd rather page M. Freud on *that* one.

Greta Garbo (now this is a scoop!) spends her off-the-set hours lying on a gray couch, reading synopses of pictures she never intends to make and munching on one ice-cream cone (vanilla) after another. It isn't the ice cream she is interested in. It must be the cone. In days of old, the Goddess Ista, or Ishta or something of the sort, was worshiped by the rite of cones thrust into her temple by her adorers. You can draw your own conclusions . . .

Wallace Beery's little habit is to whittle sticks of wood and whistle while he whittles. He doesn't whittle anything special, you understand. He just whittles. He told me one time that the ambition of his life, secretly, is to do absolutely nothing. Wally's sub-conscious takes care of him in this way.

Why George Looks That Way

GEORGE O'BRIEN has the mannerism of always staring the person he is talking to straight in the eye. So direct and unwavering is his gaze that it is almost embarrassing. You wonder what you have done or what you are suspected of. George says that his father taught him this trick when he was a little lad. He was timid of people as a small boy. His father told him that if you can stare and outstare any man or woman with whom you come into contact, you will never know fear or self-consciousness. You will find yourself master of every person and every situation. Try it some time . . .

Jean Harlow steadily and persistently polishes her already lacquered fingernails. Whenever she has an idle moment, in between scenes, in her dressing-room, wherever she happens to be, she polishes and polishes at the nails of one hand with the buffer in her other hand. Is she hands-conscious, or what? She usually plays Bing Crosby or Mae West records while she is a'shinin' . . .

Marie Dressler always naps between scenes, engagements, conversations or what-have-you. Doubtless this is her sub-conscious coöperating with Louis B. Mayer and ordering her to rest.

Will Rogers pulls constantly at a lock of hair when he gets interested in talking to people, or, sometimes, when he first meets someone and is feeling shy. He says the gentle pulling of the hair stimulates his brain.

Herbert Mundin, on the other hand, always pulls at the lobe of his left ear. Asked why he supposed he did this little trick, he said it may be because the gesture will suggest to other people that they have ears, too, and perhaps it might be nice if they would use them to listen to him.

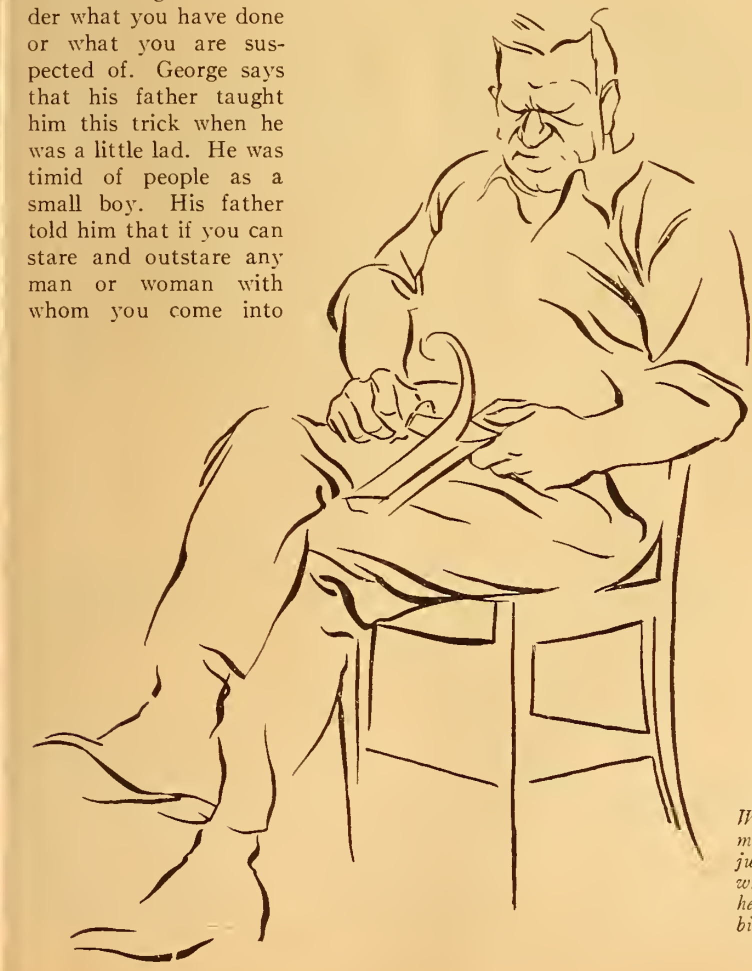
Clark Is Time-Conscious

CLARK GABLE has the habit, or the mannerism, of always looking at a clock. If there doesn't happen to be one in his immediate vicinity or if he happens to be without his wrist-watch, he will go almost any distance to find one. He may have seen or been told the time half an hour before. That makes no difference. I think there would be something here about a sub-conscious dread of the rapid passing of time . . .

Whenever Jack Oakie enters the studio, a party, a café or any place where people are gathered together, he invariably waves his arms about in the air and cries out, "Hi, neighbors!" Which is, of course, the deep and basic friendliness of Jack bubbling irrepressibly to the surface.

Jack La Rue clatters noisily through the gate of the studio or into the proper precincts of some salon. He is more like a noisy schoolboy than a suave, sleek gangster. It may be his sub-conscious announcing to the world that Jack is not what they think he is . . .

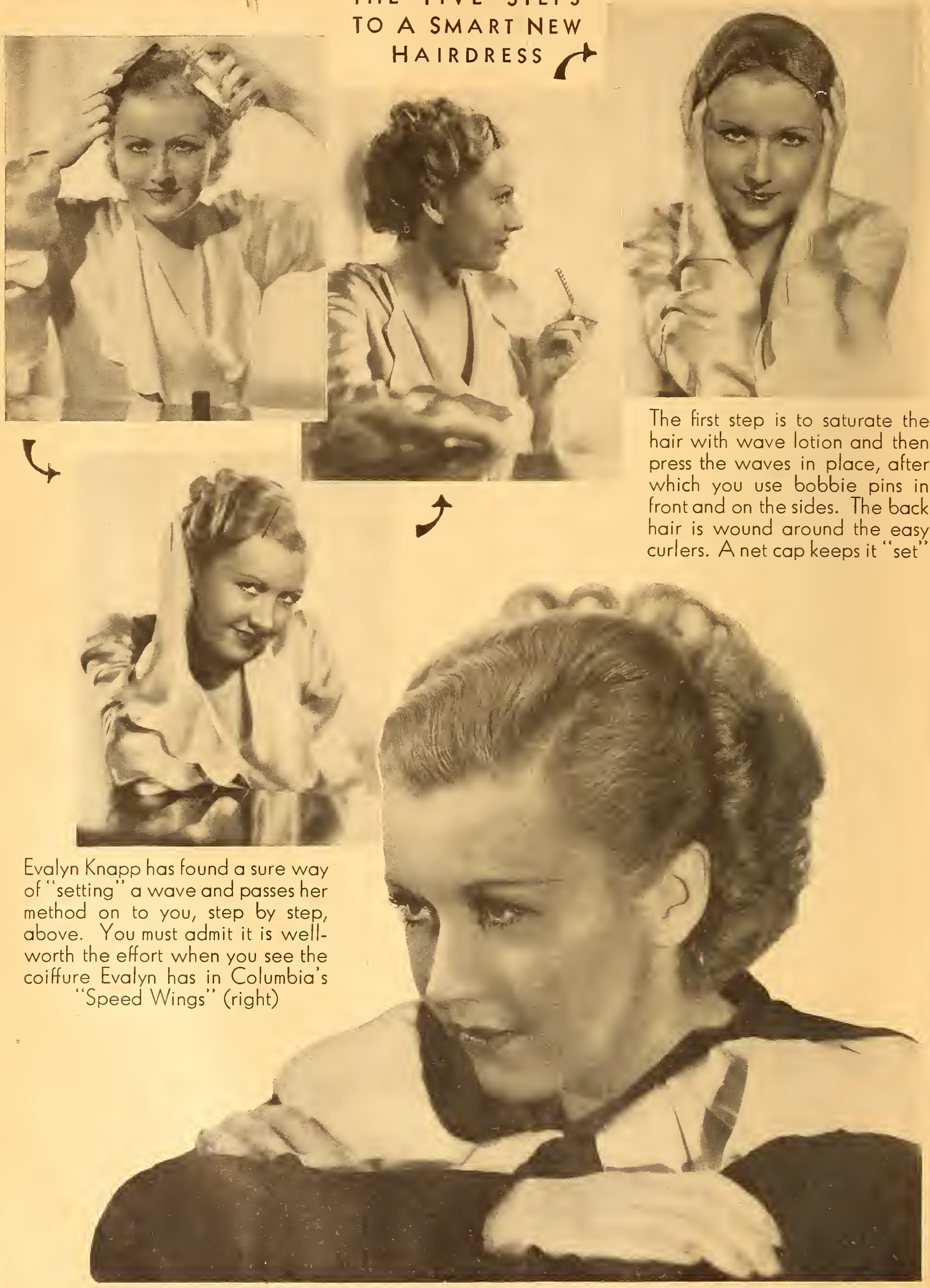
Douglass Montgomery tears the corners off books, theatre programmes, menus, newspapers, et cetera, et cetera and EATS them. This is your game, of course—but could Douglass have been a goatie in some past incarnation? Or what? Or why?



Wallace Beery spends many an idle hour, just whittling and whistling. You see, he has a secret ambition to do "absolutely nothing"

(*Continued on page 84*)

FOLLOW THE ARROWS—THEY POINT OUT THE FIVE STEPS TO A SMART NEW HAIRDRESS

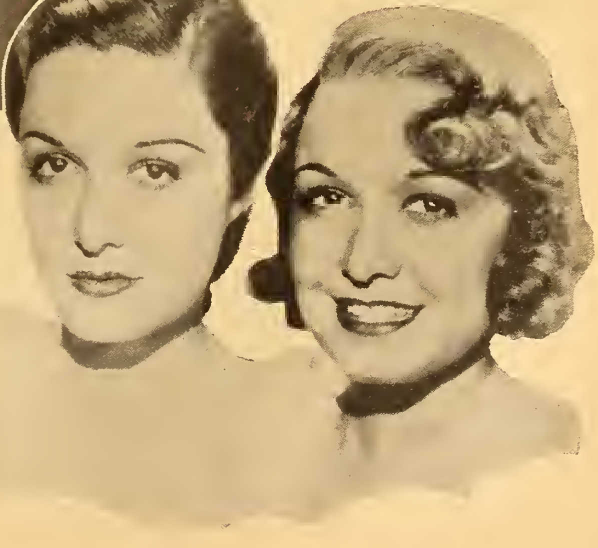


The first step is to saturate the hair with wave lotion and then press the waves in place, after which you use bobbie pins in front and on the sides. The back hair is wound around the easy curlers. A net cap keeps it "set"

Evalyn Knapp has found a sure way of "setting" a wave and passes her method on to you, step by step, above. You must admit it is well-worth the effort when you see the coiffure Evalyn has in Columbia's "Speed Wings" (right)

Evalyn wears a tiny comb on each side to get the off-the-ear effect. When combed out, the back is a mass of ringlets and the front has a soft, flat wave. Evalyn says to be sure to put the bobbie pins in every night, as well as wear the net. Every other night, wind the back curls up again to keep them!

If a girl has dark hair and finds blonde more suited to her real personality, she should become a blonde—like Gail Patrick, a brunette (left) who is a startling blonde above. Gail says you can change the shape of your face, too, by "doing" your hair differently. The flat, off-the-forehead hairdress, lower left, gives you a long thin face. For that round-faced look, lower right, just fluff and roll your hair



YOUR FACE MAY BE YOUR FORTUNE, BUT YOUR HAIR IS YOUR CROWNING GLORY

Go *See* 'Em!

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You—You Can't Go Wrong If You Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie Shopping

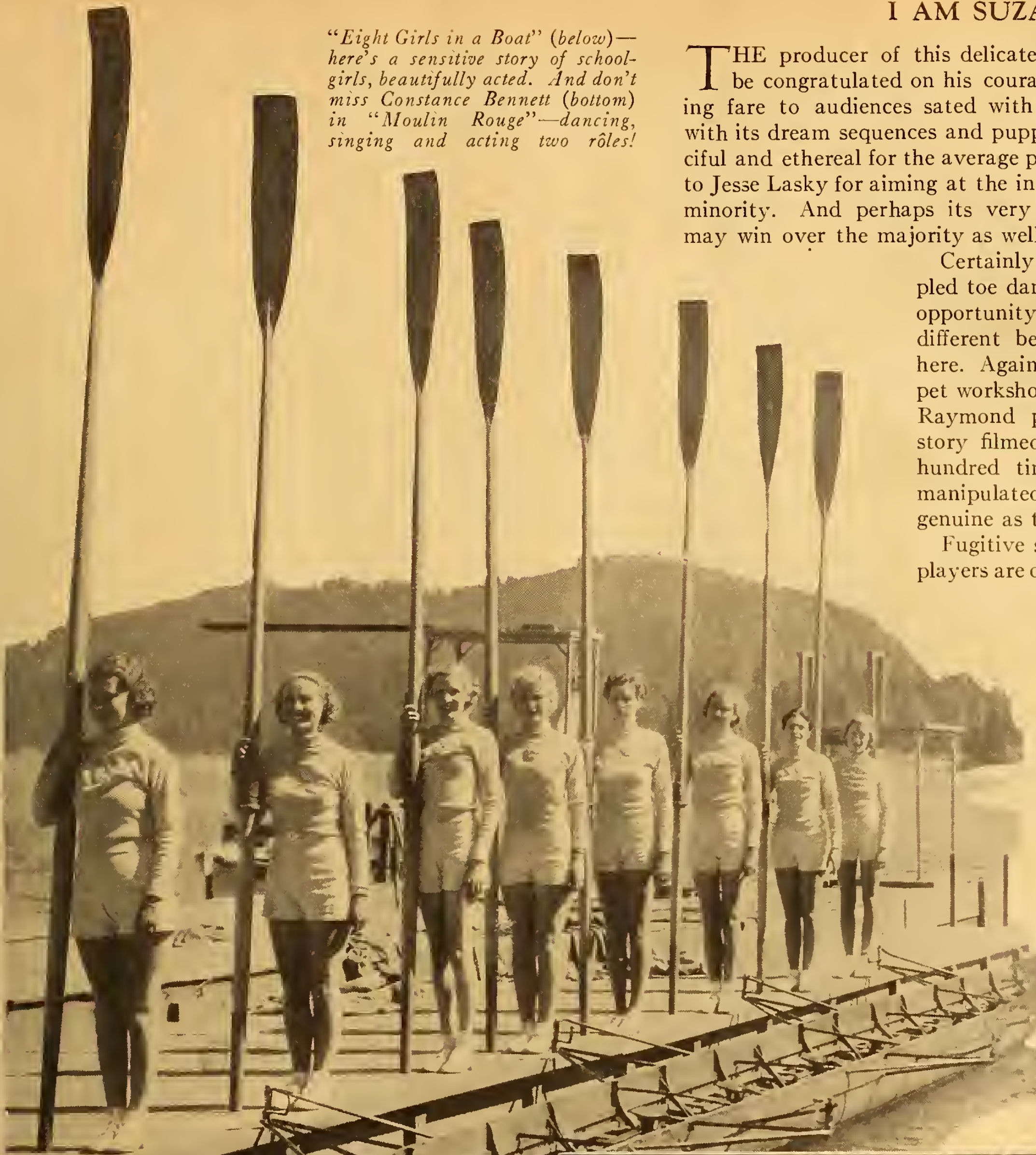
You're supposed to pity the poor Indians in "Massacre," but maybe you'll pity Ann Dvorak and Richard Barthelmess (left) for the rôles they drew. Lilian Harvey would melt the heart of the snowman (below), if he had one—in the novel fantasy, "I Am Suzanne"

MASSACRE

PITY the poor Indian, if you wish. Our pity is for Richard Barthelmess who, under a lavish application of dark grease-paint, plays this poor red man. Dick strives hard, almost too hard, to make a characterization from the propaganda handed him.

The fact that the start of the affair finds the Indian a wild-west star at the recent Chicago World's Fair is the melodrama's one claim to modernity. The rest of the story is a re-hash of tried and once-true situations from a score of yarns. Villainies over-run the piece until our hero, unable to bear more—a reaction his audience will likely share—ups and kills the dirty dog of a white man who ravished his sister. About to be railroaded for murder, he escapes in a jail-break made possible when his blood brothers go on the warpath. Rushing to Washington, he obtains a Senate committee hearing—the most subtle of many unconscious comedy touches. Exhausting

"Eight Girls in a Boat" (below)—here's a sensitive story of schoolgirls, beautifully acted. And don't miss Constance Bennett (bottom) in "Moulin Rouge"—dancing, singing and acting two rôles!



the familiar material, the picture fortunately ends without further complications when the boy gets a government job.

The whole thing is much too impossible to judge performances. If you must know, numbered among the unfortunate members of the cast are Ann Dvorak, Sidney Toler, Dudley Digges, Charles Middleton and Claire Dodd, the latter the only shining light, due perhaps to the brevity of her rôle.

There seems to be a movement on foot to make Dick a crusader for the downtrodden. But the realism of "Cabin in the Cotton" and "Heroes for Sale" is almost buried in "Massacre." (Warners)

I AM SUZANNE

THE producer of this delicate and beautiful picture is to be congratulated on his courage in offering such charming fare to audiences sated with sex stories. That the plot with its dream sequences and puppet shows may be too fanciful and ethereal for the average picture-goer adds to our debt to Jesse Lasky for aiming at the intelligent and artistic-minded minority. And perhaps its very novelty and sheer beauty may win over the majority as well.

Certainly Lilian Harvey, as the crippled toe dancer, has never had such an opportunity to display her curiously different beauty and naïve charm as here. Against the background of a puppet workshop and theatre she and Gene Raymond play out the neatest love story filmed in many a day. Several hundred tiny wooden actors cleverly manipulated by strings are almost as genuine as the flesh-and-blood cast.

Fugitive suggestions that the human players are only puppets worked by Fate and the strange love of the blond puppeteer for his wooden ladies keep the picture in a fantastic key throughout. Be sure to see "I Am Suzanne," if only to prove to yourself that you have good taste. (Fox)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT

FEW more sincere and compelling performances have ever been seen on the screen than this one given by Dorothy Wilson in "Eight Girls in a Boat." She will br your heart with her portrayal of a Swiss schoolgirl, bravely facing the disgrace of unwed maternity. When, after an unsuccessful attempt to tell her father of her condition, she

(Continued on page 82)

How to Get—*and Hold* —Your Boy-Friend

By SONIA LEE

"GETTING a man or holding a man is just a gag—a lot of gags used in the right way." So says Alice White, who has finally married writer Sidney (Cy) Bartlett, her "boy-friend," after an engagement of more than five years. In the Old Town Hall at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, they listened to the impressive long service, took their vows, exchanged simple gold wedding bands—and culminated one of the longest romances on the Hollywood record-books.

Alice White's marriage should be successful. The tempestuous courtship, interrupted by quarrels, has solved many of the problems that young couples usually encounter in their first year.

"Cy and I are just going to skip that first year," says Alice, "and start on our nice calm second year."

Alice, who looks as modern as they make them, has old-fashioned ideas about marriage and children. She wants her marriage to last—she wants at least two children. Maybe more. Her career, she hopes, will last five years—now that she has shown Hollywood what a comeback can really mean. After that, she looks forward to the prosaic life of a wife and a mother.

"Careers are grand," she declares, "but they get very tiresome. It's nice to make friends all over the world, but when you work every day, when you've got to pay so much attention to yourself, you don't really get a chance to do the things you want to do. I'm making grand new plans for my life. After all, when you're married, you must consider another person.

Read Alice White's rules. They make sense. And they must work. For she kept Cy Bartlett guessing for more than five years before she finally said "Yes" and married him!

Alice Has Lived and Learned

DURING those five long years Alice learned something about love—and about men. Something about the intricacies of the art of keeping love on its toes, without one chance of languishing with boredom. As few women have, Alice has mastered man's psychology—and knows to a split-second when a rule of love may well be applied.

"When you're married," declares Alice, "you're not supposed to keep each other on edge. Marriage isn't a gag. You don't expect to be tomfoolin' around. But when you're going with a boy—or even when you're engaged to him—well, that's another story. You've got to have a routine, if you're going to get or keep him.

"We live and learn—and school books cost money. I lived and I learned—oh, a lot of things about men.

"The trouble with most women is that they go ga-ga over a man, and they simply check their common sense. They forget all the rules for a girl in love.

"Every woman should have a phantom lover. I mean by this that she ought to manufacture an admirer to talk about and to keep her boy-friend guessing. Men like to be flattered, and if they think there's someone in the background just waiting to trot off with their girl—and that the girl isn't too unwilling—they're sure enough going to try their best to keep her amused and interested.

"Many a time I've sent flowers to myself—and arranged for them to arrive at the right time, which

(*Continued on page 78*)

"Waiting for summer"

costs you comfort and loveliness now!

Mrs. John A. McVickar, Jr., of New York City, showing her Eugene Permanent Wave given in late November, 1933. Mrs. McVickar says, "*The social season is twelve months long, and I want my hair* permanently *waved all through it. Thanks to Eugene, it is* that *way!*"

American women have a peculiar habit that chic Parisiennes and smart Londoners cannot understand. Over there, they keep their hair permanently waved all year long, so that their curls and undulations seem entirely natural *always.* Over here, some women think that permanent waves are only for summer-time convenience...and spend the rest of the year fussing with new-grown straight hair!

Don't wait for summer. Go to a hairdresser who does genuine Eugene Waving; enjoy the comfort, the convenience, the *beauty* of your Eugene Permanent Wave now*...and throughout the year.

All better hairdressers have new Eugene equipment that enables them to give you flattering waves and curls two or three times a year, as your straight hair grows in. They have special Eugene "Reverse-spiral" Sachets to take care of your short hair, and to make those smart little ringlets. They use genuine Eugene Sachets, approved by Good Housekeeping and identified by the Eugene trademark, "The Goddess of the Wave."

Be sure to see this trademark on the Sachets used. Then you can be certain that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent Wave... preferred the world over!

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by EUGENE

This Brochure shows the latest coiffure styles... as sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and beautifully reproduced in this special pamphlet. It also contains important advice by Eugene on the permanent wave you should get *now.* Send the coupon at once!

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(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)

"Girls who know this says

YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION.

RKO-Radio Star

SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer, lovelier *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

Nine out of ten glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin.

Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings!

YOU can have the *Charm* men

secret *always* win out" —

IRENE DUNNE

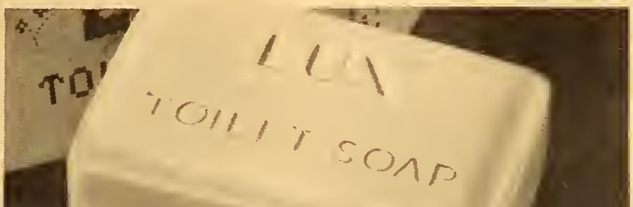
NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.

IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT—YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

can't resist

Precious Elements in this Soap—

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."



LUX TOILET SOAP
NRA
For EVERY Type of Skin . . *dry* . . *oily* . . *"in-between"*

She Can Show You How to Imitate Stars!

Florence Desmond—"Dessie to you," she says—is the cleverest little mimic Hollywood has ever seen. She's on her way to being a star, herself!

BY J. M. RUDDY

In imitating Zasu Pitts, Florence wears that droopy look and makes her hands coil in despair. If you heard her voice it would take on that what's-the-use-of-it-all tone. She's Zasu to the life

In doing Dietrich she works her eyes and voice—a true sketch

Florence impersonates Garbo to the manner born—not only catching her physical appearance but also her strange imperturbability

THE other night, a hard-boiled Hollywood preview audience acclaimed a stranger to the screen in a sensational, almost unprecedented fashion. It rose involuntarily to its feet in a tumult of cheering and applause. In her first American picture, with such stars as Will Rogers and Zasu Pitts, little hazel-eyed Florence Desmond, England's famous mimic, stole the show! They make stars of little girls who do things like that. . . .

In "Mr. Skitch," she was Garbo, Jean Harlow and Lupe Velez to the life. No one has ever seen any imitations to top these—except the one of Katharine Hepburn by this same Desmond girl. ("Dessie" to you is her pert request to her friends—and *you'll* call her Dessie.) But where, when and how did she develop this talent of hers?

She first came to this country, dancing and singing with Noel Coward in his tuneful "This Year of Grace." But it was not until she returned to England that she decided to specialize on mimicry. Finally, her phonograph record, "The Hollywood Party," made a hit on both sides of the Atlantic and New York imported her to do her stuff at the Embassy Club, where, with an extraordinary introduction by Jimmy Durante (extraordinary because "Schnozzle" appeared in a *tuxedo*) she scored a great hit.

Florence as herself. Note the impish quality of face denoting sheer mimicry

Until Dessie came to Hollywood, Tallulah Bankhead, Jimmy Durante, and Janet Gaynor were the only stars she had met. She was doing her impersonations of Garbo, Lupe Velez, Marlene Dietrich and Zasu Pitts from a study of their charac-

(Continued on page 92)

Take a headache for example

ALBERT DORNE

Maybe you over indulged the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the throbbing pain. Your headache *stops*. Your nerves are calmed and soothed. At the same time you are gently steadied, cheered up. And all the while, the needed alkali is being supplied to your blood.

Before you know it, your head clears . . . the pain is gone . . . you feel refreshed—like a new person!

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced compound* of five ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and reliable. It contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the economical family size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin.

It pays to make sure of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA
BROMO-SELTZER

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

HANDS LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE

"MEN WANT SO MUCH!"

They expect their girls to be good pals—and good lookers! They want us to romp with them by day—and romance at night. They don't consider that wind and weather roughen our hands—but they do *expect us to give them smooth hands to hold.*

FROSTILLA Lotion removes every sign of the double life our hands must lead! A drop or two of this famous preparation wards off chapping, redness, coarseness and other penalties of outdoor play. We massage in a bit before we go out, and every time we wash up; then we're *sure* that hands keep the white smoothness that men want!

They even please the masculine nose—for Frostilla Lotion is made fragrant with an imported and expensive floral perfume. And isn't *that* unusual in hand-lotions!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

fragrant
FROSTILLA
LOTION

Exclusive! Mary Pickford's Own Story!

(*Continued from page 31*)

talk of it between us. I have no idea when he is returning to America. I think he has no idea, either . . .

"I do want to say this—and even this phase of it I have never discussed before—I cannot understand the criticism of the press because Douglas is making, one, two or more pictures in England. Why NOT? Haven't a great many actors and actresses made pictures, done plays abroad? There has never been any particular comment about it. It has been accepted as a perfectly normal procedure. When English actors come to us here—Clive Brook, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman and others—we are glad to have them. We love them. There are no if's, and's or but's about it.

"Douglas is not taking American dollars out of America. He is being paid with English money. And that money is being spent right here in America, as well as in England. He is releasing through United Artists and because he is making a picture in England, he is helping America's quota by making it possible for this country to export to England one more picture, too. It figures something like that. His releasing through United Artists means money in the exchanges both here and abroad. It also means employment for a great many people.

"I do not believe that Douglas has, or ever has had, any intention of becoming an English citizen. He is too worldly-wise for that. The English would resent it quite as thoroughly as the Americans would. He has, undoubtedly, been misquoted on far more than one occasion.

"You know Douglas and his penchant for foreign places. He has always had exciting ideas and desires to live first here, then there. At one time it was Ceylon. He extolled the glories of Ceylon. It was the one place in the world to live. It was Paradise. At another time it was Peking. Now it is England. Douglas lives on a Magic Carpet all of the time—not only on the screen. This time his magic carpet has taken him to England. And anyway, as I have said, he has worked hard all of his life and he has earned the right to live and work where he chooses. *No one* should attempt to gainsay him that.

The Calm After the Storm

"I HAVE no plans for the immediate future. I am, for a little space of time, living in a vacuum where nothing, apparently, happens. Just as in Nature a fallow period, a time of quiescence follows after a storm, such a space of time has come to me. Haven't you ever noticed how, after a storm, there seems to be no development, no change, no progress? Just a stillness. There come such periods in human lives, too. A period in which, after years of hard labor, after stress and strain and readjustment, we find that we are not striving any more. We are growing inward. The roots are striking in. Development is taking place, but it is in the heart, the mind, the spirit. This is how it seems to be with me.

"My mother used to say to me, 'Mary, you wouldn't drive a little mule the way you drive yourself! *Can't* you stop?' There was a time when I couldn't. Now, if I choose, I can. At the moment I am waiting. Life will go on for me again. There will come new interests, new activities, new friends along with the old.

"I should like, of course, to find the supremely right story for myself and for the screen. I believe that I shall. But material has always been difficult to get, ever since the very inception of pictures—"

I mentioned that I would have liked to see her do "Only Yesterday"—a story of a great love, a sacrificial love.

"I wish I had known about it. I haven't seen it yet, but I understand that Margaret Sullavan gave a poignantly beautiful performance . . . My problem is to find THE story for me, certainly. If I cannot find the right vehicle, then I might want to direct. I've had offers for the stage." (She has recently accepted one.—*Ed.*) "I've had some very flattering offers from the radio. I am interested in writing. But I think I am not ready yet. I know that I'm not ready for the terrific burden of production. I would need more concentration than I have been able to know recently. I am enjoying life right now, in a new way, in a very simple way. For the moment, it suffices—

What Loneliness Has Done

"I AM more at peace with myself than I have ever been in my life before. I have been through a great deal. I believe that I have *come through*. I am glad that the storm is past. There is relief. I can't say that I haven't known loneliness. That wouldn't be true. I have never been alone before, you see. I went from my first marriage to my second marriage and even through my marriages my mother was with me. And so, it has been a strangeness I have had to get used to. But mine has been a loneliness in which *I have found myself*. I know where I am going. I am un-confused now.

"And I have learned, through my mother's passing and my brother's, how brief the little lives of humans are. How relatively unimportant it is where we take or what we do with this sixty-seven cents' worth of chemical compound our physical selves consist of. Whether I am here or Douglas is there, physically, is trivial. Separation is not separation until it affects the spirits of us.

"I have come to realize how inescapable are pain and suffering. But I haven't one ounce of resentment toward any human creature. Not toward *anyone*. We do not own other human beings. We are not controllers of the destinies of others. Because they have crossed our paths or walked for a while along the way with us does not give us the sovereign power of dictatorship. You release your child, don't you, when he wants to go? You want him to be happy in his own way, not in yours. You want him to be happy, above all, more than you want anything else.

"I believe that a great deal of love, so-called, is selfishness. Mere possessiveness. It is the ME and not the YOU that matters. I think we do not learn this philosophy—this acceptance of life as it is and not as we would like to have it, childishly petulant, while we are very young.

"More and more, I think of life as a school through which we pass, if we work hard and grow in understanding, from one classroom to another higher up. As we go on, we grow better. We put away our toys. We may put them away with a sigh and a tear, but we do put them away and turn toward other things. More vital things. More adult things. We must have suffered and lost much and found ourselves richer, not poorer for the losing . . . as the linnet is blinded before he can sing . . .

The Difference Between Them

"ALL of which means that Douglas is a child-spirit. He is perpetually young, you know. His eager enthusiasms, his abounding vitality, his interests that fly the world around are *young*. The very pictures he makes are indicative of the boy in him. He wouldn't, instinctively, turn to problem plays for his stories. He would, instinctively, turn to Magic Carpets and Thieves of

Bagdad and all the gallant, adventurous things that have stirred the hearts of boys and made middle-aged men feel young again . . ."

And there, right in these words of Mary's, lies the kernel of the complete explanation of the separation of the House of Pickfair. Douglas, the adventurous athlete, the eternal youth, the little-boy-longing-for-adventure, the child who throws off the old orders and familiar things—mated with Mary, the eternally wise, the profoundly sweet and sane and still woman who keeps things as they are, unchanged and indestructible, though the one she loves comes or goes, is with her or away from her. A woman wise enough to give freedom. The child-mother of a little boy who sailed away on a Magic Carpet and said, "I don't *wanter* come home!"

There are old souls on this earth and there are souls who have never been here before. So Mary believes. As a child clings to its mother through his early years, so may an older child cling to his spiritual mother for a period of time. And then there develops the phase where the child whether still a child or now a man, grows impatient, balks at restraint, wants to throw off order and routine, wants to try his wings afresh, in foreign lands, among foreign people and new adventure . . . So it has been with Mary and with Douglas. This is the basic motivation of this broken idyll. All of the rest is subsidiary.

Thoughts That Cheer Her

MARY said, poking at the embers of the dying fire, her grave, sweet face very intent, very serious, "You cannot lose anyone you really love. They can't take themselves away from you. You can only send them away from you by not thinking of them. And I am happy because I know this.

"The world is too wide, there are too many fine people in it for anyone to be crushed by any one person or any one circumstance. Besides, martyrs are revolting. Any person who sits in the glorious sunlight and wraps a black cloth over his eyes and enjoys being morbid is revolting. I have no black cloth over *my* eyes.

"I took the final step between Douglas and myself because I believe it to be for the good of both of us. I wanted to set him free, not only for myself, but for him. It will define our positions clearly. It will put an end to speculations, rumors, innuendoes, hints of this and that. It will give Douglas the unequivocal right to live where he pleases and to go about with whom he pleases, without constraint or criticism.

"It is too bad to destroy a beautiful thing. It didn't come easily or at once. But isn't it impossible to say which is most beautiful—the Past, the Present or the Future?"

Did You Know That--

Mary Pickford made a New Year's resolution to treat herself as well as those she likes best? She explained, "There ought to be a school where women are taught how to be reasonably selfish. It is the unselfish ones who ruin themselves and everyone depending upon them."

THIS much
Pepsodent Antiseptic
from the Drug store
when mixed at home
with 2 parts of water . . .
MAKES
THIS
which will kill germs in less than 10 seconds!

Why 50c worth of Pepsodent equals $1.50 of other leading kinds

Because—Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times more powerful in killing germs . . . therefore it goes 3 times as far when mixed with 2 parts of water

HERE'S a simple way to save one dollar. Buy 50c worth of Pepsodent Antiseptic. Then add 2 parts of water. That makes as much fine antiseptic as $1.50 spent for ordinary kinds. So you put the dollar difference in your pocket.

People have found, too, that Pepsodent gives greater protection against germ infections, colds and unpleasant breath. This extra health protection and extra money-saving are the results of Pepsodent's astounding germ-killing power.

What you ought to know

What you should clearly have in mind is this: *there are two kinds of mouth antiseptics.* One kind kills germs when used full strength. It should *not* be mixed with water—even in equal parts.

But Pepsodent—the other kind—can be mixed with water. Two equal parts of water can be added and *Pepsodent will still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.*

Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes 3 times as far. Gives you 3 times as much for your money. Makes $1 do the work of $3. That saving mounts up mighty fast!

Be safe!

Saving money is only half the story. Diluting weak antiseptics fools you by a false sense of security. When treating colds it's better to be safe than sorry. That holds for unpleasant breath (halitosis) as well. The assurance of a pure sweet breath for 1 to 2 hours longer is what Pepsodent offers you by virtue of its greater efficiency.

Use the antiseptic that is *safe* when used full strength—but when mixed with water still kills germs. Rely on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Safeguard your health and save your hard-earned money.

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline

NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE*, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect Mascara

SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Doug's Side of the Story

(*Continued from page 33*)

And so these two went to work again! Mary made "Coquette." Doug made "The Iron Mask."

Until that year—1929—the Fairbankses had led a very quiet existence. Infrequently, they had entertained celebrities, but they had never been addicted to the splurge parties that Hollywood stars give. Then, very suddenly, Mary became the center of a lively bunch of youngsters who were beginning to make their mark in pictures. She entertained frequently and gaily. It was like a second youth to her. Doug said to me once, dismally, "I wonder if I am too old for Mary?" But the difference is only ten years—and from Doug, the never-aging Peter Pan, the sudden assumption of age was ironically pathetic.

Doug tried desperately to enter into the fun of Mary's new friends. Always keeping in superb physical condition, he had never taken a drink before. But now, so that he might not feel an outsider, he drank with the rest of them. And he hated it. I, better than anyone else, should know.

The Compromise They Made

HE stood the pace for about six months and then he made Mary a proposition. It was a compromise of their individual wants. He would stay in Hollywood for six months of the year, and he would do anything she wanted him to, if in the other half-year she would travel with him, doing the things closest to *his* heart!

Mary has always been a good sport. She agreed to do it. They recaptured something of their old comradeship. They would make a picture together—as a sort of bond to their bargain.

For years Doug had been interested in "The Taming of the Shrew." He wanted to produce the Shakespeare classic beautifully and authentically. Mary was not pleased with her rôle as the Shrew, *Katherine*. She felt that it was subordinate to Doug's rôle and that it was too great a departure from her usual vehicles. But she did make it—*although they both showed the strain of their disagreements during the entire shooting schedule.*

I had known of the difficulties between them for some time, of course. But now, for the first time, their less intimate friends sensed that something was wrong in Mary's and Doug's relationship. Their tension was evident even to the people who worked with them on the picture.

When "The Taming of the Shrew" was completed, they went abroad again—for that interlude away from Hollywood which was part of their compact. I don't believe that either one of them doubted for a moment that the trip would set aright whatever was amiss with them.

But the trip was not a success. Mary is a poor traveler; she is always seasick and bored with the idlers one meets on trips. And I happen to know that very soon, on this holiday, it was Doug who was invited everywhere, while Mary remained in her suite at the hotel.

Began Drifting Apart

MARY returned to Hollywood alone and began work on "Kiki," her first talking picture. Doug, following her home, produced "Reaching for the Moon." The world talked, naturally. Incidents that had seemed trivial before assumed importance. Mary's solo return loosened an avalanche of gossip.

It was in the Spring of 1931 that the first of their separations occurred. Doug went alone to the golf tournament at Wimbledon. I know that up to the moment of his departure, he hoped that Mary would go along with him. He remained away but a little while. In reality, he was unhappy away from Mary and had come back to urge her to join him on a jaunt to the Orient.

Mary refused; and so, once again, Doug set out on his travels—alone. But to stem the tide of gossip, to salve Mary's pride, this jaunt was given the semblance of a glorified location trip. Mary exacted a promise from Doug to disguise the separation by work. He did. He came back with a motion picture record of his adventures, which he released under the title of "Around the World in Eighty Minutes."

On February 17, 1932, Doug left for the South Seas, ostensibly to film "Mr. Robinson Crusoe." Before clicking cameras, Mary kissed him goodbye in San Francisco, and went directly to New York to await his return. But both of them now knew definitely that their romance was over—or, if not over, that it was in sad need of repair. His pride was hurt, and her pride was hurt. He hated Hollywood society; and she hated his restless feet.

About this time newspaper columnists and gossip reporters played up Mary as favoring Buddy Rogers' constant attentions. I know that newspaper comments on the friendship hurt Doug frightfully. Doug was not a man to be brought back to a woman's side by jealousy. He was like a little boy who had been slapped. He was too bewildered to think coherently.

Became Definitely Estranged

DOUG was fed up! He was disappointed with life and its cruel inconsistencies—and his disappointment extended to Mary. Their estrangement was now definite. Hollywood suspected it, but still refused to believe that their marriage would not last. Hollywood was under the impression that Doug and Mary had reached an amicable understanding, a working agreement, which involved no interference by one with the plans of the other.

Those who would blame Doug entirely for the final step of divorce should know, as I know, that it was he who made one last, desperate effort to adjust their difficulties. *He came back from the South Seas for that sole purpose.*

"Leave the field to the younger generation," he begged. "Pictures have given us all we are entitled to."

It was no go, of course, as the world now knows. From that time on, Doug was away far more than he was at Pickfair. There was no pretense between them. But now Mary tried to hold Doug. She planned little surprises for his homecomings. That famous barroom, with its door sealed and marked "Do Not Open Until Christmas," awaited him when he returned from one of his excursions. He had planned such a room for years, but had never got around to building it. Mary knew it, and she hoped he would be pleased. He was—as he was pleased with everything she did for him—but mere *things* were insufficient to chain him to Hollywood. Mary constantly invited to Pickfair the few cronies Doug had, in an effort to keep him amused, to keep him content and happy.

But a divine spark can never be rekindled. They had traveled too far apart—their likes and their dislikes had suffered changes that could not be made to coincide.

Mary made gestures to prove to him that her life could go on without him. She entertained lavishly. She became a familiar figure at the popular restaurants. At premières she was escorted by Buddy

Rogers, by Gary Cooper, or some other handsome young Hollywood bachelor.

Neither Doug nor Mary wanted to yield to the other—as is the habit of two people who have known a great love and who are in anguish over its passing. Unfortunately, these two did not have parallel tastes that might have replaced with companionship the urgent love that had evaporated. They could find no level of understanding—no new basis for a lasting relationship.

It is my honest conviction that Mary had hoped that the formal announcement of their separation would bring Doug back to her. I know that Doug never dreamed the time would come when Mary would file suit for divorce. Certainly, neither I nor the two or three other people who know Doug intimately suspected for a moment that the finish would be gusty and sudden. It wasn't that we didn't realize that "Hollywood's happiest marriage" was over. It was only our human reluctance to see a dream end. It shocked us. It shocked a world of strangers. I think it shocked even young Doug, despite his own recent divorce.

It's too bad that you can't harness a Peter Pan to the earth. It's a pity that so few women ever achieve that fine frenzy of adventure that makes them look upon the glowing face of danger without hesitation. If Doug could have changed—if Mary could have changed—then their names would not have been in headlines!

I don't think that Doug will ever again set foot in Pickfair. This house—his house—to which he brought Mary as a bride, he has given to her. Not so long ago it was the sanctuary of a great love. I sincerely hope that it will become a sanctuary of peace for Mary.

But don't blame Doug entirely for this smash-up. I know how sincerely he has suffered—how he has mourned the parting. Rather, blame Fate, and the discrepancies in human nature—and the passing years that bring changes!

And so a glamourous romance is ended. May Doug and Mary find happiness apart, and many consolations in their separate paths!

I have broken my pledge to Doug. But in justice to him, this story had to be told. I shall wait patiently for his forgiveness!

Secrets of the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

me. I'm sorry, but he belongs to me, not to my public. I will not make a child publicity copy. The other concerns an experience of some years ago . . .

"I have a few particular hates, and people who make copy of their children are one of them. They are as reprehensible as the writers who build up 'cases' by means of untruths. I mean, if anyone dislikes me, that is perfectly legitimate. I can't please everyone. I don't expect to. People have a right to criticize me, a right to dislike me and to say so and also to say *why*, so long as their 'why' sticks to *facts*.

"They haven't any right to build up their criticisms with untruths in order to strengthen the points they want to make. If someone objects to my face, let him say so. That is his privilege. If someone dislikes the way I walk, the way I enunciate or smile, let him come forth and say so, too. If someone dislikes my mannerisms that's also his right, but don't let him build up his dislike by attributing actions or mannerisms to me that I have never had or never done.

"If some boy knew me when I was a kid and going to proms and parties and if, for some reason, he wishes to say so in print, let him speak out—so long as he does not

" Look what I found

when I lost the 7 stains"

"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

". . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept *her* teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust me. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove *all seven kinds of stains!*'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

Don't let the 7 stains mar your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate's *two* cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with *one* cleansing action *can* remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 20c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO *cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.*

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM

LARGE TUBE
NOW
20c
GIANT TUBE
(Double quantity) 35c

WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN?

»TEST.. the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . at our expense

"I reduced my hips 9 INCHES" . . . writes Miss Healy.

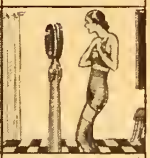
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, I found my hips 3 INCHES SMALLER"

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did-it . . . the fat seemed to have melted away".


"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

The illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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*City*__________*State*__________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

include in his story a love affair that never happened. That sort of thing is like selling a friend for a brass farthing. It has happened to me.

Not Selling His Birthright

"I WOULD not sell out my child's right to normalcy and privacy by talking about him for publication if I never saw my name in print again. *It is not mine to sell . . .*"

And right there I thought of the story it would make if Connie could be induced to talk about her love of and care for her small son. She doesn't, between you and me, turn him over to the care of paid help as outsiders might assume. She bathes him, she dresses and undresses him. She personally selected and inspected his nursery school; she took him out of the school because she thought he looked pale and tired when he came home at noon. She takes him to Palm Springs when she thinks he needs more sun; she takes him to Arrowhead when she thinks he needs the tonic of the cold. No mother in any walk of life, no mother rich or poor, busy or at leisure, ever gave more personal care and time to a child than Connie does to her small blonde Peter. But she won't talk about it.

Connie was saying to me, "I won't talk about the baby, but I want to be of help in this story. And so—I'll have to tell you, I think, about the other thing I've always said I would never talk about. I hate to talk about it, because I don't know how to tell it without provoking laughter on your part and I'm darned if I know how you're going to write it without provoking laughter on the part of the reader. And while I can bear up nobly under justifiable criticism, I'm still child-like enough to want to hide when anyone laughs at me about a thing that was so serious to me at the time it happened; that is still so serious to me in retrospect.

"You see, this experience I'm going to tell you about was one of the major experiences of my life. It is still important to me. It happened like this:

What Led to First Marriage

"IT was after my first, runaway marriage. I was, at that age, in more or less of an emotional turmoil. I had been very strictly brought up. And being an intense individualist and frantic for freedom, I had reached a stage of acute rebellion.

"I was still going to school and I had begun to want to get away from discipline, all discipline, *any* kind of discipline. It seemed to me that I went from one set of restrictions to another set of the same. When I left the carefully supervised girls' school I was attending, I entered an equally supervised girls' home—where Barbara, Joan and I went nowhere without a chaperon a foot or two away from us. I had never been allowed to go as far as the corner without a *duenna* of some sort hot on my trail. I had never been allowed to stick my life-loving nose out of the door without having to tell in what direction it was pointed, and why.

"I announced to my mother that when I was graduated in June, I intended to be *free*. I would go to dances and proms and house-parties by myself and when I chose. My mother smiled at this little outburst and told me that I was a bit premature. I would do nothing of the sort because, when I was graduated from my present school in June, I was to go abroad and enter a convent over there.

"I said, explosively, 'You won't be able to do this to me! Before I graduate, I'll be married!'

"*And I was married.*

"I married a boy I had met at some of the school dances. I don't suppose, now, that I could have been very deeply in love with him. If I had been, I would have gone back to him later on. Anyway, and as shortly as possible thereafter, my family laid firm hands upon my marriage certificate and had the marriage annulled. And I was, then and there, transferred across the ocean and placed in a convent.

Shut Within Walls Again

"I WAS wild, of course. I had been able, for a short while, to come and go as I pleased without having to account to an elder for where I had been or what I had been doing. I had been a Grown-Up. And here I was, a child again, immured behind high stone walls, my knees bent in prayer, instead of in a dance, surrounded by serene-faced women with the folded hands of resignation.

"I would NOT be resigned. I would NOT be 'annulled'—not only from my husband, but from the freedom I had had. I was very old for my age. I had grown older during that brief fling of freedom. I didn't know, then, that we never have freedom. When we are very young, we are in bondage to our parents, to the world and to the wishes of Grown-Ups. When we are married, we are in bondage to our wedding rings and the conventions that surround them. When we are 'public characters,' we are in bondage to the public we serve. We must walk the lock-step. We live in glass houses, subject to every eye, exposed to every rumor.

"I was in the convent a month or so, locked in a perfect trap of rage, flinging myself this way and that as against the bars of a cage. And then—something began to happen to me.

"I remember the very first evening I became aware of—the change. We were at Vespers. Suddenly, without any previous awareness on my part, I felt quiet. I felt at peace. Where fever had been, there was no fever. That is the best simile I can find. And in that calm suddenness, I knew that the things that had mattered to me, the things I had been fighting for didn't matter any more.

Didn't Want to Escape

"I THOUGHT, 'I don't want to go back. Why, I don't want to leave here. I don't want freedom. I don't want dances or boys around me or pretty clothes or jewels or any of the things I've been thinking mean LIFE.'

"I went over, in that still moment, the whole catalogue of charm the world had seemed to hold for me. I couldn't find a single thrill in any one of them. I did begin to find a strange thrill in the convent, in its serenity, in its enfolding peace and security. It would keep me safe. From my own moods. From things outside. From Myself.

"I began, from that night forth, to look with envy on the gentle women who went about their duties so softly, so happily. I saw in their eyes, in their placid faces, something I had never seen in the eyes of anyone out in the world. They had the Thing most people search for all of their lives and never find. I began to realize that though they had given up what we call Life, they had, really, found it.

"I began to think with fear and dread and shrinking of the time when my mother would come for me, when I would really be through with school and parental jurisdiction and free to take the freedom I had been struggling for. What would I do with it? What *could* I do with it?

"I read the Bible for hours at a time. I attended all of the Masses. I took a profound joy in fasting, in looking pale and thin and in feeling tired and devitalized. I gave up every one of the little vanities I had brought with me to the convent and had, at first, tried to keep.

"*I decided to become a nun.*

"I knew all of the extraordinary thrill of one who has found his vocation. I had found mine . . .

What Her Parents Said

"WITH me, to decide was to DO. I began to write letters to my mother and father. Letters that must have surprised them, to state the case mildly. I told them of having found my vocation. I had not been intended for the world at all, I knew now. I had vehement letters back from them.

"They tried to tell me that I was acting a dramatic part in a one-part play of my own. They were facetious and told me that the family drama was in my blood and that, at the time, I was acting the part of a recluse. They assured me, fluently, that I was not intended for such a life. I *was* intended for the stage; I was proving that—though in a curious fashion. I was intended for marriage, for a rich and abundant life in the outside world.

"I simply felt misunderstood. I talked to the sisters of my desire to enter the sisterhood. I told them of my vocation. The sisters and the priests agreed with my parents. They told me I was not meant for orders, but for marriage and motherhood. They were gentle, but very firm, when they explained to me that I had other abilities, other possibilities of doing good in the world and that my place was, obviously, *in the world.*

"They tried to make it clear to me that I was, still, in an emotional state and that the emotion I was experiencing was nothing but a sharp reaction from my previous state of mind. I had violently wanted freedom. I had been abruptly deprived of it. Now—just as violently—I wanted seclusion, wanted the very reverse of freedom. Or thought I did. They didn't question my sincerity. They knew that I *was* sincere. They simply tried to make me see that I was in another emotional state which, too, would pass away.

She Was Taken Away

"I CONTINUED to write overwrought letters to my parents. They had reports of me. I was thin, underweight. I wouldn't eat. I seemed to be determined to enter the sisterhood . . .

"My mother came for me. Still under age, with no support from the sisters at the convent, there was nothing for me to do but submit to being taken away. I departed with the inner resolve to come back and enter the convent as soon as I was of age.

"My mother took me back to New York. She was wise enough to give me a slight taste of the freedom I had said I no longer wanted. I think that almost everyone knows the sequence of events in my life after this. I have told you the one phase of my life about which I have never talked before.

"I suppose they were perfectly right, my parents and the sisters. No doubt, I *was* going through just another emotional phase. A good many girls do. I was a headstrong child. I had wanted freedom. I had seized a sample of it. It had been abruptly wrenched out of my hands. I don't know . . . I only know that that experience was real and actual to me.

"I wanted to become a nun. I *have* become a screen actress. There is a wide channel separating the two. I am well content with my side of the channel. But that experience, back there on the other side, is none the less real to me because it is back in the years. I know that when I am old and my life begins to pass before me in review, that evening in the chapel will remain more real to me than all other shadows, all other substance . . . "

Is *your hair* **TOO DRY** *or* **TOO OILY** *to train in these* **New Hollywood Styles?**

Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment below.

Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

Help for **DRY** *hair:*

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct **OILY** *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

"DREADFUL HAGGARD LOOK"

"WHAT JONTEEL DID FOR ME"

"I couldn't BELIEVE just the wrong shade of powder made me LOOK SO OLD!"

"Instead of improving my appearance, my old face powder just made me look white and tired. Sometimes it seemed to sort of cake in the wrinkles and then I looked simply dreadful. And I always *appeared* so 'powdered'.

"It really seems to me that I look years and years younger since I started using Jonteel. Goodness knows, enough people tell me so! Jonteel lasts for hours, and I chose a shade that tones in with my skin perfectly and makes it look as clear and soft as a baby's. It veils all the ugly little lines and blemishes that I guess everybody has . . . and yet it is invisible, itself!"

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder—two sizes, 25c and 50c . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Are They Making a Goddess Out of Garbo?

(*Continued from page 49*)

that the auburn-haired "extra" who played beside them in the great reception scene was unmistakably Hepburn, herself.

Marie Dressler, the most valuable star on the lot, begged to play Garbo's *maid* in "Grand Hotel." Gavin Gordon and other leading men have offered to work opposite Greta without pay. When John Gilbert heard that Greta wanted him for "Queen Christina," he proffered his services without charge.

"Money means nothing to me," he cried. "Working opposite Miss Garbo means everything. I will work without salary."

Studio executives would not accept Gilbert's offer, any more than they will accept the services of the others who are willing to work without salary in a Garbo picture. Still, Gilbert was paid far less to play in "Queen Christina" than he received for his previous picture.

It is a strange fact that many stars, working for years at the same studio with Greta, *have never met the Swedish actress.* Ramon Novarro, for one, made pictures on adjoining stages and occupied a dressing-room only a few yards from that used by Garbo—yet for six years they did not meet, until "Mata Hari."

Lewis Stone has worked in several pictures with Garbo, but he, himself, is responsible for the statement that he has never talked with her other than to exchange conversation that was absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of their movie scenes.

Greta Garbo has never paid any attention to her worshipers. There are no Garbo Fan Clubs. She sends them no messages through interviewers. She has never answered a fan letter or sent out an autographed picture. Yet there is no star of the screen whose followers are more loyal. Their Garbo-worship approaches fanaticism.

The Queen Can Do No Wrong

LET a story make an uncomplimentary comment about the Great Garbo and the publication is immediately deluged with letters of shocked protest. To read them, one would think blasphemy had been committed. Hero-worship could rise no higher than the phrases of adoration in these letters. Religious mania could hardly be fiercer than the threats her devotees make against those who dare speak harshly of her. A radio gossiper recently made some joking reference to Garbo. *He received five hundred letters of frenzied vituperation and fury.*

One of the prerequisites of being a goddess is to receive offerings at one's shrine. A few years ago, a box of orchids was brought to Garbo's dressing-room every day. The box bore the name of a local florist, but no one knew who sent them—they were just there.

A studio executive went to Greta and asked: "Do the flowers annoy you? Shall we try to find who sends them?"

"No, don't bother," said Greta.

"We can threaten legal action to stop them, if you wish," the executive persisted.

"No," said Garbo. "Poor fellow, let him continue to send them if it pleases him."

However, when she later discovered the identity of the sender, a wealthy and prominent Detroit lawyer, she refused to accept the flowers. But when the admirer sent a huge and beautiful etching of Garbo to the star and begged for her autograph, she wrote her name across it. Lucky fellow, he has one of less than a score of Garbo autographs. She very rarely gives pictures, even to friends. Far, far more rare are her autographs.

And that makes the watch that she once gave to her cameraman, Bill Daniels—it bears as an inscription only a date and the initials "G. G."—a gift far more valuable than many times its monetary cost.

As far as I can learn, the orchids are the only gifts that Garbo has ever accepted. Many and beautiful are the presents that are offered to the Swedish star, but she never receives them. Packages sent by express or mail are returned unopened. An expensive oil portrait, by a celebrated British artist, was refused. A champion dog of rare breed, offered to her by a celebrated French dog-fancier, was likewise refused.

She has been offered automobiles, radios, household articles—almost every known accessory to comfort and luxury, if she will only accept and use them. All such gifts are rejected by the star without comment.

Her Most Persistent Admirer

AN example of the persistent effort to which admirers will go in order to reach Garbo is exemplified by the case of one who signs himself merely: *Silver Star.* This amazing person has been striving for years to place in Greta's hands a screen story that he has written for her. *Silver Star* asks nothing for his story; it would be a gift. He has already spent more than a thousand dollars and two years' time in his efforts to reach her.

"Surely," he writes pathetically in the elaborate dossier he sends from time to time to persons of prominence in Hollywood, asking their help in getting his story to Garbo, "such devotion cannot have been entirely in vain." He even promises that if Greta does write to him about his story, he will return the postage she has spent. He wants it to be ENTIRELY FREE.

He doesn't even want to meet Garbo, personally, he urges. In fact, his name must never be known to her. "For she would recognize it at once," he writes. "If she knew who SILVER STAR really is, she would not hesitate to send for the script. But if the world knew who SILVER STAR is, the story could never be made."

All he asks of the persons to whom he sends his pleas is to be sure that his story is delivered into Garbo's own hands. It is ready in typewriting on parchment paper, "wrapped in cellophane and oilcloth, gold and silver paper, asbestos and finally packed into a specially made leather case," protected against heat, cold and dampness, ready to be sent at a moment's notice by "plane, express, mail, automobile or steamship" as soon as Greta signifies that she will read it by inserting an advertisement in the "public notices" column of a New York newspaper. The ad must begin with the word "East" and end with the word "West."

Each one of these passionate communications is signed with a cut-out star of silver paper. SILVER STAR does not comprehend the fathomless mystery of Garbo, else he would realize that even such faithfulness and such a gift of laborious days and nights are in vain.

Bans Even Distinguished Visitors

SEEMINGLY, no human being is important to Garbo. She refused to meet the Crown Prince of Sweden. One day Arthur Brisbane, perhaps the most prominent newspaper editor of modern times, visited John Barrymore while that star was appearing opposite Greta in "Grand Hotel." The celebrated writer and his family watched with awe as John and Greta prepared to enact a dramatic scene. Suddenly, Garbo paused. She was silent for an instant, before she laid her hand on Barrymore's arm.

"John, I am so sorry," she said. "I do not want you to be offended. We will continue the scene later, when we are alone."

Then she turned and walked toward her dressing-room. Stunned for an instant, John watched her go. Then he sprang after her and caught up with her.

"That is Arthur Brisbane, the greatest newspaper editor and writer in the world," explained Barrymore.

"But John," said Garbo, "do you think Mr. Brisbane would like for me to walk into *his* office and watch over his shoulder while he wrote his articles?"

John stood silent an instant, then burst into a hearty laugh. He bowed to Greta, who retired to her dressing-room. Then he returned to Brisbane and explained.

There was another occasion when studio executives approached Greta with word that Will Hays wished to visit her set.

"No," answered Garbo.

"But he is important," protested the official. "He is the president of the Motion Picture Producers' Association. He is one of the biggest men in the film industry."

"Does Mr. Hays want to work in a scene?" demanded Garbo. "I did not know that Mr. Hays was in this cast."

Will Hays did *not* visit the Garbo set.

Garbo refuses to work with strangers on her set. If the visitors are of such importance that they cannot be restrained from intruding, then Garbo retires to her dressing-room. Some of the most important executives who have been with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for years have never seen Garbo enact a scene.

Even Police Couldn't Reach Her

WHEN, not long ago, a fanatical worshiper of hers was caught climbing over the wall into Garbo's carefully-guarded home, for the purpose of giving her some poems of tribute, he was held for a few days and then released. The police department was unable to see Greta Garbo to get her to sign a complaint against the man!

Garbo clings to old friends and old habits. She still rides in the first big car she ever purchased, a 1927 Lincoln sedan. She has the same chauffeur she has employed for years, and the same household servants.

Because of that ancient automobile, people have termed Garbo a pinch-penny, a miser. These people may be amazed to learn that within the past year, Greta has rejected offers that would have paid her an accumulation of more than a quarter-million dollars. These are the offers, all *bona fide:*

Life-story interview for a national magazine: $25,000.

To say one word, "Hello," on radio: $10,000.

Series of ten other radio broadcasts: $150,000.

To appear on New York stage for one week: $50,000.

To endorse a certain cigarette: $25,000.

TOTAL: $260,000.

She can hardly be described by any ordinary human word, for what name is there for a woman who shrugs her shoulders at money, turns her back on princes, avoids praise and admiration, does not care for material things and prefers her own company to that of Hollywood's greatest, and a walk in the rain to the most splendid social occasion?

Hollywood does not understand Garbo. The world does not understand her, and she says nothing to make the mystery of herself clearer. A woman who doesn't need love! A woman who has no use for great wealth. A woman who could buy jewels, gorgeous gowns, splendid cars, a palace, and doesn't. *A woman who doesn't talk.* No wonder she is regarded with superstitious awe! Yet Garbo is a great star. People must talk about her. Having no real facts to go on, they invent fantastic stories, which grow continually more fantastic. And so the Legend is building, and the Goddess is being created.

SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidingly on a man's sleeve... soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek... how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.** Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Those lovely hands of CONSTANCE CUMMINGS... how vivid they make this moment from "Looking for Trouble" with Spencer Tracy...a 20th Century Picture.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAF, N. B. C. network.

COLDS Go Overnight

When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection—and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment
LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
PRICE 30 CENTS
LBQ

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test!

(*Continued from page 53*)

left eye was off-color. Not much off, it is true, but enough to center the attention of twenty men, while only one noted the girl's smile. An audience would have reacted the same way—possibly missing the point of what the girl was doing, in the fascination of watching her eyes.

How Are Your Teeth?

"TEETH, perhaps, give us the worst trouble. Actually, from the appearance of most persons' mouths, the dentists of America must be starving to death. I can't begin to estimate the number of candidates for screen tests whose chances have been, literally speaking, nipped in the teeth.

"Occasionally, a person measures up to such a high standard in every other qualification for screen fame that we advise him to visit a good dentist and then come back for a second test. But this advice is given only when teeth alone are at fault. If a misshapen jawbone is the cause of the difficulty, there is no cure. You have seen folks with mouths like chipmunks and others whose grins are more ape-like than human. The shape of the jawbone makes those chipmunk and ape mouths.

"When I offer standard requirements, such as these governing eyes and mouth, I frequently hear arguments to the effect that the screen has many popular players who do not measure up to standard. This point is not even debatable. But the thing that amateurs do not take into consideration is that we are not searching for character actors. What we want and what we must have are youngsters whose adaptability is not restricted by any abnormality.

"Contrary to the apparent popular belief, studios are not searching for imitators of existing stars. When you hear of some company looking for a Janet Gaynor, it does not mean that a duplicate of Janet is wanted. Rather, it means that the casting of a specific story requires a girl of wistful appeal. Instead of going into a lengthy explanation of the type needed for the rôle, the studio heads take a short-cut and say, 'Get us a Janet Gaynor.' In the business, this phraseology is understood. But the general public fails to understand. Such an order brings countless applications from young girls who like to think of themselves as the Gaynor type, and the difficulties of a poor casting director are multiplied.

"The success of Marie Dressler brought elderly ladies clamoring at studio gates by the thousands and tens of thousands. May Robson's recent hit in 'Lady for a Day' is bringing the same sort of response. But the non-professional applicants fail to take into consideration the lifetimes of stage experience that have made such grand troupers of Marie and May. They seem to believe that all that is necessary to win similar popularity in the movies is to be elderly and lovable.

Not Looking for Character Actors

"ALL that I have said about mouths is made negative by Joe E. Brown. But there is room on the screen for only one such oral cavity. In vain do I point to the fact that Joe's film success was preceded by a long stage career. The big-mouthed amateurs merely grin and announce that they could do as well, if only given the chance. So do the hefty girls who have been inspired by Mae West, the frozen-faced lads who are sure that they are carbons of Buster Keaton—but I could go on indefinitely. Every distinctive character actor who wins a screen success calls forth scores of would-be imitators among moviegoers aspiring to similar success.

"Again, I say, Hollywood is filled with character actors, most of them boasting long and distinguished stage careers. There is no necessity of instituting nation-wide searches for such talent, when it is constantly available within telephone call. When we search among amateurs, our quest is for young people, girls and boys, from whom can be developed successors to Clara Bow, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Warner Baxter, to name but a few.

"Of course, the very best advice that anyone can give an amateur is to seek stage experience before attempting to crash the movie gates. You will draw attention soon enough if you score even a moderately outstanding performance in a Broadway play. One case in point is the recent signing of a young actor whose play closed the day after it opened. The theatre is not as selective as the screen. We have proof of this statement in the hundreds of tests in which talented stage players have failed to fulfill all of the stringent requisites of the motion picture camera.

"I know of a girl, well established in the theatre, who has waited long for a call for a film test. It was brought to her attention that possibly her bow legs were the cause of the movies' lack of interest in her. She promptly went to the hospital, had both legs broken surgically and lay for months in a plaster cast. Her fortitude and grit were admirable, but unfortunately did not bring the reward for which she hoped. True, her legs were straightened, but she failed in other physical requirements of the relentless camera.

The Biggest Demand of All

"I COULD recount many incidents of a similar nature. Yet the one will suffice to explain the reason why I have ignored the obvious qualifications for screen preferment—the ability to act, a good voice and the will to succeed. You can excel in all of these attributes and yet fail to pass muster in a film test.

"So, if you want to test yourself as Hollywood would test you, first examine yourself in the terms of personality and physical appearance—particularly if you are an amateur."

From his experience as a test director and talent scout, William Watson speaks with authority and praiseworthy frankness. Furthermore, he voices the consensus of opinion of all those to whom we talked in the motion picture industry. Under ordinary circumstances, we would allow him to serve as spokesman and close this report upon his remarks. But it is our extreme good fortune to present a means whereby your movie ambitions may be realized, if you have the qualifications. Unquestionably, this is the first time a film executive has ever been quoted on such a subject.

Al Kaufman is the executive assistant to Emanuel Cohen, Vice-President in charge of production at Paramount Studios. In his position, he has viewed thousands of tests of amateurs in contests such as the one for "Alice in Wonderland," the Panther Woman affair, the "Search for Beauty" and many others. Kaufman has a feasible and comprehensive plan for aspirants who hope to bring themselves to the attention of studios.

"You don't have to come to Hollywood," he says. "In fact, you are better off in your own home-town. Competition is keener here than any other place in the world and you are likely to be caught in a rut that will be fatal to your chances.

They'll Come to You

"NO, by all means, stay at home. *We will come to you, if you have what we are seeking!*

"It has been explained what constitutes the physical requirements for the screen. We want young girls and boys—the girls are more difficult to find—who *stand out from the crowd.* I say 'young' because youth is more adaptable and lends itself to development. Film fame is all too fleeting and while we are glad to devote the time to necessary training when it seems worth while, we want to be assured that an ingénue will remain an ingénue long enough to reap a profit from our investment in establishing her popularity. That is merely sound business economics.

"You may ask how you are to know if you stand out from the crowd. Your popularity in your own set is the best criterion. Are you much sought after? The girls we want must not have been the 'dateless' ones at school. They must have had more than their share of attention from the 'stag lines' at dances. That old trick of a boy's holding a dollar bill behind the back of his dancing partner as a reward for the first stag who would take her off his hands has never been played on a girl with personality.

"There are many ways of measuring popularity and always the measurement is by a combination of little things. The girls we want—and the boys, too—are the ones whose personalities and appearances impress even strangers; the ones to whom strangers —whether they are men or women—request introductions.

"I saw such a girl recently in a restaurant. Before I could learn her name, she had gone. I saw her again, and again she arrested my attention. This time I found out who she was and through the casting office she was invited to take a test. The production board viewed the test and gave her a Paramount contract. I believe you will hear more about her. Her name is Toby Wing.

Some Advice Worth Heeding

"BUT such chance discoveries are rare in Hollywood—publicity to the contary. The town is filled with beautiful women and handsome men who have little to offer except their good looks. The average of promising material in their ranks is amazingly low. That is why I advise—*even urge*—that you stay away from Hollywood, lest you become lost in the crowd.

"There is a much better way, so simple that I marvel that only one or two have ever tried it. Buddy Rogers came to Paramount by the plan I suggest.

"Remember that we are seeking personality primarily. Test yourself to determine how personable you are. Give yourself a mirror test and one for physical requirements. If you can pass honestly—not vainly—go to see the manager of your local theatre. Tell him of your ambition and ask if he agrees with your rating of your qualifications. He should be a competent judge. He sees enough motion pictures to know many of the problems of those who make them.

"If I were to receive a letter from a theatre manager giving comprehensive details concerning an outstanding personality in his locality, I should certainly investigate. Perhaps investigation would lead to a screen test, possibly to something further. I am willing to give the plan a whirl.

"The only thing you must promise is not to be offended if the manager doesn't agree with you about yourself."

Please tell me what is wrong dear!

—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

WE don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent as your assurance of *extra* protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond

How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt — washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

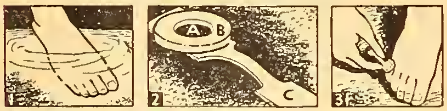
LIFEBUOY *ends* **"B.O."**
HEALTH SOAP (BODY ODOR)

Well-known dance team (Tom and Betty Wonder) are favorites with American vaudeville audiences

Imagine doing that last number with a BAD CORN!

● Dancers, like this spirited pair, have no use for foot ailments. They say, "Whenever a corn appears, we use Blue-Jay." ● Blue-Jay—the scientific, safe corn remover! Whatever your job in life, you cannot afford to tolerate painful, unsightly corns—when you can remove them so quickly, so safely with Blue-Jay. The pain stops the minute you apply Blue-Jay. You go about your business with barefoot comfort—and in three days your corn is gone. ● Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Don't risk cutting or paring—don't risk unscientific remedies. Use Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.



1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3 After three days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
c is strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET—"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. M. P.-3

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Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 39*)

man, they say, who looks well in anything he wears; he's a man who could stroll down Bond Street, itself, in the loudest checks and escape those good old English stares. They left George Raft's friend, the Prince of Wales, out of the voting!

What of Marlene?

WONDER when the tailors will get around to choosing the ten most smartly masculine-dressed women in the world? Marlene Dietrich, of course, would top all lists. (And she must like trousers—for she continues to wear them, even with the publicity about them now only a memory—what a memory!) Such a vote would not only be news, but amusing news.

The Brainiest Stars

ONE lone, brave man has finally taken his courage in hand and named the ten *brainiest* women in Hollywood—and that's sumpin'. His name is Maxwell Arnow; he's a young casting director; and he has been in the movie town only a year and a half—which makes him an authority, he claims, since he hasn't had time to meet the stars except on a business basis.

Alphabetically, these are his selections:
Mary Boland, Paramount.
Kay Francis, Warner Brothers.
Ann Harding, RKO.
Helen Hayes, M-G-M.
Katharine Hepburn, RKO.
Miriam Hopkins, Paramount.
Aline MacMahon, Warner Brothers.
Karen Morley, M-G-M.
Jean Muir, Warner Brothers.
Diana Wynyard, M-G-M.

They Should Be Mad

BUT where are Greta Garbo, Mae West, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett—to mention only a few? How did he come to leave them out? Mr. Arnow explains that he based his selections on the consideration that the ten he named know what they want, know how to get it, and know what to do with it once they have it. Leaving town immediately after being inveigled to dare the fury of several women scorned, he said, "That's my story, and now I guess I'm stuck with it."

New York's Winning Ways

IT'S funny, the way Hollywood muffed its bets on the Columbia-Stanford game on New Year's Day—the most exciting saga in Rose Bowl football history and the greatest upset. The little men from Morningside Heights and the sidewalks of New York defeated the mighty giants from Palo Alto by the score of 7–0. Outweighed and outmanned, they weren't conceded a chance to win; the Stanford boys, said the natives, were too many for 'em and had too much on the ball, too much power to let a little band of New Yorkers show them how to play football.

It's funny, the way Hollywood guessed wrong—because it guessed wrong about another invasion from the sidewalks of New York. When stage actors and actresses first came out to show the Californians how to make talkies, the natives laughed. But the boys (not to mention the girls) *did* show 'em how. Look at Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March, Marie Dressler, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, Margaret Sullavan, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Sylvia Sidney, Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, et cetera, et cetera. Fill out your own list.

Very, very innocently, Dorothy Appleby raises anew that question: "Who has the prettiest legs in filmdom?" She's a country lass in "As the Earth Turns"!

(P. S. A couple of those Columbia boys got screen tests!)

New Name for Ginger

WHEN a newcomer arrives in Hollywood, about the first thing they do to him (or to her) is to change his (or her) name. But it's news when an established player wants to change his (or hers), as Ginger Rogers now wants to do. She thinks that "Ginger" isn't dignified enough. It was all right for a dancing ingénue who was going places; but now that she has arrived at those places, she'd like a name that doesn't imply that she'll never be anything but a peppy li'l redhead. Can you help her out? Come on, folks, give the little girl a new handle!

Shakespeare? Why Not?

IMAGINE walking into John Barrymore's dressing-room and finding him in black velvet doublet and hose. We did that the other day, much to our surprise. The suit looked vaguely familiar.

"Sssh!" said John, in his best stage whisper. "It's *Hamlet.* I'm making a test, but there's nothing to tell yet . . ."

Which sounds like a great idea; nay, an inspiration. The greatest of all of John's stage successes was his version of "Hamlet." Why couldn't a great movie be made of it? And then, why couldn't we have "Romeo and Juliet," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as *Romeo* and Katharine Hepburn as *Juliet?* (Remember that scene in "Morning Glory"?) And "The Merchant of Venice," with Ann Harding as *Portia?* And "As You Like It," with Garbo as *Rosalind?*

Why should Hollywood be scared of Shakespeare just because Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford didn't click together in "The Taming of the Shrew," when they were as new to talkies as talkies were to them?

Doing the Classics

THERE is a mad rush for the classics—or near-classics—these days. Three studios are quarreling over which has the best right to film Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice." But RKO got under the wire first with registration of the title with the Hays Office. The idea is to repeat the cast of "Little Women," with the four *Marches* as the daughters of the country squire. And how does the idea strike you?

Dramatic Biographies, Too

EVERY studio is going in for dramatic biography these days, too. Wallace Beery is re-creating Pancho Villa and is slated to bring P. T. Barnum back to life. George Arliss is telling the story of the founding and rise of the great financial house of Rothschild. Billie Burke's late husband, The Great Glorifier, is due to be glorified posthumously, himself, in "The Great Ziegfeld." Edward G. Robinson is getting all set to play Napoleon. Fredric March is going to remind you of the life of Benvenuto Cellini. Claudette Colbert is about to play Cleopatra. Greta Garbo has just dramatized Queen Christina. Marlene Dietrich has just done the same by Catherine, the Great. Katharine Hepburn will soon play Joan of Arc. And George Raft is making Maurice, the famous French dancer, live again (under another name) in "Bolero."

Raft Goes Into His Dance

GEORGE'S shoes, we hear, are built up several inches for this rôle, making him a comparatively tall young man. Valentino used to build up his shoes also, as have many other screen stars; but if the reports are true, George has set a record—with a build-up of three inches. It sounds incredible. It sounds like something that Robert L. Ripley might tell about.

Anyway, no matter what the build-up, George has had his work cut out for him in dancing in "Bolero." Though George was once the most nimble-footed hoofer on Broadway, it has been so long since he practised that he has been in continual agony. A reporter who suggested an interview at lunch was greeted with a howl from George: "Lunch! Listen, I spend every lunch hour in my dressing-room, with my dogs in a pan of hot water!"

The interpretation of the Spanish "passion dance" that gives the picture its name is the most startling screen dance in years, say insiders. Remember, it was the tango in "The Four Horsemen" that made Valentino's fame.

No Likee Lines

GEORGE also gets into the news this month as being the first actor within Hollywood memory to have a physical collision with a producer. Witnesses said that George struck and staggered Benjamin Glazer, associate producer at Paramount; Glazer passed it off as a mere "push," not a "sock." But whatever it was, George later apologized. An armistice was declared.

What caused the fireworks? George, who is sensitive about how he is going to look to his public (remember how he refused to play *Trigger* in "The Story of Temple Drake"?), objected to a scene in which, at his mother's grave, he was supposed to suggest that pictures be taken for publicity purposes. George didn't want to say the

(*Continued on page 80*)

"I PITY POOR IDA! SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES OUT EVERY MONTH"

"SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN"

How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	~~14~~	~~15~~	~~16~~	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet MIDOL then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease *in ten minutes.*

Periodic pain is *out.* So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain *in seven to ten minutes.* That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.

NRA

CAROLE LOMBARD, GLAMOROUS PARAMOUNT PICTURES PLAYER

You can have

ENTICING EYES

● The prettiest eyes in the world pass unloved, unless they are framed in dark, caressingly-soft lashes. . . .

Ask any artist in make-up, how to get such lashes. She'll tell you: —use a LIVE-tone mascara.

Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones—not one thick, solid tone. Therefore it darkens lashes *and* makes them look live, glistening, *natural*. Their silky, languid beauty lasts for many hours. Winx can't smear, smudge or flake off. Never forms ugly "beads."

Two forms—*Cake Winx*, and *Liquid Winx*. Both are tear-proof. Both utterly safe, pure.... Complete the magic of your eyes with a gossamer thread of *Winx Eye Brow Pencil* and a touch of *Winx Eye Shadow*.

THE *Subtle* MASCARA **WINX**

ALLURING CURVES

"—what Beautipon Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable, as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches." —G.A.

If your form is flat, undersized, sagging, you can add 3 to 6 inches with **Beautipon** Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying **Beautipon** Cream treatment for **14 days!** Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, **certain** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

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The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for **BEAUTIPON** Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.

Daisy Stebbing, Suite 6, Forest Hills, New York

Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM

A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M.D., 124-E Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N.J.

How to Get—and Hold—Your Boy-Friend

(*Continued from page 60*)

means when the boy-friend is around. I've opened the box of flowers, smiled to myself sort of secretly, torn up the card I had enclosed myself, and then gone on talking to my company just as if nothing had happened. Sure, it was an act—but it went over. The man was probably dying with curiosity, but he was too proud to ask whom they were from, and the next thing I knew, he was sending me orchids.

"Girls don't pull tricks like that often enough. Maybe if they did, we wouldn't see so many tragic faces around us.

Even Husbands Get Jealous

"I KNEW a woman once who had a husband who just wouldn't stay put. And after a while she got herself a racket. Friend husband would step out on her, without so much as a lie about having to sit up with a sick friend. So she'd get dressed in her very best evening gown, and she'd go up on the roof and wait until she saw her husband return. Then she'd sneak down the steps, get into her own car, which she had parked earlier around the corner and come driving up with cut-out open, so that he'd hear her all right. And when she came in she'd always manage to look like the cat that swallowed the canary. She'd be awfully absent-minded about where she had been that evening. But he didn't miss the signs that she had had a good time. And after a while, her husband started staying home nights.

"Then, of course, girls in love get to be awful fools. They hang on the telephone until their boy-friend calls them, and they fall all over themselves accepting his last-minute invitation to go out.

"After all, a good book wasn't invented to stay on the shelf. It's a first aid to love. Stay home and read it—but don't tell the boy-friend you're staying home. Insist that you've got a date you can't break—and you're terribly, terribly sorry that you haven't the evening free, but if you had only known a few days earlier . . . Maybe if he'll call another time—. Don't ask him to call; just sort of suggest it. Pretend it doesn't mean too much if he doesn't call you—but don't overdo it, for he's likely to get peeved and take you up on it. Blow hot and blow cold—and before you know it, he'll be blowing hot.

"Sort of size up your man. If he likes a girl who shows her affection, then go ahead and be that kind of girl. But most men like girls who are 'hard to get.' And if you use some sense, you'll know before your first evening with a man is over just the kind of fellow he is. Then act accordingly. Sure, love's an act—but a lot of girls forget their lines at the wrong time.

Be Yourself—With Trimmings

"THAT doesn't mean that a girl should change her personality for a man. If she does, she's likely to find herself just the sort of person the special man doesn't like. Men love to make a girl over, but they hate the ready-made job when it's done. So to be safe, you've got to keep on being yourself, with just a few extra trimmings to suit the man.

"It's a good idea to keep a man worried. If you let him see that you like him, don't forget to make him think that there are other men you like, too. Make him understand that you're human—with a woman's habit of changing her mind. To-day, you sort of suggest, you like him best, but to-tomorrow somebody else may be head man with you. It keeps him so worried about *you* that *you* don't have to worry about him at all.

"If a girl wants to make an impression on a man, she shouldn't ever meet him as one of a crowd. You can't register that way. I saw Cy the first night he came to town, but I waited to meet him until he got Hollywood out of his system, so that he'd remember me when he did meet me. There were dozens of girls around him that night, and I wasn't going to be one of the mob. He was introduced to me about six months later, and he told me that he remembered me particularly because I was the only girl at the night-club he hadn't met.

"It's never very safe to fall in love with a good-looking man. I've never known a boy who was terribly nice-looking who wasn't just rotten spoiled. It's not the man's fault really. There are too many silly women fluttering over him, telling him how simply g-r-r-rand he is. If you want a boy to worship you, then pick one with a pug nose or airplane ears, and he'll be so delighted with your superior intelligence that he'll stay put without any trouble at all.

Alice White seems wistfully proud to be able to pass on to you the "lowdown" on boy-friends

Where Men Are Smarter

"WOMEN love too much, too hard and too long. Men have the right racket. If one love affair blows up on 'em, they go out and get themselves another one. But a woman stays home and mopes—and listens for the ring of the telephone. If she'd step out and get herself another boy-friend, then maybe she'd meet the man she really cares about, and he'd see that she didn't miss him, and he'd come back just to see if he could get her away from the other fellow. No woman ever got anything by advertising her broken heart.

"Don't ever let a man know you're all broken up about a busted love affair. I saw a girl in a restaurant not so long ago, and everybody knew that her sweetheart was tired of her just by looking at her face. But do you think she'd work up an interest in another man? Not that girl! She just sat there as if the world was coming to an end. She knew he was in love with someone else, but she hung on to him. Some women haven't any pride at all. Maybe if she'd trotted out on her own, he would have come back to her. Acting as she did, she didn't stand a chance.

"To be successful in love, you can't afford to show you're jealous. Be careless—pretend that he's just one of the fish in the big ocean of life, and that you've got the system to catch as many as you want.

"If necessary, look bored occasionally when you're with the boy you're simply crazy about. I've done it—and you'd be surprised how anxious men are to please you when they think your interest is sort of wandering.

"Men have a little habit of saying, 'See that girl over there? She's crazy about me. She invited me to her house for dinner. But, of course, I didn't go.' That's your cue to answer, 'Why don't you give the gal a break and come up 'n' see her sometime?' And then you can tell him about the boy who's crazy about *you*. But don't make it obvious. When I was going with Cy, he'd pull little tricks like that on me, and I'd hand it right back to him.

If He Mentions a Beauty—

"IF a man says to you, 'Isn't that girl beautiful?', always agree with him. Then go on and point out something nice about her that he missed. You'll impress him with your beautiful nature.

"To win in the game of love, a girl has to be smart. She has to understand men—and know what makes 'em tick. But don't show how smart you are. Women talk too much, anyway, and talk themselves right out of romance. This may be a modern age and women may be equal to men, but no man likes to be told about it. If you're in love—and want to keep your boy-friend—act dumb. Men like to be amused, and not given school courses by the girl they're dating.

"So many girls get so proud of having caught a man that they start parading him around everywhere. That's a mistake. And a girl is just a fool for taking chances. It's much smarter to keep him away from temptation—and in Hollywood, believe me, there's plenty of it for any man, what with fifteen girls to every man. But I guess that goes for Main Street, too. I'd like to have a nickel for every man stolen by a girl's best friend. There are some rules for war, but none at all for love. Everything's fair.

"So keep your boy-friend to yourself. Don't let the man-snatchers get at him. Stay home, go to a movie, or for a drive. If you do it right, he'll think it's his own suggestion and that you're a swell guy to be satisfied with him only—and a quiet evening at home.

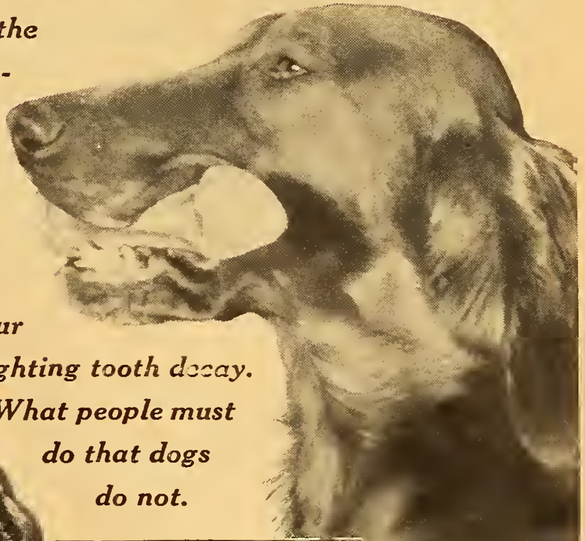
"But just because a woman gets her man doesn't mean that she can sit back on her heels and take it easy. It's a lot harder to keep a husband interested than it is a boy-friend. All men have the idea that once a street-car is caught, there's no use running after it. So a husband sort of sits back and dares you to amuse him.

"I suppose now I'll have to start getting up a list of rules on how to keep a husband. But I'm not a sucker; I'm not going to show my hand by talking about 'em."

Little Alice White shows all the signs of a happily-married girl. And maybe she'll be so happy that she'll never get around to drafting rules on HOW TO HOLD YOUR HUSBAND!

One Reason a Dog's Teeth Seldom Decay

Students now offer the answer to these puzzling questions; why puppies eat mud; why dogs' favorite delicacy is a bone. What we have learned from our four legged pets about fighting tooth decay. What people must do that dogs do not.



An attractive smile must depend on glistening, healthy teeth. Many women forget that fact until too late.

Breeders of show dogs see that the dog's diet contains plenty of minerals and vitamins.

How an artist of a century or more ago would depict the tortures of toothache.

AS everyone knows, the wildest delight of any true epicure in the dog world is a huge, juicy bone. After the meat is eaten, the bone itself is chewed and chewed, and that, in the opinion of many people, is one reason why dogs have good teeth. Bones are mainly composed of calcium and phosphorus; the same minerals which build strong, hard teeth. Many believe that the dogs' appetite for bones is merely nature's scheme for obtaining the minerals needed.

Human beings should include an abundance of mineral-containing foods in their diet also. Milk, cod liver oil, and cheese are especially rich in tooth- and bone-building minerals and the necessary vitamins.

Of course, chewing hard substances like bone also exercises the dogs' gums and keeps them healthy and may offer one more explanation of a dog's freedom from tooth decay.

The active cause of decay, in the human mouth, according to dental authorities, is acid-producing bacteria. These germs cause fermentation of the food particles that remain on teeth and under gums. In so doing, acids are formed which start decay. The germs which produce these acids live in the coating of film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Film actually glues germs to the teeth. For years we have studied ways of removing film. Recently a discovery was made in The Pepsodent Company's laboratories—a new and different cleansing and polishing material was developed. This new material is twice as soft and therefore a great deal safer than the polishing material generally used in tooth pastes.

This new cleansing material is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively, Because it is softer and therefore *safer*, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety in tooth pastes. At the same time it stands unsurpassed in removing film and polishing enamel brilliantly.

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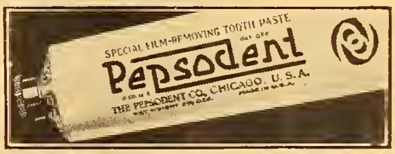
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Only one tube to a family

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CORNS
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Easy Feet in ONE Minute!

How needless to suffer from these foot troubles when in *one minute* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you real comfort! These cushioned, soothing, healing, thin, protective pads stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters; relieve sore toes, chafed heels and irritated insteps; keep you rid of corns, and make new or tight shoes comfortable.

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Ask for the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

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Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 56 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

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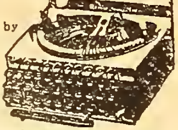

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Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 77*)

lines that were handed him. People are going to be watching for that particular scene—to see if George won his point or not.

In This Corner!

SPEAKING of physical collisions, Hollywood has been betting even money on whether or not "Wonder Bar" would be finished without fisticuffs between Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez. To use a quaint expression, they have been getting in each other's hair. However, since Al weighs only one hundred and forty-eight pounds and Ric weighs about twenty pounds more, our guess is that Al will manage to pull his punches. Walter Winchell, his last opponent, weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds.

New Deal in Marriages?

IS there going to be a New Deal in marriages among movie folk? Are the secret weddings and hurried "elopements" on the wane? It certainly looks like it—when you consider the recent weddings of Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw; Betty Compson and Irving Weinberg; and Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner. (All of which received far-more-than-average newspaper attention.) All three couples announced their plans in advance, ushering in a new era of frankness and scorning silly secrecy—and each had a dramatic wedding.

How They Did the "I Do"

THE one that came closest to being a "stunt" was the wedding of Betty Compson and her agent. They were married on the rear platform of a train during a stop at Albuquerque, New Mexico, with the mayor officiating and the populace serving as witnesses.

When Gary married Sandra (whose real name is Veronica Balfe), an ex-cowboy was marrying a New York society débutante—which is news to any city editor. They were married at her parents' Park Avenue home without a bit of splash; there were only four witnesses. The scene was a white drawing room, with white rugs, white curtains, white fireplaces—and both the bride and groom were in informal attire. After the wedding, they calmly announced the scene of their prospective honeymoon: Phoenix, Arizona.

The big New York wedding of Mervyn Le Roy, one of Hollywood's ace directors, though only thirty-three years old, and Doris Warner, daughter of Harry Warner (of THE Warner Brothers), was filmed—as a talkie. The pictorial record of the ceremony will be given to the bridal couple on their return from a four-months' world-cruise honeymoon, after which Mervyn is scheduled to direct "Anthony Adverse."

Who'll Play *Adverse?*

THE question—Who will play *Anthony Adverse?*—is still up in the air. Leslie Howard may get the call, if he finishes "Of Human Bondage" in time and doesn't decide to take a vacation on Broadway afterward. Fredric March may play it, if not tied up by other obligations. Paul Muni may get the rôle, upon his return from his two months' trip to Russia.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is wisecracking about the difficulty of compressing the 1224-page novel into a normal-length movie. Some are wondering if the writers who are adapting it to the screen will be under contract long enough even to *read* the book. The Warners are still trying to get Hervey Allen, the author, to Hollywood to assist on the film story, though he is reported to have shaken his head and said he didn't "see how it could possibly be made into a movie."

All to the Purple

THE movies are getting into the sassiety columns. Gary Cooper married a débutante. Dorothy Jordan married into the Social Register when she faced a minister in company with producer Merian C. Cooper, and so did Mary Duncan when she became the wife of Stephen Sanford. Mary Rogers, daughter of Will, made the Junior League. Elizabeth Young, newcomer at Paramount, is a New York debbie. Newcomer Barbara Fritchie (that's her real name, by the way) is a Junior Leaguer. Katharine Hepburn is in the New York Social Register. . . . And yet Alice-Leon Moats, débutante author of "No Nice Girl Swears" and technical adviser on "Coming Out Party," makes fun of Hollywood's parties.

Lew Ayres says that one sure way to wake up before breakfast is to go out and peel yourself a prickly pear. He not only likes 'em; he grows 'em

Paging Emily Post

HOWEVER, Will Rogers ought to be comforted by the knowledge that chewing is apparently *de rigeur* in the Four Hundred—for Miss Moats beats Will at that pastime. She says that a very few words will get one by a Hollywood social function. "Lousy" is one word and "swell," another. And in order to get a reputation for being in the know, one has only to murmur (so she says), "I hear So-and-So isn't having his option taken up." At one party, she relates, she thought the cocktails must be going to her head, for she distinctly saw the same man coming in the door again and again. Later, however, she found that they were different men, but all producers.

Just Like Boston

JOHN DAVIS LODGE, however, says that Hollywood manners are as good as Boston manners—so there! And John ought to know, hailing from one of the F. F. M. (First Families of Massachusetts). There were plenty of manners in evidence at his recent "Tom-and-Jerry" Repeal Party, anyhow. Mrs. Lodge wore a cape inherited from her great-grandfather (it's something to have inherited a great-grandfather, too) and John, quite the actor since he became Marlene Dietrich's leading man, received in cutaway coat and striped trousers. What if the Tom-and-Jerry cocktails (made from a famous recipe in the family, the invitations read) did curdle a little? The two hundred guests had a grand time.

Joan and Genevieve Tiffing

ONE of those bitter intra-studio feuds is developing at Warners between Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin. No one seems to know what it is all about and the girls themselves have so far refused to tell. But whenever one's name is mentioned in the other's presence there are verbal fireworks. They refer to each other as "That woman," the feminine insult supreme.

Who'll Win the Queen's House?

AND there is likely to be another war on the same lot. "Journal of a Crime" marks Ruth Chatterton's final picture on her Warner contract. Ruth's refusal to sign another long-term agreement at any studio —she wants to be free to select her own stories, (produce them if need be)—means that she will vacate her five-room dressing quarters, the envy of every other actress on the Warner contract list. It is a separate bungalow, the only one of its kind, large enough to live in comfortably. Ruth has slept there many a night during production.

Perhaps it does not seem important to you exactly who is allotted the Chatterton dressing-rooms. But it is a matter of social prestige at Warners, comparable to the star on the door in old vaudeville theatres. The final decision is a most delicate matter. So far the choice seems to rest between Kay Francis and Barbara Stanwyck with Ruby Keeler a possible dark horse because of Hubby Al Jolson.

(Flash! Barbara gets it!)

Honeymoon Isn't Over Yet

FRANCES DEE and Joel McCrea are doing the proverbial bride and groom cooing act. The day is too long to be separated, so telephoned greetings fly back and forth between the respective studio sets where they work miles apart. No one teases them about it, either. Hollywood, despite its attempts at cynicism, really believes young love grand!

Here's Irony for You

PARAMOUNT ran a contest in which theatregoers were asked to identify eighteen players by their voices alone. Only the backs of the actors were shown on the screen. In Louisville, Kentucky, the contest was won by a blind woman who announced herself a constant film fan since talking pictures.

The prize was a collection of autographed *photographs.*

Opera Star Likes Pigs

LUCREZIA BORI, the opera star, was one of the few living people who had not seen "Three Little Pigs." She asked that the film be run for her at the studio. The obliging publicity man obtained a print and also one of the Silly Symphony, "Lullaby Land."

We chanced into the projection room while seeking a preview of "Blood Money." Bori's full-throated voice in song was accompanying the screen recording.

"Quiet," whispered the publicity man. "This is the second time we have run it for her. She knows the lullabies and she wants to learn the wolf song."

(*Continued on page 89*)

*

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... Created to screen star types, the color harmony tones of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth . . . like finest skin texture . . . it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.

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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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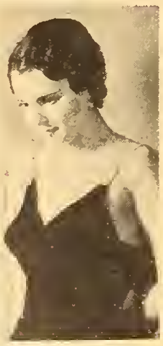

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Go See 'Em!—Make

(*Continued from page 59*)

contemplates suicide as the climax of one last evening of gaiety, the intensity of the situation will bring unabashed tears from any audience. And you will cry with pure joy when her school-mates make pathetic, childish efforts to aid her.

The story, relentlessly, holds to its single theme, avoiding all extraneous by-paths. Subtly and delicately presented, there can be no offense. The picture was originally produced in Germany, but was remade in its entirety by Charles R. Rogers for American distribution. It is difficult to conceive that the original could have been better.

Everyone concerned deserves the highest plaudits. Douglass Montgomery plays the boy; Walter Connolly, the father; Kay Johnson, the militaristic schoolmistress; and Ferike Boros, a kindly matron. The numerous schoolgirls are beautifully directed by Richard Wallace. (Paramount)

MOULIN ROUGE

CONNIE BENNETT comes close to giving a one-woman musical show, dancing, singing, changing costumes and hair with bewildering rapidity and versatility. No one will go away from this smartly staged, cleverly written and fastidiously directed picture with any doubts about Miss Bennett's really amazing beauty and hitherto undreamed-of talents. Her voice, throaty and full, is adapted to modern songs and the two she sings in the picture bid fair to be popular successes.

The story of the stage-struck wife who changes the color of her hair, adopts a French accent and deceives her producer-husband into giving her a starring contract is reminiscent of "The Guardsman" of recent memory, of several Shakespearean plots and of a hundred dramas in between. But it's an eyeful of beautiful girls in new chorus routines (the one lying on the marble stairs is breath-taking!) and an earful of tunes. Franchot Tone is far sprightlier than ever before, the Bennett far more gorgeous—and if you miss it after this rave, it's your fault, not ours. (20th Century)

GOING HOLLYWOOD

SURE-fire for collegians and everyone who likes Bing Crosby, which about covers the audience field. Somebody wrote a good scenario for a novelty picture, somebody else put it to catchy music and Bing sang it, with some help from Marion Davies who reminds us, with her singing and dancing and with a pair of very swell legs, that she was once a Ziegfeld girl.

A radio singer goes to Hollywood and a Bing-struck radio fan tags along. To be near her idol she gets a part in the chorus of Bing's first picture. Naturally, the star is fired and the blonde unknown becomes a sensation overnight. Since the function of a critic is to criticize we might suggest that the Crosby waistline needs revising and that Marion's dental smile becomes a bit monotonous after a while.

But there are at least half a dozen hits among the songs, and a dream sequence of "Love among the Daisies" which is new stuff, and the "You Are My Temptation" number with its symbolical dead-pan dancers is splendid. If we must have musical pictures, let's have Bing make them all! And talking of new discoveries, we want to go on record right now as discovering Marion Davies! (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

WE have often wondered what has become of the old-time hero with his lines directed toward the gallery, his clenched fists and his asides. Here he is, brought back to us by Otto Kruger, ranting in the same old way, speaking sententious nothings between clenched teeth, crying, "Unless I pay that debt I shall never have a moment's peace upon this earth!"

Following the success of "Counsellor At Law," the lawyer as a dramatic figure was seized upon by all the studios. Metro's contribution to the cycle portrays a shyster who specializes in talking guilty criminals free. Haunted by a broken marriage he has a cynical attitude toward all women until the past catches up with him. Ruined professionally, a physical wreck, he risks gangster revenge to save a client from the chair which comes disagreeably close.

Scenes of unabashed melodrama follow one another, saved from complete ludicrousness by an able actor, who, more than once, turns bathos into pathos by sheer artistry, as in the sick bed scene. Isabel Jewell, in a thankless part as the latest of the lawyer's light loves, is excellent. Oddly enough, the sheer theatrics of the whole picture are its saving grace. After all, the gallery gods loved the old ten, twent, thirt, and the descendents of the gallery gods are today's movie fans. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN

WITH startling timeliness Paramount dramatizes the agony of a mother whose baby is kidnaped, and Dorothea Wieck makes that agony seem terribly real. The entire plot is the search for the stolen baby, with occasional moralizing by police, judges and other officials as to the proper way to deal with the situation. If there is a dry eye in the house when the sound of the mother's voice over the radio brings the kidnaped baby to his feet, to toddle bewilderedly toward the beloved sound we'd hate to meet its owner.

Charming scenes at the beginning between the famous movie star and her baby (that wonderful infant, LeRoy) make the moment when she stares down into the empty crib shocking to everyone. Alice Brady plays, superbly, the mother of four whose dawning realization that the dyed-haired dirty baby of the newcomers, in the deserted shack down the road, is the missing Fane child, comes just in time to save it from the grave one of the kidnapers is digging.

A situation which could easily have become mawkish and tear-sodden is handled by Dorothea Wieck with splendid restraint, and the unfolding of the story is simplicity, itself. It is sure-fire drama, but almost too harrowing for an evening's pleasure. A hastily tacked-on comedy ending doesn't help matters. (Paramount)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE

NOTABLE chiefly for the return of Lillian Gish to the screen and for yeoman service by the always-dependable Roland Young, this is a quiet, mousey little comedy that may charm or annoy you. Basically, the idea has tremendous farce possibilities. It never achieves its possibilities because it prefers to be polite rather than rollicking. Tempo is sacrificed to quaintness until the finale when, much to your surprise, a Gilbert-and-Sullivan-like

These Reviews Your Guide

courtroom interlude is played. You have a feeling that everyone concerned with the production gave it loving care. It is that sort of picture—an actor's and director's holiday.

Arnold Bennett originally called his story "Buried Alive." It tells of an artist, so shy he has been a recluse for twenty-five years. His valet dies suddenly and, mistaken for the master, is buried in Westminster Abbey as befitting the painter's fame. The artist is pleased to accept anonymity in this exchange of identities even to marrying the valet's mail-order fiancée, the only woman he has ever known who has placed him at his ease. But when lack of money forces him to sell some paintings, a legal row ensues.

Lillian Gish plays the bride with authority and with a fine sense of light comedy. It is a rôle completely different from anything she has previously given us. It calls for an encore. (Paramount)

CONVENTION CITY

ONE of the funniest pictures of the year will doubtless be your verdict even twelve months hence when the year's best pictures are chosen. If your sides fail to ache from laughing at "Convention City," then we give you up.

Atlantic City is the locale. There the convention of the Honeywell Rubber Co. is held, with all the Babbittry indigenous to such affairs while in executive sessions, coupled with the drunken partying that goes on in hotel rooms. Better keep the wife away, though, if you are a conventioneer or she will never let you go again.

There are so many riotous high lights, no single review could do them all justice. If we prefer the running gag that has Hugh Herbert a silent, bewildered individual always just outside the door that is closed in his face, and the gorgeous tag that reveals Herbert has attended the wrong convention, well, it is only one opinion.

See "Convention City" and pick your own favorite moment. You can find scores with such finished farceurs as Adolphe Menjou, Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, Grant Mitchell, Dick Powell and Patricia Ellis playing this grand comedy. (Warner)

FLYING DOWN TO RIO

FILMUSICALS to date have been confined to back-stage-show-must-go-on themes, lavish spectacles or sophisticated comedies made lighter by fantastical interludes of music. Critics of the cycle have complained that the screen has yet to present an original form. Critics, we give you "Flying Down to Rio."

There isn't much of a plot, but since when have you demanded a heavy-weight story in musical comedy? The affair is, at least, consistent and serves to motivate, intelligently, the musical numbers. For music, you have three hit tunes by Vincent Youmans and one swell rhumba routine staged by Dave Gould, a rhumba you will roll the rugs back to try for yourself. And the finale, with the girls doing their stuff strapped to the wings of airplanes, is a real thrill. Credit the excellent direction of Thornton Freeland for obtaining the utmost in pictorial values. This is entertainment for any tired business man.

Fred Astaire emerges as the star of the show, proving his right to his top dancing honors. And a neat comic, too. Ginger Rogers runs him a neck-and-neck race and it must have been a race! The romantic interest is capably carried by Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond and Raul Roulien. (RKO)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS

FRANCIS LEDERER makes his bow to a new American motion picture public in a vehicle palpably unworthy of his talent. The Czecho-Slovakian star is, undoubtedly, on the way to being a feminine heart-buster. As an Eskimo in "Man of Two Worlds," he gives a fine account of himself with decidedly limited opportunities.

The picture is interesting as a comedy, but fails to achieve the real drama intended. The situation of an Eskimo falling in love with the photograph of a white girl, daughter of his English companion explorer, can hardly be taken seriously, mixed up as it is with the comic reactions of a savage seeing for the first time the wonders of civilization. The two themes are constantly clashing and you find yourself unable to regard, sympathetically, this fellow at whom you have been laughing. Even the abilities of Lederer cannot make real so sudden a transition.

J. Farrell McDonald contributes a moving characterization that is played consistently for sympathy. Elissa Landi is lovely as the English girl. (R-K-O)

GALLANT LADY

NOT since "Holiday" have you seen this Ann Harding. Given a rôle admirably suited to her splendid abilities, photographed as seldom before and becomingly gowned, she is a lovely figure as the "Gallant Lady."

There are three men in our lady's life after the death in an airplane crash of the man who was to have been her husband. Her baby is adopted and the drunken doctor, who has befriended her, aids her again in obtaining a position with an interior decorator. As a buyer in Europe, she meets an Italian nobleman who refuses to accept "no" as an answer, following her to America. On the boat, she meets her son, now six, and learns that his foster-father is about to marry again. Determined to have her child, she evolves a scheme to win his parent. But you are never sure just how the story will end or which of the three quite desirable fellows she will choose.

The entire cast is uniformly excellent. Clive Brook lends authority to the doctor; Tullio Carminati is a charming Continental wooer; Otto Kruger gains more from the foster-father than the rôle contains; Janet Beecher scores brilliantly as the interior decorator and Dickie Moore gives his usual amazing performance. (20th Century)

BELOVED

A PICTURE that carries a man's life, loves and career as a musician from birth, through the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the World War and ends with his death at the age of a hundred is certainly an undertaking of epic scope.

It is history seen from the viewpoint of one man's life, and John Boles, as that man, gives his usual charming, consistent performance. There is a soft-voiced gallantry about Boles which makes him the ideal lover of a bygone day and no one else of the screen has such a musical speaking voice.

In the rôle of the composer to whom success and death come at the same moment he has a plausible excuse for singing several songs. He lives to hear his charming melodies vulgarized and jazzed by a grandson who makes music pay. The lifelong romance is broken by the death of his wife, but in his old age, when it is almost, but not quite too late, he has his moment of triumph when he sits in a box listening to a symphony orchestra play his great work.

Gloria Stuart has nothing to do but look lovely as the heroine. It is one man's life, one man's story and a one-man picture. (Universal)

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29x4.50-20		2.35	.85
30x4.50-21		2.40	.85
28x4.75-19		2.45	.95
29x4.75-20		2.50	.95
29x5.00-19		2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18		2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15
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32x6.50-20		3.75	1.35

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32x4	2.95	.85
33x4	2.95	.85
34x4	3.25	.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
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You Don't Know Your Stars Until You Know Their Habits

(*Continued from page 55*)

Neil Hamilton uses his hands constantly while talking. He says it's the Abyssinian in him. Some of his gestures are reminiscent of a magician's passes. One is constantly expecting Neil to pull a rabbit out of his hat. And sometimes he does. Which isn't surprising when you know that Neil has six thousand dollars' worth of magic paraphernalia and is no mean amateur magicker. He also twirls his key-ring when he is conversing about this and that.

Ralph Always in a Hurry

RALPH MORGAN is always in a hurry. Even when there is nothing whatever to hurry about, he appears to be in the perpetual act of catching a train. He even walks the floor when he is reading a book. And when he is studying lines, his wife tells me, he wears out several good substantial carpets per picture or play. Could there be a sub-conscious dread of finding his career at a standstill?

Bruce Cabot rubs his first finger against his thumb when he is talking, or being talked to. Disliking to talk as much as he does, he says that by the simple expedient of rubbing his fingers together he can concentrate on that and keep reasonably silent.

Spencer Tracy's outstanding mannerism is to extend or protrude his lower lip and bite his upper lip hard. To the amateur psychologist, it looks like an expression of worry.

Sylvia Sidney always plays with her hair when she is talking to anyone. She runs her hands through it—it is usually down her back when she is in her dressing-room or at home—or she pulls the curly ends or she twists a strand of it 'round and 'round her finger. Maybe this is another manifestation of Will Rogers' favorite mannerism.

Claudette Colbert is never in a hurry. And she is never without a smile. She told me that she could analyze herself where these mannerisms are concerned. She is never outwardly in a hurry because she is always in a hurry *inside*. She has, constantly within her, a driving and frantic desire to do things immediately, to get places quickly. She says that if she allowed her body to follow her instincts, she would be worn to a thread in a year. She is never without a smile because her natural temperament is inclined to be grave and still. She deliberately contradicts herself.

A Man in White

KEN MAYNARD'S dress habits might almost be called mannerisms. He is not really very happy unless he is attired in a white turtle-neck sweater, white wool trousers, white buckskin shoes, wide Stetson hat in pure white, white suede gloves and white handkerchief. A psychologist might wonder if Ken weren't ultra-self-conscious—and taking this way of trying to drive the self-consciousness out of his system.

He talks very rapidly. And he always reads when he is in a crowd. A colonel in the Army told me that while Ken was at Camp Knox during the War, he always sat in a corner and read volumes of biography and philosophy while dances were in progress. He has one other mannerly little mannerism—he always talks with his chin high up in the air—never walks or sits down with his chin down. I feel a conviction that Herr Freud would discover something here about a sub-conscious urge to keep his chin up . . .

Alice White always sits with her feet curled up under her, like a child. So invariably does the diminutive Alice sit this way that I am positive she would do so if she were being entertained at the Court of St. James's. She also has a peculiar way of placing her feet, while standing, both in exactly the same position, as though both feet were rights or lefts. Feet-conscious, is Alice, perhaps . . .

Of course, you know that Garbo always kicks off her shoes the instant she is anywhere within doors. Katharine Hepburn does the same. She says she cannot play a love scene with shoes on. She can't be emotional unless she can curl her toes.

Mae West always slouches in her chair when she is listening to anyone talk—the better to keep him guessing, perhaps. When she speaks, herself, she sits upright and erect—the better to keep her listeners from slouching, perhaps.

Wynne Gibson bustles in to wherever she happens to be going. She bustles on to a set. She bustles into a funeral, a party, her own home. She is always panting and out of breath. The hurry-complex often comes from a sub-conscious fear of missing something, of not being in the right place at the right time.

Dorothea Wieck invariably shakes hands vigorously. Her hand-clasp is almost like that of Walter Huston, which will leave the impress of any ring you happen to be wearing on your finger for weeks. A psychologist might define it as the gesture of a warm-hearted, but shy person trying to make friends quickly.

Harold Lloyd laughs or smiles most of the time he is talking—no matter what he is talking about. It's the comedian in him.

Mary Pickford likes to carry a flower or two in her hands. Carrying things, say psychologists, relieves hands-consciousness and self-consciousness.

Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, used to have a habit of shinnying up chandeliers or vaulting over chairs, four-poster beds or the guests in the room when he was talking. Psychologists might have wondered if he weren't trying to prove that he still was as young as ever—even if he did have a grown-up son.

Gary Cooper seldom speaks above a whisper. You have to say, "What was that you said?" some dozen times while you are talking with him. Beneath the veneer of sophistication he is still self-conscious (strong and silent, to you).

Miriam Hopkins is another hurrier—and as she walks she invariably shakes the hair out of her eyes—the better to see you with, my dear!

Mannerisms have meanings—they are the tiny keys that turn the locks of character. Get yourself a key-ring and try some sometime.

DO YOU KNOW what ten stars made the most money for theatre managers during 1933? According to a canvass of 12,000 exhibitors, these stars are the Big Ten: Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Eddie Cantor, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Mae West, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford!

The Little Red Schoolhouse Becomes a Theatre

(*Continued from page 35*)

$5,000 a week, which was kings' ransom in those days. Another contract gave her $2,500 a week, AND a third of the profits of her pictures. She made the most money, however, with Famous Players-Lasky, who gave her $50,000 each for four pictures a year, plus HALF the profits.

Miss Weber made a star of Billie Dove in just one picture, "The Marriage Clause." She made a star of Claire Windsor by the simple method of designing new clothes for her, a different hair-dress, and featuring her in "What Do Men Want?" She gave Priscilla Dean her first real start, and also Mildred Harris. She directed three hundred pictures in all, most of them box-office hits of their day.

Carl Laemmle once said of her, "I would trust Miss Weber with any sum of money that she said she needed to make any picture that she wanted to make. I would be sure that she would bring it back. She knows the motion picture business as few people do and can drive herself as hard as anyone I have ever known."

Miss Weber is one of the most evolved women I know. She is keen, magnetic, forceful, brilliant and intensely feminine. She never says, "I want to do this and that." She says, "I'm going to do this and that," and she does them. Furthermore, she brings to any task the maturity of judgment, technique and power.

And this is the woman whose ideal is motion pictures for educational purposes. Her aim is to supplant the blackboard with the screen.

To See Is to Remember

"IT has been proved scientifically that what is SEEN is retained much more vividly than what is read or heard," she told me. "Those who know say that eighty-three per cent of children's impressions come through eyesight."

Sure. There was something in that geography book of yours about the Arctic and the Eskimos. But can you remember what it said?

To-day, of course, things are different. When they begin to tell children in school about Eskimos, they build little imitation igloos in the room, and let the youngsters wear the costumes. So now, in addition to seeing and hearing, they have the feeling of the Arctic, itself.

"But," said Miss Weber, "add to that the visual integrity of the authentic thing. Show them on a screen actual scenes that dramatize the Arctic and they will never forget it. I know a boy who is definitely backward in school. In fact, he is an out-and-out dub about learning things. But he knows all about the costumes, customs and geography of every country in the world, and he corrects his parents on the very smallest details. Why? Because he is crazy about travelogues on the screen. He can read all about China until he's blue in the face, he can listen for hours to his professor talk about that country, but nothing percolates until he SEES it.

"The fault is not with the teachers. It is with the system, itself. The value of visual education to the normally bright child is self-evident. But think of its tremendous value to the backward child and to all those little foreigners in our country we are trying to educate into being good citizens. If a child couldn't speak a word of English, his lesson on the screen would never confuse him. It is the Universal Language.

The Possibilities of Pictures

"THE teaching of any subject can be made more vivid and permanent by the use of motion pictures. Their adaptability to history, for instance, is easily seen. But what about astronomy, geology, physiology, botany, economics, geography, art, music, natural history, and all the other subjects that somehow lose their great, essential interest when hedged about by small printed words on a cold, uninspired page?

"Do you remember natural history? The stiff, halted, inane picture of the lion and the dull, colorless description of his forest life? To-day there isn't a child who goes to the movies who is not an authority on wild animal life. And that is because of the few animal pictures that have been made.

"When a child sees a motion picture," Miss Weber continued, "his creative power is developed through his imagination, because he is building in brain paths through hearing, sight and visualization, and that makes the picture the most adaptable vehicle for the growth of the child's personal creative power. It gives him exact knowledge, instead of vague impressions. It brings him nearer to actual experience. And a child's mind, of course, is like clay, perfectly neutral and susceptible of the most intricate molding."

De Mille gave the world a feeling and understanding of Biblical times in one picture that years of going to Sunday school and church could never accomplish. Other directors have taught the farm and backwoods children the life of a big city; they have taught city children the joys of cultivating, sowing and reaping, and they have shown them what a cow looks like. They have made familiar to people all over the country the inside workings of a great newspaper plant and other industries; they have brought the world to Main Street. They have revealed every phase of modern life to the international public.

Why Not Show the Unseen?

WHY not go a step further and make alive those phases of life not so apparent? What of the tremendous drama of that little leaf that has taken centuries to impress its small veined life upon a rock? What of the drama of the ocean's cluttered floor? ("Now children, I will tell you something of coral. It is a hard, pink substance.") What of the intricacies of economics? Of money exchange?

Geography! It came just after lunch, I remember, and oh! how sleepy we all were. The flies buzzed monotonously against the window; and it was only the occasional naughtiness of a small boy that kept us awake at all.

Geography on the screen! The interlaced green jungle moods of Africa; the white marbled passion of the Taj Mahal; the somnolent, sandy waves of the Sahara; the glistening majesty of the Alps!

Where is Waterloo? Is it a city or the name of a battle? Oh yes, it is that large black dot in the middle of the map on the page opposite the drawing of Napoleon. And Napoleon, himself? Surely, he is not that picture. He was a man, with instincts and feelings and power. What of Richelieu and Voltaire and Disraeli? They are living to-day, thanks to George Arliss. Walter Huston has played Lincoln. Now, there is a pill of education, but sugared with genius.

Another point Miss Weber made was:

(*Continued on page 88*)

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THE BEST GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one-ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Almost Divorced After Three Weeks of Marriage

(*Continued from page 51*)

figures. And by the time you read this, the Luckiest Guy In Hollywood will be moving with Dixie and the brand-new Gary Evan Crosby (aged seven months) into a new home out by Toluca Lake, with everything getting better and better by the moment. But it wasn't always that way!

"No marriage in Hollywood ever got off to a worse start than ours," he said in that husky-whisper voice of his. "After the first two weeks of marriage, I thought we'd wind up in Walter Winchell's column as the shortest Hollywood marriage on record!

"When we took the fatal plunge about three years ago, neither Dixie nor I was really ready for marriage. We were just in love. I was used to having my own way . . . no ties, no obligations . . . and the high spots of night life were almost a habit with me. At the time we were married, I was singing at the Cocoanut Grove—singing half the night and sleeping half the day, which is a terrible time-schedule for any marriage. However, far be it from a Crosby to take the entire rap. Dixie was a kind of spoiled and petted kid, herself.

"We were not long in discovering these little discrepancies. Nor were we backward about discussing them. And on top of our own private discoveries, it was decidedly brought out that neither of our families was overjoyed by our union. I think Dixie's mother figured her daughter had married the rake of Hollywood; and my own folks weren't exactly clicking their heels over Dixie, either.

Then Came the Big Battle

"SUE Carol and Nick Stuart were just about our only friends and encouragers. They actually took us in when everybody else was turning a cold shoulder. And I've often wondered if Sue and Nick, who were very happy then, didn't have very good cause to regret their hospitality after the first few days of our 'visit.' We not only quarreled frequently, but loudly and persistently. We agreed on nothing—and disagreed on everything. It went on and on until it finally climaxed in one terrific row one night when I came home from the Grove.

"To be perfectly frank, I can't remember now what the big battle was about, but there was no doubt that it was BIG! I remember Dixie said something about our marriage being the mistake of our collective experience—and I didn't contradict her.

"The next morning, when I awakened, Dixie was gone. I didn't put too much stock in that, figuring she was just 'home with mother' and that she'd probably come back when she was over her 'mad.'

"A day went by . . . two days . . . and still no Dixie. Well, I told myself, I wasn't going to call her up. She was the one to walk out. She'd be the one to walk back! I was so sure she was coming back that I was pretty independent about the whole thing. In the meantime, I was rather enjoying myself with my stag gang, playing golf and poker.

"About three days after her departure, a well-known lawyer called me up and said, 'Mr. Crosby, your wife is filing suit for divorce against you next week. Would it be convenient for you to drop down to my office this afternoon and discuss the matter with me?'

When He Needed a Friend

"I DON'T know what I said. I don't think I was capable of replying. Dixie was going to divorce me! I couldn't believe it. I felt as if someone had kicked the slats right out from under me. Why, life wasn't worth living without Dixie. Suppose we did quarrel? I suddenly realized that I'd rather spend a lifetime quarreling with Dixie than living in bliss and peace with any other girl.

"When I saw her lawyer that day, I asked him if Dixie wouldn't see me, so that we could get together and talk this thing over. He said, 'Mrs. Crosby refuses to see you again. To make sure that you will not communicate with her, she has left town!' He wouldn't tell me where she had gone. At that moment, you could have bought and sold me for five cents, and been cheated at that.

"At nine-thirty that same night, my first song of the evening was scheduled at the Grove. But at nine o'clock a pal of mine who had taken sympathy on my suffering called me on the 'phone to tell me that Dixie and a married couple, friends of hers, were at Agua Caliente. Exactly at that moment when I should have been singing 'I Surrender, Dear,' I was boarding an airplane to Caliente. The job could go hang!

"I found her, all right—but she wouldn't talk to me. She was plenty mad, and she wasn't joking. Finally, I told her that if she would consent to just one thing—to ride back to Los Angeles with me—I would never bother her again.

"No, it wasn't as romantic and easy as all that, getting things patched up on the way back. Dixie doesn't change her mind just because the scenery is romantic. But I did get her promise to take no definite divorce action for at least a month.

Wooed Her as Never Before

"IT was during that month of estrangement that I wooed my wife and courted her as I never did when we were engaged. That bad scare I had, when I thought I was going to lose her forever, taught me a lesson I could never forget. I wanted Dixie back more than I wanted anything else in the world—and I was luckier than I deserved that I got her!

"I sometimes wonder if that scare, coming so soon after our marriage, wasn't really the luckiest break in the world in disguise. You see, we didn't have a chance to take each other's love for granted right off the bat, the way the honeymoon love-birds seem to do. I've noticed that plenty of these Hollywood marriages that start off so peacefully seem to slump into a casual rut of taking one another for granted. After a year or so, when they start quarreling, they figure that any love that might have existed between them is dead. And so to the divorce court . . .

"But having our troubles at the beginning of our marriage taught both of us, when we were reunited again, the importance of never taking the other casually. We realized from the very beginning just what the *loss* would mean—and it has made us less selfish and more considerate of one another. Oh, I'm not trying to say that we've never had a single 'tiff' since; it wouldn't be true. But now that we've both got more sense about marriage, these little arguments are relegated to their correct measure—just little things that are quickly swallowed up in the great big idea that we really can't get along without each other.

"We know we aren't going to want to quarrel and separate, because we tried it three weeks after our marriage—and it didn't work. And here's hoping it never does!"

Katharine Hepburn, Mae West-and Sex Appeal!

(*Continued from page 29*)

with relief. He projects himself into the hero's position and believes that he, himself, has conquered her. And he leaves the theatre with a sense of victory."

You're Three Different People

BUT Dr. Payne's analysis of a star's popularity goes much further than this, for he believes that there are three people in each of us, and that an actress' ultimate fame rests upon how many of these three personalities she satisfies.

"The first of these is the conscious," says Dr. Payne. "It is the man that I am and that society demands I should be. The second is the sub-conscious, or the man I am and don't want to be. The third is the highest level—the man that I would be if I could, except for society.

"Man is torn between the woman who fits somewhere between these three facets of his character, and the woman who satisfies only the conscious. Woman struggles constantly to adjust herself to the one man who complements her triple-sided nature.

"But what is true in real life is not always true of the people we meet on the stage and screen. Many Mae West fans, who watch impatiently for the release date of her pictures, would be flabbergasted if they met her personally. They simply wouldn't know how to act or what to say, and their one thought would be to get away as fast as possible. This is because most of Miss West's followers are introverts. And introverts, as you know, are people who roll up their emotions in tight little bundles and then wait for some outside agency, like dreams or talkies, to help them unravel the knots.

"Fortunately, for these introverts, someone usually does come along equipped with a knife and ready to help. I suspect that in Miss West's bosom there lurks a rich desire for motherhood and that she would be very happy with a man who needs help—that is, one who would take the place of a child in her affections.

Mistake to Copy Stars

"SO often a girl will make the mistake of emulating an actress merely because her beau expressed his admiration for that star. A young lady I know, for instance, went to great lengths to look like Garbo because her fiancé casually mentioned that she was 'great.' My friend had her red hair dyed blonde, plucked her eyebrows until they were threadbare, and affected the mannerisms of the Swedish star. Then, when she had been jilted by the youth, she came to me in tears and wanted to know why.

"I told her not to attempt to see the young man until her hair had resumed its natural shade and I cautioned her against the many artifices she had adopted. 'When you're yourself again, and not a bad copy of somebody else, telephone him,' I warned. 'While your boy-friend may think that he prefers Garbo to you, I'll wager he'd run a mile if he ever met that glamourous lady in the flesh. He'd be afraid of her. He's not afraid of you. That's why he asked you to marry him.'

"A card bearing a Bermuda postmark, which I received from my patient last week, bears testimony to the theory, for she writes that 'honeymoons are swell.'"

Dr. Payne, who is wary of generalizations, but asserts that they are sometimes necessary, claims it is safe to say that all female stars fall into two large classes—those who appeal to the extravert male and those who appeal to the introvert.

"Some Like Them Hot"

JEAN HARLOW, Mae West, Clara Bow, Joan Blondell, Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton and Lupe Velez are box-office magnets to the man who hates to assert himself. Katharine Hepburn, Miriam Hopkins, Sylvia Sidney, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, Kay Francis, Marion Davies and Norma Shearer appeal to the aggressor-type—the man who always wants the lead.

According to Dr. Payne, the sex pattern with which we are endowed at birth is a sort of "design for living." It is something predetermined and nothing can change it. It is the barometer of our loves and hates—it tells us when to like or dislike another person—it warns us of the clash that is inevitable when conflicting personalities meet.

"Each of us has, within himself, an incomplete man or woman," says the psychologist. "I have never met a man who is one hundred per cent male, just as I have never encountered a girl who is one hundred per cent female. It just doesn't happen. The girl who is all curls and dimples and coquettish glances isn't as feminine as she thinks. There's a good deal of the male in her because, if there weren't, she wouldn't get into 'armor' and go out and do battle. Her curls and dimples are the weapons of love.

"The young man who deliberately picks a quarrel with someone stronger than he is, merely to prove to his sweetheart that he is a bold, bad fellow, has his share of the feminine. The instinct that leads him to solicit her admiration is a streak of exhibitionism—and that's feminine.

The Difference in Men

"NOW, then, the same young man undoubtedly possesses masculine qualities to such a degree that they completely overshadow any feminine traits from which he suffers. His sex pattern is, perhaps, ninety per cent masculine and ten per cent feminine. And to such a type, Katharine Hepburn or Joan Crawford or Constance Bennett is infinitely more attractive than Mae West or Clara Bow.

"But let us assume that your average audience is composed to some extent of males whose sex pattern reads: seventy-five per cent masculine, twenty-five per cent feminine. In this class we find the artist, creative, unwilling to take his chances in the world of commerce, shy, unassertive. He would rather compromise than fight. He is emotional, fine-textured, neurotic. He may want something very badly, but won't go out and get it. It must be made easily accessible. Such a type will respond more readily to the aggressive woman, simply because she is willing to make the advance. He would admire and appreciate Katharine Hepburn's austerity, but he would respond more readily to Mae West's warmth."

Dr. Payne, in explaining why we go to the movies, gives the lie to a popular theory. According to him, women go to see other women on the screen—and not male stars. And—men prefer Jimmy Cagney and Lee Tracy to any Hollywood charmer.

"We enter a theatre for one of two reasons: to escape reality, or to have it interpreted for us. When you see the life-story of a woman unfolded on the screen, for the length of the picture you *are* that woman. So completely do you identify yourself with her that you live with her, laugh with her, love with her. That is why producers are careful not to trespass on feelings by giving their pictures unhappy endings. You want

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to feel, when the story is over, that you have triumphed, not failed.

"Watching Jean Harlow or Mae West gives most women a great sense of superiority. These screen actresses have charm and allure, it is true. But see how hard they have to work to get and to hold their men! You, sitting in the darkened auditorium, say to yourself, 'I don't have to bleach my hair or wear an original Paris model to make Jack love me. I must have some quality that they lack because I don't need to be obvious.' And you promptly proceed to add Mae West and Jean Harlow to your list of favorites.

"How then, you will ask, can you account for the success of such players as Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford or Katharine Hepburn? It's simple. Most women carry with them, all through life, a packet of illusions. All of us think we're more attractive or finer than we are. We don't like to believe that our motives are anything short of pure. If we have freckles, we prefer to call them beauty spots. Consequently, we find qualities in these screen stars that we believe we possess.

"Miss Hepburn, for instance, is hardly a classical beauty. But the irregularities in her face make her more interesting. Hence, we begin to look upon our own shortcomings, both physical and mental, as virtues. Miss Garbo, they tell me, wears a size seven shoe. Until this fact was discovered, many women were ashamed of large feet. Now they feel that it is a claim to distinction.

Likened Herself to Star

"A FRIEND of mine told me the other day that she admired Miss Hepburn because she always seemed to be in utter and complete command of herself. 'She's more like me than anyone I've ever met,' Miss X confessed. I stared at her in amazement. She is intelligent, yet intelligence couldn't teach her to know herself, for she is thoroughly emotional and has no self-reliance whatever. Yet she honestly believed that she and Miss Hepburn have in common the spirit of independence. Of course, I wouldn't rob her of this illusion for anything in the world. It keeps her going!

"I used to wonder why so many fans enjoyed the gossip columns in our magazines and newspapers. Quite by accident, I discovered why. A patient of mine, a young woman who had been having more than her share of marital woe, used to consult me twice a week. She was nervous, highstrung, extremely jealous of every woman her husband met. We talked for perhaps an hour, each time she came, and invariably the conversation would drift to picture stars. My patient came to me with the latest bits of scandal, and I observed that she derived a great deal of pleasure from discussing divorces and separations in the movie colony. Her eyes would light up as she said, 'Did you know, Dr. Payne, that So-and-So is being sued for divorce? I expected it all along. It's no more than she deserves.'

Gossip Offers Release

"THE young woman, suffering from the imaginary neglect of her husband, needed a release for her emotions. She was delighted to learn that other women, more beautiful than she, had trouble with their mates, too. A scrape that involved an actress gave her positive pleasure.

"But the normal woman—the girl who is successful in love and marriage—has no need for such an outlet. She may be curious to know what Sylvia Sidney's diet consists of, or how many admirers Miss Dietrich has, but she has no venom toward these stars.

"The girl who has plenty of beaus, or is happily married, has many screen favorites and doesn't hesitate to express her admiration for them. Perhaps she is a little envious sometimes, but there is no bitterness in her."

About the screen star of the future, Dr. Payne ventures the opinion that she must be 'all things to all men.'

"If her fame is to be universal, like Sarah Bernhardt's, she must appear to be what she is not. She must have fire and warmth, at the same time that she is elusive. She may be world-weary, but she must have the grace of youth. She may be as spirituelle as the lovely Dorothea Wieck, but there must be a smoldering flame beneath her angelic smile. She must appeal to the eye, the heart and the mind."

The Little Red Schoolhouse Becomes a Theatre

(*Continued from page 85*)

"The greater the common knowledge, the greater the knowledge of the outstanding students. The level of learning is definitely raised."

". . . Now, children, turn to page 147. We will read all about the battle of Waterloo to-day. The Battle of Waterloo was fought in . . ."

(Aw, so what? That was so long ago. What's that got to do with me? Don't believe it happened, anyway. She's always telling us something that doesn't make any difference. Wonder if Duke caught any moles this morning?)

Making Napoleon Live Again

BUT, across the screen go Napoleon's gallant soldiers, the Little General desperately pours company after company into the hopeless battle, and then we see him, a man after all, just like father, or old Mr. Hodges across the street—lonely, stripped of power and dramatically pathetic, wandering aimlessly over his little island. He becomes as real as to-day's headlines.

The children, themselves, are on the screen with Napoleon and his soldiers. When you go to a movie, if you are a man, you put yourself in the hero's place, don't you? Or if you are a woman, there you are, walking around in gorgeous clinging gowns and being very clever and sophisticated and popular. And so the children live the events pictured on the screen and they become part of their own experience.

Miss Weber believes that the time is now at hand when children all over the world will be given this added aid in assimilating knowledge. "It is simply," she says, "that sight, through which most of us learn most rapidly, will be added educationally to the other senses of hearing and feeling."

And she is working twenty-four hours a day perfecting her plans, writing the scenarios, and contacting Boards of Education.

"We read daily of fearful train-wrecks, floods and auto accidents without being much affected," she said. "But if we were to SEE such a thing, the memory of it would never die. This is just as true in education.

"So far, only the various colleges of medicine have scratched the surface of visual education. But now they are paving the way for the universal use of motion pictures in all forms of education. And that, as I see, is my job now. By the way, Russia and England, of all the countries in the world, have adopted motion pictures for use in the schoolroom."

Well Miss Weber is all set to go and nothing can stop her.

Now let me see, what WAS the date of the Battle of Waterloo?

Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(*Continued from page 81*)

Gloria's Costly Cablegram

GLORIA SWANSON is now free to end her enforced retirement from the screen. While in Europe, Gloria replied to a cabled offer for a series of Hollywood pictures. And her reply was deemed a contract—although she had signed no papers. After a long interval—during which she was compelled to turn down the rôle that would have reunited her with C. B. DeMille, director of her most glamourous successes—Gloria's attorneys effected a settlement that again makes her a free agent. The consideration of the settlement is said to be $50,000 payable in commissions upon her future earnings. Hereafter Gloria will take greater care how she words her cables.

How Evelyn Spent First Salary

EVELYN VENABLE, Paramount's newest sensation (she was the orphan in "Cradle Song" and was Walter Hampden's leading lady on the stage), took her first movie salary and went out to buy herself a car. On the way to the salesroom, she passed a lot where horses were for sale. Evelyn stopped, patted the horses—and was lost. She purchased two riding horses, instead of a car! She has a cousin at U. C. L. A. (which, like Southern California, has a good football team), and has the honor of being the only girl allowed to dine at the Delta Kappa Epsilon ("Deke") fraternity house.

How to Act for Camera

WHEN Sam Jaffe, New York actor, arrived at Paramount to play the *Czar* in the Dietrich picture, his first scene found him a trifle constrained in the new medium. Said von Sternberg soothingly, "Mr. Jaffe, just forget Miss Dietrich is on the set. Forget I am here. Forget the cast. Forget there is such a thing as the camera. Just act as if you were in your own bathroom."

When Wynne Gibson plays ping pong, she wears an outfit that gives her freedom of action—a bodice of two silk rackets, silk trunks, and a skirt of netting

Girls Who Are Showing 'Em

A GIRL who is getting some enviable screen rôles is Loretta Young. She played opposite Spencer Tracy in "A Man's Castle," then went over to Twentieth Century to star in "Born to Be Bad," and now is playing opposite George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild." And it wasn't so long ago that a studio let Loretta's contract lapse! Another girl who has been going places lately is Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea), who did well by herself in "Little Women" and opposite George Bancroft in "Blood Money," and now is playing opposite Walter Huston in "Rodney"; and Frances, too, once had a contract lapse! Still another girl who is "showing 'em" is Wynne Gibson, who couldn't accept a big British offer recently, because three Hollywood studios (no less) have her signed up for important pictures. Her most recent one is "Sleepers East."

They've All Come Back

THIS past year has been an auspicious one for comebacks—or triumphal returns. Alice Brady, after a long absence on Broadway, traveled west for one picture ("When Ladies Meet") and now can't get away. Colleen Moore returned in "The Power and the Glory" in a rôle that was brief, but memorable. Conway Tearle, after a long absence on Broadway, returned in "Day of Reckoning." Russ Columbo, who used to be a voice "double" for stars in song sequences of early talkies, came back a featured player; and June Knight, who used to be a dance "double," came back ditto.

She's Wearing Pants Now

DOUBTLESS it was an inevitable reaction caused by the flounces and ruffles of her "Nana" costumes. Anyhow, Anna Sten has taken to pants on all possible occasions. Just an old Hollywood custom and we shan't mention it again.

A Hit in Hitlerland

THE biggest American film hit in Germany these days is Fox's "Cavalcade." This success came as a distinct surprise, what with the Hitler anti-everything régime sweeping the country. It was believed the British pageant would not be received with sympathy, so only one print of the picture was shipped to Germany. The theatre that played it did so half-heartedly. Then the rush began and a dozen additional prints were hurried into Germany. They weren't dubbed versions, either, but with the original English dialogue, which makes the hit even more difficult to understand.

Elissa's Mother Wants to Stay

THE Countess Landi, mother of Elissa, departed Hollywood to spend the Christmas vacation in England, and, more important, to return to America under the quota. Until now her passport has been approved as a visitor.

Elissa flew to New York to bid her mother *bon voyage*, but had to come back immediately to start her new Columbia contract. On the same 'plane was Katharine Hepburn, who has gone into a Broadway stage play that will keep her away from Hollywood for more than six months. Elissa and Katy are said to have struck up the beginning of a fast friendship on the trip.

(*Continued on page 94*)

WOULD You BELIEVE IT!
This woman spends a fortune on her hair...
while this girl spends just one dime!....
NRA

ONE girl gets expensive shampoos—hair treatments—regular marcels. Yet her hair looks mussy.

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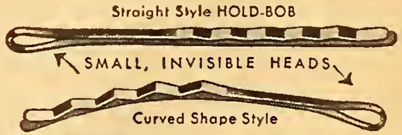

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How Hollywood Likes Its Legal Liquor

(*Continued from page 41*)

Amendment. Prohibition has officially ended. Kindly put away your bottles. Liquor is unlawful in this establishment."

This may seem an illogical state of affairs. It happens, however, that present California laws restrict the serving of liquors, other than wines and beers, in hotels, nightclubs and restaurants. With Repeal anticipated for many weeks, it had been possible to obtain any sort of drink you wished and enjoy it openly. Authorities must have known that pretentious cocktail and wine lists were offered with menus all over town. But the authorities took no notice.

Then came Repeal. Immediately, the officials went into action. Notifications were issued that the law would be strictly enforced. Liquor purchased legally by the bottle must be consumed in private homes and private clubs. The hotels and restaurants would have to be content with serving wines and beers.

In the wake of the edict, raids were conducted to prove the threat no idle one. The Colony Club, the Clover, and the Embassy were closed voluntarily. Padlocks adorned ex-speakeasies. Prosperous during absolute Prohibition, their activities were stopped completely by the more liberal laws. Within a week, hard liquors were for sale in stores alone. A petition for modification in favor of the cafés and hotels is now in the process of being signed for presentation to the state legislature, but it will be at least three months until the question can be put to popular vote. Meanwhile, the public places of Hollywood are bone-dry, drier than they ever have been.

Where Hollywood Drinks

THE amusing part of this situation is that Hollywood doesn't care—or rather, the studio people don't. The answer to why they failed to turn out to toast the end of Prohibition is simple. They were at home, toasting at their own private bars, with their feet on their own private rails.

Nowhere in the world are there finer home bars than in Hollywood and its environs. There is hardly a house in Beverly Hills that does not boast a beautiful tap-room. Architects say that they design the bar first and then build the rest of the place around it. Rental agents admit that the bar is the first room shown. The other rooms are comparatively unimportant.

Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien wanted a house in the hills on a short lease previous to going to New York. The agent said he had just the place for them. Taking them there, he ushered them first into a third-floor room entirely dedicated to an enormous red-and-black bar, a horrible affair, Marguerite said. It was with difficulty that they coaxed the man to show them other rooms. He dwelt upon the conveniences of the bar. Tender-hearted folks, the O'Briens took the place anyway, without telling the agent that both are total abstainers.

Joan Crawford and several other stars are now adding wings to their houses to make room for bars. A sip or, at most, two is all that Joan ever takes, but her friends will be entertained lavishly in this manner to which they are accustomed. Her barroom will be panneled in natural knotted wood and equipped completely, even to full barrels of beer on tap.

The bar is marble, built with a semi-circular front, in the home of Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot. Occupying the far end of a large room, made to appear even larger by clever mural work on the side walls, it looks out upon several groups of tables set for games. Electric mixers for fizzes and electric refrigeration gives the place an almost professional air.

One of the Best Bars in Town

CHESTER MORRIS has a bar concealed behind a sliding bookcase in his library. The whole shelf of books merely disappears in the wall and there stands, revealed in all its glory, Chet's bar. It has another entrance from the living room, but no one thinks of using the door. People who really know the better bars of Hollywood loudly proclaim that this is one of the most excellent in town.

It was a bar, if you remember, that Mary Pickford prepared as a Christmas surprise present for Douglas Fairbanks only little more than a year ago. When he returned from abroad to spend the holidays with Mary, the room was sealed in cellophane and marked "Not to Be Opened Until Christmas." A large party attended the opening festivities, the last large party that Mary and Doug gave before their separation.

Elissa Landi, when her English husband, John Lawrence, came to visit her, had a room of her house turned into a typical bar of the early, pioneer West. Old chromos decorated the walls and sawdust covered the floor. The bar was so delightful and so admired by her guests that Elissa did not dismantle it after the party.

The playroom (with bar) in the house that Robert Kenaston has just completed for his wife, Billie Dove, occupies one whole wing. It is the last word in modernity and magnificently equipped for both food and drink with every known device, including a hot-dog steamer and two pressure taps for iced beer.

In Carole Lombard's newly-completed home the bar is done in Scotch plaid, with a small upright piano finished in plaid to match. At Joan Bennett's and Gene Markey's, the bar and barroom are amusingly done in green and white, very modern. At Ruth Chatterton's and George Brent's, the bar has been built into an oversized closet off the second-floor den. It is all mahogany, delicately carved and a thing of beauty in its own right. Ruth gives only small parties and has no use for a large bar.

Three More Unusual Bars

THERE is an intimacy, too, about the bar in the house of Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles. It sets into an alcove and can be closed off from the rest of the room by swinging doors. Bing Crosby's looks like a music store, with its walls papered with the covers of some of the songs he has introduced. Peggy Shannon and Allan Davis built theirs right on the edge of the swimming pool, flanked by dressing-rooms, and glass-enclosed for comfort on cooler evenings. You can swim to your drink—and do!

But we could go on for hours, describing Hollywood bars. Rest assured that nearly every screen favorite boasts a filling station of some sort in his home. Perhaps it is for his guests, rather than for his own use. But whether it is a small folding bar, like the one that Jeanette Loff bought for her apartment, or a combination radio and bar in one cabinet, like Clark Gable's, or a built-in cupboard like Jack Holt's, there it is for use when the occasion demands. Private bars are in fashion at the moment and it is needless to say that every film player aspires to be fashionable.

Now, don't misunderstand us. Hollywood isn't out to abuse the privilege of personal liberty that has been legally granted again by the Twenty-First Amendment. Too much depends upon a motion picture star's physical well-being to indulge in excesses. But Hollywood does seem to be headed for a revival of the *fine art of drinking*—a now-almost-forgotten art.

Perhaps you are too youthful to have knowledge of the subject or maybe your memory has been dulled by the long thirteen-year drought. But drinking *is* a fine art. And like all inexact arts, a wide divergence of opinion exists as to its practices. Differences in taste cause enough arguments about eating, but it is nothing compared to drinking.

How to Serve Them

IT is all very technical and sometimes confusing. But the film fraternity is bred in confusion—actually dotes upon chaos. Consequently, the question of what-to-drink-and-when has been taken up with a zest that has been lacking socially for a long, long time.

This is no place, of course, for an elaborate treatise upon vintages. Few of us possess rare wines and fewer still are educated to appreciation of them. Hollywood has some rules, however, that are worth observing. Most of the present-day stars aren't old enough to remember pre-Prohibition customs—but maybe they have been reading up on the subject. Anyway:

"Never serve *sweet* cocktails before dinner," says Claudette Colbert. "Cocktails are an appetizer and should not dull appreciation of the meal to follow. We were compelled to disguise some pretty horrible stuff with syrups during Prohibition. Now that it is no longer necessary, why not give the cocktail its rightful function again?"

"Be careful of the temperatures of the wines you serve," is Loretta Young's warning. "Ice only Rhine wine and champagne. White wines should be merely chilled. Fifteen degrees below room temperature is correct. Red wines should be at exact room temperature. But never warm any wine too suddenly. It loses its bouquet. Just place the bottle in the dining room several hours before you need it and let it be warmed gradually."

"Never put ice in a glass with any liquor except for highballs, rickies and mixed drinks." This is the advice of Gloria Stuart. "The one cordial exception is crême-de-menthe, into which a bit of ice should be dropped."

The famous trio of "wine, women and song" get together again in "Nana." But movie wine isn't the real stuff—it's still tea!—sighs Dorothy Granger

"Never fill a wine glass to the brim," Peggy Shannon will tell you. "Part of the function of the glass is to hold the bouquet of the wine and thereby dispense enjoyment by its odor, as well as by its flavor. Two-thirds full is correct."

"It is criminal to gulp down good wine," John Miljan says. "You might as well swallow your food without chewing it. Wine should be sipped, if for no other reason than as a consideration to your host."

The New Drinking Code

"AT a mixed-wine dinner, you must never serve more than two glasses with any course." This from Hedda Hopper. "You are not striving for the stupefaction of your guests; you are merely garnishing your food. Wine is a palatable addition to a good meal, but it cannot fully disguise a bad one, no matter how much liquor you serve."

There is, too, an etiquette of glasses that should be carefully observed. Sally Rand poses on page 40 with a few of them just to give you an idea. She shows you a variety of the cordial glass (as frequently seen without stem as with); the liqueur glass; one of the many, many types of beer mugs; and the small-mouthed, large-bowled brandy "snifter." Cupping this glass in your hands, you warm the brandy before drinking, meanwhile sniffing its rare bouquet.

Small points of difference mark each glass, all having been designed for greater enjoyment of the excellent contents. Many experienced hostesses do not observe every rule of correct glassware, but the true wine fancier will split hairs. For example, a claret glass should hold five ounces and the one for port only four ounces. Their shape, however, is the same. You see, drinking is a fine art!

"The tendency at the moment is to serve too many wines with a dinner," emphatically states Ruth Chatterton, one of Hollywood's really impeccable hostesses. "It is a natural impulse, I suppose, to crowd the table with beverages, so long forbidden. But I warn you not to overdo it.

What to Serve and When

"THE correct menu for a dinner party includes a cocktail before the meal, or sherry and bitters if you prefer; a light dry wine—Sauterne or something like it—with the earlier courses; and then champagne or burgundy, topped off with a liqueur with the coffee. Soup does not call for an accompanying wine. If the menu includes champagne or a sparkling wine, do not serve a heavier vintage before it. Save your sweet wines for dessert. While the brands and kinds of beverages are best dictated by personal preference, you cannot trifle with their order of service. When in doubt, it is better to hold to a single wine, rather than to mix them indiscriminately."

This is the very best of advice as advocated by those in Hollywood who really know. Legally, ignorance of the law is no excuse. But pretending a knowledge of wines and liquors is a worse offense than a plea of ignorance.

The repeal of Prohibition has had far-reaching effects. For one thing, *over-indulgence is no longer smart.* If you don't like it, stay away from it. No stigma is attached these days to the simple statement, "I don't drink."

You may be surprised at the names appearing on the Hollywood list of avowed drys. Girls such as Lois Wilson might be expected, when you think of her screen rôles. But the roster also includes such names as Mae West, George Raft, Jeanette MacDonald, Estelle Taylor and Rita LaRoy, all of whom, if you judge by their screen characterizations, should go in for the intoxicating things of life.

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She Can Show You How to Imitate Stars!

(Continued from page 64)

teristics on the screen. Her impressions of her "victims" are very much like those of a portrait painter or an observant caricaturist.

She Does It Unconsciously

"ZASU PITTS is a simple, sweet soul," she says. "I met her on her return from location in the desert, where she had been working with Slim Summerville." Unconsciously, such a born mimic is she, Dessie's hands begin to flow and coil as Zasu's do and her voice takes on that what's-the-use-of-it-all tone.

"She said, 'Why, hello, Miss Desmond. I've heard your record. I thought at first it was myself speaking. It's hot, isn't it? I'm all dried up like a prune. Oh, *dear*.' And Zasu twisted the largest hankie I have ever seen and told me how flattered she was that I had included her in my impersonations.

"Joan Crawford is a woman I admire more than anyone else among the movie stars. She has done so much by sheer fighting power, by a fierce determination to win, by being discriminating enough to know what she wants. I wanted to study her and add her, if possible, to my repertoire.

"Our first personal contact was funny. Adrian, the famous designer, and a great friend of hers, had met me in New York. I asked him to introduce me to Joan. An intimate little dinner was set, but unfortunately Joan had to work. Later that evening, Adrian suggested that I should get her on the 'phone and pretend to be Zasu Pitts. I did. Everything was swell. We chatted merrily for a few minutes and then the receiver was slammed down. I was sorry as I had hoped that after I had fooled her for a few minutes, I could tell her who I really was. Later I learned that she had emerged from a shower to answer the call and had stood, dripping uncomfortably, while we chatted.

Joan Too Sensitive to Mimic

"WHEN we finally met and I had recovered from the astonishing sensation of those vivid, challenging blue eyes and the very firm handshake, we both laughed over the incident. At lunch in her dressing-room, that symposium of white and cream, perfumed with gardenias, she insisted on playing 'The Hollywood Party,' on her phonograph. We are mutual fans, what! Yet Joan is very sensitive to ridicule or even mimicry. She asked me not to imitate her and, really, she has no distinctive mannerisms—like Hepburn, for example. I've tried and tried, but I can't get her expressions or her voice.

"Schnozzle Durante is a very lovable character, always ready to help, always obliging. After my début at the Embassy Club, Jimmy hugged me and in that vital, colossal fashion of his, he declared, 'Dessie, when I retire, you can just take me place and dey won't know de difference.' Was I flattered! I admit they didn't bring me to Hollywood because I was a famous English beauty, but still I'm not exactly hard to look at, am I?"

Dessie smiled and stretched graceful legs, clad in green chenille pajamas, reminding us suddenly that once she was a shining light of the Cochran Young Ladies, the British equivalent of the Ziegfeld Follies Girls.

"The most fiery, dynamic, exciting woman I have met is Lupe Velez," she continued. "And yet what a child! I was going to a party dressed to imitate her and called her at her house to ask her what kind of a costume she would prefer. 'Mees Desmont. Come at once. Lupe wants to see what you weel wear.' Lupe received me in her garden. She was painting everything within sight a gorgeous bright orange. I thought she might end by daubing the funny dogs, Chihuahuas, that played around her and barked madly when I approached. She was dressed in overalls and diamond bracelets; diamonds glittered from elbow to wrist, reflecting the naughty glints that crept into her flashing eyes. Lupe adores those jewels with an un-self-conscious, child-like love.

Lupe Enjoyed Joke, Too

"WE dashed into the house to inspect my costume. 'No, no, no, NO! Eet ees terreeble 'ere. Too beeg 'ere!' With a bejeweled hand, she slapped my hips; flew at a tremendous wardrobe, pulled out a dozen dresses, scattered them wildly about the room, and told me to help myself. It was typical of her. Reckless, impulsive, impetuous, she will do anything for those she likes.

"As I left, she yelled, 'Dessie, make me look foonee, but don't swear like me, darling!'

"Only once have I seen the exotic beauty of Marlene Dietrich. We happened to visit the same fortune-teller and she was entering her gray, mysterious-looking Rolls-Royce as I drove up in my little Ford. What an astonishing glamour surrounds her!

"Janet Gaynor is delicious. We sat at lunch in her studio dressing-room, and in that funny, yet appealing little-girl voice, she sweetly praised my imitation of her. 'But you know, Dessie,' she said apologetically, 'I weally don't say I'm a *dweamer*—I say, I'm a *dweamer*.' 'Ell's bells, that was a moment when I had to control myself! I don't think she is aware of her difficulties with her r's.

"Of course, when you have the—er—intestinal fortitude or plain guts to say and do what you like, you are apt to embarrass and disconcert people. Tallulah Bankhead is like that. She expresses herself tersely, volubly, vividly, and perhaps too colorfully at times. But she is a good egg and we have been pals for years. She was my first imitation and adored seeing herself as other people see her.

"Katharine Hepburn is an original—an unusual personality. I watched her bewitching work in 'Morning Glory.' As I drove home that night, I tried to imitate her; that curious metallic voice, so distinctively Hepburn, with the tightness of the mouth and lips, fascinated me. In the morning at the studio, I tried it out. They liked it. I hope she will!"

Dessie's explanation of how she does these mimicries is simple.

How to Do Impersonations

"TO do a good impersonation, your subject has to have some outstanding characteristics—in voice, gestures, mannerisms—that the public will immediately recognize. You would know Garbo by her slow, definite speech and deep chest tones, her fatalistic movements, her heavy eyelids, that strange imperturbability. The defiant, luxurious pout of Lupe Velez, combined with her rapid speech and volatility, gives her away.

"You identify Tallulah by the droopy eyes and almost despondent mouth and that funny little gasp like a sob before she speaks; Jean Harlow's challenging, sexy toss of the head and her quick, taunting, throaty voice are unmistakable—and always that final explosion like a series of crescendos. Then there is the captivating up-and-down movement of Marlene Dietrich's eyes and the way her voice sinks at the end of a sentence.

"As for Mae West—well, you can all imitate her. I've heard kids do a better

Mae West than I can. Schnozzle Durante is himself, he sweeps out like an avalanche, bowls you over in his verbal torrent.

"It is difficult to explain just how impersonations are done. I get a mental picture of my subject. For hours in my rooms, I rehearse and rehearse until I am almost living the rôle, until the mannerisms seem to come naturally. But at first I am always terribly self-conscious!"

The story of her success in England is inspirational. Florence Desmond decided to use a native talent to make funny faces and juggle with flexible vocal chords to support her family, after her father passed away ten years ago. Her young brother she placed in the ranks of the Eight Lancashire Lads, who once numbered Charlie Chaplin and Stan Laurel. In three months, young Fred proved her faith, for he appeared at a command performance before the King and Queen of England.

Was Dared Into First Imitation

DESSIE made her own beginning in the dinner show at the Café Anglais by singing and dancing. Charlot saw her and engaged her for his "Revue" starring Beatrice Lillie. Till then, Dessie had kept her talent for mimicry for parties of friends and impromptu back-stage entertainments.

One afternoon, she was having cocktails with some friends. "Dessie, I dare you to impersonate Tallulah Bankhead on the stage tonight!" challenged a bright young thing. (Tallulah was appearing a few blocks away in a stage play.)

"All right, old dear," Dessie answers, "if Charlot permits, I shall do it!"

Dessie went on the stage that night, dressed as Tallulah, in an identical costume; she smiled, talked, walked, gasped like Tallulah. The audience was staggered; they couldn't understand how Bankhead could possibly have got there; they were completely fooled.

Someone yelled, "Tallulah, you're wonderful!" Dessie slowly sauntered to the middle of the footlights and, replying in the true Bankhead fashion, brought down the house with a drawling "Bless you, *darling!*" It stopped the show. From that moment Florence Desmond was doomed to be an imitator of others.

When she gave her "Hollywood Party" at the Savoy Hotel, the Prince of Wales and his brother, Prince George, stood up and led the applause. The next day, Dessie gave a charity performance for the Queen. She was the toast of England, made overnight. Radio engagements, recordings, and Hollywood followed.

"But," Dessie frankly says, "I don't want to give any more screen impersonations. I want to do drama with a touch of comedy. Hollywood is so hard to convince and I am afraid they will type me."

In other words, instead of imitating stars, she wants to mimic you and you and you—which is what the stars try to do. And oh, yes, Dessie has one other ambition, like all of us. She longs just to meet Greta Garbo!

Did You Know That--

Lupe Velez, imitated so vividly by Florence Desmond, is locally famous as a mimic, herself—and that some of her imitations are devastating?

June Knight is another apt impersonator—particularly of Lupe and Garbo—though she hasn't specialized at it like "Dessie"?

Joan Crawford, who asked "Dessie" not to mimic her, is amusingly mimicked by Marilyn Miller in a skit in the Broadway Hit "As Thousands Cheer"?

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Let's Go! Hot News From Hollywood!

(Continued from page 89)

Lilian Harvey's Peeve

THIS business of dubbing German and French versions has Lilian Harvey in a suing mood. She is attempting to obtain an injunction against Fox's releasing her pictures in Germany and France with another voice speaking her lines. She says this procedure is a reflection upon her professional standing in Europe as she speaks both languages fluently. If there are to be foreign versions of her pictures made, she is determined to make them personally.

Von's Latest Blow-Up

JOSEF VON STERNBERG seldom finishes a production without trouble with one or more of his subordinates. Von even quarrels with authors, as witness the squabble with Dreiser over "American Tragedy."

The latest difficulty arose when the director was asked by a foreign publication for an interview about life and love. "Write me some quotes," he ordered his publicity man. "Make them clever—epigrams."

That is quite a large order with nothing much to go upon. But the publicity man delivered. The interview was bright and sparkling with wit. Von was pleased.

Then he discovered the words attributed to him had their inspiration in "Design for Living." Horrors! A picture that his rival, Lubitsch, had directed. Von demanded the publicity man be fired.

Putting on the Dog

SIRENS screamed and a police escort roared up to the doors of a Beverly Hills theatre where a preview was scheduled. The crowd turned to see what person of importance was about to descend from the limousine so escorted. A young lady got out with a black racing greyhound on leash. The crowd seemed a bit annoyed with itself because it failed to recognize her. It wasn't until the preview started that realization came that the dog, not the lady, was the important one. He was the greyhound who plays the title rôle in "Dark Hazard." His arrival had been planned as a publicity stunt.

And in his specially reserved seat in the loge section the dog slept quietly throughout the preview of his first production. Eddie Robinson, Genevieve Tobin and Glenda Farrell, his co-stars, were awake, however.

Hoot Races to Première

A FEW days later, another strange apparition rode through the streets to attend the première of "Roman Scandals" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. It was Hoot Gibson, mounted on a horse-drawn chariot in honor of the occasion. Strange place, Hollywood!

Nudist Pictures Vanish

SPEAKING of nudists, the self-appointed censors of Hollywood—yes, we have them here, too—moved to protest the advertising of "Elysia," Bryan Foy's picturization of a nearby nudist camp. The Los Angeles *Times* published an advertisement that featured several undraped females and more than a thousand letters and telephone calls were received threatening cancellation of subscriptions if another such ad appeared. It didn't.

That is one side of the story. The other is that the theatre playing "Elysia" was unable to keep still photographs of the nudist colony on display in the lobby. People were constantly stealing t

Coming to U. S. for a Change

FOR the first time in the history of our foreign contemporaries, a motion picture troupe from Europe has made a location trip to the United States. We have sent many companies to Alaska, the South Seas, Africa, England and the Continent, but never before have they visited us.

Germany is the country so to honor us. They sent Luis Trenker and company to New York to film a picture laid in the metropolis of America.

Still Airing Their Feet

HOLLYWOOD doesn't propose to give up its nudist sandals, so popular last summer, just because colder weather is now here. Fashion dictates may frown upon the scheme, but ladies hereabouts are continuing to wear sandals with heavy woolen socks for warmth.

Lew's Bright Idea

LEW AYRES saw huge bonfires of wood from scrapped sets at Universal and had a brilliant idea. He proposed to Carl Laemmle the establishment of a wood pile outside the studio where poor families could cart it away without charge. A bit of practical charity.

Here's the lad to whom Fifi Dorsay finally said "Oui"—Maurice Hill, Chicago medical student. Fifi declares she's going to make an actor out of him

Frank's a Picture Snatcher

FRANK McHUGH sports the darndest contraption on his favorite walking stick. Seemingly it is the carved head of a dog. Actually it is a camera with one of the dog's eyes a finder. He gets a lot of swell snap-shots of his fellow players while apparently clowning around with his cane.

Back to Stage? Bah!

THAT back-to-the-stage movement, advocated by Helen Hayes, is a bowl of razzberries in the opinion of at least one motion picture star. She listened to the glowing terms of a theatrical offer and was lured away from the more or less peaceful life of the studios.

It was a road company, and on their farthest point from New York, somewhere in Georgia, the company went broke. This particular star has an independent fortune, so it wasn't so bad for her. It did count up, however, when she paid the expenses back to Broadway for almost half the women in the troupe.

Hereafter, she says, she'll go on the road only as far as Brooklyn, and to tell the truth about it, she wishes she had stayed right in Hollywood.

Nearly "Bowled" Ted Over

AMONG the Christmas gifts of Ted Healy was a nice bowl of cranberries from his three devoted stooges.

"And you should be glad we didn't give you the bird," was the note attached.

Shades of Irene Castle!

IT'S getting so nowadays that when you wake up in the morning you don't know whether it's the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, or 1933. The screen is having a swell time turning back the clock to bygone days when you could get a seven-course dinner with a stein of beer. "Cavalcade" was among the first, and then came "One Sunday Afternoon," "Only Yesterday," "The Bowery," and "The World Changes." Carole Lombard, one of Russ Columbo's favorite movie stars, is the latest actress to get tricked-up in old-time styles. She will make you think of Irene Castle when you see her with George Raft in "Bolero." There's the Castle bob, the floating draperies, and even the dancing slippers with the long ribbon laces.

"Bolero," you know, is supposedly based on the life of the famous dancing star, Maurice.

Hepburn Vs. Garbo

DO you suppose Garbo breathed a sigh of regret when she heard that Katharine Hepburn would star in "Joan of Arc"? That was a picture that Greta would have enjoyed making. And, thus, the Garbo-Hepburn rivalry grows more intense. Already the bizarre, but fascinating Hepburn has been lifted to a high pedestal in Movieland's Hall of Fame. It isn't safe any longer to make uncomplimentary remarks about her in print. One columnist discovered THAT when she took La Hepburn to task for some of her actions. Letters of violent protest came in by the hundreds. The Queen could do no wrong.

We'll bet our Christmas necktie that RKO thought PLENTY about Miss Hepburn during the last day's filming of "Trigger." Production ran one day beyond the terms of the lady's contract, and she demanded $10,000, or else. Of course, she got it, but we hear the studio wasn't TOO pleased.

Now, there's a little girl who will get along in Hollywood.

They're Limbering Up

IT looks like a good year for the tired business man. One of our spies, peering through a hole in the studio scenery, reports that Anna Sten is doing a hotcha version of the can-can in "Nana." And now comes the stop-press news that the heretofore-ladylike Sylvia Sidney will accommodate with the hoochie-coochie in "Good Dame."

"Good, Dame!" we hope.

Zasu Tells Prize Story

THE conversation at the party swung around to the subject of the first big money they had ever earned, and what they had done with it.

One star bought twenty hats. She had never had more than one at a time before. Another had made a down-payment on a fur coat (perhaps it was all she made).

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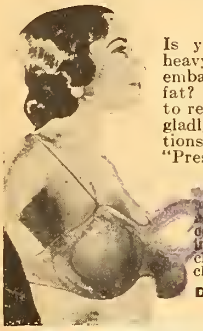

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Zasu Pitts had the best story to tell. She had been paid $1000, and it looked like the Bank of England to her. Before she cashed it she rushed downtown and had a photostat copy made of the check. She wanted to have it framed. Then she took it to the bank.

"And it bounced," sighed Zasu.

Church Becomes Theatre

ITEM denoting strange goings-on in Hollywood:

"Hollywood's former 'Little Church Around the Corner,' where Reverend Neal Dodd won the title of motion picture chaplain, is to be converted into a little theatre —a ninety-nine seat playhouse, where Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger Rogers, will put on a series of plays. The first is 'Even as the Heathens.'"

Turn about should be fair play, so it does seem that the Reverend Neal Dodd might take over the Chinese Theatre, for instance.

A Jacketeering Nudist

SOME of the tallest tales we've heard in many a day are being passed around on the filming of "Elysia," a Nudist picture. We have heard tell that the director, the cameraman, and the crew had to shed all wearing apparel before they could be admitted into this California retreat of the bare-skins.

One member of the crew got away with a LITTLE covering. He got sunburned, and the powers-that-be decided that he could wear a JACKET. What do you make of all this, Mr. Hays?

Partying Closer to Home

ALL'S well with the world, and another season of Mayfair parties is under way. This season they are being held at the Beverly-Wilshire, out in snooty Beverly Hills. In years past, the *crême de la crême* of Hollywood sassiety held their parties at the Biltmore. But, golly, it takes a lot of gas to run those Rolls Royces from Hollywood to downtown Los Angeles, and if it were a windy night, Lil Tashman's coiffure always got mussed

There seems to be a new rule in the club this year, too. Members are not allowed to bring the same guests to two parties in succession. That way, there will always be a change of scenery. You know how tired YOU get of always seeing the same faces.

Those Clubby Ex-Wives

AND before we get completely away from the subject of Hollywood clubs, two or three swanky organizations report that they are in a heckuva quandary. There have been so many divorces, and so many ex-wives still demanding privileges at the clubs of their former husbands, that the membership rivals the Elks. Someone suggests, tactfully, that not more than three former wives should be entitled to privileges at their ex-mistakes' clubs.

Who'll Be Mary's Next Lamb?

WE hear that Mary Brian is in the market for a new beau. The Don Cook romance, which started so auspiciously, didn't take at all. At any rate, Mary didn't stay very long at Don's house-warming party. Mary is a nice girl and we wish we could offer some helpful suggestions. She has kept company with Dick Powell, Buddy Rogers, Jack Oakie, Gene Raymond, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, and we've forgotten how many others. You see, the field has narrowed down quite a bit.

Of course, if Mary wants to wait, Baby LeRoy WILL grow up eventually.

She Has Six Appeal

THAT vest-pocket edition of Sarah Bernhardt, Cora Sue Collins, has started attending public school. She's just six, but she is in the second grade. We think that's pretty good. We weren't nearly so far along at six. Came time for the first recess and Cora Sue marched out with the rest of the children. A little later one of the teachers, making a tour of the grounds, saw a huge circle of children about some object of interest. The teacher rushed over, thinking someone had broken a couple of arms, at least.

Cora Sue was gravely autographing slips of paper for the other children.

Gary's Shocking Silence

A PALPITANT lady reporter was interviewing Gary Cooper.

"And what would you rather do than be the social dictator of Hollywood and give handsome parties?" she asked him.

Gary, slouched down in his chair, surrounded by stuffed eagles and Mexican *serapes*, looked long, silently and quizzically at the lady.

Finally the silence was broken by the blushing interviewer: "Oh, Mister Cooper!" she fluttered, "I can't print *that*."

The Way He'd Like to Live

ALL in all, Mr. Cooper deserves a little applause. Instead of clinging to his solo about leaving pictures, finally, to retire to his Montana ranch, he admits that his tastes have changed, and he doesn't want to do that at all. Rather, he'd like to divide his time. Spend it in various parts of the globe, and not return to Sunnyside and hibernate.

"As I see it," said Mr. Cooper, yawning, "I'd like to make one picture a year and travel the rest of the time. Spend the Spring in New York and see the shows, go to England for Fall shooting, and then go to the South of France and the Riviera for Winter."

Ja, And So Is Mae West!

DID you hear the choice comment of the distinguished German physician upon seeing the curvy, voluptuous Goldwyn chorines perform in "Roman Scandals"?

"*Ja*," he remarked. "They are very well grown girls."

Are you interested in "knee action"? These streamlined chorus girls have it aplenty—in "Marriage on Approval"

When Losers Were Winners

REMEMBER all that hullabaloo about the "Panther Woman" contest? Kathleen Burke won it, and reams of publicity went out about her. Among the four runners-up were Lona Andre and Gail Patrick. And what's the sequel? Kathleen was recently dropped from the contract list (she'll free-lance now), but Lona and Gail are sticking. That's Hollywood!

"Choosey" New Year

WITH each new year, new plans are always announced for bigger and better pictures. But this year it's different. Hollywood is taking its announcements seriously. The town has awakened to the fact that run-of-the-mill pictures don't make anybody any money—and they hurt the chances of big pictures that follow them. The public has learned to be "choosey." They'll pay to see real entertainment and they won't pay to see mere time-killers. Besides that, the Hollywood payroll has been boosted six million dollars a year under the NRA and that extra money has to come from somewhere. So the studios are going to be surer that they have good stories, good casts and good direction before they start "shooting." Happy New Year!

They Were in the Money

WHAT pictures of 1933 were the biggest money-makers? The returns aren't all in yet—but right now "I'm No Angel," "Gold-Diggers of 1933" and "Tugboat Annie" top the list. Close on their heels are "Little Women," "State Fair," "She Done Him Wrong" and "Lady for a Day." "Cavalcade" is 'way up near the top, too, but the tremendous cost of this picture—approximately a million dollars—had to be recovered before there were any profits. A foreign film that grossed plenty of money in the United States was "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth"—the first foreign-made picture since the advent of talkies to make sensational profits here. If they keep it up, the English will develop into real competitors.

No Blighty for Buster

BUSTER KEATON, idle for several months, was on the verge of leaving for England to make some pictures when Educational signed him up for a series of two-reelers. That's one time when the Americans didn't let an American favorite get away.

Another recent Educational capture is Milton Berle, a youngster who is one of Broadway's favorite joke-crackers. Maybe you've seen him in "Poppin' the Cork," a three-reel musical comedy that rode into the theatres on the tide of Repeal. You'll be seeing more of him.

Harpo Wows 'Em

WHEN Harpo Marx went to Russia, at the Soviets' invitation, to show them his pantomime in person, everybody thought of him as a good-will ambassador. He wasn't only that; he was a wow. At his first performance in Leningrad—a performance that lasted six minutes—the audience cheered, clapped and stamped its feet for twenty-five minutes afterward. They saw him in his famous red wig, heard him play his harp, and saw him do his famous kleptomaniac act, preserving his usual waggish silence.

After his performance in Moscow, Maxim Litvinoff—who had those talks with President Roosevelt that led to recognition of [illegible] went backstage to see Harpo and [illegible] he [illegible] had a sense of humor [illegible] drop out of his own

Fill Out Your Chest-Line

ARE you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly instead of standing out firm and round. Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arching shapeliness, to lift the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

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Read the Girl Traps of Broadway in February Real Detective. Here is the inside story of Broadway's nightly orgy and traffic in flesh . . . told with the gloves off. You'll quiver with indignation when you read this frank expose. Get your copy today.

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clothes as he greeted the mad Marx. Harpo, by the way, told Russian reporters that he was a cousin of Karl Marx, dead idol of the Soviets—and they took him seriously, with more huzzahs.

Incidentally, the Marxes claim they have recovered their sanity and, to prove it, are returning to Broadway for one musical comedy.

The Movies' Battle Royal

ONE of the oddest situations in screen history arose recently, when two companies started filming pictures bearing the same title. The title was "Catherine the Great." Marlene Dietrich was making one version in Hollywood for Paramount and Josef von Sternberg. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elizabeth Bergner, German star, were making a different version in England for United Artists. Both were scheduled for release in the late Winter or early Spring. Both couldn't use the same title; that was obvious. It would confuse the public.

So a compromise was arranged. Paramount will get the jump on the release date, but the English film will bear the original title, coming along a month later. Still, the Paramountaineers thought up a pretty good substitute title: "The Scarlet Empress."

New York's Newest Temptation

WHEN Mary Pickford was helping the movies to get started, she was known as "The Biograph Girl." She got her name from the studio in which she worked—the old Biograph Studio in New York. It was closed several years ago. But it wasn't torn down. Somebody had a hunch that some day pictures might be made in the East again.

Anyway, completely renovated and made over for the production of talkies, it is now "open for business" once more—and is telling producers that pictures can be made more economically in the East than in Hollywood. And this isn't all "sales talk," either. "Moonlight and Pretzels," which compared favorably with the most expensive of Hollywood musicals, was made in the East—for a third of the money. Someone suggests that Biograph-ical films might be made there.

Writer Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan are happy at last. She's over her peritonitis and "Tarzan and His Mate" is finished. Ring out, wedding bells!

Cupid, to You

NEWSPAPERS, upon Elissa Landi's recent return to Hollywood from New York, said she had completed the words to a new song, "Invocation to Eros." Columbia Studios, in its press notice, calls it "Offering to Eros." That must be what, in the trade, is known as "dumbing it up" for us Great Unwashed.

Bob Gets Some Privacy

AS long as Robert Armstrong lives in his new adobe, Mexican-style house, he will not be listed in the above category. His bathroom, as big as any ordinary bedroom, is outfitted with every modern lavatory device, including a steam room.

Foreseeing a heavy social season, Armstrong called Architect Kenneth Albright and asked for a bedroom that would give him absolute privacy, away from the merrymakers. He wanted to be able to Get Away From It All when he wanted to. He can. But he must leave his living room, walk through his covered patio and thence into his master bedroom. There is no access to it from the house.

His guests may spend the evening kicking the chandelier, if they wish, and Mr. Armstrong will be unannoyed, as the perfect host should be. But his guests, for more reasons than one, probably will not. One reason is that Architect Albright saw to it that the chandeliers are wrought iron, hand-executed, and practically kick-proof.

Wanna Be Bizarre, Too?

LILYAN TASHMAN remains Hollywood's high-priestess of the bizarre in dress. From the tip of her *outre* hairdress to the sole of her ultra-modern slipper, she looks as if she had stepped from the pages of an exotic Parisian fashion journal.

On her head the other noon was an original Schiaparelli "mad cap," one of those amazing hats whose crown ends in a point like a well-developed turnip. It was crocheted of softest golden-brownish Angora yarn, and the narrow brim was caught up by two green and strass clips to reveal the right eyebrow. What caught our eye was the wisp of yellow Bird-of-Paradise that stood jauntily upright on the hat's left side.

The New Style-Setters

LA TASHMAN may be the star who sets Hollywood ahgaga with the styles she introduces—but who are the screen stars who are being copied right now by the Good Old Public? Well, Mae West put bosoms—not to mention hips—back in vogue. Katharine Hepburn (who wears overalls to and from work) made girls want to be old-fashioned again, for Heaven's sake, after they saw "Little Women." Garbo's "Queen Christina" collars and cuffs are now THE collar-and-cuff sets to wear. Charlotte ("Alice in Wonderland") Henry has made the saucy youngest generation look demure again—temporarily, at least. And Sally Rand has made fan-dancing a national industry.

When Mae Takes a Rest

HERE is a disconcerting note about Mae ("It Ain't No Sin") West. Although she frequents Jim's Studio (it's a beauty *salon*, dearie) once a week, she emits no wisecracks. On the contrary, she is quiet, almost pensive, and insists that her hair be dressed in the fashion that she popularized in New York. No trouble, at all, say the operators who serve her.

Walt Presents Cigars

WALT DISNEY, the papa of Mickey and Minnie Mouse and the Three Little Pigs, has just become the papa of a little Disney, his first child. With toy shops featuring his creations, and nursery wallpaper and furniture and cushions and blankets and rugs showing the amazing adventures of his little cartoon folk, it seems only fair that Walt, himself, should have a little girl to share in all the joy he has created for the children of the world.

He was attending a dinner at which he was being awarded a medal for distinguished service to childhood when he suddenly grabbed his coat and dashed out—to the hospital where his wife (the former Lillian Bounds of Lewiston, Idaho) had just given birth to Dianne Marie Disney. The dinner party was aghast. But when they heard the reason for all the hurry, all was forgiven.

You've heard that wisecrack, "You have to have a racket to become famous"? Well, Rochelle Hudson's tennis racket gets part of the credit for her development

Dirty Mickey Or Nothin'

WHEN Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon went over to Europe a few months ago to make some pictures, they took along not only their two-year-old daughter, Barbara Bebe, but a Mickey Mouse.

Bebe says, "After a month of trains, it had lost an ear and was so shabby and dirty that I was ashamed of it. But no amount of bribery with new toys could get it away from the baby. I tried to buy a new one in England and, not finding it, I had him copied. But Barbara just clutched her bedraggled Mickey closer and shouted, 'No! No! Mine!'

"When we got home, I rushed to a toy shop and bought the exact duplicate of her own Mickey Mouse and with a sigh of relief presented it to her. Would she touch it? Never! She wanted her old faithful, comfortable Mickey Mouse. And in spite of a dozen lovely dolls, it's dirty old Mickey who goes out with her to the park in the afternoon."

Man Gets Last Word

IT was over a glass of bubbling sarsaparilla, at Fox, that we overheard Director John Ford's retort humorous. A woman had openly declared herself:

"I think," she said, "that George O'Brien did the best work of his career in the picture you directed, 'Men Without Women.'"

"Why?" asked Ford, s[illegible] at his pipe. "Because he didn't appear in it?"

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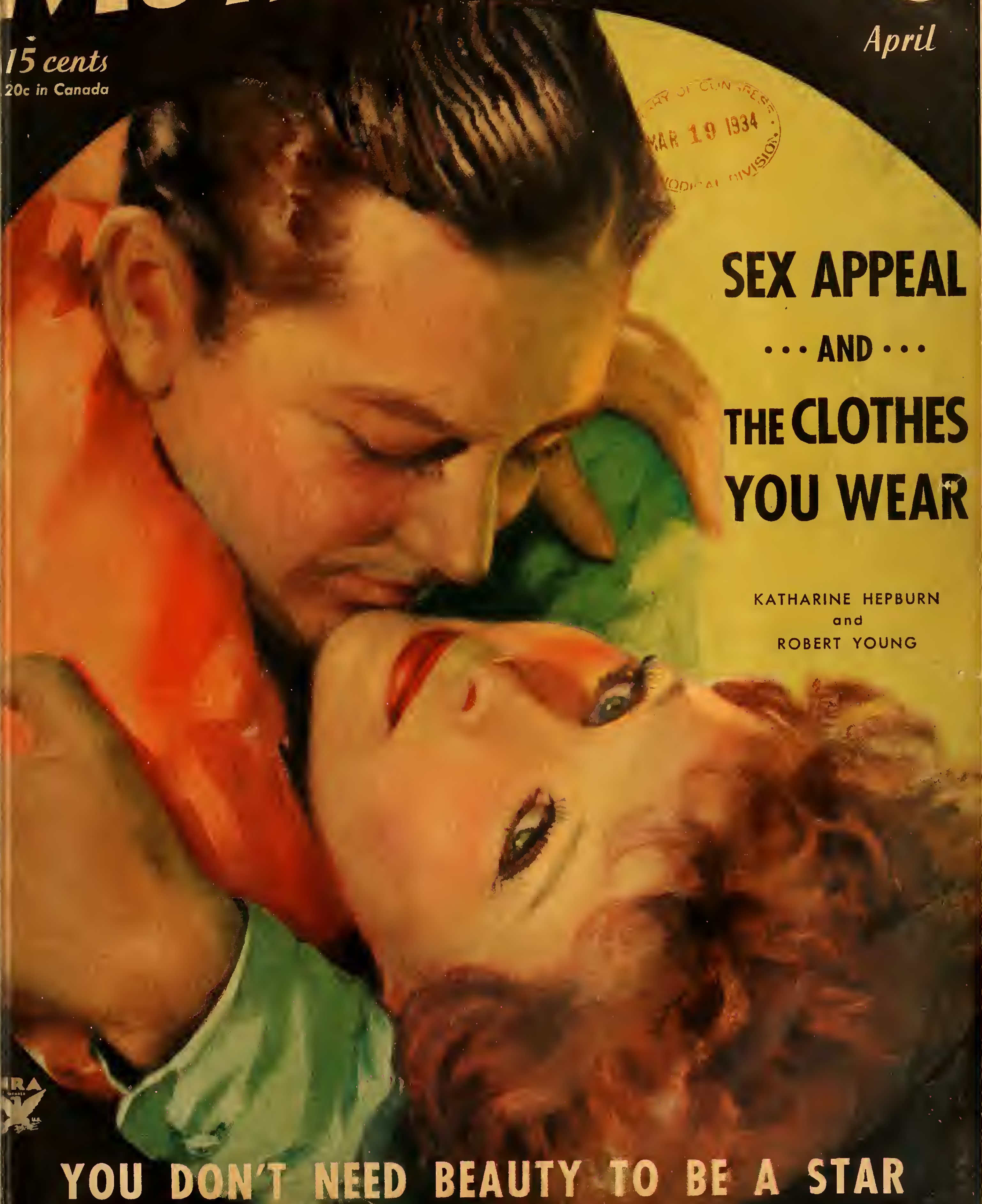

SEX APPEAL
• • • AND • • •
THE CLOTHES YOU WEAR

KATHARINE HEPBURN
and
ROBERT YOUNG

YOU DON'T NEED BEAUTY TO BE A STAR

The reasons women give for preferring Camels

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"I never tire of Camels' taste nor do they get on my nerves," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd.

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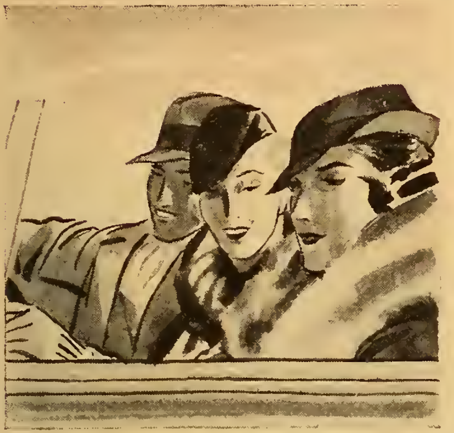
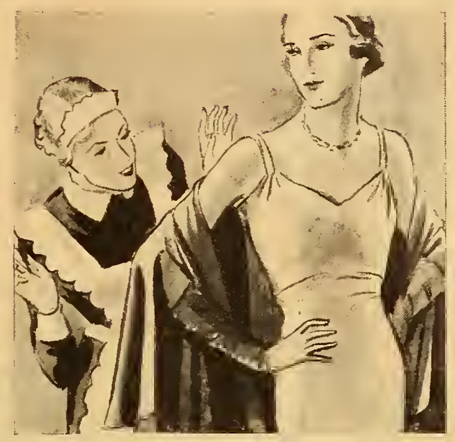
Isn't It A Shame!

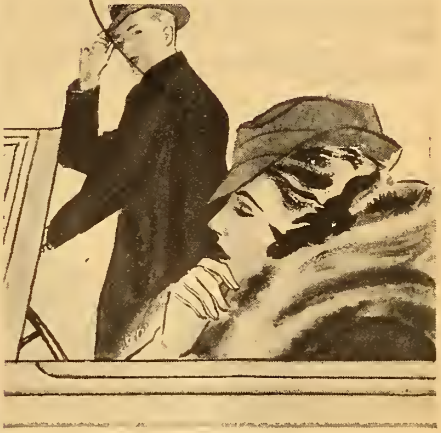
A BIG CAR, GORGEOUS CLOTHES . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



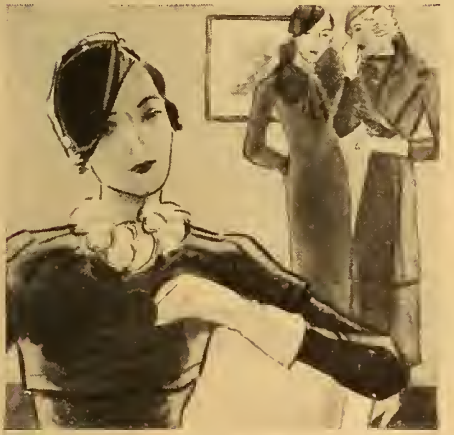
You can count on Sylvia to drive the crowd to any house party! She's a grand girl, and she drives a swell car. But—there's a "but" about Sylvia!



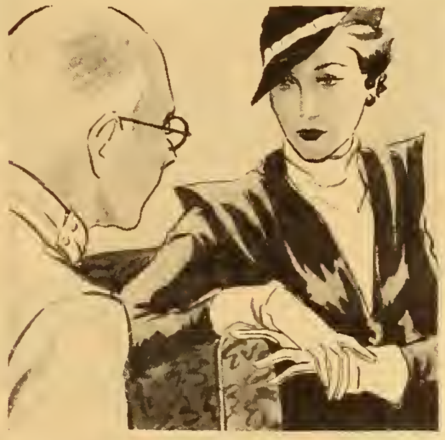
When Sylvia's dressed for dancing, her clothes are the grandest there! Paris has nothing on Sylvia! But the "but" about Sylvia spoils her good times.



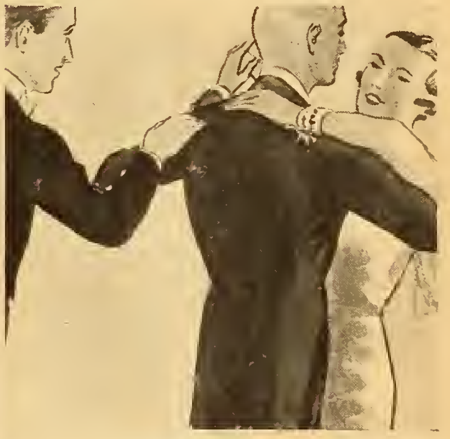
Men ask to meet Sylvia—and they ride in Sylvia's car. But when the drive's over, they disappear! For the "but" about Sylvia is her teeth.



Why doesn't somebody tell Sylvia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—are often the cause of dingy, cloudy-looking teeth?



Any dentist could tell Sylvia in half a minute how to correct "pink tooth brush." "Massage Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums," he'd say.



If Sylvia started with Ipana and massage—today—it wouldn't be long before she'd have brilliant, good-looking teeth! And plenty of men at her beck and call!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

ARE your teeth dingy and ugly, like Sylvia's? Are your gums so tender that you often notice "pink" upon your tooth brush?

Maybe you, like Sylvia, should ask a *dentist* about "pink tooth brush"! He'll tell you soon enough that "pink tooth brush" not only may dull the teeth—but may be the first step toward gum troubles as tragic as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. He'll warn you that it may threaten even the soundest of your teeth!

But cheer up! He'll go on to tell you that it is quite a simple matter to check "pink tooth brush"—and restore brightness to your teeth.

"Clean your teeth with Ipana," he will say. "Each time put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it lightly into your unhealthy gums. The ziratol in Ipana helps restore firmness to the gums."

Today's foods permit your gums to become flabby and tender because they are not coarse enough to *stimulate* your gums. But massage, with Ipana, will offset the effect of modern soft foods. You'll have healthy gums—attractively bright teeth.

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MOTION PICTURE

APRIL
1934

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LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

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Cover Design of Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young Painted By DAN OSHER

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HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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Flashes from Filmland

Acme

Carl Brisson, Danish musical comedy star, whose arrival gives Chevalier a rival, has made a hit already with Ida Lupino (left) and Toby Wing. Watch for him!

Mae Stars in Court Scene

If you don't think that Mae West has plenty besides curves and wisecracks, you never were so wrong. She received threatening 'phone calls that she would be in plenty of trouble if she persisted in testifying against Edward Friedman, suspected of stealing her diamonds, but she disregarded them. She took the stand and coolly parried the cross-examination of the defense counsel, telling a straightforward story and never wavering from it under the most cunning questions.

It reminded onlookers of that courtroom scene in "I'm No Angel," except that only once did she raise a laugh. The attorney showed her a photograph of the suspected robber, stripped to the waist, and asked her if she could identify him. Mae glanced at the photograph, shrugged her shoulders and drawled, "I never saw anything—except his face."

Why She Didn't Fight Then

"I THINK it's the duty of every citizen to fight crime," Mae explained to reporters. "But when he poked the gun at me, I was afraid my face would be hurt. I handed over the diamonds. It would be easy to earn another twenty thousand dollars, but not to get a new face."

Mae (whose newest picture is called "It Ain't No Sin") entered the courtroom with her hands on her sleek hips under a mink coat, and there was just the suggestion of an undulation as she walked to the witness stand. After that, however, she settled down to business. (P.S. Friedman was convicted.)

What! No More Contests?

PARAMOUNT, they whisper, is through with contests—for the time being, at least. It seems that, in accordance with their previously-made agreements, they presented a return-trip ticket to each of the charming young international contest-winners who appeared in "The Search for Beauty"—and almost all of them refused to take them! They didn't want to go home. (It should be added that less than a handful were given contracts and didn't have to go home.)

Since several of the girls are under age, the studio naturally doesn't want to assume the responsibility for chaperoning them permanently. It's easy enough to get people to come to Hollywood, but it's the hardest job on earth to get them to leave.

"There must be a nut loose around here somewhere," says George Burns, trying to explain the squirrel on his shoulder to Gracie Allen. "Go away, Gracie, and maybe he'll follow you." To which Gracie giggles, "Oh, you old flatterer!" George and his girl-friend and headache are in "Six of a Kind," with four other comics

Wanted: a Chesty Chap

IN producing "Cleopatra" (Egypt's famous queen will be portrayed by Claudette Colbert), Cecil De Mille has been having his troubles finding a suitable *Marc Anthony*. Whoever was to get the assignment had to have a chest equivalent to a barrel. An intensive search in New York, as well as Hollywood, failed to find anyone who could approach the physical requirements for the rôle of the noble Roman. The winner also had to be able to wear tights and the short military skirt that made up the uniform of the Roman army. In short, the player selected to play *Anthony* had to have a sturdy physique.

Charles Bickford and Richard Dix were talked of for the part—and Fredric March and Brian Aherne were also under consideration (though Brian seems too tall and slender for the physical specifications). The searchers finally had to invade England, as the Romans, themselves, once did, to find the man they wanted. His name is Harry Wilcoxon and he's a young English actor who has every right to be chesty over his selection as *Cleopatra's* legendary lover.

(*Continued on page 8*)

PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

"MELODY IN SPRING"

with

Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern

Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences

Flashes from Filmland

(*Continued from page 6*)

LUPE and JOHNNY Parting? Let Lupe Tell You!

“LUPE and Johnny Separate,” shouted huge headlines in recent newspapers—meaning Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller, the “elopers” of last October. Yeah? Well, let's see!

Hollywood's most hectic honeymooners spent a certain evening quarreling at the Colony Club—no new sight to movie night-birds. About one-thirty, Lupe called a newspaper woman on the telephone and announced a separation. “It's no use—we fight all the time!” she shrilled. “It's feefty-feefty. I don't put the blame on heem. I don't put the blame on me.” All this might indicate to the uninitiated that Lupe and Johnny were angry at each other, had parted and were on the way to a divorce.

Lupe, however, explains it otherwise: “Me get a divorce from my Johnnee? Listen, darleeng.” (The word “darling” is Lupe's favorite expression when kindly disposed toward anyone.) “Eef a judge ever takes my Johnnee away from me, that day I keel myself! Never! NEVER! Why, just because we have a fight, should I geeve up my Johnnee when I adore heem? Listen, darleeng, we will never be divorced, never! I keel anybody that takes my Johnnee away from me.

Kathryn Sergava (below) is news because she looks like the answer to the producers' prayer for “another Garbo.” But Warners' Russian “find” may fool 'em and show a personality all her own!

“Quarrel? Sure! We quarrel over everything. We quarrel over how many bracelets I should buy, and what Johnnee eats, and the people I like, and the people he likes, and always we quarrel over our dogs. Hees great beeg dog goes scratch-scratch with hees beeg paws on my front lawn and I tell heem, ‘Get out of here! Get out of my house! Look at the swimming holes your dog makes on my nice lawn! I don't have to have you or your dog around my house!’ Sure, we quarrel all the time. Because we are so crazee in love, see?”

Lupe Wants “Crazee” Marriage

“HOLLYWOOD has got to get used to my Johnnee and me. We'll always quarrel and separate and make eet up! I want eet to be like that. Crazee marriage! The crazee-est marriage in all Hollywood, and the happiest. Johnnee is about seexteen; me—I'm twelve. Just kids—crazee kids. I don't wan' to grow old and solemn and sit in the drawing-room after dinner, quiet, not talking. I want to be loving and singing and dancing and quarreling all the time; then we'll stay married forever!

“Sure, Johnnee has got an apartment. I want heem to keep one all the time. Then he'll have some place to go when he's mad. We're going to separate jus' to see what happens. Only he'll come to my house for dinner. And maybe eef he's good, I'll let heem stay. Listen, darleeng. I like Johnnee! You tell people.

“Only he makes me mad. He pouts at me. Listen, darleeng. He gave me a horse for a present. The first day I have the horse I ride, ride all day. At night Johnnee is mad. He says: Why didn't I come to hees set and see heem work and have lunch with heem? I say because of hees horse, and right away he is jealous of the horse and says, ‘Oh, so you like a horse better than me, eh?’ So the next day I go to hees set and he says, ‘So you don't like the horse I geeve you, eh? All right, geeve eet away. See if I care!’ So, you see, we quarrel. But oh, it's such grand fun! What would I get a divorce for? I'd rather be Mrs. Johnnee Weissmuller than anything else in the world!”

Acme

Clark Gable has a new hobby—horse-racing. His “hobby” horse, named “Beverly Hills,” has been racing at Agua Caliente and has won several heats

So now you understand what a separation means in the Weissmuller family! They keep on being seen together, looking romantic. And meanwhile get gobs of publicity, just as they did when they had people guessing whether or not they had “eloped”!

(*Continued on page 10*)

THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!

From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers... who would have died for her!

A New

***DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS** Jr.*

scaling undreamed-of heights!

and

ELIZABETH BERGNER

a new star — the like of whom
the screen has never known!

in

"CATHERINE THE GREAT"

with
GERALD Du MAURIER
and FLORA ROBSON

Directed by
Paul Czinner

Produced by
ALEXANDER
KORDA

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Presented by
LONDON FILMS

Flashes from Filmland

(*Continued from page 8*)

Making Movie Débuts, Instead

IN the Jesse Lasky picture, "Her Coming Out Party," twenty débutantes were needed as "extras." Four hundred prominent misses from Pasadena, Los Angeles, and as far North as Santa Barbara applied for the jobs, sending references and photographs and pulling every social and political wire possible. After the picture was finished, most of the girls had given up all thought of European tours, finishing school, society débuts and wealthy marriages—and were determined to be movie stars!

They've Been Looking Far

WITH Peggy Wood signed to play opposite Will Rogers in "Merry Andrew" and with Fay Bainter making her movie début in "This Side of Heaven," there aren't many unfilmed stars left on Broadway. So producers are looking abroad for talent again.

Elisabeth Bergner, the German actress who is co-starred with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in his first English picture, "Catherine, the Great," has been signed by 20th Century. Madeleine Carroll, English star of "I Was a Spy," has come over to Fox for one picture, "The World Moves On." And Fox has also imported Pat Paterson, who's English, sparkling, and a dancing-singing star. Carl Brisson, Danish musical comedy favorite and former European boxing champion, has been brought over by Paramount to be a combination Chevalier and Max Baer. And Hertha Thiele, of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame, is soon arriving.

Longworth

When bigger grins are grinned, Dick Powell and Joe E. Brown will grin them. For, next to Joe, Dick has the broadest smile in Hollywood—even when income taxes are almost due. (They should worry, these two!) Joe is showing his broad sense of humor in "A Very Honorable Guy"; Dick is grinning at Ruby Keeler in "Dames"

Those "Kidnap Threats"

NEWSPAPER editors are quick to leap to conclusions—which is why you recently read that Mary Pickford had received "kidnap threats." Some reporter discovered her week-ending near Boston, surrounded by guards, and drew the admission from her that she was trying to escape a couple who had given her the jitters. Presto! Sensational headlines! (And a happy little occurrence, too, what with Mary scheduled for New York personal appearances.)

The couple in question had tried to interest her in some "mysterious documents." They had 'phoned, they had written, and finally they had called in person and she had received them. Having read of her interest in the supernatural, they wanted to offer some "valuable" papers to her; but Mary, setting them down as "cranks"—maybe harmless, and maybe not (since the man seemed to have hypnotic inclinations)—soon got rid of them. And to keep rid of them, she had gone week-ending at a writer-friend's home. The guards, she said, signified nothing. She always has "two special guards" with her and can say, convincingly, "I am not afraid of any racketeers or kidnapers."

Scheduled for March 1 is Mary's divorce suit against Douglas Fairbanks, recently named as co-respondent in Lord Ashley's suit to divorce Lady Ashley.

Maureen Says "Yes"

BY the time you read this, Maureen O'Sullivan will probably be Mrs. John Villers Farrow, wife of the young Australian scenario writer. Last year, he was yanked off a dance floor by immigration inspectors and accused of being in the country illegally. But recently he had his day in court and the court decided that he had been the victim of a mistake. Whereupon he and Maureen announced their betrothal.

(*Continued on page 13*)

Richard Barthelmess "tries it on the dog" before he goes into a love scene—which will be news to many a heroine. Dick just finished "A Modern Hero"

How much energy does a chorine have? Bee Stephens, of "Wonder Bar," works harder than a day laborer, according to scientific tests by Dr. Francis Baldwin!

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR" • "VIVE LA FRANCE" • "WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"

"WONDER BAR"

KAY FRANCIS

GUY KIBBEE

DICK POWELL

AL JOLSON

HUGH HERBERT

HAL LEROY

RICARDO CORTEZ

DOLORES DEL RIO

FIFI D'ORSAY

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

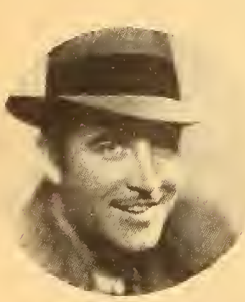
LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!

A First National Picture

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.



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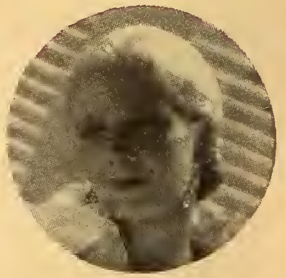

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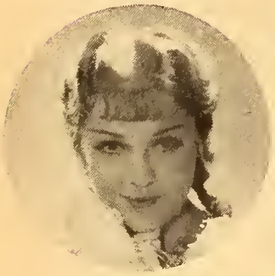

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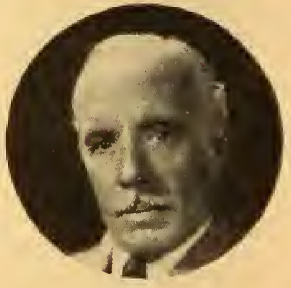

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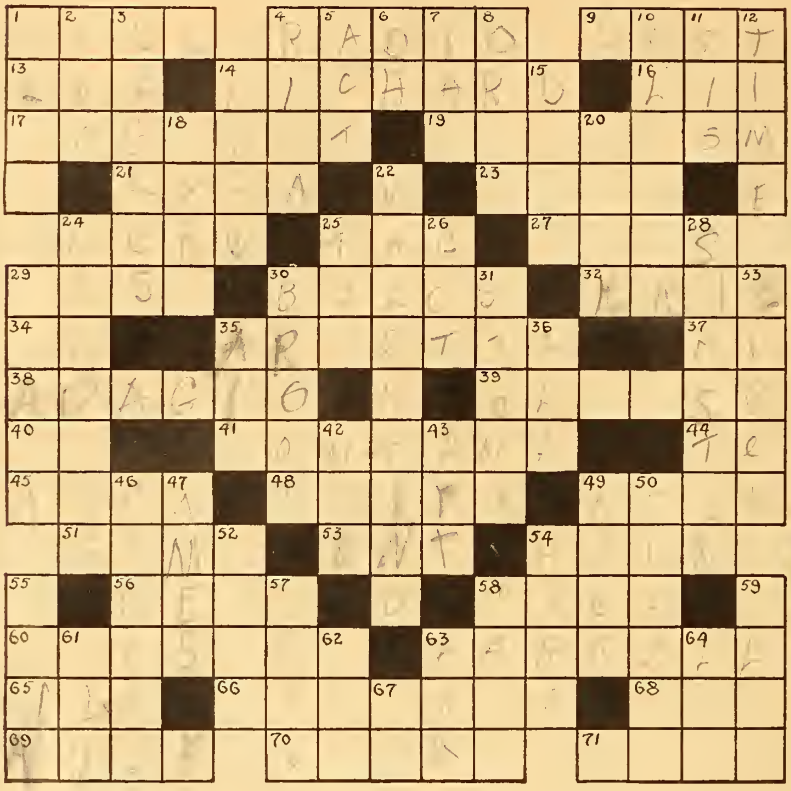


HORIZONTAL

1. The comedian who stutters
4. The movies' greatest rival
5. Mrs. Herbert Marshall
13. A meadow
14. Hero of "Massacre"
16. Fifty-two (Roman)
17. An author, actor and director; his first name is King
19. Some movie stars have this (self-fixation)
21. Lane is her last name
23. Rubber-legged comedian
24. Present
25. A label
27. She's in "Looking for Trouble"
29. "—— of Sergeant Grischa"
30. (See illustration)
32. Kringle's first name
34. Lyda's initials
35. Italian screen comedian
37. Third note of the scale
38. Gary Leon is an —— dancer
39. He was one of the "Sons of the Desert"
40. *Butch O'Neill* in "Havana Widows" (init.)
41. Gary Cooper's home state
44. Symbol for Tellurium
45. (See illustration)
48. A cutting implement
49. No star wants to be a has——
51. "The Most Dangerous ——"
53. Entrance (abbr.)
54. Jean Harlow's is platinum
56. He played *Tony* in "I Am Suzanne"
58. About 1000 feet of film
60. He was *Nifty* in "Hoopla"
63. Will be teamed with Janet Gaynor again
65. To be ill
66. Burdensome or oppressive
68. Founder of Yale
69. This is what Durante won by
70. Played *John* as a boy in "The World Changes"
71. To take a picture (coll.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

A	L	L	■	F	R	A	N	C	E	S	■	D	L	X
D	O	U	G	L	A	S	■	A	N	I	M	A	T	E
E	■	K	■	A	F	T	■	M	I	N	■	V	■	N
■	L	A	P	■	T	A	■	E	D	■	N	I	T	■
L	O	S	E	R	■	I	F	R	■	S	D	D	O	M
O	L	■	E	E	■	R	■	A	■	T	R	■	E	A
M	A	U	R	I	C	E	■	S	H	E	A	R	E	R
B	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	L	■	■	■	L
A	L	M	O	N	D	S	■	W	A	L	L	A	C	E
R	O	■	B	E	■	H	■	Y	■	A	E	■	U	N
D	T	C	E	R	■	E	O	N	■	R	A	G	E	E
■	S	L	Y	■	N	R	■	Y	S	■	D	R	S	■
E	■	A	■	A	T	M	■	A	H	S	■	E	■	D
L	O	R	E	T	T	A	■	R	O	O	S	T	E	R
I	N	A	■	L	A	N	G	D	O	N	■	A	N	Y

VERTICAL

1. Her first name is Maria
2. The drink of "General Yen"
3. Birds on American coins
4. Her last name is La Roy
5. Perform
6. Initials of a girl who plays in Western films
7. *Magnus* of "Queen Christina"
8. Spoken
10. She coined the expression "It"
11. Sister (coll.)
12. The prisoners in "The Big House" were doing ——
14. Part in a picture
15. His first name was Sidney (deceased)
18. The arena scene in "Sign of the Cross" was filled with——
20. He was *Richard* in "The World Changes"
22. The screen's greatest lover (deceased)
24. (See illustration)
25. Best-known Western star
26. To obtain
28. A verse of two feet
29. Has been called "the Brooklyn Bonfire"
30. He was in "Gallant Lady"
31. (See illustration)
33. Mae West is a modern screen ——
35. Stardom is the —— of most "extras"
36. Ice cream on pie is —— mode
42. North by East
43. Toward the stern of a boat
46. The Conrad —— have just parted
47. Mrs. Bruce Cabot
49. The screen's new boxing idol
50. Percy is her last name
52. Combining form, within
54. Pickfair is —— now, says Mary Pickford
55. A bridge
57. Long periods of time
58. Brazilian actor in "Flying Down to Rio"
59. The name of the frog in the animated cartoons
61. "Girl of the ——"
62. Mrs. Jobyna Arlen, —— Ralston
63. "Attorney —— the Defense"
64. College degree of "Literate in Arts" (abbr.)
67. Armstrong's initials

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

Flashes From Filmland

(Continued from page 10)

Pictures Worth Headlines

THERE are some pictures now in the making that ought to be news when they are released. First, there is "The Merry Widow," starring Chevalier (and, maybe, Gloria Swanson—instead of Joan Crawford), which is getting under way as a million-dollar production and, contrary to earlier reports, will retain the original Franz Lehar melodies, with the lyrics brought up to date. Then, Leslie Howard is at work on "Of Human Bondage," Somerset Maugham's great novel of super-sensitive youth; Ronald Colman is making "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," his first picture since his long sojourn abroad and a sequel to his great hit, "Bulldog Drummond"; Edward G. Robinson is changing the map of Europe as "Napoleon"; Fredric March (co-starring with Constance Bennett) is picturizing the sensational life and loves of Benvenuto Cellini in "The Firebrand"; and John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman and Hollywood's newest producer, is remaking that once-great hit of silent days, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

They're Coming Your Way

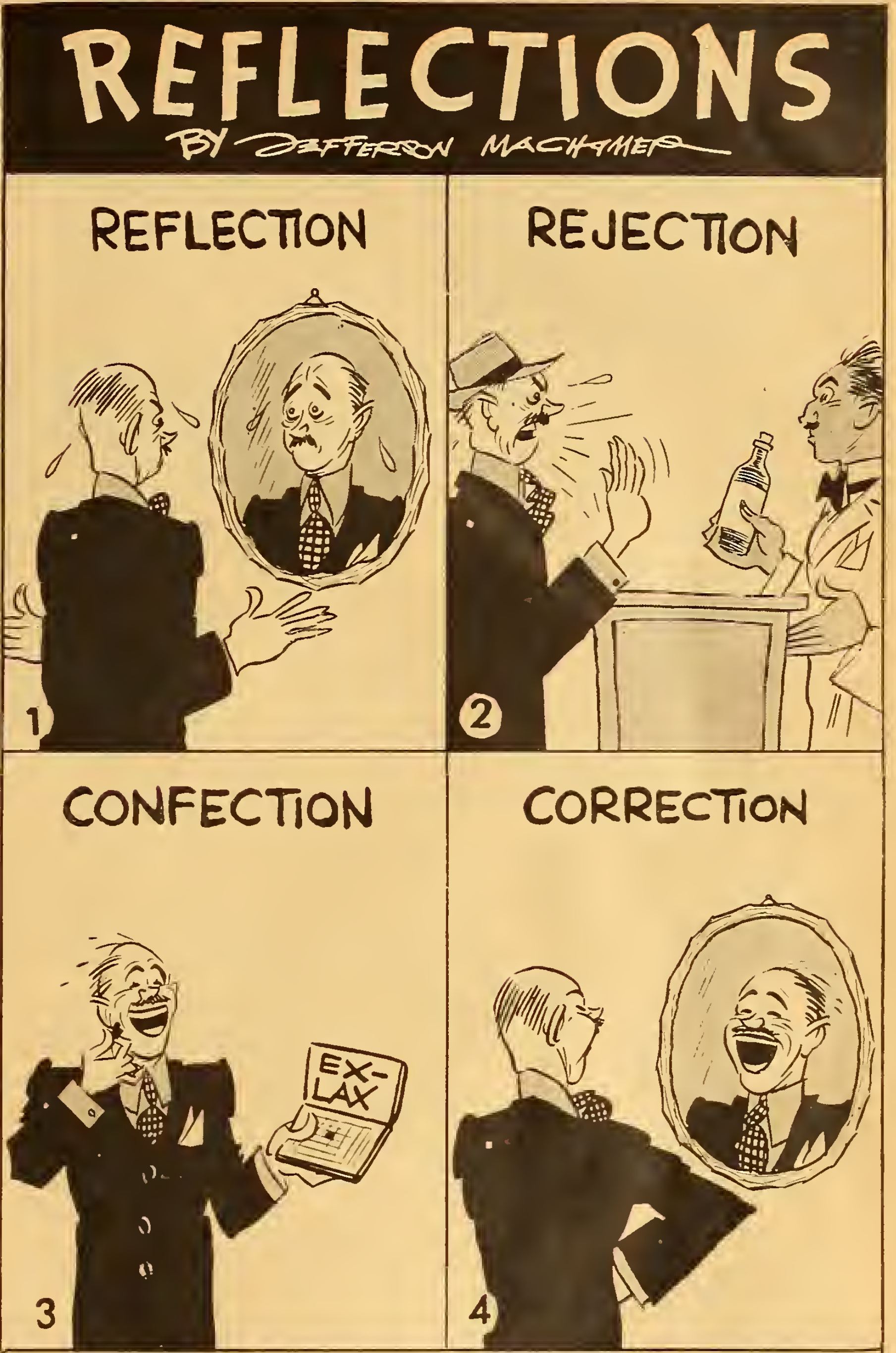
THEN, Fox has just bought Sinclair Lewis' newest novel, "Work of Art," and M-G-M has purchased that other best-seller, Dashiell Hammett's thriller, "The Thin Man." In addition, M-G-M has acquired the talkie rights to Kipling's "Kim" (intended for Ramon Novarro) and "Captains Courageous" (intended for Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper); and Fox is putting Dickens' "David Copperfield" into scenario form.

RKO-Radio is planning out "Green Mansions," W. H. Hudson's famous jungle fantasy, for Dolores Del Rio; Warner Brothers are trying to boil down Hervey Allen's titanic novel of adventure, "Anthony Adverse," for the screen; M-G-M is trying to find a cast for "The Good Earth", which China won't let them film there; Twentieth Century is whipping Victor Hugo's great novel, "Les Miserables," into shape for Fredric March; RKO-Radio is readying the scenario of "Joan of Arc" for Katharine Hepburn; M-G-M is still trying to get Katharine Cornell to leave the stage for the screen version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"; and Margaret Sullavan and Mrs. Leslie Carter are about to revive the famous rivalry of "Elizabeth and Mary."

They're Recognizing Russia

RUSSIA is the big new interest of the movie-makers. M-G-M is readying "Soviet" for Wallace Beery, to start when he returns from his vacation. Columbia is preparing "Red Square," to be directed by Lewis Milestone, who has just returned from a visit to his homeland. Warner Brothers are planning to send a company to Russia to film a story right on the spot; Leslie Howard may be the star. Charles Bickford is scheduled to go to Russia in June to make "Immigration" for Sovkino. Harpo Marx is just back from triumphant personal appearances in Leningrad and Moscow, thus proving himself as universally understood as that other silent man, Chaplin. Paul Muni and his wife are now touring in Russia, looking over the country. And a Russian—Anna Sten—is the newest star to rise in Hollywood.

(More news? You'll find plenty on page 36!)



WHEN you need a laxative, ask yourself this question:

Why should you bother with spoons, bottles, and messy medicines, when there is Ex-Lax — the chocolated laxative that is so pleasant and convenient?

Ex-Lax tastes just like a piece of delicious chocolate! It is gentle as well as effective — for all ages. 10c and 25c at all druggists.

KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. It will give your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx—cake, liquid or cream. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

WINX

For Lovely Eyes

Cake or Liquid

WINX
Waterproof
WINX

FREE

Merely send coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". If you also want a month's trial package, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish cake or liquid, black or brown.

Mail to ROSS Co., 243 W. 17th St., N. Y. City
MP-4
Name..
Street..
City.............................. *State*..............
☐ Cake ☐ Liquid ☐ Black ☐ Brown

What next in Camera angles?

ASKS ONE OF OUR READERS

Constance Talmadge in a pearl-clutching pose and Katharine Hepburn shot from an unusual angle

FIRST PRIZE

The camera angle changes in our picture gallery have been noted by Jack Henry, of Hollywood, Cal. He writes:

"Having been a reader of your magazine for the past ten years, I have closely observed the 'style-trend' in your picture-gallery. Them were the good old days when Constance Talmadge and Aileen Pringle clutched ropes of pearls about their throats and often wore jeweled pins and plumage in their hair. . . . Remember those moonlight and honeysuckle backgrounds for Blanche Sweet and Anita Page? . . . Norma Shearer started something when she brushed her hair down over one eye and gazed down into the camera lens—nearly every actress in motion pictures has tried her version of it . . . Then someone conceived the 'botanical' idea—Marlene Dietrich clutching an orchid, Joan Crawford her gardenia—Garbo a bunch of grapes and Johnny Weissmuller a banana leaf!

"And now comes Katharine Hepburn practically standing on her head at times to obtain an 'unusual' angle. We have gazed down upon her head, over her shoulders and up into her nostrils. What next?"

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

SECOND PRIZE

He enjoyed Cagney in "Lady Killer," but Charles M. Hatcher, of San Diego, Calif., has some complaints to make, too:

"I giggled, I chortled, I chirped and I chuckled, and all around me a packed show-house likewise showed its appreciation of James Cagney in his latest *smash*, 'Lady Killer.' All of us enjoyed the flashing wise-cracker in his faultless work.

"But three things stuck out of the picture like sore thumbs. One was the flagrant use of advertising in the picture in a scene blatantly praising a certain well-known dine-dance rendezvous in Los Angeles. Another was the repeated use of the name of a certain hotel in the same city. And the third was the change of title from the forceful, descriptive original name, 'The Finger Man' to 'Lady Killer.' As 'Lady Killer,' I came near not going to see it because the name suggested nothing and I was tired of seeing women smacked around in pictures. Besides, the picture had been advertised in trailers as 'The Finger Man' and I failed to connect the two.

"One thing sure, however, is that Jimmy is popular. And in this picture he shows his superb acting ability. So let's have more Cagney in pictures and less advertising!"

THIRD PRIZE

She disliked all crooners, but after seeing "Going Hollywood," Mary Ervin, of Tallahassee, Fla., admits that Crosby can act:

"They say an honest confession is good for the soul, so here goes: I am one of those ornery persons, who, early in the history of the crooner, formed a violent antipathy toward that particular species of vocalist. It mattered not his name, age, color, or previous condition of servitude; just the slightest suggestion of bu-bu-buh-buh—thumbs down!

"The other night I dropped into a movie to see 'Going Hollywood'; chiefly because that Davies gal has long been a prime favorite of mine. Well sir, you could have floored me with a feather! This boy Bing Crosby is a *real* actor. He even overshadowed Marion's usual fine performance. And I found myself liking that baritone voice of his, too. In fact, I've tuned in on all his radio programs since. My most abject apologies, Mr. Crosby!"

Beauty parlor make-up, in scenes supposedly far from civilization, annoys Marcia Feldman, of Atlanta, Ga.:

"For those like myself who take their movies seriously, it is quite irritating to note that no matter what rôle a Hollywood heroine finds herself in, her beauty make-up is always undisturbed. She may play a scene in the fields, on a desert isle, or in the jungle wilds, far from civilization or beauty shops, still her hair is always set in immaculate waves, her eyebrows plucked, her lashes beaded (sometimes with mascara running out), and her nails are always her favorite tint, when doing the dirtiest work. This beauty parlor make-up destroys all realism."

Many others feel the same way about a certain actor as Mary Katharine Jones, of Tucson, Ariz., does:

"I shall not cease my condemnation of the movie moguls who ignore transcendent work for inferior talent until I see one man's name emblazoned high up in electric lights across the marquees where it belongs.

"Directors call him 'perfect.' Not once in his eighteen years of screen life and in his 250 screen rôles has he failed to give a perfect performance. He constantly worries stars by walking off with scenes and sometimes whole pictures. Yet he has no upstage, scene-stealing maneuvers—no tilted cigar, no cocked eye, no pulled-down mouth, no shuffling feet. He doesn't have to resort to showmanship. His stage presence, his genuineness, his acting technique are enough. He plans every performance as meticulously as an architect plans a building—gesture upon gesture, act upon act, mood upon mood—sure, competent, perfect! A star and yet not a star—his name—Lewis Stone!"

The success of "Little Women," writes Piers Pontchartrain, of San Francisco, Calif., proves that a change from sensationalism and sex is appreciated:

"Mae West rang the cash register bell in 'I'm No Angel'—but so did Katharine Hepburn in 'Little Women.'

"This generation has come to think of Louisa M. Alcott as a sentimentalist, and at best regard 'Little Women' as a girl's story to be passed on to the children. But there is less sentimentality and juvenile emotion in the tears shed while watching this serene, yet vital, film than there is in the laughter induced by Miss West's vulgarities.

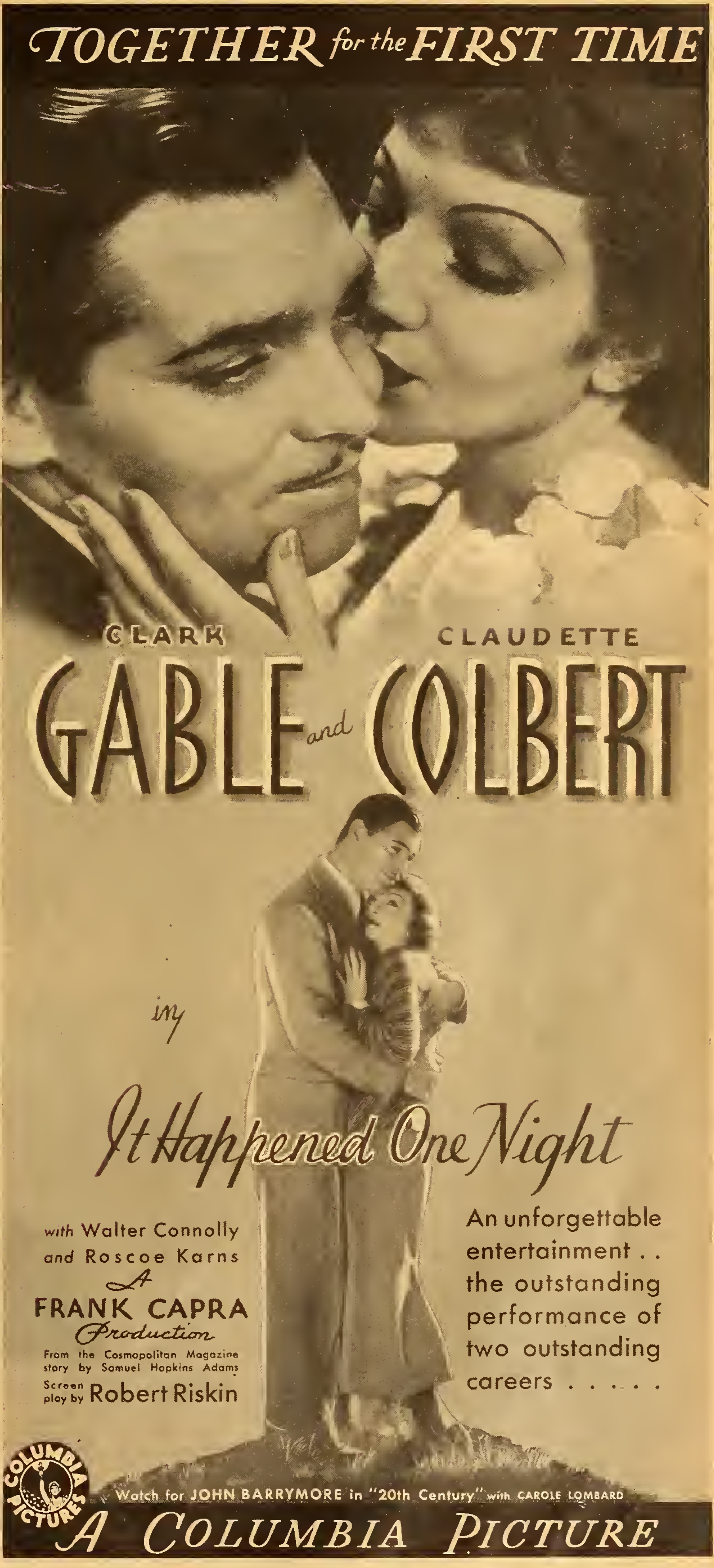
"There is really a vast and as yet almost untapped reservoir of income for producers from cultivated, intelligent, educated people who are now prejudiced against screen entertainment because so much of it is bad. Such people will be partially won over by the idea that time, trouble and expense were used in the screen version of such a classic as 'Little Women.'"

"What has become of the Censors?" asks H. S. Post, of Ellis, O.:

"Have the censors been bought off? In this neck of the woods, we ultra-moderns are afraid to take our aunt Nancys (from the country) or our young brothers and sisters to a movie unless Will Rogers is the star. Even Eddie Cantor, that model of domesticity, has gotten pretty risque in his recent pictures."

Kruger is slaying the ladies over twenty five according to what Helen M. Watson, of Concord, N. H., says:

"All I have been hearing from my friends during the past few weeks can be summed up in two words—Otto Kruger. The younger generation may rave over Douglas Fairbanks Jr. or Buddy Rogers but every woman over twenty-five has suddenly become Kruger conscious and all join in lauding his acting and personality. I have never before seen my sex so unanimously enrolled as worshipers at the altar of any idol."



TOGETHER for the FIRST TIME

CLARK GABLE and CLAUDETTE COLBERT

in

It Happened One Night

with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns

A FRANK CAPRA Production

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Screen play by Robert Riskin

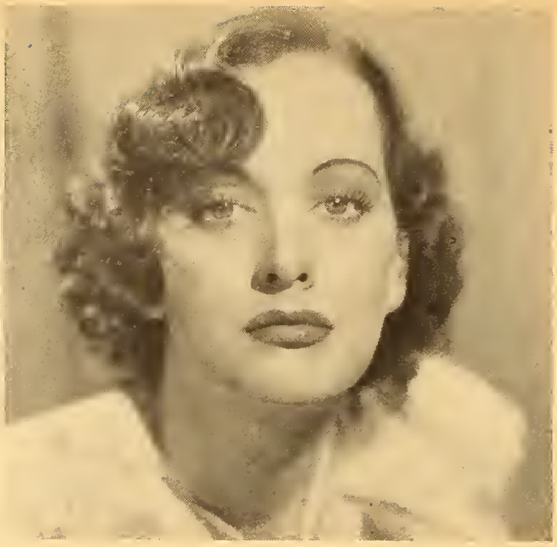
An unforgettable entertainment . . the outstanding performance of two outstanding careers . . . . .

Watch for JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century" with CAROLE LOMBARD

COLUMBIA PICTURES

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Who Is This Girl?



And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly?

Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By Marion Martone

2. How come Evelyn Venable is referred to as the "kissless" screen player?

3. Do you know how George Raft is made to look taller than he really is on the screen?

4. On what screen blonde, with an exceptionally trim figure, did a movie company take out insurance to the tune of $50,000 against the possibility of her gaining weight?

5. Why won't Mae West have Max Baer as her leading man in her forthcoming picture, "It Ain't No Sin"?

6. There's a great possibility of a reconciliation between what Hollywood divorced couple?

7. Orders to put on 15 pounds to add curves to her figure were given to what screen star by her director?

8. The record of being married five times is held by which stage and screen actress?

9. Who is the handsome screen actor who pulled the usual bridegroom boner of forgetting the ring when he was married recently?

10. What was one of the reasons given by a well-dressed, dark-haired, screen beauty for wanting a divorce from her husband, who is also an actor and a director?

11. Wedding bells rang out for what motion picture star and dance director on February 10?

12. Can you name the young motion picture actor whose studio agreement forbids him to marry for at least another year?

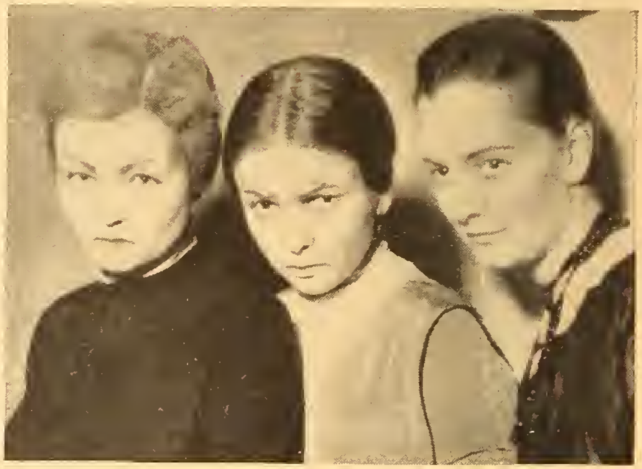
13. What actress recently said: "We fight, we fight, we fight. It's 'feefty-feefty,'" in speaking of her marital troubles?

14. Do you know the recent Hollywood bride who will not play in the same picture with her husband?

15. How did a very popular star get that black eye she had to sport around for almost a week?

16. Why did Veree Teasdale arrange her contract so that she could have two months off this year?

17. Who is the motion picture actor who has been named in the divorce suit of a titled English couple?



International

18. You've got to be good to be able to name the group of three old ladies pictured above. Remember, no cheating! Don't refer to the answers until you've made at least three guesses.

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 84)

Headache? How's your *alkaline* reserve?

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

ALL TOO OFTEN headaches are accompanied by a lowered alkaline reserve in the system—so you certainly want to use a preparation which will help bring your alkaline reserve back to normal.

Therefore, you need something not only to attack the pain, but to supply this alkali. Bromo-Seltzer supplies readily-absorbed alkali to the blood. Look what happens when you take it!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer affords such prompt relief from gas on the stomach.

Then it quickly relieves the pain—ends headache before you know it. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity.

Combines 5 medicinal ingredients

Pain goes . . . your head clears . . . and you are back to normal before you know it! Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each with a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness.

And Bromo-Seltzer works much *faster* because you take it as a *liquid.*

Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so *dependable,* too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are not made under the careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. At the fountain or by the bottle. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

Only you and the Apes catch cold!

THE ape can catch your cold and you can catch his. While other animals have what appear to be colds, they are in no way related to that compound of misery, discomfort, and danger we humans call a cold.

Driven by human suffering and economic loss due to workers' absence ($450,000,000 in U. S. alone), able research men have sought the cause of this puzzling universal malady.

Out of countless experiments on willing man and resistant ape has come what science believes to be the answer:

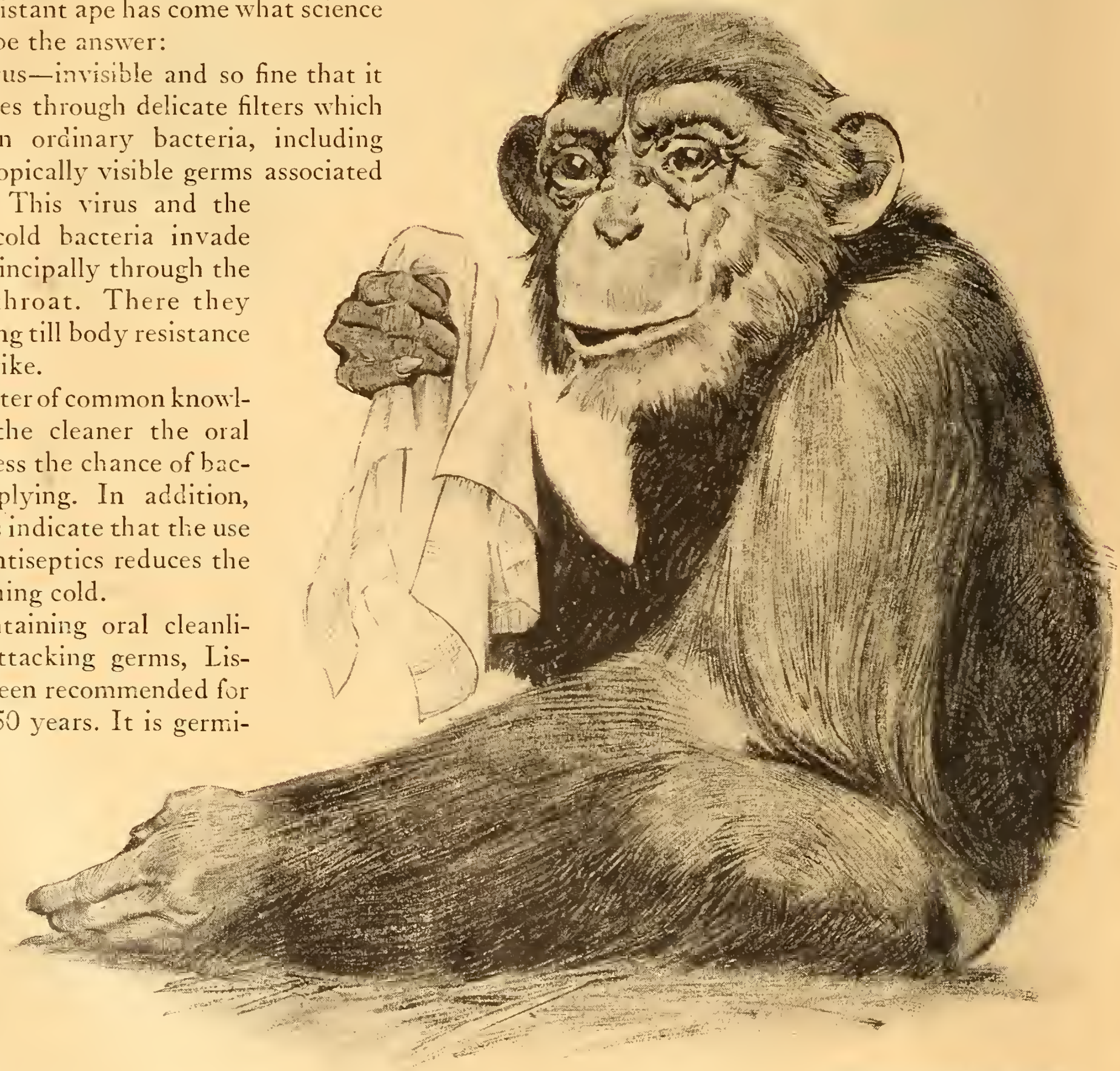
It is a virus—invisible and so fine that it readily passes through delicate filters which easily retain ordinary bacteria, including the microscopically visible germs associated with colds. This virus and the secondary cold bacteria invade the body principally through the nose and throat. There they lodge, waiting till body resistance is low to strike.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the cleaner the oral cavity the less the chance of bacteria multiplying. In addition, certain tests indicate that the use of mouth antiseptics reduces the risk of catching cold.

For maintaining oral cleanliness and attacking germs, Listerine has been recommended for more than 50 years. It is germicidal, non-poisonous, safe in action, pleasant to taste, and therefore ideal for home use.

Why not give yourself and your family the benefit of its freshening, cleansing, germ-killing action? Gargle every morning and every night.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Drawn from life by Dan Smith

the safe antiseptic LISTERINE with the pleasant taste

Helen Enjoys the Good Times that come to Girls with CAMAY COMPLEXIONS!

1 "All my friends had sweethearts and dates. But night after night I sat home all alone. For my drab skin spoiled my looks. But now I use Camay—my complexion has improved—and I'm having a wonderful time!"

2 "In the mirror I frankly admire my newly acquired Camay Complexion. Men compliment me on it, too."

Get out of the rut of a humdrum life. Enjoy the good things the world has to offer.

Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

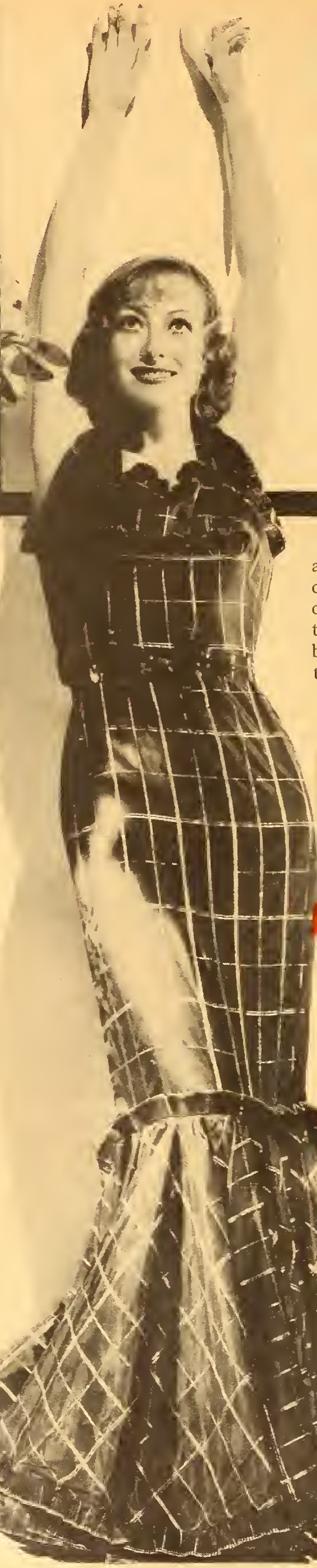
Copr. 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

SEX AND

By
DOROTHY
DONNELL

Four designers agree that few girls can wear such deep décolletage as June Knight's, above, and still be as glamourous as they would if "well-covered"



JUST how much sex appeal do you have? The answer to that is contained in the clothes you wear. You haven't been overburdened with feminine allure during the past few years—with fashion dictating boyish silhouettes, mannish tailoring and freakish shoulders. But 1934 is going to be a year of grace. You are going to be able to blossom out in the most purely feminine clothes you have seen for a generation. Four of Hollywood's greatest dress designers—who are also three of the greatest designers in the world—say so. They are Adrian of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers, Charles Le Maire of Fox and Travis Banton of Paramount.

Depression dresses are out-of-date—dresses drably devoid of glamour (which is another name for sex appeal in Hollywood). For the New Deal modes are modes that express hope of returning gaiety and good fortune and the revival of romance and joy in life. Glamour gowns will add new allure to your favorite screen stars—*and to you.*

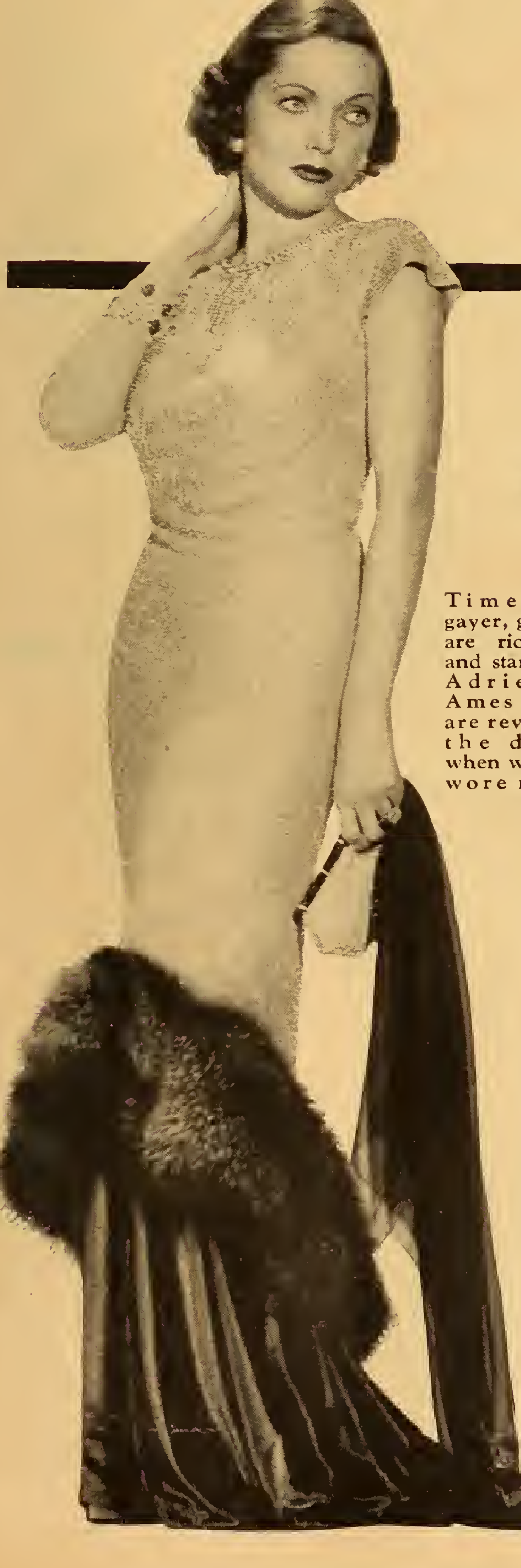
Charles Le Maire, who has costumed New York's smartest musicals and New York's smartest women for years, says, "We have a great President. We have renewed confidence in the future. We are beginning to earn a little more money and have a little more leisure. Naturally, our clothes are beginning to be happier. Depression clothes were so *tight*—and they were in drab colors, like black, eel-gray and brown. Now, the materials are growing richer, the colors brighter. And best of all, women are beginning to look like women again!

"It is the most charming experience of a civilized man's life to sit across a dinner table from an irresistibly feminine woman whose hair is glorious and whose gown is chic, intriguing. But what a shock it has been to sit across a table from a woman dressed in a mess jacket or a dinner coat or

You can't have sex appeal unless you know how to dress alluringly—like Joan Crawford (left), for example. Two famous Hollywood designers — Charles Le Maire (above) and Adrian (below) — tell you how!

APPEAL
THE *CLOTHES* YOU WEAR

Mystery is more glamourous than semi-nudity. That's why even chorus girls are wearing more. Right, an "uncovered" 1933 chorine; below, her 1934 opposite



Times are gayer, gowns are richer—and stars like Adrienne Ames (left) are reviving the days when women wore more

an Ascot tie, with sleek, short-cut hair—so anti-feminine that a man hardly could be sure of the sex of his companion!

The Secret of Being Chic

"SUCH freaks of fashion may cause comment, but they are not alluring. Look at the professionally charming women—the famous sirens, the great models, the leaders of fashion. They are never strikingly dressed. They wear simple, almost inconspicuous gowns, but everything is perfect. They think of the complete effect, and people say, 'How *chic!* How well you look tonight!' But the women who are not sure of themselves, who have no chic in their personality, always exaggerate.

"Someone is wearing clips on dinner dresses? Very well, their clips shall be the largest in existence! Silver fox is 'good for evening wear'? They trail into formal functions draped, smothered, blanketed in silver fox! There was one screen actress, supposed to be famous for her style, who arrived late at a recent opening. She wore a black satin scarf with six or seven or eight silver fox scarfs bitten into it and hanging down, like a dealer's rack!

All that was lacking were the price tags. I suppose that she wore a dress under the wrap, but I shall never know. Nobody saw anything except that wrap all evening!

"Neither is nakedness alluring. The chorus girls I have just costumed in 'George White's Scandals' wear long, floor-length frocks of painted organdie—only there is one seam not sewed up. Just a hint of bare legs when they dance, a flash among tumbling billows of draperies. The effect is sexy in the extreme. You will see!

"But do not think to be alluring by taking off clothes. I can make Adrienne Ames, for example, far more attractive by covering her to the chin, covering her arms to the fingertips, and her legs to the floor—with a tight slip that outlines the figure and filmy draperies that float around it, hinting at the figure, never defining it. Mystery—that is allure!

Wore Plenty and Made History

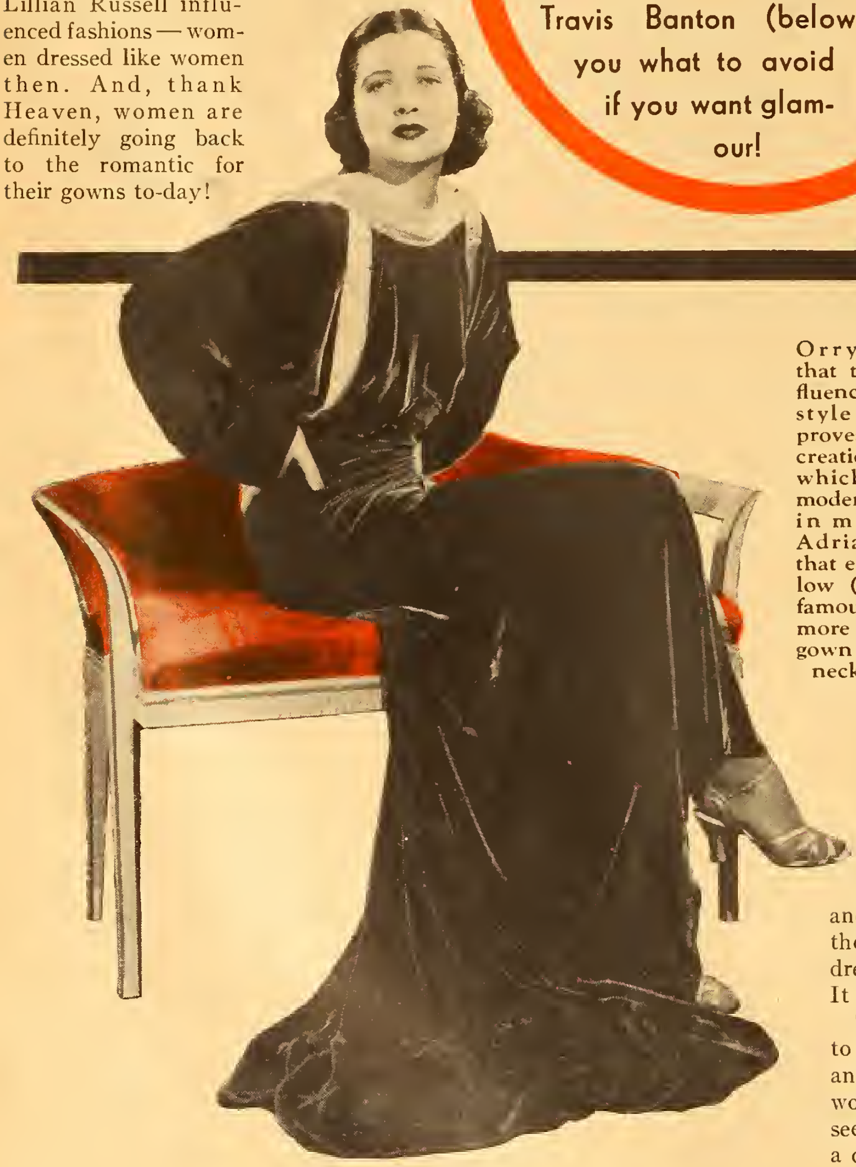
"THE times in history when women were the most adored, the most courted and had the greatest power were the times when they wore the most clothes. Madame Pompadour and Du Barry were almost lost in great hoop skirts and feathered hats, ruffs and muffs and wigs—and yet how alluring they were! When Gaby Deslys and Lillian Russell influenced fashions — women dressed like women then. And, thank Heaven, women are definitely going back to the romantic for their gowns to-day!

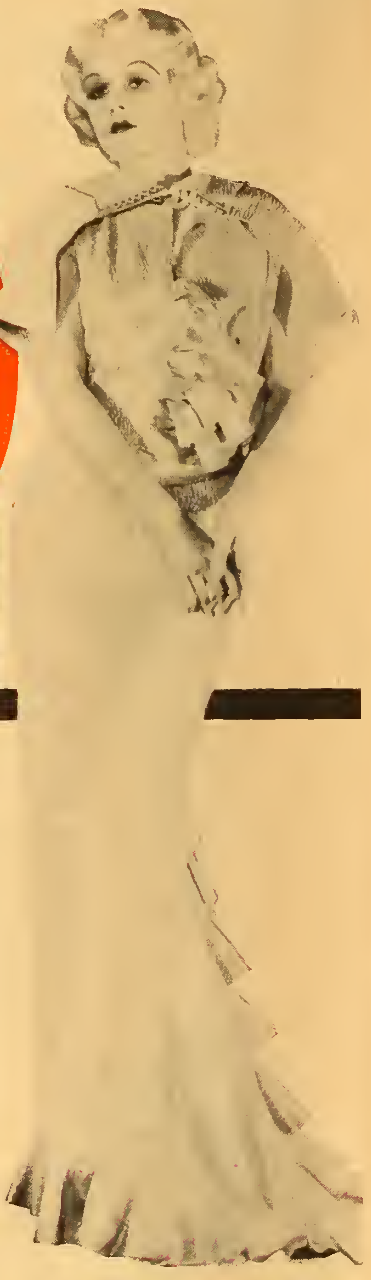
"Not, of course, for sports wear. But the gowns for ceremony are fuller—always the tight slip, the silhouette, then a flounce, a fold at the neck, wide sleeves that fall in draperies, an arrangement that suggests womanly curves and gives them curves where there are none. Smart women are beginning to dress again according to their privileges, instead of their rights, as they have been doing.

"Of course, carriage makes all the difference in dress. Joan Crawford, I believe, could wrap a tablecloth about her, pin it with a safety pin and make a sensational entrance to a crowded room, and people would cry, 'How gorgeous!' Another woman could wear a creation of the greatest Paris designer and nobody would glance at her. Allure begins in the mind and the spirit; but the better a woman is dressed, the more confidence and coquetry she has. It works progressively.

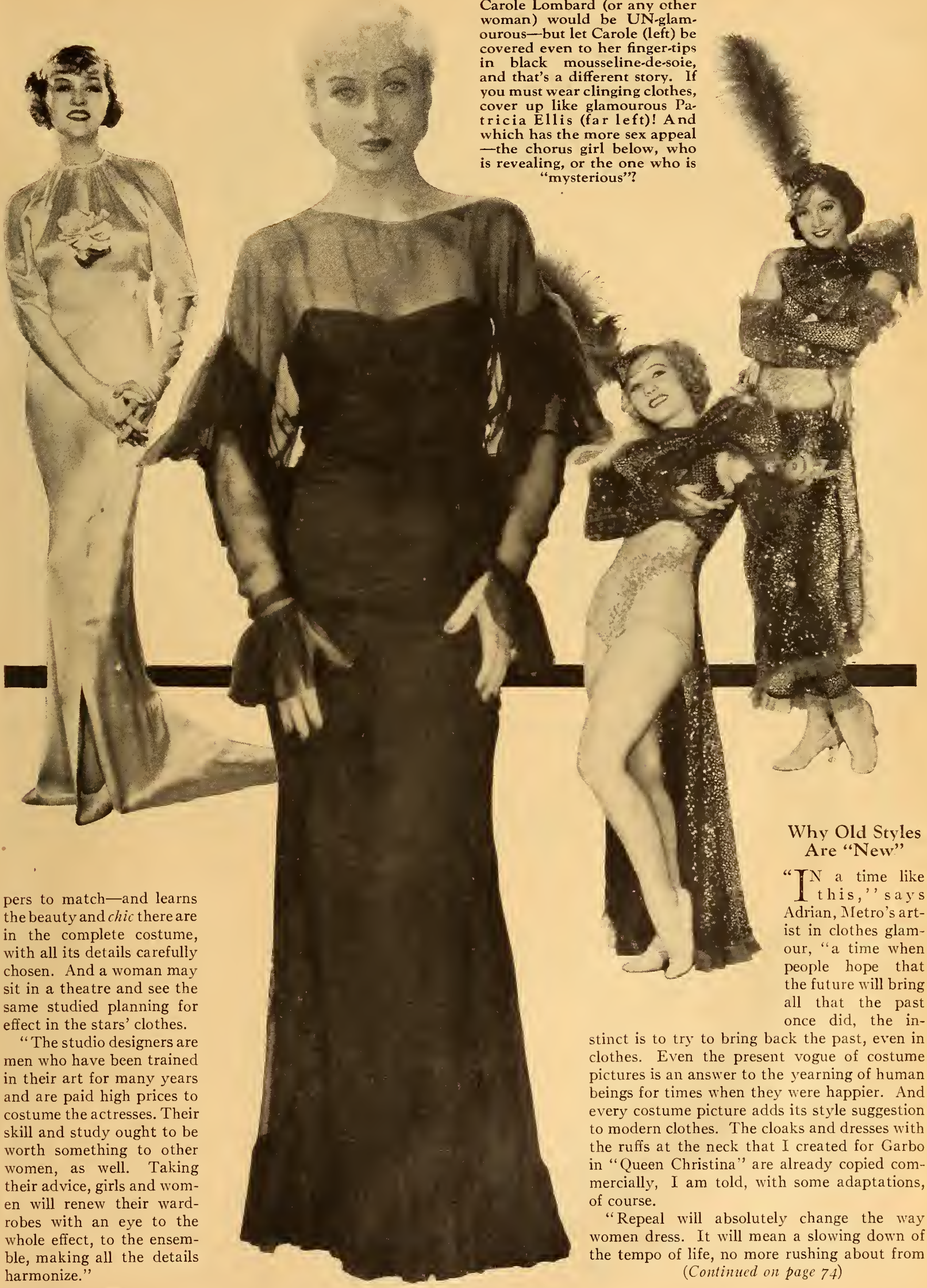
"Women should use screen styles, not as models to copy, but as lessons in the way to wear gowns, and the way good taste assembles accessories. A woman, walking past a Fifth Avenue shop window, sees a gown, a hat chosen to match one of its shades, a coat of harmonizing color, gloves, purse and slip-

Orry-Kelly (above), famous Hollywood designer, says that you have as much talent for wearing clothes as most stars—and he tells you WHAT to wear. Travis Banton (below) tells you what to avoid if you want glamour!





Orry-Kelly says that the past is influencing the 1934 style trends—and proves it with the creation at the left, which wraps ultra-modern Kay Francis in mystery. And Adrian points out that even Jean Harlow (right), of the famous curves, has more glamour in a gown with a high neck and a train!



Travis Banton says that in clinging, revealing white satin Carole Lombard (or any other woman) would be UN-glamourous—but let Carole (left) be covered even to her finger-tips in black mousseline-de-soie, and that's a different story. If you must wear clinging clothes, cover up like glamourous Patricia Ellis (far left)! And which has the more sex appeal —the chorus girl below, who is revealing, or the one who is "mysterious"?

pers to match—and learns the beauty and *chic* there are in the complete costume, with all its details carefully chosen. And a woman may sit in a theatre and see the same studied planning for effect in the stars' clothes.

"The studio designers are men who have been trained in their art for many years and are paid high prices to costume the actresses. Their skill and study ought to be worth something to other women, as well. Taking their advice, girls and women will renew their wardrobes with an eye to the whole effect, to the ensemble, making all the details harmonize."

Why Old Styles Are "New"

"IN a time like this," says Adrian, Metro's artist in clothes glamour, "a time when people hope that the future will bring all that the past once did, the instinct is to try to bring back the past, even in clothes. Even the present vogue of costume pictures is an answer to the yearning of human beings for times when they were happier. And every costume picture adds its style suggestion to modern clothes. The cloaks and dresses with the ruffs at the neck that I created for Garbo in "Queen Christina" are already copied commercially, I am told, with some adaptations, of course.

"Repeal will absolutely change the way women dress. It will mean a slowing down of the tempo of life, no more rushing about from

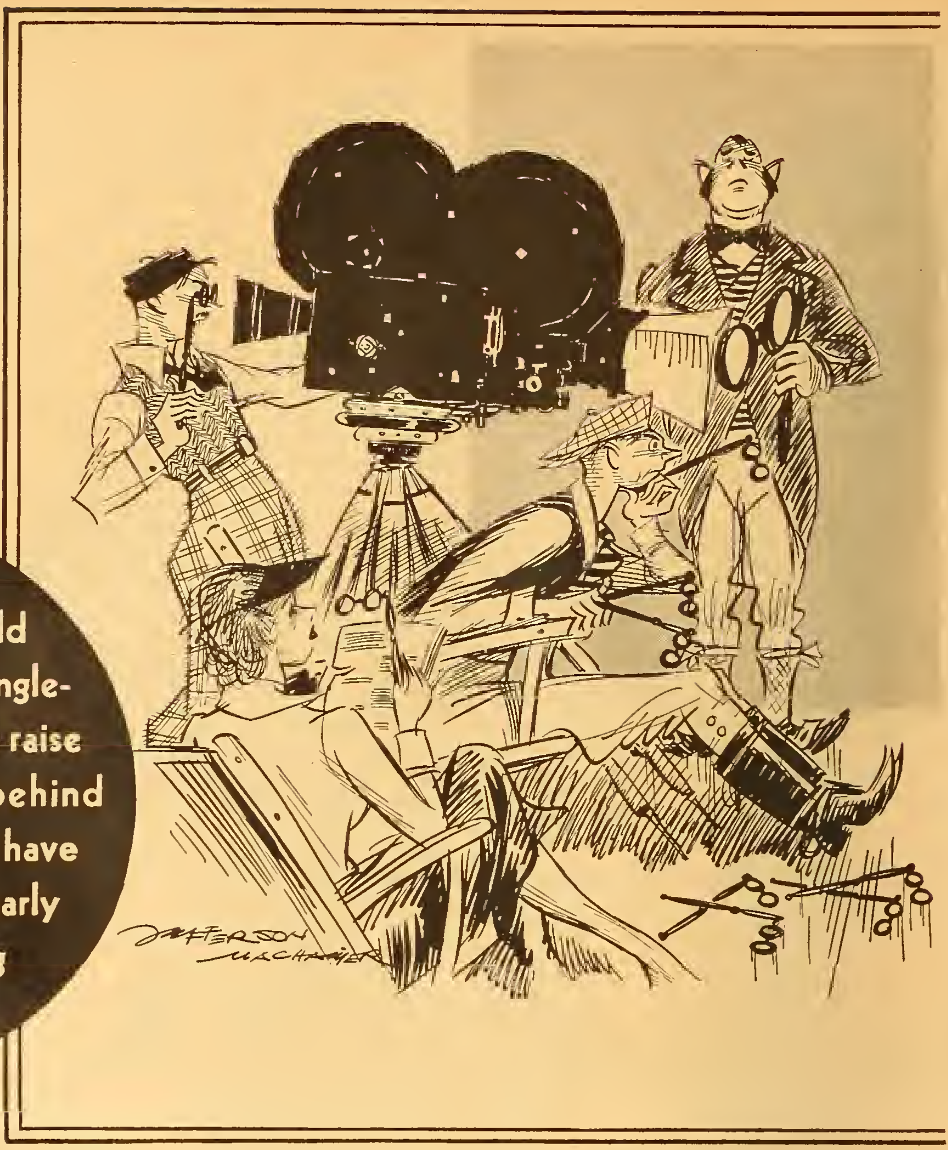
(*Continued on page 74*)

By
WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

Illustrations by
JEFFERSON MACHAMER

(who gives you a preview, right, of the way movies will be made in the future)

You wouldn't know the old town. Society has a strangle-hold on it now. People raise refined eyebrows (behind lorgnettes) unless you have a family tree. And nearly everybody has dug up one!



HOLLYWOOD GOES

THE Riviera is deserted; Newport is a ghost town; Bermuda is an echo; the swanky beach resorts are ruins by the sea, and the gay Long Island social centers are slowly crumbling into decay. Where is everybody? Why, everybody's in Hollywood—trying to break into the movies.

Filmdom is now in the hands of clubdom; the social set has "the Siren City of America" by the throat, and Hollywood is manicuring its nails and choosing its ties with a good deal of thought. Hollywood—the social hamburger joint of the world; the backsliding, ungracious, mad, Bohemian, don't-give-a-darn town—is going society in a big way.

It is acquiring a brand-new social register with a flock of teas, family backgrounds, and Junior Leaguers. The studios are over-run with débutantes; social butterflies are alighting simply everywhere; the whole place is lifting a couple of refined eyebrows, and the old-time crews and grips are tip-toeing around, watching their "p's" and "q's" and broad "a's."

Nobody is slapping anybody on the back any more. They all bow. Nobody says, "Hi, buddy! How goes it?" It's "How DO you do, Mrs. Humplewaite-Smythe?" Nobody goes to weddings in golf clothes. They all wear morning coats and striped trousers. Tea *dansants* are taking the place of the good old brawls, and everybody is just too utterly utter, my dear, *comme il faut, n'est-ce pas.*

Yes, society has a strangle-hold on Hollywood, and the old reprobate, under polite pressure, is putting on spats and lifting lorgnettes. Nobody without social connections can get a foot in a studio door, and family trees are sprouting where no tree ever grew before.

It's News to the Papers

"FORTY REAL débutantes," announce the Hollywood papers breathlessly, "will have rôles in the Jesse L. Lasky picture, 'Coming Out Party.' "

The old-time "extra" might just as well park her gum some place, brush up on her social amenities, and poke around in the attic for the old family album.

"Paramount has just signed Evelyn Venable, of THE Venables, of Venable County . . . Elizabeth Young, direct

High-Hat

descendant of THE Schermerhorns, plays the leading feminine rôle in 'Big Executive.' " The papers are thunderstruck.

"John Davis Lodge . . . and Rosemary Ames . . . and Irene Bentley . . . and Jane Barnes . . . and Barbara Adams . . ." By this time the papers are setting up their copy by hand—daintily.

Well, it's all got to end some place. If not, you can imagine a scene like this:

Casting director: "So you would like to join our cinema set, my child?"

Aspirant: "Rawther."

Casting Director: "I beg your pahdon. I didn't quite catch the name? "

Aspirant: "Astor-Vanderconstructed."

Casting Director: "Yes, yes, to be sure. Of course, you must realize that breaking into our exclusive little circle presents its own peculiar difficulties. Naturally, our studio is just a wee bit choosey about who is allowed to play in its pictures. The Colossal Studios over yonder are not so particular. My dear (*sotto voce*), I've heard that they will take Columbia University men on as electricians—'juicers,' I believe they were called in the old days. Now, OUR electricians are all Princetonians. And our carpenters are all West Pointers!"

Aspirant: "How chawming!"

Casting Director: "Yes, indeed, my dear. May I pour you some more tea? There! Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, you want to add your name to our illustrious roster. Well, there is—er—the question of family. You have a family tree, of course?"

Aspirant: "Yes, indeedy, my good man. I've got a swell tree."

Casting Director: "How many branches?"

And then, if the aspirant can trace her family tree back far enough, she will probably receive, in the next few days, an engraved card:

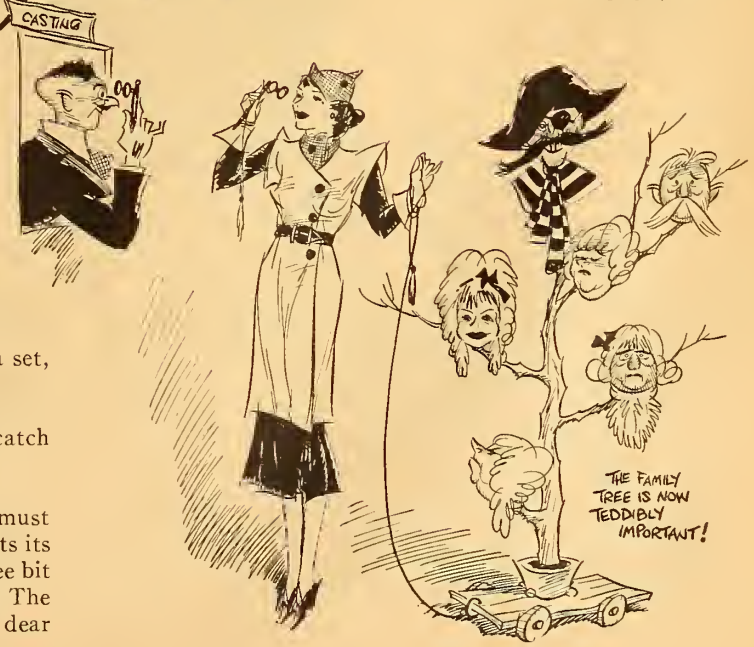
"The Van Swanky Studios request the pleasure of your company on stage ten, Thursday morning at eight-thirty. Formal. R.S.V.P."

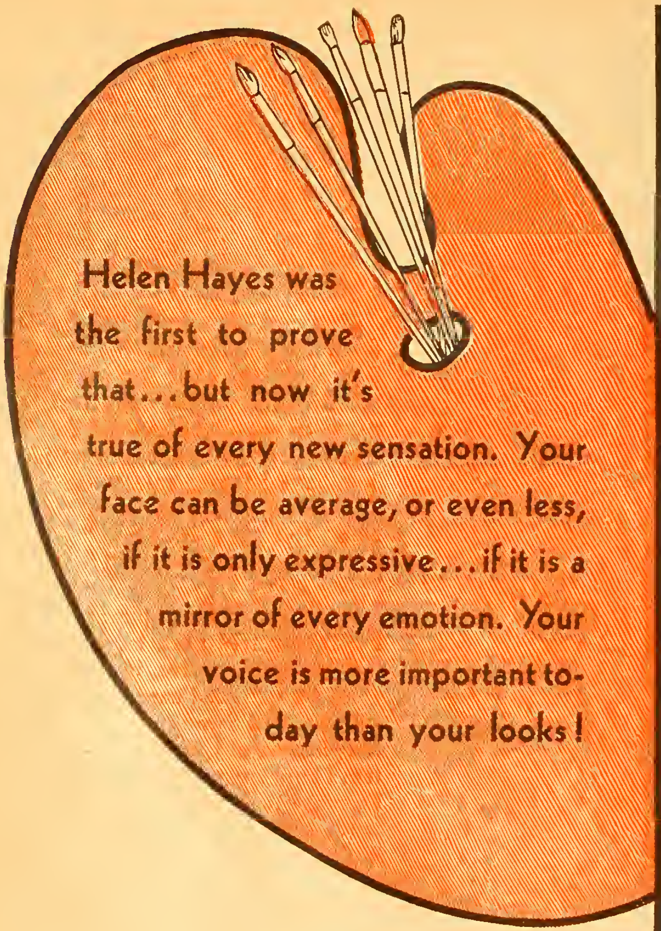
Well, as the old saying goes, the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God, and I'm not talking about Bruce, either.

Mae's Newest Revelation

THE fact that Hollywood is becoming social-minded is creating havoc among the old guard. People who never gave a second thought to their families are now discovering old albums in the trunk in the attic; ancestral portraits are being hung over the mantelpiece, and everyone is spending a good

(*Continued on page 76*)


CASTING
THE FAMILY TREE IS NOW TEDDIBLY IMPORTANT!



Helen Hayes was the first to prove that...but now it's true of every new sensation. Your face can be average, or even less, if it is only expressive...if it is a mirror of every emotion. Your voice is more important to-day than your looks!

MARGARET SULLAVAN

By
SONIA LEE

YOU DON'T NEED

BEAUTY in Hollywood to-day is only skin-deep. There is a new fashion in faces. The talkie camera lens probes below the surface—explores the recesses of the soul—reflects its reactions and its basic qualities. And it makes stars of women who, in the days of silent pictures, would have had no opportunity in Hollywood. It isn't perfection of feature, but emotional intensity reflected in a face that is the foundation of stardom to-day.

With isolated exceptions, the great stars of the screen to-day *are not beautiful.* Their faces are average—frequently even less than that. But their features are mobile and plastic, molded by recurrent and sweeping emotions into the patterns of experience, of suffering, of happiness, of LIFE.

It was not always thus. There was a time when great talent, great art, the great technique of vitalizing words into believable action and fervor and earnestness found no disciples among the producers unless it was supported by grace of form and face.

Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan, Judith Anderson, Katharine Cornell—the majority of them landmarks in the theatre—were repeatedly tested by the large studios. And because the new ideal of beauty did not reach Hollywood until a scant two years ago; because producers felt that motion picture audiences demanded beauty in their favorites, these consummate artisans in their craft were denied to the screen.

Once Rejected, Now Sought

KATHARINE HEPBURN, whose name has become a shibboleth in one short year, was early tested by Fox and by Paramount, and rejected by both.

Margaret Sullavan, a star by virtue of her first picture, "Only Yesterday," was tested by every studio before Universal finally brought her to Hollywood.

Judith Anderson, noted for her penetrating portrayals on the stage, made her screen début in Twentieth Century's "Blood Money." But long before this, she had been declined a chance on the screen because she did not fulfill the current mode in

KATHARINE HEPBURN

Beauty to be a STAR!

faces. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tested her two years ago—but did not contract her. When motion picture audiences finally did see her, they took away a memory of her organ-deep voice, of its controlled and beautiful quality.

Katharine Cornell once agreed with studio executives that her screen tests were impossible—that she was not material for the silver sheet. To-day, since mere physical beauty is no longer a requisite for screen success, producers are clamoring for her services, tempting her into their fold with staggering sums.

Granting Mae West's novel appeal in her startling departure from the prosaic patterns of movie fare, it is yet doubtful if she would have been brought to the screen, were it not for the new basis on which talent is judged to-day.

Alice Brady, a 1933 meteor, once declared that she had to wait for the talkie era of the last two years before she could get a chance in pictures again. Long ago she was starred in the silents. "But I was not beautiful," she confesses. "I have to count on my voice to make my rôles effective. I had to wait until beauty was unimportant before I could come to Hollywood again."

Helen Didn't Need Beauty

IT was Helen Hayes who pioneered the way. She was the forerunner of the stars who were to rise through sheer ability—rather than glamourous exteriors.

Long recognized as one of the premier ornaments of the legitimate theatre, Helen was inevitably destined to have the camera trained on her. But her first tests were not successful. She went to Hollywood, made additional tests. The arts of the make-up man and of the cameraman were not brought to her aid to give her moments of that spiritual, breath-taking beauty which has been hers in her recent pictures. Executives at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shook their heads.

"She'll run audiences out of the theatre," Irving Thalberg told Edgar Selwyn, the director. Selwyn saw beyond Helen Hayes' seeming lack of glamour and disagreed with Thalberg's belief that Hayes would empty theatres. He was insistent. He took the tests to Thalberg's home.

"Listen to this girl with your eyes closed," he asked his chief, as the lights in the private projection room went down.

And Thalberg listened to Helen Hayes with his heart, as audiences since have done. That vibrant, fascinating voice, with its many cadences, bewitched and thrilled and swayed. It played on the strings of the heart gently and persuasively.

Thalberg opened his eyes. They were full of tears. And looking at Helen Hayes, he forgot the flesh and could only hear that magnetic, exquisite voice. *In that room, in that moment, the new fashion in faces was born.* Thalberg is a man great enough to avow mistakes, to realize opportunity, and to change an opinion.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Helen Hayes, and assigned her to make "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," with Edgar Selwyn directing (and vindicating his judgment of her). And with Helen's first screen performance hailed by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as the best of 1932, beauty *alone* became unimportant. Producers no longer measured candidates for screen fame by the inflexible rule of physical perfection. They searched for character—for that intangible aura of experience that mirrored reality.

Not Picked for Beauty

IN many instances, their efforts were rewarded. Several of the studios have contracted young, new players, some with lesser beauty and some with greater, but all of them possessing

(*Continued on page 94*)

NEWS and GOSSIP *from* HOLLYWOOD

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres aren't just showing you how Hollywood still enters bars. They're playing peek-a-boo with reporters, who have been looking for an "elopement"

Mary Carlisle, not having any sleeves, wears her heart on her shoulder strap—and inspires another case of puppy love. This puppy-love business is becoming Mary's screen specialty

John Doubly "Lovelorn"?

CAN there have been any connection between the separation of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce and the Grand Canyon trip of Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian? Garbo and her director started on Friday. The Gilberts separated on Sunday.

Hollywood is still chuckling over the "Mary Jones" and "R. Brown" under which the exotic and striking couple tried to hide themselves. If Greta Garbo looks like Mary Brown, then we look like Mussolini. On their return to Hollywood, Mamoulian denied brusquely that there had been a marriage. And when reporters asked if there was a romance, he said, "Oh, I think that question is too personal, don't you?" A few weeks later, he and Greta were traveling again—this time toward New York.

Can't Take It Again

ON the Metro lot, a publicity man met Gilbert not long ago. "Hi, Jack!" he shouted. "Just saw your picture in the projection room." He was startled by the change in the debonair Gilbert. He seemed to crumple before his eyes.

"Tell me," John said, hoarsely, "how am I? Did anyone—*laugh?* If anyone laughed, I'll kill myself! I couldn't stand it!" The echo of that hideous laughter that greeted his first talkie still sounds in his ears.

Those Studio Squabbles

GILBERT'S suit to have his contract interpreted in court seems to have been withdrawn. And Jean Harlow has ended her salary battle with her studio by accepting the compromise offer of $3,000 a week . (She was asking $5,000.) Lilian Harvey is waging a "friendly suit" against Fox, to see if she can't make the foreign versions of her pictures, herself. And George Brent is suing Warner Brothers.

Brent's grounds for a suit are based on the theory that any employee has the right of access to his employer. Brent says that he was refused a talk with studio heads, repeatedly. The studio counters with the charge that George refused to do a part assigned to him. Brent admits this, but says that the part was that of a drunken doctor whose neglect results in the death of a child and that such a part would have meant his ruin with his fans. George Raft similarly objected to a part several months ago.

Lila Lee (left) isn't wondering if Johnny Farrow, her old boy-friend, will be happy with Maureen O'Sullivan. She's wondering what her next picture will be. So is everyone else

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—who can deny romance rumors with a grin—isn't that calm in "Success Story." When Genevieve Tobin comes home late from a party and wakes him up, he's fighting mad

Lee Can "Come Home" Now

WELL, Lee Tracy has been forgiven—and what happened in Mexico (or what was rumored to have happened) has been officially forgotten. A director, touring in Mexico with his wife, noticed Tracy pictures being shown everywhere to Standing Room Only. And he reported the fact to Hollywood. If Mexico felt that way about Lee after all that newspaper furor—well, it made Hollywood look silly to feel any other way. So you'll soon be seeing him in a new picture. And the sooner, the better.

All of which bears out the exclusive story about the Tracy incident that the February MOTION PICTURE presented. We quoted Irving Pichel and George Rigas, who were eyewitnesses to what happened, as saying that Lee had been hilarious, but had done nothing that Mexicans had resented or could have resented; and claiming that Mexicans had shown a great liking for Lee not only before that famous parade, but during it and after it.

Hollywood Recalls Her

ANN SOTHERN, blonde discovery of Columbia's, is not so new to Hollywood as most people think. As "Harriette Lake," she was once under contract to Warners for six months, and then under contract to Metro for a year, playing "bit" parts in early musicals. A Broadway producer heard her sing at a Hollywood party and a few weeks later telegraphed her a stage offer. She became a hit on Broadway. Then Hollywood could use her. (These things do happen!) Having made a big impression in "Let's Fall in Love," she is now on loan to Paramount for "Melody in Spring."

Joan and Franchot Not "Cold"

AT the first revels of the new Screen Actors' Guild (the most spontaneous party we've ever seen in the film town), everybody joined in the grand march—and Franchot Tone managed to wangle it so that he was in line with Joan Crawford. There's nothing to that "coldness" business, Mr. Winchell! These two are as ardent and gay together as ever, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s recent visit notwithstanding. Joan wore a sequined cocktail jacket at the revels and was as spectacular as ever.

How Young IS Young Doug?

DOUG, Jr., by the way, seems head-over-heels about Gertrude Lawrence, the English musical comedy star—despite contrary rumors. He admitted when he left that he was awfully anxious to get back to her (as well as to make that "Zorro" film with his father). While in London, he took a 'plane many an afternoon and flew a hundred and eighty miles just to spend an hour at tea-time with the charming, if a trifle mature Miss Lawrence. London dispatches give her age as thirty-five.

But, then, young Doug isn't so young as he has been supposed to be. "I was sort of held back to keep Dad young," he told us when he was here. "I'm a lot older than you suppose. I've just had my twenty-fourth birthday, so they say. But you'd be surprised to know what it really is." Insiders give him twenty-eight years.

The Boys Did a Sister Act

HOLLYWOOD clapped hardest at the Guild revels when Bing Crosby, Frank McHugh and Charles Butterworth—dressed in orchid evening gowns—came on and did an imitation of the three Boswell Sisters. (Bing was also proudly wearing the mustache he has been raising!)

The Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw) and the Joel McCreas (Frances Dee), all newly-weds, sat together—and Gary allowed himself and his bride to be photographed, despite his dire threats of "no pictures" when he first returned from his honeymoon in Phoenix to make "Operator 13" with Marion Davies. Incidentally, both Sandra's parents and his own were present on the honeymoon. At least, they were all in Phoenix at the same time.

A dark man comes into the lives of Dick Powell, who sings, and Dolores Del Rio, who dances, in "Wonder Bar." But Al Jolson tells them (and you) "No more mammy songs!"

Huston Kept Promise to Self

WHY do some stars at the height of their success insist on leaving the screen—even temporarily—to return to the stage, where both salaries and audiences are small? New Yorkers have just been given some reasons by the "Hollywood 4-H Club"—composed of Walter Huston, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins, all of whom recently trekked East to star in stage plays and bared their hearts to the New York *World-Telegram.* (And they're only four out of forty screen players who have recently taken that little journey.)

First, let's consider the man's viewpoint. Walter Huston, lured back to Broadway by the title rôle of "Dodsworth," says that, when good actors are put in weak pictures just to bolster up those pictures, they try to find compensation in the big checks they receive—and the things those checks will buy. But he wants satisfaction from acting, not from substitutes. That's why, when he began to feel pepless in Hollywood, he headed for Broadway, to taste the tonic of the stage once more. Besides, a year or two ago, he promised himself a vacation on the stage this season—no matter how his screen fortunes might be faring. (And they've never been better than this past year.)

Helen Takes Broadway Tonic

HELEN HAYES, making a great hit in the title rôle of "Mary of Scotland," says that she couldn't resist the "literary" language of Maxwell Anderson's play (language such as she has never heard on the screen), that she feels a debt to the Broadway that first made her famous, and that she needed "the tonic that only the theatre can give." (But she is happier on the screen than on the stage, as you'll read on page 59.)

On the stage, she says, she has time to grow into a part; on the screen, each scene is played right after it is rehearsed—and two scenes that follow each other in the story are not necessarily filmed in succession. She's a rebel against playing screen rôles that she can't "feel." She has been fighting since her first trip to Hollywood to play "What Every Woman Knows," by Sir James Barrie, and now, "at last," she is to have a chance to do it. . . . Another attraction in the East is the MacArthur manse in Nyack-on-the-Hudson, where she feels "at home."

The little girls at the right are starting up the long, long stairway to stardom by being the chorines of "George White's Scandals" and "Fox Follies of 1934." They're the survivors of eleven hundred girls who were tested. All the top-notchers aren't at the top!

Californians have some strange reflections when it rains. Louise Larabee, Dorothy Stevens and Helen Weeks (left), of "WonderBar," show you!

Miriam Has Travel Urge

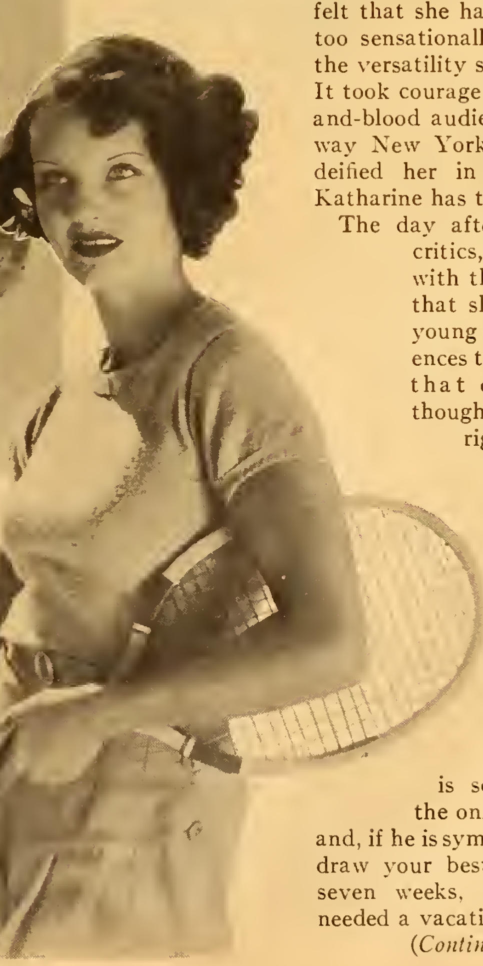
MIRIAM HOPKINS, who scored a personal hit in "Jezebel," though the play, itself, didn't seem to click with New Yorkers, says that people always ask her which she prefers—the stage or the screen—and that her answer, which covers everything, is, "I like acting." But from now on she'll return to the stage at shorter intervals—and would like to act abroad, especially in Germany, and go to Russia, where the drama is social-conscious. But she likes Hollywood "in small doses" and admits that it has made a better actress of her. Because of the requirements of close-ups, she has had to be more restrained in her gesturings and learn how to express everything with only her eyes and her voice.

Why Katharine Went Back

KATHARINE HEPBURN returned to the stage for the avowed purpose of adding to her dramatic technique. Her own severest critic, she felt that she had risen too suddenly and too sensationally on the screen to have the versatility she so passionately wants. It took courage for her to return to flesh-and-blood audiences, especially after the way New York had acclaimed her and deified her in "Little Women." But Katharine has that kind of courage.

The day after the play opened, the critics, almost to a man, agreed with the facetious one who said that she was "still a promising young actress." But the audiences that saw "The Lake" after that opening performance thought the critics hadn't done right by our Katharine—that's how greatly she had improved and grown into her rôle, how much she had acquired that dramatic versatility she wanted. She was "frightened to death" that opening night and longed to be back in Hollywood, "where it is so much easier." There, the only audience is the director and, if he is sympathetic, he knows how to draw your best out of you. . . . After seven weeks, Katharine felt that she needed a vacation abroad. . .

(*Continued on page 72*)



Rochelle Hudson, playing *Lillums* in "Harold Teen," is in trim if anyone cracks, "I'll see ya in the funnies"!

Why Don't *You* Go to the Movies More Often?

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

WHY don't you go to the movies more often—as often as you once did? What's the matter? *Something* must be wrong, very wrong, with the movies—and Hollywood wants to know what and why. So does MOTION PICTURE. This magazine commissioned me as an "Inquiring Reporter," with instructions to obtain a cross-section of opinion that would reveal the reasons for the shortage of moviegoers. I have questioned producers, exhibitors and, most important of all, John and Jane Public—the counterparts of you and you. This is what they told me, with convincing frankness.

The routine, "program" productions, which you used to attend faithfully and which once earned dependable profits and comprised the very backbone of the picture business, are now showing appalling losses. (Don't you like them any more?) Theatres, by the thousands, have either closed or are on the verge of closing, for want of your patronage. Famous stars, who once were as popular with you as bacon and eggs, are unable to lure enough admission fees into the box-office to pay their salaries. Red ink, in wholesale lots, has been splattered across the movie industry's ledgers.

Something's wrong—so wrong that there's not a producer in Filmtown who will deny that a critical situation exists. Inimical influences, some from within the picture industry itself, some from without, have battered down theatre and studio earnings to the danger point. *What are these enemies of Hollywood?*

That's what Hollywood desperately wants to know. And that's what we went out and asked the man and woman in the street. Here are their answers—given straight from the shoulder. It would pay you to listen, Hollywood!

From all the testimony I gathered, one fact, startling in itself, is glaringly apparent. While it is true that the *average* picture has lost money during the past two years, it is equally true that the few *outstanding* productions released in that same period have earned fabulous profits, shattered every previous box-office record and played to standing room only.

Finds Relaxation in Radio

LET'S consider first the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Public. It's their likes and dislikes that really determine the success or failure of a picture. I have called the following witnesses, selected at random, and received these statements:

MISS WILMENA JOHNSON, 2035 Mivida Street, Westwood, expert accountant: "Radio has replaced the movie in my preference, largely because I can select the program that fits my mood. My work is a nerve-strain and an eye-strain and the comfort of an easy chair and lounging pajamas is very attractive. Very few pictures nowadays are worth the bother of attending a theatre."

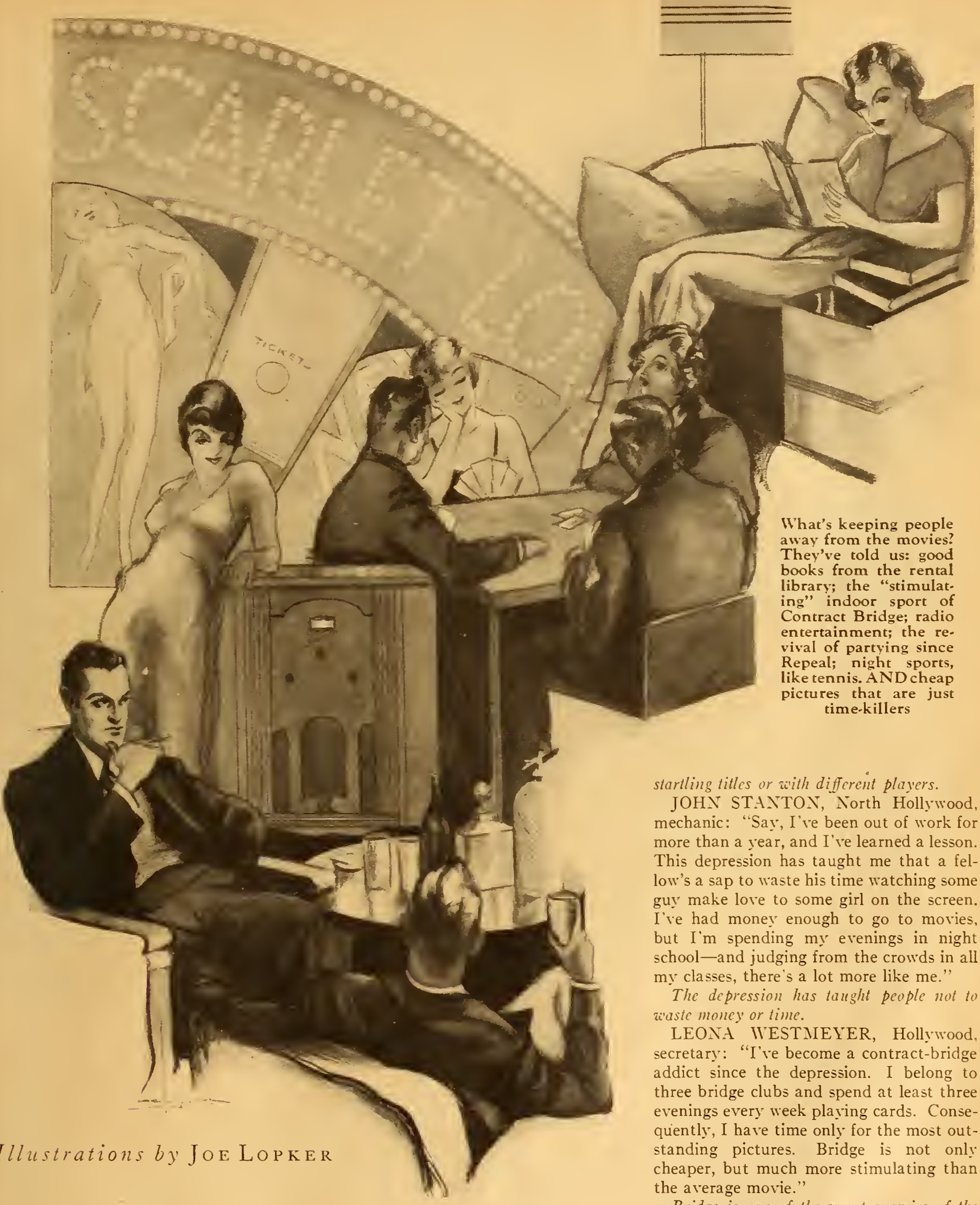
Radio programs are becoming increasingly better—and millions of people don't seem to mind getting sales-talks from announcers along with their entertainment.

ROY E. COBLE, Alhambra, California, refrigeration engineer: "My wife and I try to be broad-minded, but why put a risqué sex picture on the same bill with one that we are anxious for our children to see? And why tear down our confidence by over-advertising every hackneyed screen concoction with all the superlatives in the English language? We 'shop' for our entertainment, and the result of such stupid advertising and misrepresentation is that we never see a picture until it has been warmly recommended by discriminating friends who have already seen it."

So dangerous has advertising misrepresentation become that the Hays Office has issued the sternest warnings to film advertising men against the "come-on" type of ballyhoo. A St. Louis theatre manager whose slogan is "Almost Always a Good Show" fills his seats, we read. The public appreciates honesty in sales talks and is quick to punish high-pressure methods.

Pictures Too Much Alike

JEAN SNOW, Monterey Park, housewife: "I don't go to movies nearly as often as I used to, simply because I don't like imitations and I don't like monotony. If a musical comedy scores a hit, in about three months every theatre for miles



What's keeping people away from the movies? They've told us: good books from the rental library; the "stimulating" indoor sport of Contract Bridge; radio entertainment; the revival of partying since Repeal; night sports, like tennis. AND cheap pictures that are just time-killers

Illustrations by JOE LOPKER

around is showing a mediocre musical comedy. And then a gangster picture comes along, makes money, and every theatre, for months, offers facsimiles of that same story, but with different casts. What possible enjoyment is there in seeing a picture when you can anticipate every story development before it takes place?"

Hollywood! Here's the only criticism that counts—that of the public. Old, hackneyed stories can't fool audiences under new, startling titles or with different players.

JOHN STANTON, North Hollywood, mechanic: "Say, I've been out of work for more than a year, and I've learned a lesson. This depression has taught me that a fellow's a sap to waste his time watching some guy make love to some girl on the screen. I've had money enough to go to movies, but I'm spending my evenings in night school—and judging from the crowds in all my classes, there's a lot more like me."

The depression has taught people not to waste money or time.

LEONA WESTMEYER, Hollywood, secretary: "I've become a contract-bridge addict since the depression. I belong to three bridge clubs and spend at least three evenings every week playing cards. Consequently, I have time only for the most outstanding pictures. Bridge is not only cheaper, but much more stimulating than the average movie."

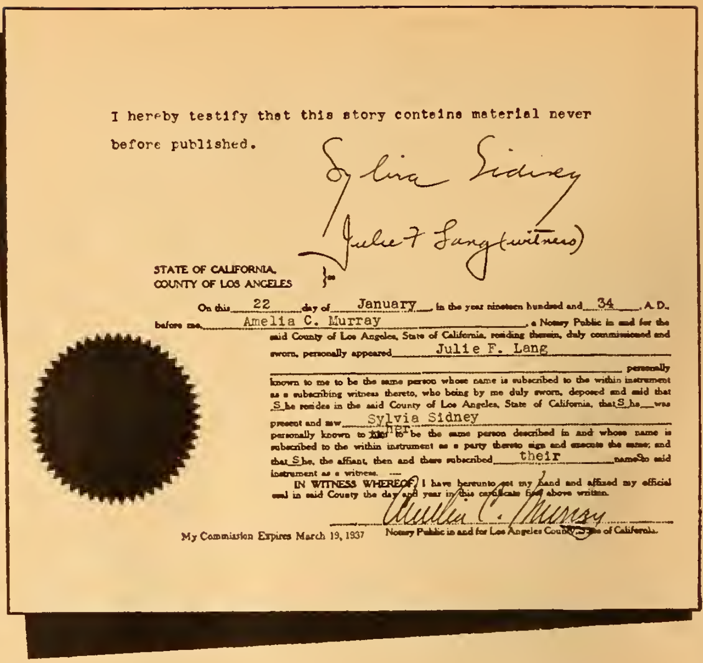
Bridge is one of the worst enemies of the movies because it offers an evening's entertainment without cost—unless you gamble.

LOS ANGELES TRAFFIC OFFICER, Number 207: "My badge gets my family into the theatres free, but even at that we don't see half as many movies as we used to. Too many pictures are so trashy that they're an insult to a person's intelligence. Gangster pictures are the worst of the lot."

Even when they're free, this fan says, most movies are not worth

(*Continued on page 80*)

By GLADYS HALL



I hereby testify that this story contains material never before published.

Sylvia Sidney

Julie F Lang (witness)

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES } ss

On this 22 day of January in the year nineteen hundred and 34 A.D. before me, Amelia C. Murray, a Notary Public in and for the said County of Los Angeles, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Julie F. Lang personally known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument as a subscribing witness thereto, who being by me duly sworn, deposed and said that She resides in the said County of Los Angeles, State of California, that She was present and saw Sylvia Sidney personally known to ~~him~~ her to be the same person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument as a party thereto sign and execute the same; and that She, the affiant, then and there subscribed their names to said instrument as a witness.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in said County the day and year in this certificate first above written.

Amelia C. Murray
Notary Public in and for Los Angeles County, State of California.

My Commission Expires March 19, 1937

5. SYLVIA SIDNEY tells—for the first time—about the terrifying experience that almost ruined her life!

UNTOLD *Secrets* *of the* STARS

Sylvia Sidney is the fifth big star to tell MOTION PICTURE a big secret that she has never told before—the vivid story of an experience that has "secretly" influenced her whole life and career. It is a dramatic true story, a story that you cannot read without putting yourself in Sylvia's place, a story that you will remember. And it is guaranteed exclusive with MOTION PICTURE, the confidant of stars for twenty-three years.—*Editor.*

SYLVIA SIDNEY sat in her library in her lovely, English-type Beverly Hills home and scrutinized her "past." She said, suddenly, "It's going to be hard for me to talk about the one experience I've had that I'll never forget—the one I've never told anyone before. I've never even mentioned it to my mother, nor she to me, since it—it happened. It was too terrible. It's the kind of thing one tries to forget, but never does. Talking about it revives it, gives it dreadful life again.

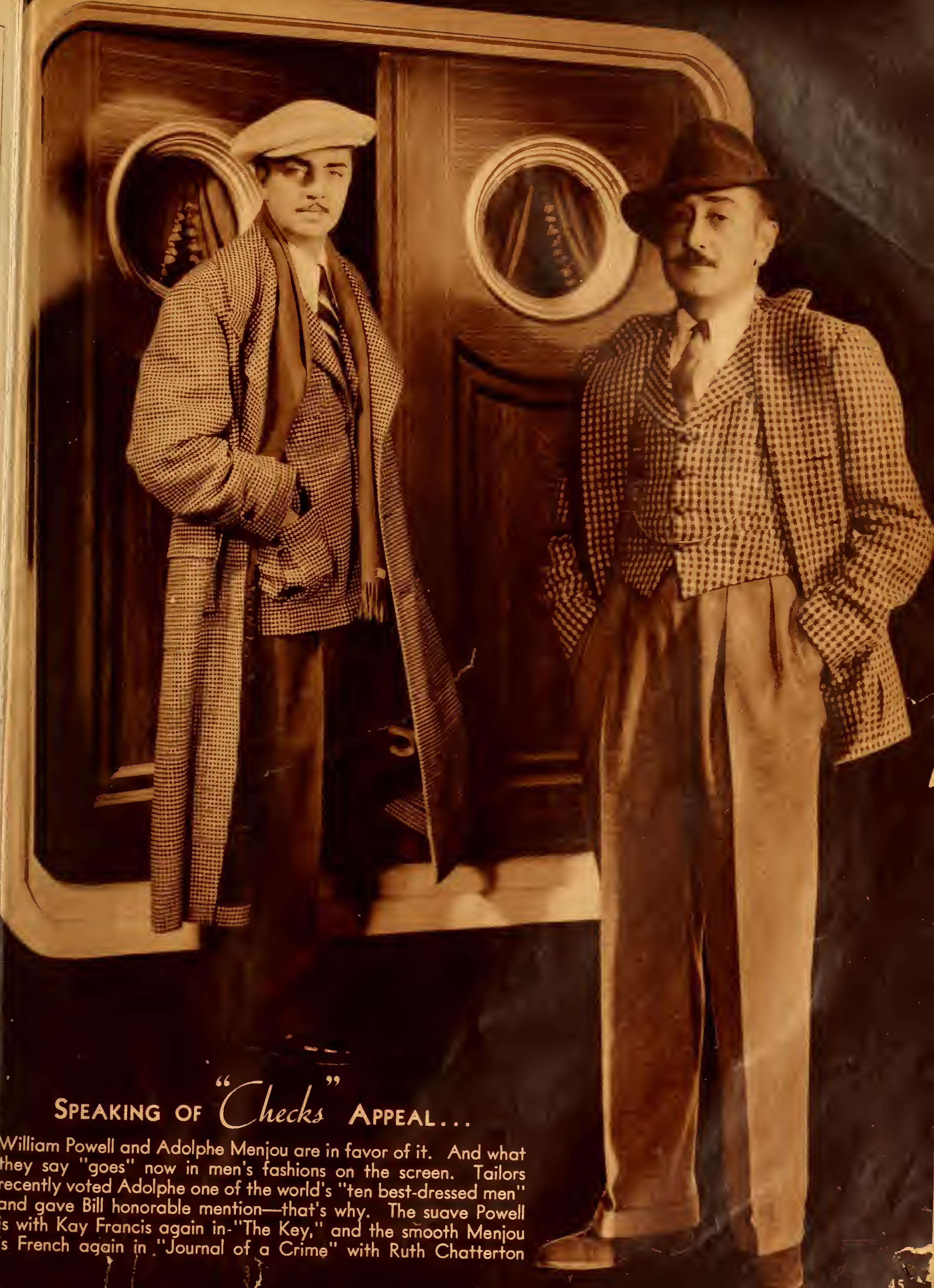
"In order to tell you about this unforgettable and horrible thing, I'll have to go back to my childhood for the 'build-up.' When I was a little girl, you know, I wasn't really a little girl at all. I didn't do any of the things that other little girls did. I didn't want any of the things that other little girls wanted. My mother couldn't make me be like other little girls—and she *did* try.

"I never played with other children. I never rolled hoops or skated or joined clubs. When a doll was given me once, an especially beautiful one, I put it away in a bureau drawer. It had absolutely no appeal for me. It seemed lifeless and silly. I didn't have the maternal instinct about dolls that proper little girls are popularly supposed to have. Every toy I owned I neglected and ignored.

"I was painfully shy. When visitors came, I would run away and hide and it took all of my mother's powers of persuasion to make me appear for even the briefest while. As I grew older, I didn't want the things that other young girls wanted. I didn't care about clothes. I never went out with boys, to parties, to proms, on dates. I never 'dreamed' about marrying and having a home and children. I was never ambitious for *things*—automobiles or jewels or houses.

"I had a one-hundred-per-cent single-track mind, dream and ambition: I wanted to be an actress. That was ALL

(*Continued on page 90*)



SPEAKING OF "*Checks*" APPEAL...

William Powell and Adolphe Menjou are in favor of it. And what they say "goes" now in men's fashions on the screen. Tailors recently voted Adolphe one of the world's "ten best-dressed men" and gave Bill honorable mention—that's why. The suave Powell is with Kay Francis again in "The Key," and the smooth Menjou is French again in "Journal of a Crime" with Ruth Chatterton

HOLLYWOOD STARS

(Which Makes Them

By Sara Haardt

(*Mrs. H. L. Mencken*)

Like several other stars, Joan Crawford once collected dolls as a hobby. But she had her huge collection auctioned off for charity

THE average movie fan is so busy collecting photographs and autographs of the Hollywood stars that it hasn't occurred to him that those same stars are busy collecting objects from the ends of the earth for their own amusement and relaxation. The very nature of the motion picture industry, the long hours and nerve-wracking retakes before the camera, would crack the health of a longshoreman if he couldn't occasionally escape from it. Consequently, Hollywood has its highly-publicized fads and its less-publicized hobbies.

The fads, as every fan reads, crop up overnight: stars bicycle, sun-tan, swim, throw quoits, row in specially-built machines resembling the old Irish Mail of the early 1900's, play tennis, or go in for whatever else is the latest thing to do. But, usually, whatever the fad, you will observe a common quality about them—they are in reality so many exercises that will keep a body, even as variable a body as a star, in trim and relieve the terrific tension under which he lives. But they don't offer

Helen Hayes (*below*) knows what it takes to make a good picture because amateur photography is her hobby

Bull

Have Their Hobbies

Just Like You and You and You)

If you want to interest a star, don't talk about his acting. Talk about his "outside interest"—his hobby! For stars are human, too; they collect things. And their collections are worth talking about. Here are samples!

the lasting satisfaction that hobbies do.

The hobbies, the serious collecting that goes on among the stars in Hollywood—while furnishing an escape from the wear and tear of work, like the fads—differ from them in many other respects. In the first place, they are more individual, and in many instances are typical of one star alone.

Hendrickson

Colleen Moore (*left*) has a famous collection of dolls and rare china and furniture for dolls' houses

Russell Ball

Ralph Forbes (*above*) has a collection of rare old tea caddies—which, he says, are useful, as well as ornamental. (They hold smokes nowadays.) The one in his hand belonged to his great - great - grandmother

John Barrymore, for example, collects old Staffordshire. The minute he finishes a picture he is off on the hunt for it—which must mean that it is his own peculiar escape and relaxation. (Collecting Kodiak bear-skins in Alaska is a less personal Barrymore hobby.) Helen Hayes and her playwright-husband, Charles MacArthur, on the other hand, are amateur photographers. They have their own dark room and collect every new kind of negative, "hypo," and book on photography. This hobby of Helen's is closer to her work than John Barrymore's Staffordshire is to his, but it is as characteristic an escape for her, and as entertaining.

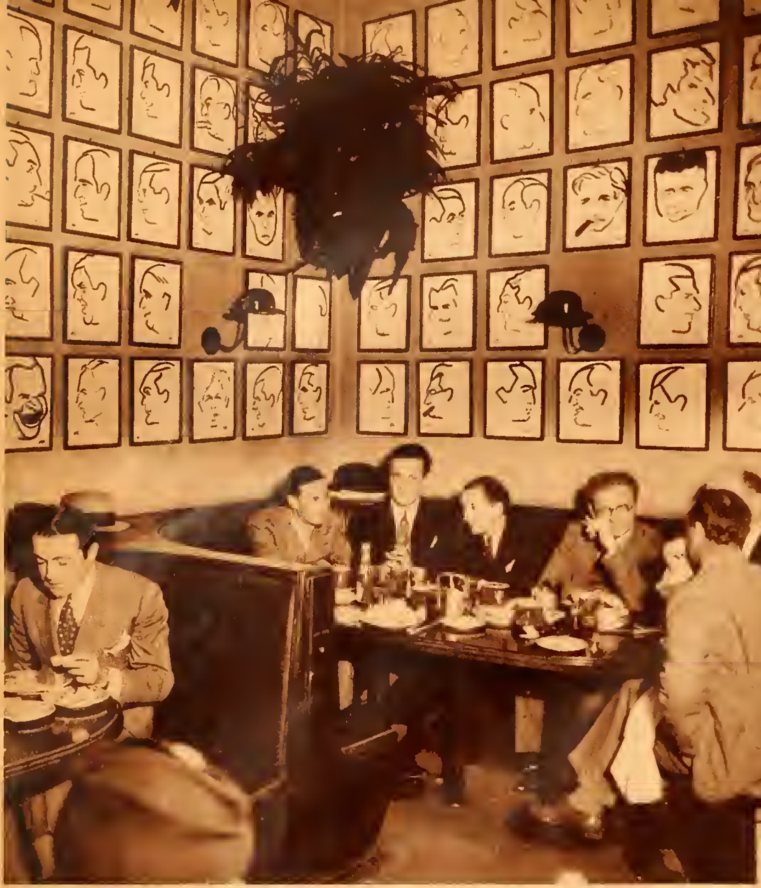
Hobbies, in the second place, require more intelligence, more patience and more sensitivity than fads do. Take, for instance, the masculine *fad* in dress introduced by Marlene Dietrich and the *hobby* of Ruth Chatterton, which is collecting silver of the Georgian period. Whatever you say for the glamourous charm of Marlene, it required no more intelligence for her to deck herself out in trousers and shirts than for the average child to deck herself out in her mother's wardrobe. Marlene may have had her reasons for adopting her fad, but they surely were not as dignified or as intelligent as Ruth's for collecting Georgian silverware.

William S. Hart (*below*) has a collection of guns that have histories. That's "Old Betsy" he's holding

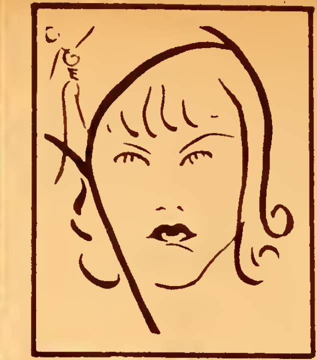
"To me," says Ruth, "the Georgian period represents the romance of the home. It supplies a background of serenity and refinement. In the late Eighteenth Century, the art of the home flowered. The English perfected their manor houses, furniture and domestic furnishings to a degree of beauty that has never been equalled.

"I have made a collection of Georgian silverware for several years. To me, the design is most charming of all, and primarily because it is simple and unostentatious. My tea service contains three museum pieces. Its match-

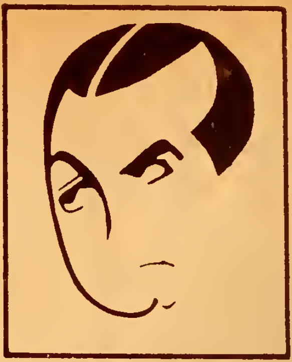
(*Cont. on page* 88)



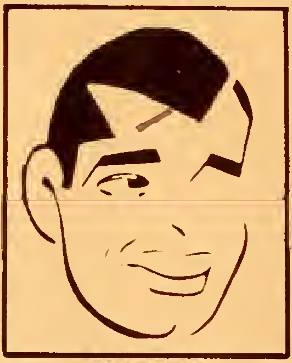
The corner above is For Men Only—both at the table and on the wall. Norman Foster is in a luncheon huddle with a group of director-friends. Nearby, at the left, Dick Barthelmess is engrossed in lunch



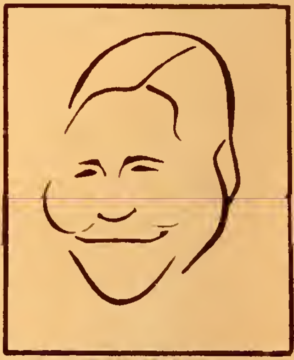
Ginger Rogers



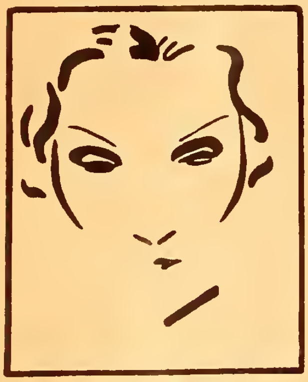
Richard Barthelmess



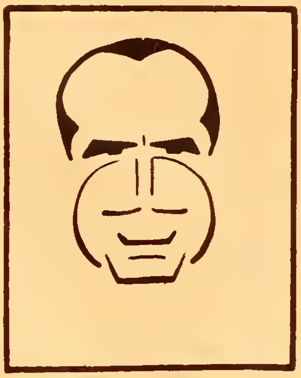
Clark Gable



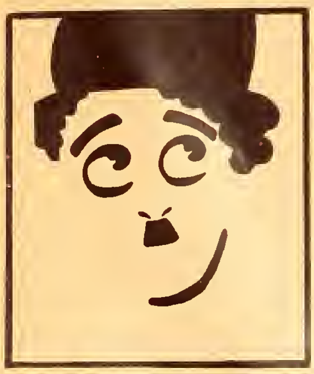
Jack Oakie



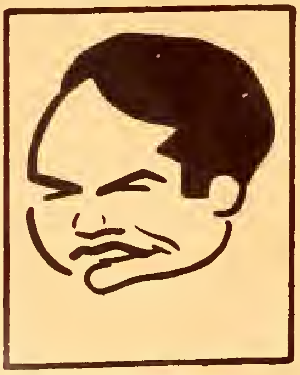
Marlene Dietrich



Douglas Fairbanks



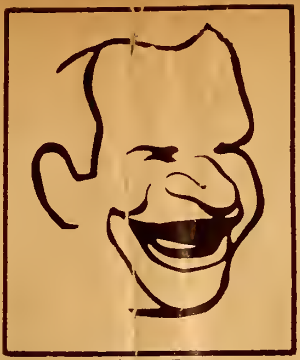
Charlie Chaplin



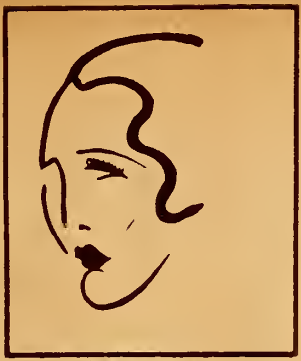
Edward G. Robinson

THE BROWN DERBY DRAWS THE STARS!

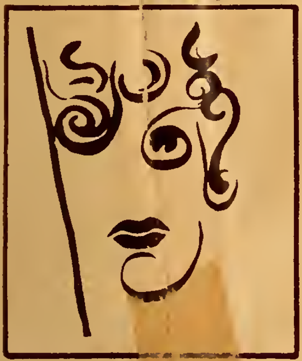
Stars can't help being drawn to the famous restaurant with the derby chandeliers—because they're drawn IN it, too. It's Hollywood's own caricature Hall of Fame, for nearly everybody who is ANYBODY in the film colony will find his "portrait" on its walls. And the crowds outside don't look for stars any more eagerly than stars look for their likenesses inside!



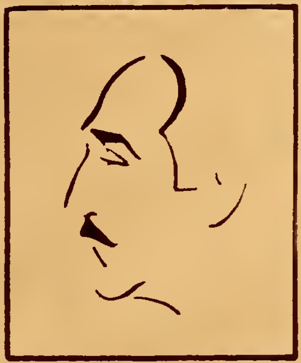
Wallace Beery



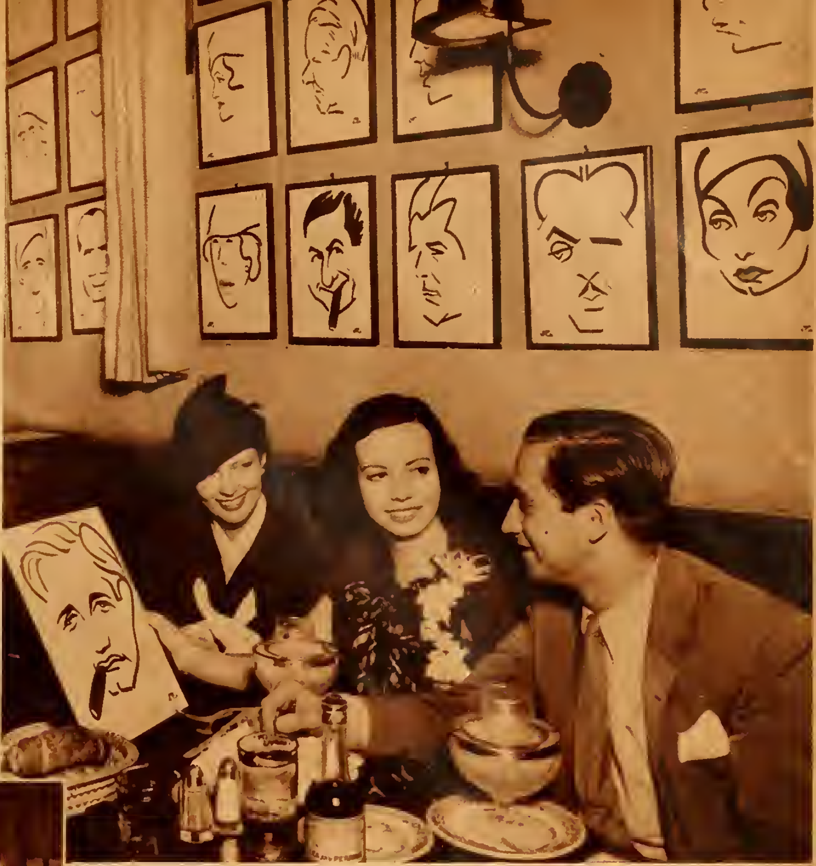
Bebe Daniels



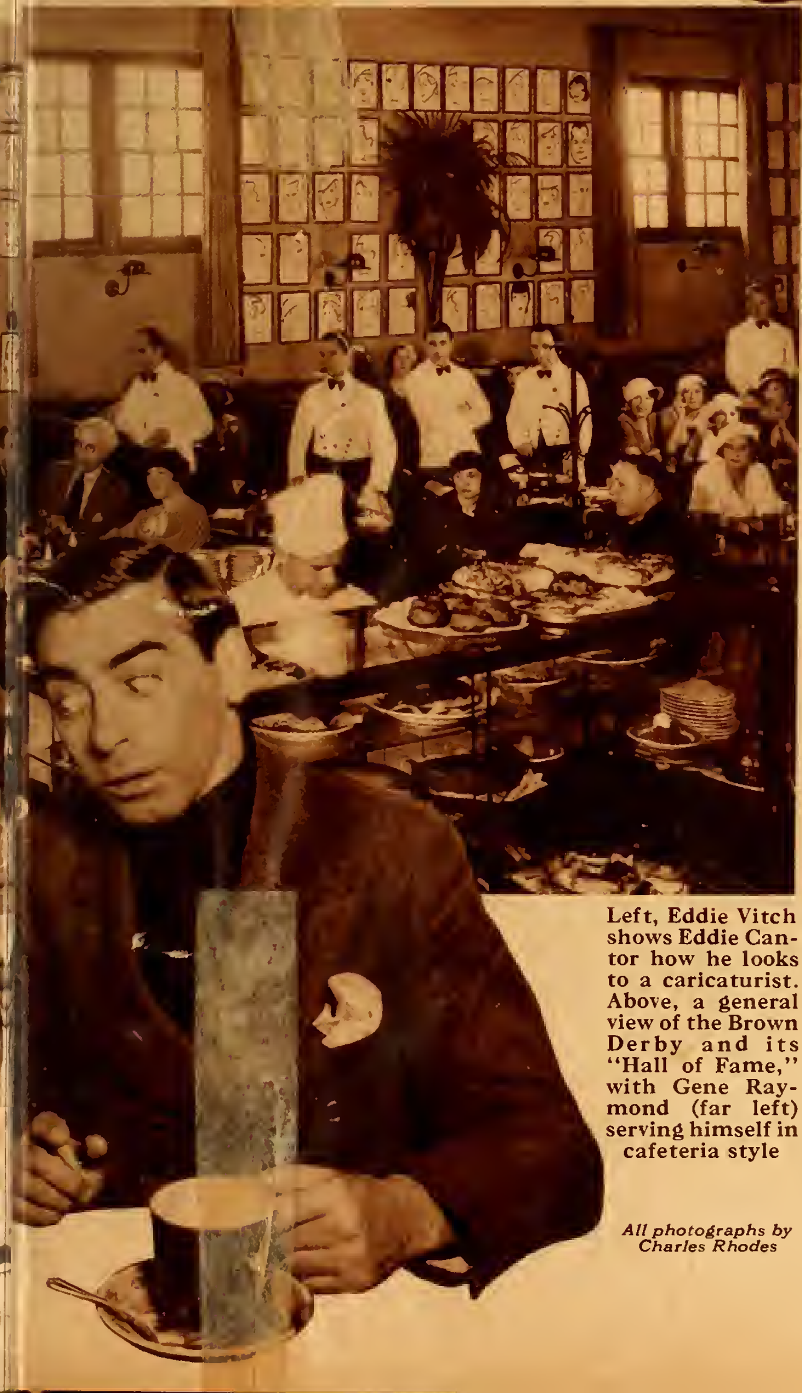
Joan Crawford



Adolphe Menjou

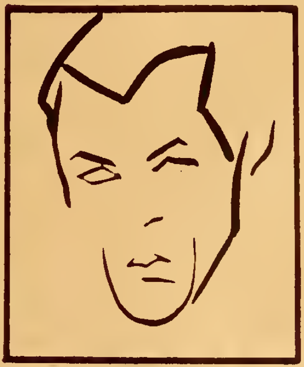


Doris Warner (center), with Marguerite Churchill in on the teasing, shows director Mervyn Le Roy how Hollywood sees him. Doris, the daughter of his boss, Harry Warner, just became Mervyn's bride

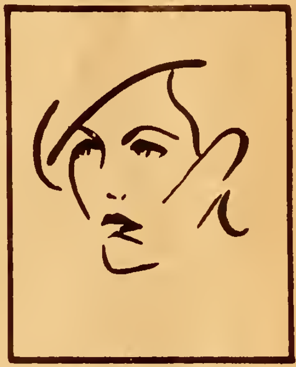


Left, Eddie Vitch shows Eddie Cantor how he looks to a caricaturist. Above, a general view of the Brown Derby and its "Hall of Fame," with Gene Raymond (far left) serving himself in cafeteria style

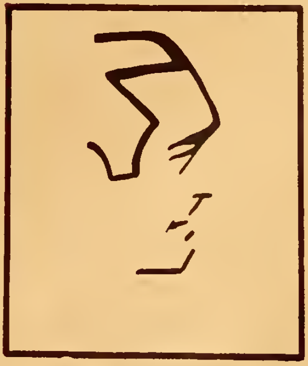
All photographs by Charles Rhodes



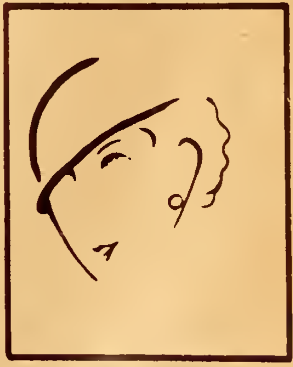
Gary Cooper



Adrienne Ames



Edmund Lowe



Lilyan Tashman

THE ARTIST—AND HOW HE WORKS

Eddie Vitch is a young Russian who came to Hollywood to be a pantomimist and, while waiting for his "break," has found fame with his caricatures of the stars. He puts down "the few essential lines" of their faces as they lunch, unsuspectingly, at nearby tables. We have identified several for you; look closely at the Derby walls and you'll recognize many more

e lad has pep—and can he ep! He not only has a left oot and a right foot; he has a hot foot and a light foot. Whenever he steps out in a Broadway show, he "stops the show" as long as he can keep strutting. And you can bet he won't stand still in the movies. From "Wonder Bar," the youngster zips right into the zippy title rôle of "Harold Teen," as the co-eds' delight!

Hal Le Roy STRUTS HIS STUFF

"Movie-Acting Is the *Easiest Job* in the World"

—GABLE

Russell Ball

BY GLADYS HALL

It takes Clark to debunk this business of being a star. He has to laugh when other stars weep about the "hardships" they have. They're all lucky, he says—and down deep they know it!

CLARK GABLE, between scenes of "Men in White," in which he wears the white uniform of a hospital interne, said to me, "If you know of an easier way to earn a living than movie-acting, I'd like to know it. I've been standing on this set for two hours just rehearsing a smile and a few short words!"

Of all the men in pictures, Clark is the most debunking. Not for one moment does he take himself dramatically, seriously or "big." He is less the actor than any actor ever born of woman. He has nothing at all of the poseur. He has been consistent, from the very beginning, in saying that he has no sort of use for great fame, for large sums of money (one hundred dollars a week for life would suit him fine), and that all this has happened to him because luck spun the wheel and happened to stop at his number.

He has consistently laughed off the suggestion that he is where he is because of any particular virtue or super-attraction on his part or in his person. He has maintained that it is all "the breaks" and that it might have happened to any one of ten thousand men, but just *happened* to happen to him. In brief, he hasn't changed one iota from what he was the day I first met and talked with him, when he stood, a likable, natural, very masculine man, on the threshold of his spectacular success.

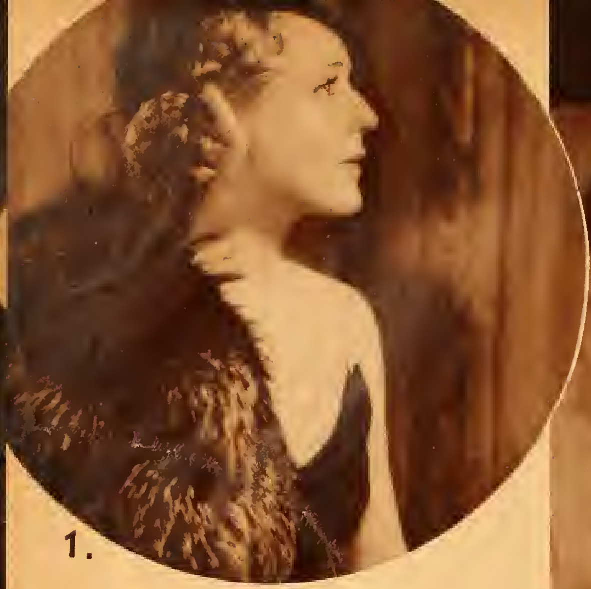
I was amused and interested in Clark's idea that the work of a screen actor is "the easiest way." It had an astringent quality, this idea, after all the moans made by ten-thousand-dollar-a-week stars who actually have to drag themselves to work in their Rolls-Royces at eight or nine in the morning and suffer arduously through days of making love to lovely ladies to the strains of lyric music, while some old meanie of a director lacerates their sensitive souls by his insensitive direction in a trite story that another old meanie of a producer has heartlessly and heedlessly handed them.

He Laughs When They Weep

CLARK said, "I couldn't find a squawk in my system if I had a fine-toothed comb. Actors who squawk about the hardships and the unfairness of screen work make me laugh. They don't mean it, of course—not really. It's a pose. Down inside they know just how lucky they are and how little they would have by comparison, if they were not in Hollywood.

"Movie-acting is the softest job in the world; it's the best-paid job in the world—and if that isn't an unbeatable combination, I want to know what is. The compensation

(*Continued on page* 96)



1.

1. Windblown Dresses, but not windblown Tresses are Fashion's latest fancy—so the evening hat comes into its own. Now you can "go places" and arrive with your marcel and curls intact. Mary's hat is of rich black lace and net

2. The stand-up sleeves and epaulets of her black sheer crêpe gown make a perfect setting for Miss Pickford's blonde beauty. Better copy the idea yourself if you, too, are a blonde. The short train has that new windblown effect

3. The brief train of Mary's white satin gown is also cut to give the skirt that swept-forward effect. Its short, sable-trimmed jacket makes it wearable for the less formal occasions. Without the jacket, Mary is all set for the most formal gaiety

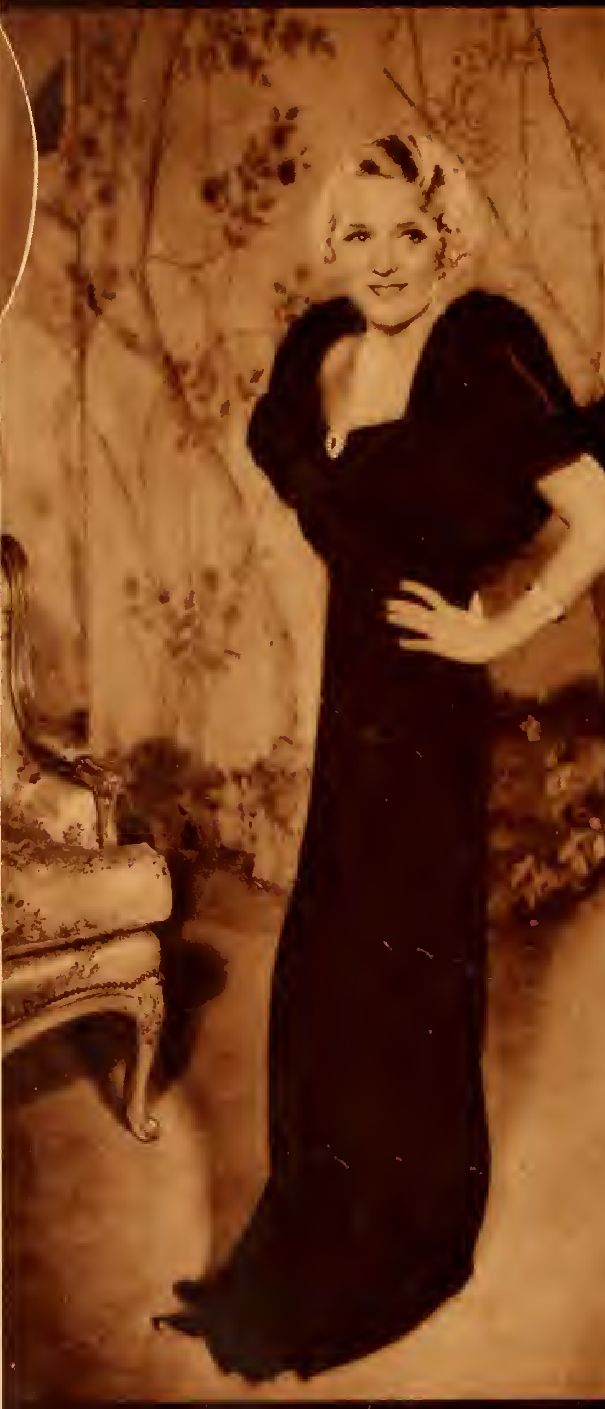
4. Mary's unusual gown of black transparent velvet is novel because of its girlish simplicity. Coral ciré ribbon, starting from the shoulders at the shirred neckline, goes down the bare back, continuing around the waist to the front

5. Again that breeze-from-the-back line makes its appearance in Our Mary's wardrobe in this coral-colored and gold-stitched lamé gown. The double cape-collar effect starts in front and follows the deep V décolleté in back to the waist

6. A streamline silhouette—if there ever was one—is achieved by America's Sweetheart with this simple evening gown of red satin. And there's nothing to it but a deep décolleté and rows of accordion pleats to give a little sleeve effect

7. The pleated flounce, at the bottom of Mary's cream-colored faille evening gown, is its outstanding feature. And the luxurious white ermine wrap, being three-quarter length, permits the graceful and free movement of the flounce in walking

8. Mary's large-brimmed, tilted hat of black uncut velvet, which complements a dinner dress of the same material, dips down on one side and exposes her golden curls on the other. The square neckline of the dress is youthful and so flattering



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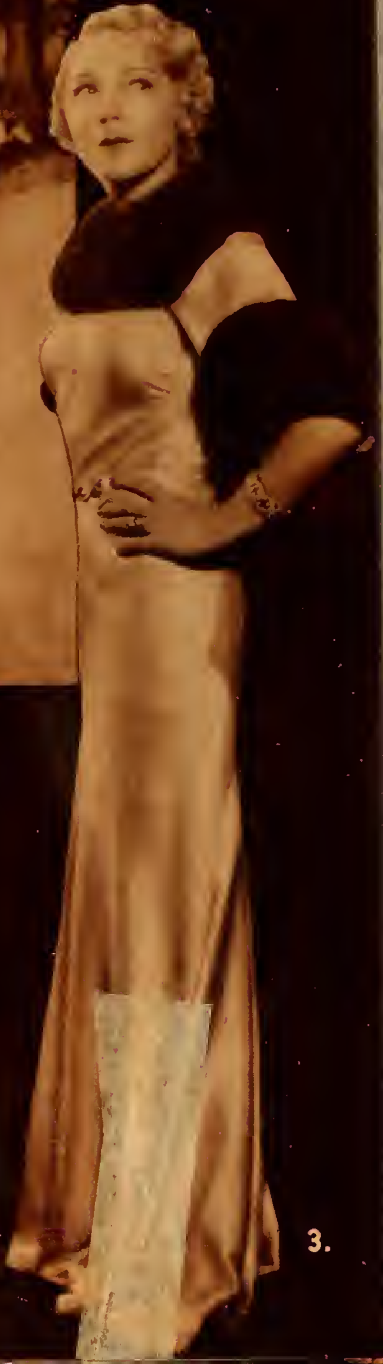
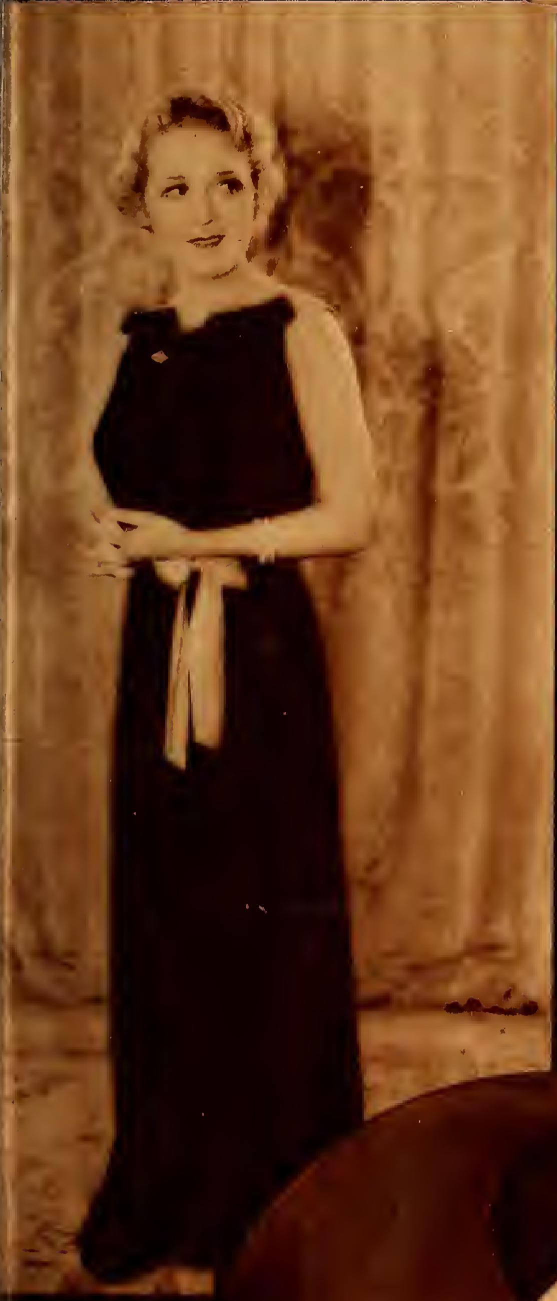
STREAMLINE SILHOUETTES AND WINDSWEPT TRAINS HAVE THEIR PLACES IN "OUR MARY'S" WARDROBE

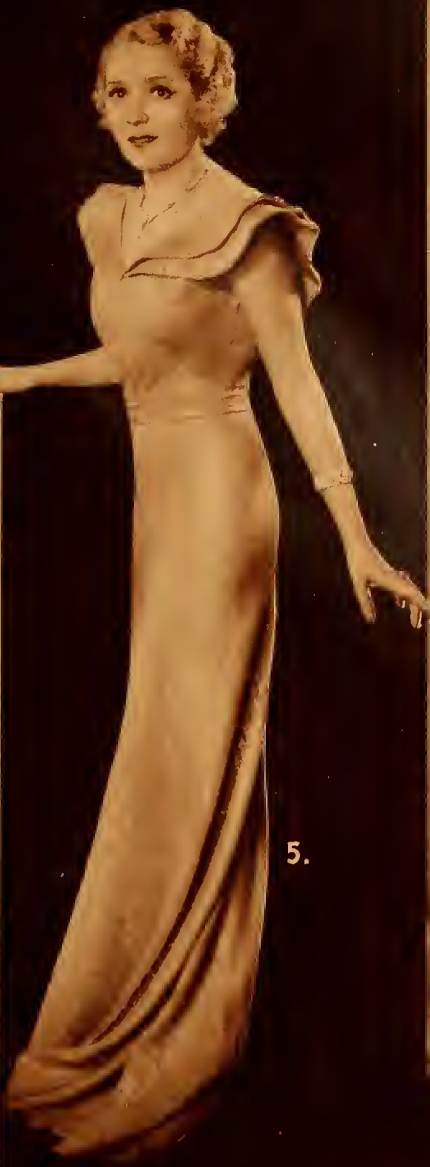


3.

All You American Sweethearts Can Add to Your Own Glamour by Adopting Mary Pickford's Styles

4.





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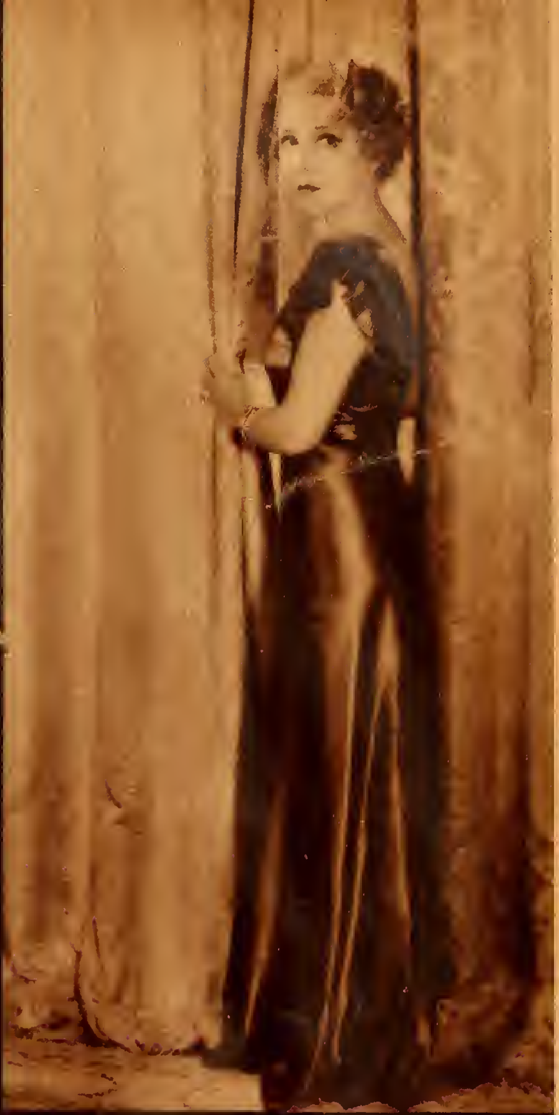

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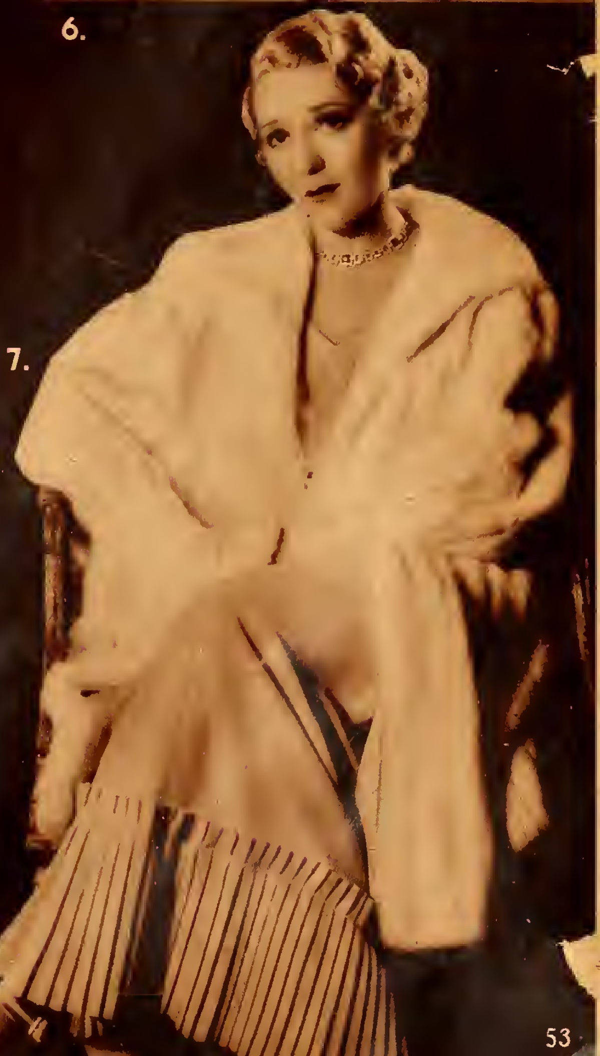

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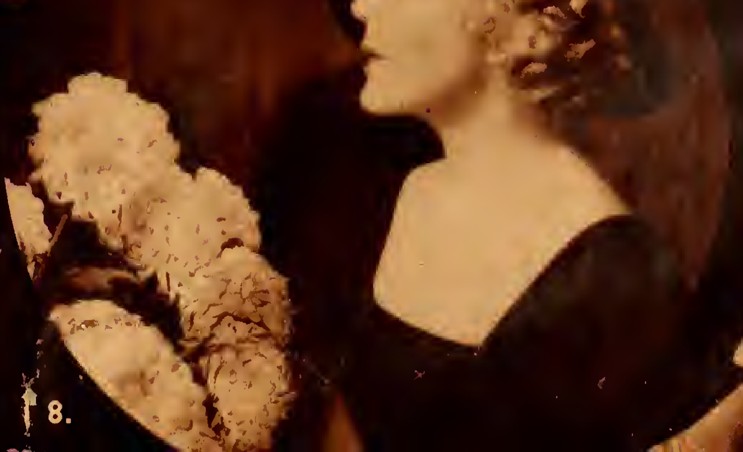


8.

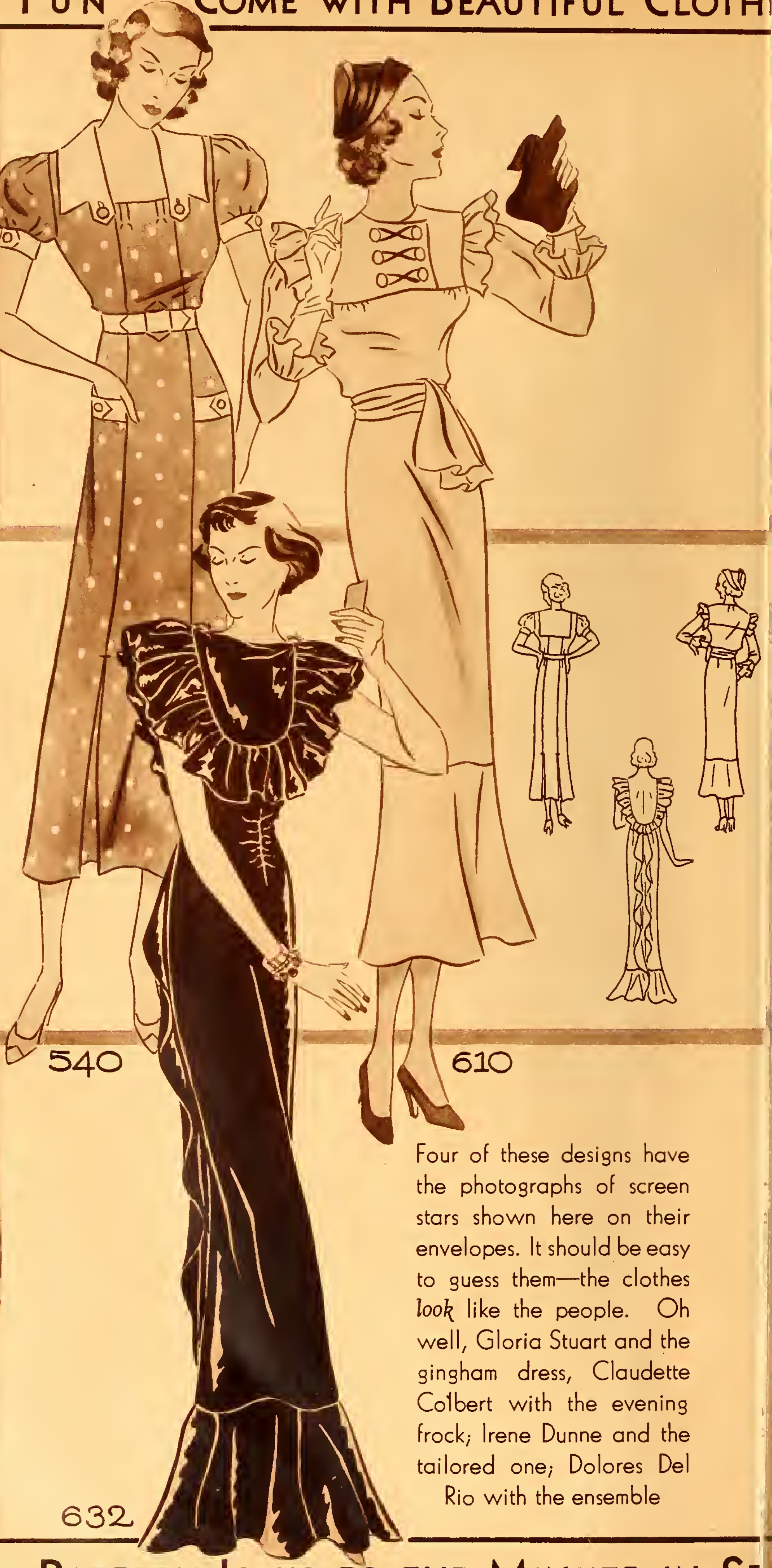
GLAMOUR AND FUN COME WITH BEAUTIFUL CLOTH

GLORIA STUART

540—How many times are you discovered at home in a really *pretty* dress? Hurry up and make this one, then! Doesn't it remind you of dainty Gloria? In 32 to 40 and just 15c.

632—Count your invitations to the next party after your male public has seen you in this frock! It has all the sparkle of the vibrant Claudette, too. 14 to 20; 32 to 38; 15c.

610—Remember it's how you look in the daytime that decides whether you'll get asked out for evenings. This ruffly dress will take care of your appearance. In 14 to 20; 15c.



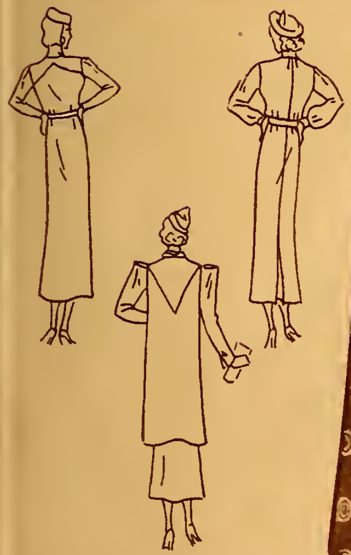
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

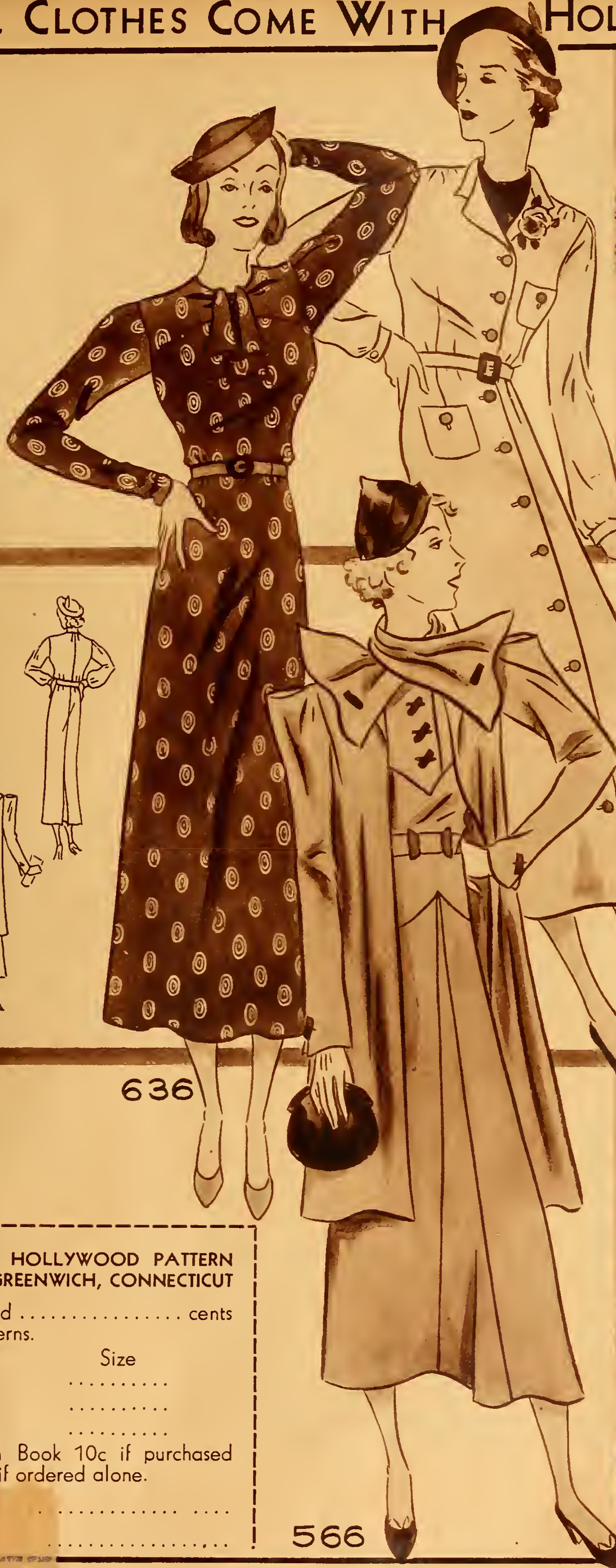
Four of these designs have the photographs of screen stars shown here on their envelopes. It should be easy to guess them—the clothes *look* like the people. Oh well, Gloria Stuart and the gingham dress, Claudette Colbert with the evening frock; Irene Dunne and the tailored one; Dolores Del Rio with the ensemble

EVERY HOLLYWOOD PATTERN IS UP TO THE MINUTE IN ST

EAUTIFUL CLOTHES COME WITH HOLLYWOOD DESIGNS

IRENE DUNNE





629

636

566

636—A world of women looks at you while you're shopping. They observe and judge you. Make 636—and let them look. It is available in sizes 32 to 40. Price 15c.

629—A trick many movie gals have learned—dress in tailored, almost mannish clothes to emphasize your feminine appeal. This is just tailored enough for that. In 32 to 40; 15c.

566—No girl can hope to compete in a well-dressed world unless she boasts at least one smart ensemble. Compete all you wish if you own this one. 14 to 20. 32 to 38; price 15c.

DOLORES DEL RIO

MOTION PICTURE'S HOLLYWOOD PATTERN
ERVICE » » » GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

lease find enclosed .... cents
or Hollywood Patterns.

No.	Size
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Hollywood Pattern Book 10c if purchased vith a Pattern, 15c if ordered alone.

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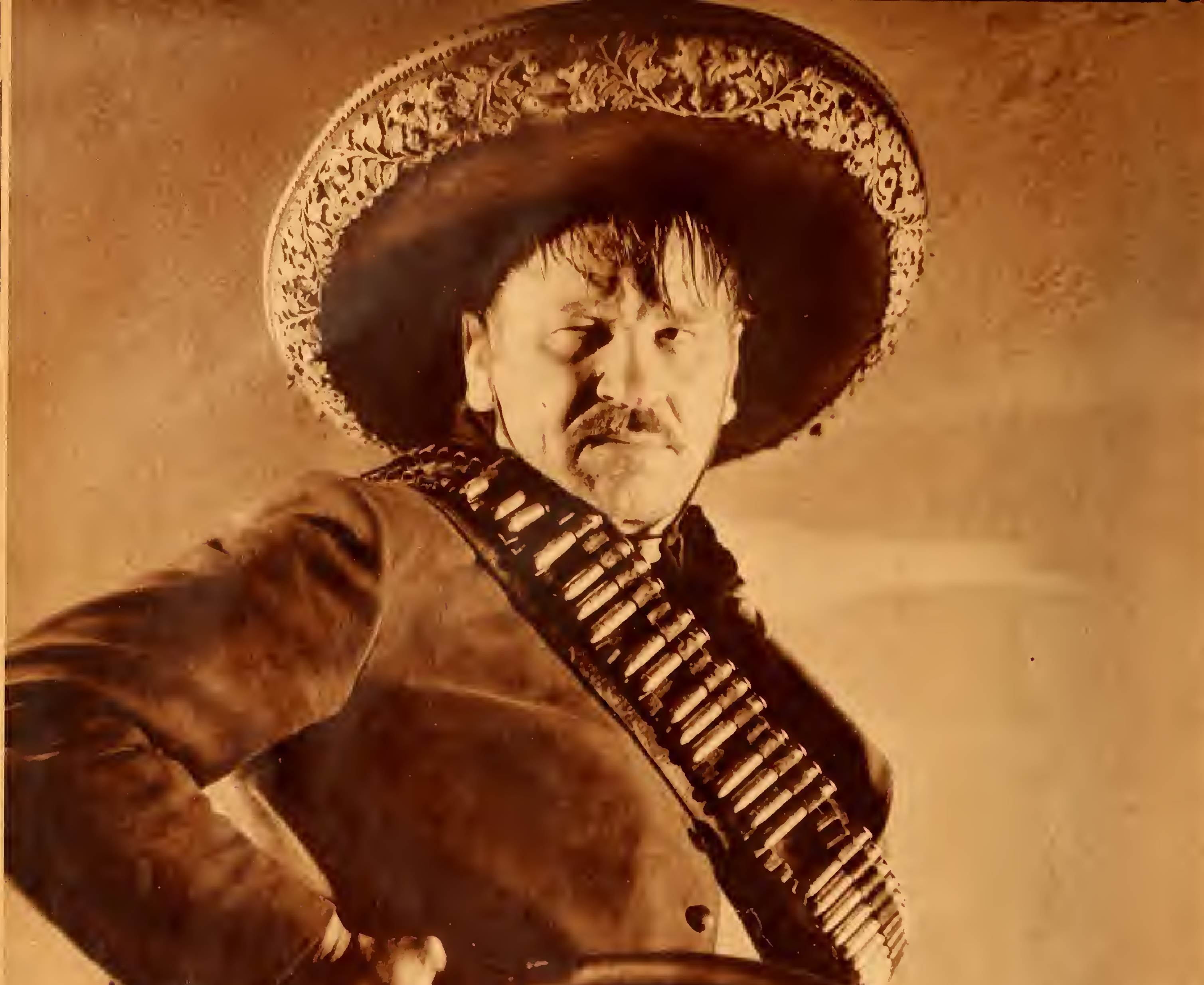


Burdened with bullets and a grudge against the rich, Wallace Beery is all set to thunder over Mexico in "Viva Villa." He's the Villa of the piece—and he's out to show you that if Pancho was a tough hombre, it was because he was a champion of the downtrodden, a Mexican Robin Hood. He'll get the whip hand over your emotions in a revolutionary, revelationary manner!

PANCHO BEERY, REVOLUTIONIST

Here's the first great stage star who has ever come out boldly for the screen. And she tells you why she does. She also gives you a slant at how safe she thinks her marriage is in Hollywood!

Helen Hayes' career isn't interfering with her mothering of little Mary MacArthur (above). If it ever does, she says, she'll "scrap" it

Hurrell

Helen is back on Broadway now just for a "tonic." But she won't be staying. She's sold on the movies—and the varied acting life they offer her

By

JULIA CHANDLER

"Movies Have Done More for Me Than the Stage" —HELEN HAYES

HELEN HAYES, making one of the greatest hits of her life in the title rôle of "Mary of Scotland" on the New York stage, told me: "Maybe you'll think me a queer duck, but I'm the one actress in captivity who is much happier working for the screen than in the theatre. And, what is more, I have a profound respect for the movies."

"Then, why are you doing 'Mary of Scotland' for the Theatre Guild?" I demanded, logically.

"There are two reasons," she said. "In the first place, I think every player who owes her training and experience to the stage should come back to it every little while—both in payment of a debt of gratitude and appreciation, and as a refreshment to her own histrionic gifts. But my main reason for playing *Mary* is that I can never resist literary lines in a play. . . .

"I have always reveled in beautiful lines. It was that quality in the Barrie plays that so enticed me. It was that which made me so love Molnar's 'The Good Fairy,' and it is the literary quality of Maxwell Anderson's play that was really the deciding factor in my accepting the Guild offer to appear in it.

"As greatly as I love the stage, I find the movies a more joyous medium for my own artistic expression. Furthermore, they have done more for my real development than everything else that has ever happened to me in my life," came the astounding assertion.

I use the adjective advisedly because, as you very well know, other stage celebrities have almost unanimously looked down on the movies as art. And why does Helen differ from them? She told me:

"Pictures offered me my first chance to graduate from the wistful stage ingénue to a wide scope of rôles that gave every side of me a chance for development. Motion picture producers and directors have given me the opportunity for

(*Continued on page 98*)

Newcomers *today*— STARS Tomorrow?

BY LEE TOWNSEND

Four "new favorites" who are already crowding the "old favorites" are: top to bottom, Jack Haley, nimble-witted comic; Jean Muir, who emotes vividly; Russ Columbo, who can say it with music; and Jean Parker, who breaks hearts the gentle way

THE old-time favorites can't last forever. The stars you have been going to see for years and years will drop out, one by one; it's inevitable. And who will take their places? Some of the newcomers of to-day! Not all of them will rise to the top, because there isn't room at the top for all of them. Let's look over these new faces—and see which are the likeliest stars-to-be!

Maybe you've heard some of those retirement rumors about present Big Names. Hollywood is taking them seriously. They may be just rumors to-day; but tomorrow they'll be actualities, and the studios had better have replacements on hand. That's why Hollywood talent scouts are working overtime. The past year has seen the arrival and chance at fame of such an unprecedented group of newcomers that giving them a rapid look is like spinning an album of half the youth, beauty and ability of the world. Replacements? You said it!

Warner Brothers have been building up a contract list that looks like a casting directory. This is divided into "Stars," "Featured Players," "Junior Stars" and "Contract Players," and contains the staggering total of 101—count 'em—names. These range from 'way up there in the big-money class down to the $65-a-week chorus girls who comprise the last group and are not to be overlooked as potential members of that lofty top group.

The "Featured Players" list, however, is of the greatest interest to us, in that it contains those names most rapidly flashing on up. The studio tells me that it considers Jean Muir its most promising newcomer. So promising was her appearance in her first picture, "The World Changes," that subsequently she was given leads in "Son of a Sailor," "Bedside," and "A Modern Hero." And now she is carrying the principal rôle in "As the Earth Turns." That's called Coming Along! There's a reason for it, however, for aside from her blonde beauty and her youth (she was born February 13, 1911), Jean has been well-trained in stock and on Broadway.

Hollywood Was His Name

ONCE, in Columbus, Ohio, Jean acted with a chap named Lysle Hollywood (and it was his real name), whose stock experience was such as to make Jean's seem that of a rank amateur. You know him now as Lyle Talbot, and he has been in so many films that it is almost inconceivable now that last year he was an unknown. The same is true of Claire Dodd, who got her screen start as a chorine in "Whoopee," became a Ziegfeldiscovery, and was brought back from Broadway to be Warners' favorite person in Other Woman rôles.

Anyone who has seen the Broadway musical shows in which this tall, thin, agile youngster named Hal Le Roy has appeared doesn't need to be told that Leroy J. Schotte (his

The stars you like now can't last forever. And who will take their places? The studios are doing some tall hunting for their successors. Here are the "finds" they have made in the past year. How many would YOU pick as Stars of Tomorrow?

real name) is one of the best dancers on the American stage. You'll see him in "Wonder Bar" and in the title rôle of "Harold Teen," and if you like him in those, you'll see much more of him. His only rival as a dancer on the screen is Fred Astaire, also from Broadway, who did that fancy stepping in "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio."

Speaking of rivals, Warners have a girl who looks like Garbo in the person of the Russian newcomer, Kathryn Sergava. Did you see her in "Bedside" and "Hi, Nellie"?

If you're looking for dramatic young men, watch for George Blackwood, Philip Faversham, Theodore Newton, and Gordon Westcott. Blackwood is that tall chap who looked so much like Gary Cooper as Kay Francis' lover in "I Loved a Woman." Young, and a descendant of the famous literary Blackwood family of England, he has been acting for years in stock and New York. In the Big Town he appeared with Laurette Taylor, Blanche Yurka, Dorothy Gish, Helen Morgan, and with Alice Brady in three shows. The last was "Elizabeth, the Queen," and as *Essex* in this one he was, the girls claimed, something.

Took Ann Harding's Advice

NEWTON graduated from Princeton with a desire to act and, meeting Ann Harding, was advised by her to join the little Hedgerow Theatre where she received her training. After three years of work, Newton made the trek to Broadway, where canny Maxwell Arnow, the casting director, spotted him. Since "The Adopted Father" and "Voltaire," he has been in a rapid series of films, the most recent of which are "Upperworld," "Registered Nurse" and "A Modern Hero."

Philip Faversham is the son of the famous actor, William Faversham. But—as in the case of Phillips Holmes—his father's success did not attract him to the theatre as a profession. On leaving school, he went in a brokerage office, and there he remained until the Great Blight settled on the bond business. To fill in his time, he took a job in Summer stock at Falmouth, Mass. Eventually, touring in a play, he reached Los Angeles, and was grabbed for pix. Presently, he was being seen in "Captured" and "Footlight Parade." Soon you'll have a look at him with Barbara Stanwyck in "Gambling Lady."

Gordon Westcott went to Utah Agricultural College, Columbia University and

(*Continued on page 102*)

Who'll be tomorrow's stars? Nobody knows. But count these six as candidates: top row, left to right, Theodore Newton, Ida Lupino, and Irene Bentley; bottom row, left to right, Hal Le Roy, Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern—a musical trio

YOU CAN'T KILL THOSE RUMORS

Wallace Beery, very much alive, has had the experience of reading in a newspaper that he had crashed in his 'plane and been killed

By
WHITNEY WILLIAMS

YOU can't kill a rumor—not if it's the Hollywood kind. Ignoring it doesn't throttle it; denying it sometimes only gives it new life; and even joking about it can't make it lie down and die. Besides, time would hang heavy in Hollywood, the hot-bed of rumors, if a way were ever found to end them once and for all. Tossing "I-heards" back and forth has always been the film colony's favorite sport, and probably always will be. Hardly a day passes without someone's prancing up to you, bleary-eyed with excitement, to announce that he has just heard from someone-who-knows that Constance Bennett is going to have a baby or that Mary Pickford has received kidnap threats or that Wally Beery crashed last night in his 'plane and is in a critical condition.

Merrily they're bandied back and forth, these reports that seldom are based on fact. They originate in a thousand different ways. Almost invariably, the persons who repeat and circulate the rumors have heard them from other persons who, in turn, have been told the news (?) by still others on the merry-go-round. A

You STILL hear rumors that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell (right) are in love—despite actions that deny them. Will their screen reunion sow a new crop of romance rumors?

Is Paulette Goddard secretly married to Charlie Chaplin? Rumor says "Yes," while THEY say nothing, thus whetting curiosity murmured word in Hollywood generally spells headlines around the country (as every high-pressure publicity man knows), and you'd be surprised how quickly people accept it as truth. Especially, some of our better-known radio columnists.

Romance and divorce, of course, predominate in interest and attraction. Mary Brian is seen at the Cocoanut Grove with George Raft or Dick Powell, and what happens? The following day word goes forth that a new romance is budding; the story flashes over the wires that Mary has a new beau. John Gilbert drops by a café with a friend late at night for a sandwich, on his way home from the studio, and immediately it is rumored that all is not well in the Gilbert ménage.

Start a rumor rolling in Hollywood and, like a snowball, it grows and grows—until finally it gains such momentum that nothing can stop it. Rumors about stars won't stay denied, ignored or laughed off. For Hollywood, the hot-bed of rumors, couldn't get along without them!

The Most Persistent Rumor

MOST persistent of all rumors ever to emerge from Hollywood are those touching upon the alleged romance of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. They started in their early co-starring days and have continued, even through their separate marriages. It was rumored that Janet wed Lydell Peck to pique Charlie, after he had gone with another girl. Charlie, then, so declared Dame Rumor, married Virginia Valli to hurt Janet. And when Janet announced her estrangement with Peck, and won her divorce, what could be more "logical" than that she had separated from her husband to be free to marry Farrell after he was free to marry her! That was in April, 1933; Charlie still is married.

For a time, Hollywood forgot its interest in Janet and Charlie to link Janet's name with that of Winfield Sheehan, production head of Fox Films. A few weeks after her divorce, the rumor spread that Sheehan would soon take unto himself a bride, said spouse to be none other than Janet Gaynor, whom he long had admired. That rumor has since languished—though the date of Janet's final decree of divorce is rapidly approaching. The Gaynor-Farrell rumor is flourishing again—now that Janet and Charlie are together once more in "First Love."

Probably the report that has endured most consistently next to those rumors concerning the stars of "Seventh Heaven" is the story that Greta Garbo really is not Greta Garbo. According to this legend, she is Jeraldine Dvorak, who started in motion pictures as Garbo's double and "stand-in."

The real Garbo, so goes the tale, died shortly after she arrived in Hollywood, following her appearance in two pictures—and so closely did Miss Dvorak resemble the Swedish star that the studio hushed up all news of Garbo's death and ever since has foisted the exotic actress' double on the unsuspecting public. Naturally, there is not a word of truth to this story, but you can find people even to-day in the film capital who hold to the idea—which an imaginative press-agent is suspected of having fostered. (Press-agents are probably guilty of more rumors than even Hollywood suspects.)

Tales About Mae and Katharine

RUMORS have been broadcast with amazing variety about Mae West and Katharine Hepburn, latest of Hollywood's colorful figures. There have been infinite stories about who-all back in New York insisted on "saying it with diamonds" to Mae. She has also been rumored wed to James Timony, her lawyer-manager. And it's still hard to persuade some people that she isn't Mrs. Timony, despite the frank Mae's insistent and convincing denials.

Of Katharine Hepburn, stories have

(*Continued on page 86*)

International

Rumor said that Katharine Hepburn was married to Ludlow Smith (left); she "couldn't remember." Now, it's rumored that her career is doing things to her marriage

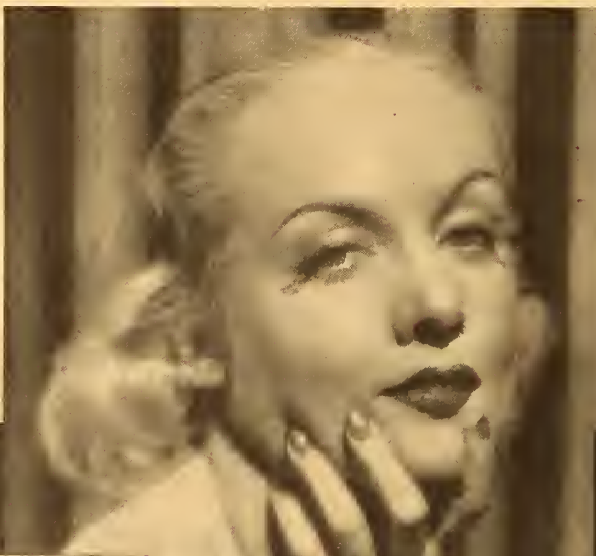
Wide World

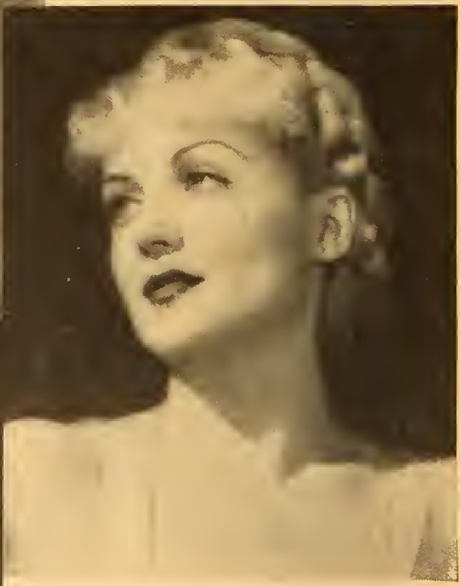
With her Marquis away, Constance Bennett was recently squired about by Gilbert Roland. Presto! "divorce" and "new romance" rumors!

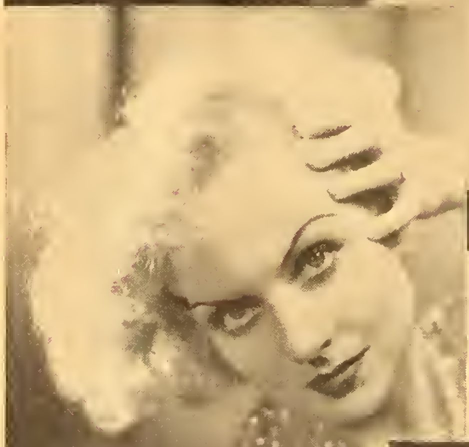
change your personality with a new hairdress..

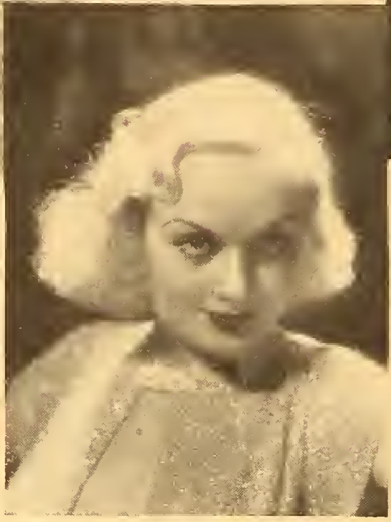
THESE WILL GO WELL UNDER YOUR NEW SPRING HATS

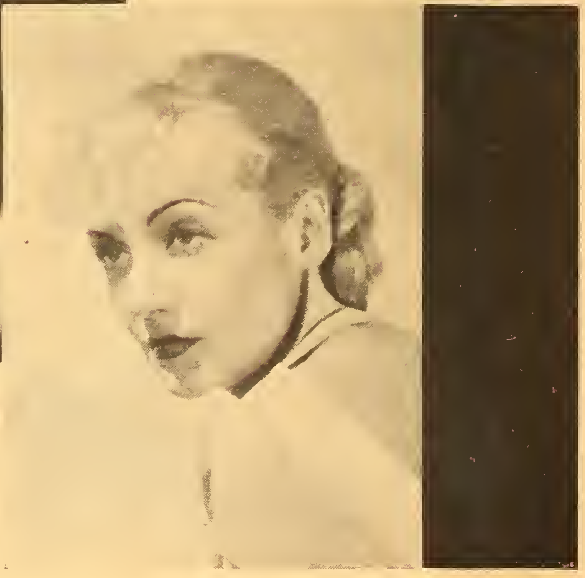
Cheer up! Here are some new hair arrangements for you girls who have been losing sleep since seeing the new Spring hats. It's not the hats that have bothered you; it's your hair, because so much of it will be seen under the perky things that only cover a square inch or two of your head. Carole Lombard comes to your rescue and suggests five coiffures, all of which go with the new hats





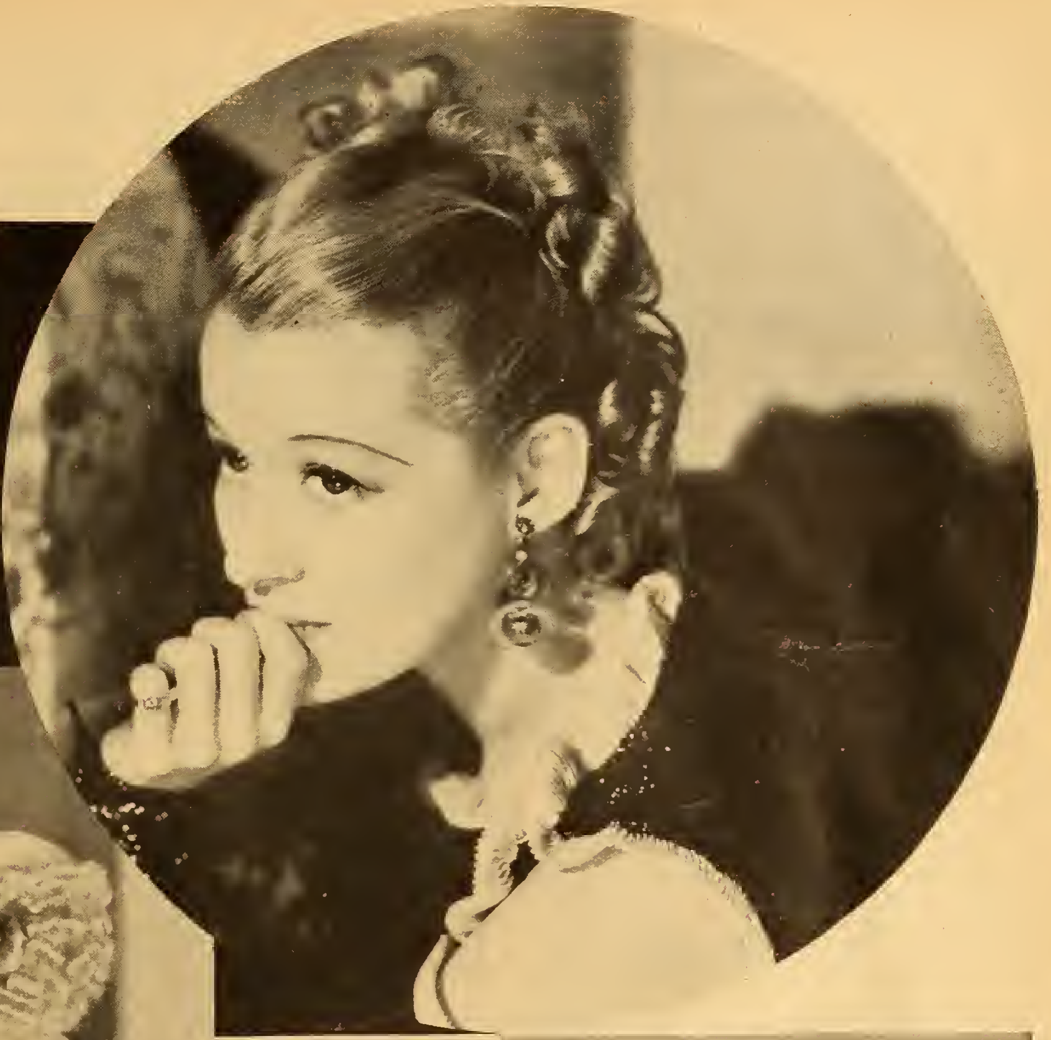


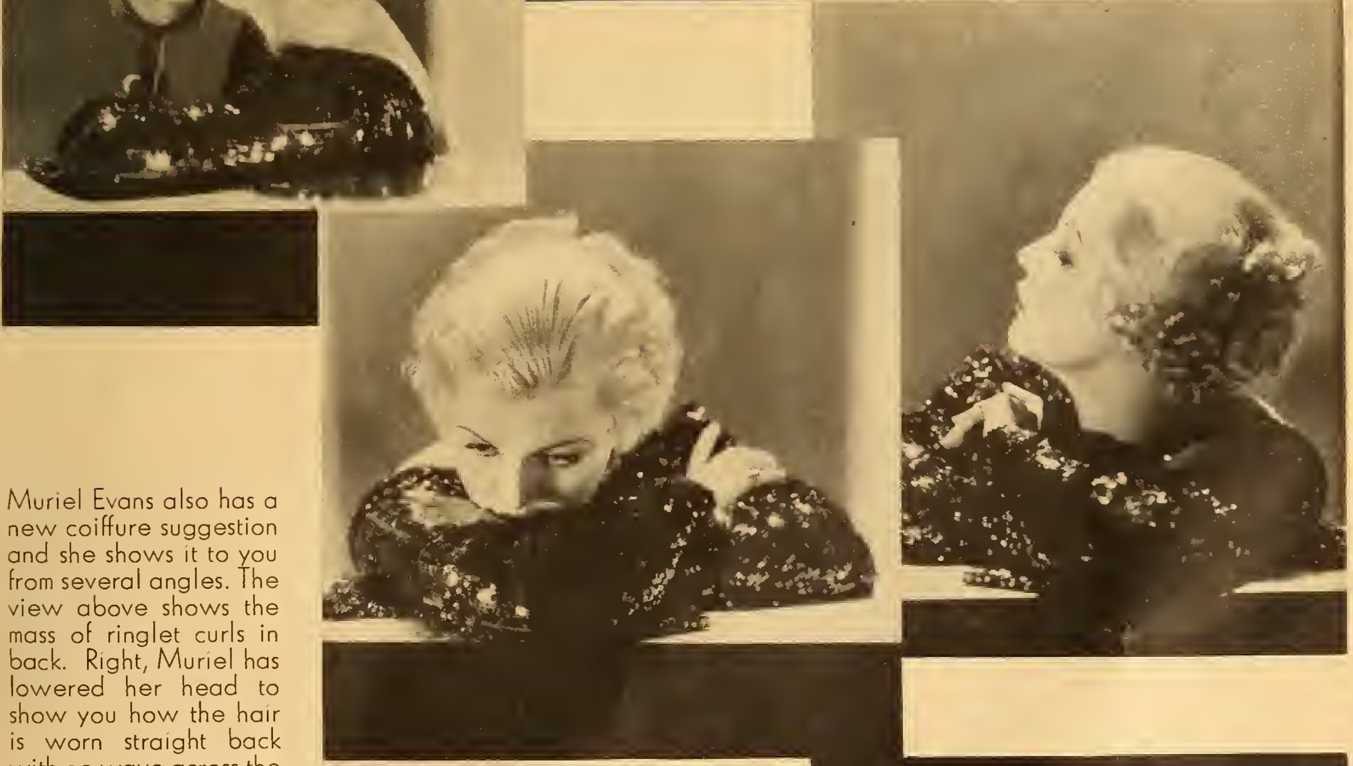




The youthful, loose bob, unrestrained by bobby pins or comb, is shown above by Miss Lombard. Right, a hairdress becoming to any shape of face and good for the off-the-face hats. The "quaint" arrangement (lower right) has frizzed bangs and hair drawn back to a low knot. Pictured in the upper center, Carole demonstrates a very modern effect, hair drawn back off the brow and fluffed back and sides. The coronet braid hairdress (top far right) gives the wearer dignity, not to mention charm

The straight-in-front hairdress, with curls piled high in back, gives Greta Nissen a more alluring personality. She wears her hair in this fashion in "Contraband," which she has just made in England





Muriel Evans also has a new coiffure suggestion and she shows it to you from several angles. The view above shows the mass of ringlet curls in back. Right, Muriel has lowered her head to show you how the hair is worn straight back with no wave across the top. The far right view shows the profile of this extremely chic hairdress that may be adopted by blondes, redheads or brunettes and will do wonders for you in helping to change your personality

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

The Picture

STRANGE HOLIDAY

A Picture for the Sensitive

THIS is a picture for the sensitive few. From the opening shot, showing a sinister shadow following an auto-load of merrymakers, the overtones of this picturization of the stage play, "Death Takes a Holiday," are those of legend and macabre fantasy. To a brilliant house party comes a dark stranger, *Prince Sirki*. It is Death, himself, who wishes to holiday among men and experience their passions for three days.

It is neither absurd nor melodramatic. For Fredric March, as the unworldly lover, has assurance and power. Evelyn Venable, who plays the heroine fated to love him, is always believable.

Highlights: While the dark *Prince* takes his strange holiday, everyone in the world enjoys indestructible life. Freight trains crash head-on without casualty; men and women bent on suicide leap from skyscrapers and waft safely to earth; murderers fire powerless bullets. (PARAMOUNT)

Left to right, Mae Clarke, Anna Sten, Muriel Kirkland in "Nana"

THE LOST PATROL

Powerful, All-Male Drama

STRONG drama, never stooping to compromise in its relentless, merciless telling, "The Lost Patrol" may be considered by many too heavy; by others, courageous.

There are no women in "The Lost Patrol." A band of English soldiers lose their way in the desert after their officer is killed by Arabs. Besieged in a tiny oasis, their numbers are further depleted by ones and twos until only a sergeant remains alive. You learn to know each man intimately before he dies.

Victor McLaglen, playing the sergeant, achieves the very finest performance he has ever given. Wallace Ford, Reginald Denny, J. M. Kerrigan and Douglas Walton are, likewise, particularly outstanding in a perfect cast. Boris Karloff does a remarkable piece of work as a Biblically-mad trooper.

Highlights: The suspense of the siege. The intense study of human nature under stress. The breath-takingly beautiful photography of the desert. (RKO RADIO)

J P MORGAN AND BANKERS

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

Robson in Strong Mother Rôle

THE parallel between the careers of the sharp-witted, close-fisted heroine and the Hetty Green of Wall Street legend is unmistakable—but it is sweetened to give the audience an excuse to sympathize with May Robson. Embittered by a broken love affair, the heiress to a great fortune pours all her forces into the accumulation of more wealth and the fierce hoarding of what she has—until a day when money ceases to be important.

Mary Forbes (mother of Ralph Forbes), as the lifelong friend of the miserly heroine, provides a charming contrast. And Jean Parker, quaint in the costumes of the '90's, has a pretty love interlude with the son (William Bakewell), forced into the hateful business of money-making by his mother.

Highlights: The Robson warmth and humor making the chief character palatable, and the Robson skill turning the mawkish regeneration scenes at the end into true pathos. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

FASHIONS OF 1934

Powell Excels in Smooth Comedy

HAVING exposed most of the known forms of racketeering, the movies of late have turned their attention to milder swindles. So it was probably inevitable that they would eventually reach the world of fashion, thereby cleverly combining the pageantry of women's fashion shows with the scheming of a debonair gent such as William Powell. His racket is to steal Paris designs and sell them as his own.

Powell's accomplices are played by Bette Davis and Frank McHugh, who are up to standard. Reginald Owen is outstanding as the foremost stylist of Paris, as is Veree Teasdale, an American adventuress. The fashions displayed should please the ladies, but no more than the men, who will relish watching the models on parade.

Highlights: The introduction of the comic Hugh Herbert, as an ostrich-raiser who seeks to popularize ostrich feathers. And a gorgeous fan dance number, staged by Busby Berkeley. (WARNERS)

Parade

NANA

ANNA STEN

Creates Sensation

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents his Russian "find," Anna Sten, to the American public in this picture—and she reveals herself as unusual in both beauty and personality; and, in addition, she is real. Zola's once-powerful story has been toned down for moviegoers' consumption, but she makes it something to see.

The setting is the romantic Paris of 1868, where *Nana*, a girl of the streets, rises to fleeting fame, a brief taste of happiness and tragedy. Accompanying her on her rising and falling fortunes are two engagingly honest young ladies of the same profession, beautifully done by Mae Clarke and Muriel Kirkland. Lionel Atwill has never been so good as in the part of the unwilling lover tortured by his priggish conscience—standing out above Phillips Holmes as his younger brother and rival, and above Richard Bennett as the impresario who stars *Nana*.

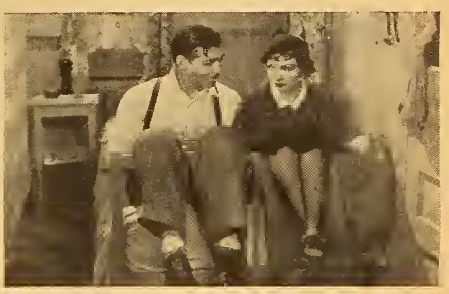
Highlights: The bitter scene between the brothers that leads to tragedy. The seductive singing of Anna Sten (there doesn't seem to be anything this girl can't do). And the photography. (SAMUEL GOLDWYN)

Performances

You Should Not Miss This Month

ANNA STEN and LIONEL ATWILL in "Nana"
VICTOR McLAGLEN in "The Lost Patrol"
FREDRIC MARCH and EVELYN VENABLE in "Strange Holiday"
LIONEL BARRYMORE and MARY CARLISLE in "This Side of Heaven"
WILLIAM POWELL in "Fashions of 1934"
MAY ROBSON in "You Can't Buy Everything"
CLARK GABLE and CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "It Happened One Night"

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping



IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Gable and Colbert at Their Best

EVIDENTLY the best thing that can happen to a star is to be loaned to another studio! Clark Gable, loaned to Columbia by M-G-M, has received a new lease on life in this brilliantly-written, cleverly-directed comedy of love in transcontinental buses. Claudette Colbert, loaned by Paramount, has never been better.

Always hovering on the verge of the daring, with much night action, the picture never departs from good taste. Gable is at his best in his characterization of a rough, intensely masculine, but chivalrous newspaper tramp, while Claudette gives her all to the rôle of a spoiled, pampered and runaway daughter of a millionaire. And all the lesser parts are corking—like the direction of Frank Capra. Don't miss it.

Highlights: Their flight from pursuers. The spontaneous laughs, won by brand-new situations and good acting. Lines that are zestful and lively without once straining for cleverness. (COLUMBIA)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Tracy and Oakie in Fast Comedy

PACKED with as many laughs as there are thrills, "Looking for Trouble" is slightly difficult to classify. But it is not at all difficult to urge you not to miss it. Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, teamed for the first time and to mutual benefit, are "trouble-shooters" for a telephone company—and they find nearly every brand of the excitement they seek during the course of events, even to a murder mystery.

Tracy has a rôle much to his liking, which he proves by playing it expertly. Oakie is equally well-fitted with the rôle of the practical-joking small-town slicker. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge are the respective sweethearts of the boys. Judith Wood and Morgan Conway are also excellent as the villains of the piece.

Highlights: This picture is so fast and so funny that nothing short of an earthquake could top it off. So there *is* an earthquake—the most realistic, best-staged 'quake you ever saw in your life. (20TH CENTURY)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE

Light, But Speedy Melodrama

ONE of the new cycle of transcontinental bus pictures (three—count 'em—having been completed to date), "Cross Country Cruise" leaves a good deal of room for improvement. It starts as an amusing, light pleasantry, only to turn into a murder mellerdrama with the audience acting as eye-witnesses to the archery villainy. The murder, having been committed with a bow and arrow, is solved because the murderer was unfamiliar with his weapon.

Aboard this bus are Lew Ayres, nearly as wealthy as he is susceptible to feminine charm; Arthur Vinton, his bodyguard against the ladies; June Knight, providing plenty of the aforementioned charm; Alan Dinehart, the amateur archer; Minna Gombell, his wife (she who gets shot); Alice White, a very modern hitch-hiker with a penchant for bus drivers; Eugene Pallette, a Rotarian, and numerous others.

Highlights: Its fast action, novel setting, and an unusual crash. (UNIVERSAL)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

Heart-Throbs and Good Acting

IT was quite a day in the life of the *Turners*, what with Mother selling a scenario to the motion pictures, Dad being discovered forty thousand dollars short in his accounts, and the three children working out their own destinies with tragic consequences. It makes home-life exciting.

It is played with the utmost simplicity and tenderness by Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter (latest Broadway star to enter films) as the father and mother, and youthful Mary Carlisle, Tom Brown and Mae Clarke as the children.

Highlights: Barrymore, minus annoying mannerisms, does strong work in the scene in which, after he has swallowed the drug that was to be his escape from disgrace, his slowing heart responds to the need of his son, injured in an auto accident. Mary Carlisle romps away with carefree, effortless honors as the giddy youngest member of the family, but everyone in the cast is good. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 93!)

By JERRY LANE

Warner Baxter and Winifred Bryson are still Constant Companions. And why not?

Acme

At Last—the TRUTH About WARNER BAXTER'S Private Life!

Don't feel so sorry for him, girls. Those rumors about his leading an unhappy private life just aren't true—as he, his wife and his mother hereby testify!

BLAME those reports about Warner Baxter on those eyes of his. You've heard, of course, the tall tales going the rounds about his being weighted down with all kinds of secret sorrows—and smiling beneath his Great Burden.

"It's such devilish nonsense!" shouted Warner, slightly on edge with all this Laugh-Clown-Laugh stuff. "*Me* burdened! Can't we *do* something? Do I have to wear a placard on my chest announcing that I'm happy? Do I have to go into a lot of fatuous ravings about the bliss of my married life to make folk realize what it means to me?"

"It's those brown eyes of yours," I assured him, but he was too excited to hear. Nevertheless, it's true. Women are continually reading into them something that isn't there—mistaking their sympathy for soul-sadness.

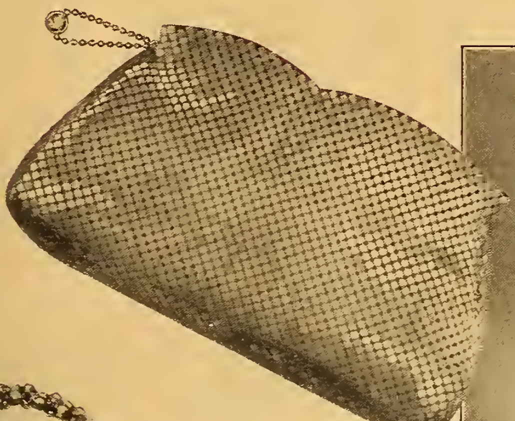
Even his wife (the former Winifred Bryson), did that on the very first day she met him backstage at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles. "I wasn't trying to flirt with you," she explained afterwards. "I felt so sorry for you that I didn't know what to do!"

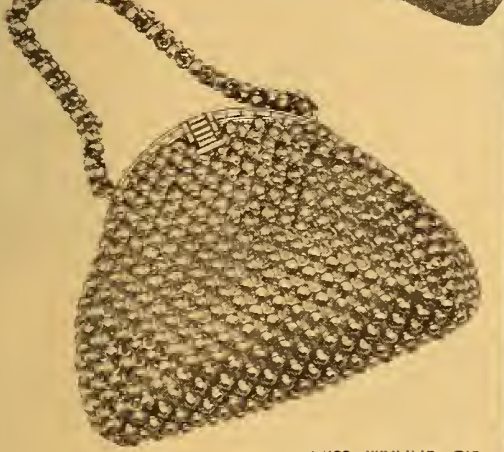
The funny part of it is that Warner needs pity less than any man in Hollywood. He always has his own buoyant enthusiasm to fall back upon. And he has been a pet of that gambling goddess, Fate. His dream of a place where he could be happy has materialized in a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar show-place in Bel-Air, which he designed himself, and which he and Winifred have just built. As for the much-discussed burdens of his private life . . .

"Come on," I urged that charming tiny woman who is his mother and the vivacious delightful person who is his wife, "it's high time you two revealed all." I have had the very real pleasure of knowing them for years. But this is the first time Warner has consented to let his women folk be interviewed—and tell why the rumors have been "ridiculous."

(*Continued on page 100*)

Will *your* EASTER Costume *HEAD the Parade?*





Upper Bag: A new envelope bag of Whiting & Davis Armor Mesh for daytime or evening wear. Talon slide fastener, silk lined, double pocket, mirror and mesh tassel.

Lower Bag: Pouch style in the new Facet Mesh with Mesh handle, silk lined with mirror and easy lift safety clasp.

MISS WYNNE GIBSON, charming Radio Pictures star of "Success Story" and the "Crime Doctor," shown in a complete Metal Mesh Ensemble by Whiting & Davis.

Whiting & Davis METAL MESH Bags and Ensembles Set the Style for Spring

MADE IN
WHITING & DAVIS CO
MESH BAGS
THE U. S. A.

HAND IN HAND
WITH FASHION

For early Spring and Summer costumes, choose your accessories from the fascinating selection of brilliant new METAL MESH items by Whiting & Davis. Unusual, smart highlights for *any* costume, many of which may be had from $3.00 to $10.00, in Gold or Silver simulated and in all the popular Spring Colors. Or, if you desire, a single bag, an evening dress or a cocktail jacket. Inquire at your favorite store or write for booklet.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
PLAINVILLE (Norfolk County) MASS.
NEW YORK: 366 Fifth Avenue   CHICAGO: C. C. Whiting, 31 No. State St.

Here's CLAUDETTE

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN....

Claudette Colbert—star of Paramount's "Cleopatra"

I DISCOVERED YEARS AGO THAT THE GIRL WHOSE SKIN HAS A SOFT, TEMPTING SORT OF SMOOTHNESS ALWAYS WINS OUT. I DISCOVERED, TOO, SUCH AN EASY WAY TO HAVE THIS CHARM!

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

Here Claudette Colbert talks to you about *her* beauty care . . . Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how *easy* it is to have a truly fascinating complexion.

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care . . . used regularly . . . keeps their skin radiantly lovely . . . soft and smooth.

Try it for yourself! Start *today* to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!

COLBERT *talking to* YOU!

Why is it some girls can always captivate men, while others always seem to lose out? The lovely Miss Colbert talks to you in her own way about this fascinating question.
WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.
GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION. IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS CHARM MEN CAN'T RESIST.
LUX TOILET
LUX TOILET SOAP
NRA

Precious Elements in this Soap—*Scientists say:*

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

For EVERY Type of Skin . . . *dry . . . oily . . . "in-between"*

HANDS LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE

"MEN EXPECT QUICK CHANGES!"

When we welcome our guests to an evening "at home," our men want us to look our nicest. They're disappointed if we don't—they disapprove if our hands are rough and red, even though we've just spent a good hour fixing sandwiches and things.

THE quick change is easy! A gentle pat-in with Frostilla Lotion whisks away every sign. This old favorite, several times a day, protects our hands against all messy tasks—and bad weather's chapping. Frostilla Lotion keeps our hands as white and smooth as though they'd never seen a diaper, a dust-pan—or a cold wind!

Frostilla Lotion's *pleasant* to use, too. It isn't at all sticky—and it's so inexpensive it doesn't make a *dent* in our beauty-budgets.

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5-&-10¢ stores.
(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)

fragrant
FROSTILLA
LOTION

News and Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 39*)

Another Hepburn in Headlines

KATHARINE HEPBURN isn't the only member of the Hepburn family who is news to the headline-hunters. Her mother, Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, made the front page recently when she appeared before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives to advocate passage of the Pierce birth control bill.

Mrs. Hepburn, wife of a physician and the mother of six children, said: "The terror of race suicide is nonsense, for women want children—but they want them when they can afford them physically and economically. Race suicide talk is just as ridiculous as that of those who said, when we women wanted to vote, that for them to go to the polls would destroy the home."

Mae's Rumored Partners

THE latest Odd Rumor is that Mae West and Groucho Marx, with Eddie Cline, are about to start a motion picture company. A strange trio for one rumor! Mae's studio doesn't wanna let her accept any radio offers—and thus become her own competitor. The entire film colony showed signs of going UP in the air at the report that Katharine Hepburn had received sixty-five hundred dollars for ten minutes ON the air in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." (Douglass Montgomery—who is playing with Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?"—was *Romeo.*)

Little Girl, What Now?

MARGARET SULLAVAN has decided, apparently, to deny that she and actor Henry Fonda were ever married. To some interviewers, she murmurs that she was in love with him at one time, but has never married anyone. It seems a pity in the face of testimony of close friends that such a forthright and intelligent young actress should clutter up her first screen publicity with silly denials, which take the attention off her true talent and annoy both writers and public. (Katharine Hepburn's answer-dodging about her marriage set a bad example.) But those who know "Peggy" feel that she is trying to shield her one-time husband from publicity that he doesn't want. Their marriage, we understand, lasted only four months.

Twosomes with Troubles

OTHER marriage shake-ups loom. The Sidney Fox-Charles Beahan tie may soon be legally severed, though they went through a second marriage on their first anniversary in an endeavor to cement it. The town-talkers continue to cry that Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson are not so honeymoonish as they might be. The Conrad Nagels (he's on Broadway now) have parted. The Spencer Tracys are at a stalemate, with Mrs. Tracy about to seek a stage career, interrupted by her marriage eleven years ago. Spencer, who met Loretta Young soon after the separation, appears devoted to her, but refuses to answer questions. However, his rage at a recent newspaper column that hinted he was practising his movie love scenes with Pat Paterson off the set of "Bottoms Up" would seem to prove his feelings are deeply involved.

Mary Still a Record-Breaker

PICKFAIR has recently had house guests from the New York Four Hundred, though Mary Pickford, herself, will probably not be back for many moons. She has been standing 'em up on her personal appearance tour (making twelve thousand dollars a week, too, according to report). In Chicago, she surpassed the box-office record of Mae West, thought to be invincible. Who says Mary is out of date? Anyone worth that much a week and able to fill a house five times a day is pretty much on the map, we think.

Sten Dodging the Crowds

ANNA STEN, the sensational "million-dollar find" and star of "Nana," departed for Palm Springs after the film was finally completed. She tried to keep away from the film celebrities, a difficult enough feat since the village is tiny and Hollywood rushes down there on the slightest provocation. The Dog Show at the Desert Inn attracted scads of famous dog-fanciers. But Anna refused to exhibit her pedigreed pup, which is said to be valued at ten thousand dollars. "A blue ribbon?" she shrugged, when she was told that he would undoubtedly win one. "Ach, I will buy him a blue ribbon at the store! It is less trouble."

Battled Two Lions at Once

CLYDE BEATTY, daredevil animal trainer and star of "The Big Cage" of last year, recently lived through a scene that he wouldn't care to repeat for the screen. (He's scheduled to make a serial, "The Last Continent," with his "cats.") He was rehearsing his circus animal act, surrounded by lions and tigers, when a lion suddenly turned on a lioness and a battle-to-the-death was on. The other wild beasts roared and raged, but Beatty turned his back on them to dash at the two fighting animals, armed with only a whip and a pistol loaded with blank cartridges.

Circus employees pleaded with him to get out of the cage; he ignored them—and the two writhing, snarling beasts ignored the crack of his pistol and the lash of his whip. The fight didn't end until the lion had killed the lioness and had slunk back to his stand. Beatty, after quieting the animals, went to his dressing-room, changing his perspiration-soaked clothes for his performance attire, and was ready for the show to go on. And during the show the same lion tried to attack *him.*

Brought Himself Back Alive

FRANK ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck, back from the Malay Archipelago with "Wild Cargo" and a boatload of captures for zoos, can also tell some hair-raising tales about encounters with wild beasts, not to mention snakes. You'll see some of them in his picture, which is your luck—as well as Frank's.

Why Max Isn't with Mae

THE story goes that Mae West wanted Max Baer for her leading man in "It Ain't No Sin" and Maxie wasn't unwilling. There was just one hitch: he wanted equal billing with Mae. She may be "the Queen of Sex," but he's "the new It man"!

Dorothy Dunbar, his ex-wife, arriving in New York recently, told inquiring reporters that she would never re-marry Max and made some pretty harsh statements about him as a husband. That apparently ends *that* rumor. Which leaves the field open for the other girls, and plenty of them, apparently, wouldn't mind being romance-rumored with Mrs. Baer's boy.

"Nuts," Says Baby LeRoy

IF you don't think Baby LeRoy is catching on to a vocabulary all his own—a vocabulary filled with his own nifties—you should listen to him when he starts handing out his line! The nineteen-months-old youngster

(*Continued on page 106*)

THE MARK OF SAFETY
MAZDA
100 WATTS

A noted authority gives this simple rule for eye strain in children: "Watch your child as he reads. If he is holding the book or paper 14 inches or closer, the chances are his eyes are being overworked. He needs a trip to an eye specialist, better light . . . or both."

Light that cheats young eyes IS DANGEROUS!

You may think your boy is getting all the light he needs because the lamp he is using is marked to give a certain quantity of light. But is he?

Inferior lamps often give as much as 30% less light than their marking leads you to believe. Your child needs that 30%, and usually much more, to help his eyes develop normally . . . to help him see with the minimum of effort.

Don't gamble with your boy's or girl's eyesight. Remember, inferior lamps give less light but *use as much electricity* as lamps that deliver *all the light* you pay for. Play safe. Always look for the famous monogram GE when you buy lamps. Then you won't be paying a premium for sight safety!

Every General Electric MAZDA lamp is plainly marked for your protection. You can't miss this mark GE of good light at low cost. Look for it! General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

A LESSON IN COMFORT
HOW SMART WOMEN ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN

BAD LUCK! THE TIME OF MONTH WILL KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST
"NONSENSE RUTH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO."
8 9 10 11 12 13
15 16 20
22 23 24 25 26 27
29 30 31

Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.

"I FEEL JUST FINE!"
MISS AMERICAN BEAUTY

Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.

MIDOL
Takes Pain Off the Calendar

Sex Appeal and the Clothes You Wear

(*Continued from page 31*)

speakeasy to speakeasy, perching for a moment on a stool at the end of some bar and then flitting away. With fine wines available again, we shall have dining revived as a civilized ceremony, rather than a hurried necessity. With more formality and convention in living, gowns will be more formal, more elaborate. The home will become the place of entertainment, and tea gowns, hostess gowns, gowns with skirts made to lie softly on carpets will be the mode. Norma Shearer wears such gowns superbly.

"I do not believe that there is such a thing as fashions in figures. Designers have always had to dress women to conceal angularities or curves. The tight silhouette of the last ten years will not give way to the Mae West figure, but clothes will be softer, more feminine, more consciously alluring. Not every woman can carry off the more romantic type of clothes at once, perhaps. It takes skill to manage a train, for instance, stateliness to wear a tiara, and a sense of the dramatic to handle a cloak. But I have complete faith in the adaptability of women. Whatever the mode is, women will learn to carry it off.

Cover Up and Be Coquettish

"THERE is an attempt to introduce the extreme décolletage in front at the moment, but I do not think that it will be generally successful. Few women can stand such revealment. It makes them look more matronly, older—and it defeats its purpose, if the purpose is coquetry. Frank uncovering of the body is not especially beautiful, even with such a beautiful body as Jean Harlow's, for example. The high-necked dress for evening is far more flattering to Jean and I believe this type of gown has come to stay, though there will be décolletage this season, of course. Even with low-necked gowns, there will be the effect of covering up with capes, sleeves, scarves—and a return to modesty that means coquetry.

"Draperies have come to us from earlier, happier days. The effect of the depression on clothes was to make them scantier, tighter. With returning prosperity, there will be returning fullness in sleeves, in bodices, in the bottom of the skirt, in the neckline—a more expansive, less meagre use of material. There will be the effect of richness. Jewels, feathers, furs—the flattering friends of women—will be worn more. Even with the tailored suits and dresses, there will be the feminine touch of elaborate blouses and accessories.

"There has never been any danger that women would adopt masculine styles and lose their sex appeal. As a matter of fact, it was an old trick of musical comedy designers to put their cutest, curviest little chorus girls into tall silk hats, short pants and canes to accentuate their femininity, by piquant contrast. But the foolish attempt to put women into trousers has died the death it merited.

Even Chorines Are Wearing More

"THE new Hays ruling against undress of chorus girls will have no effect on Metro. We are dressing our choruses in picturesque costumes. There was nothing more that could be taken off, so we put clothes on them. The extreme undress in choruses, where the girls wore a few beads on a brassiere and around their waists, was really not so much for sex appeal as for the intricate group dances that were so popular a year or so ago. We put the camera on the ceiling and photographed the chorus spreading out like petals, and we put the camera on the floor and photographed them. It was all for the sake of the geometrical patterns of the dances; and lack of clothes simplified things. But the girls lost their charm and interest as human beings. Now, you will see beautifully gowned chorus girls again . . .

"Of course, women can hardly copy every gown we create for the screen. Most screen gowns are designed for especially dramatic women, to wear in a series of dramatic scenes that comprise more drama than most women have in their whole lives. With Joan Crawford, our greatest difficulty is to subdue, tone down, simplify her personality. A girl who has few clothes, for instance, would be foolish to copy one of Joan's evening gowns—it would be so striking that everyone would remember it and soon grow tired of it. But she could well try to copy Joan's manner of wearing the dress, her poise, bearing, air of chic. That can be studied and will make any woman look well-dressed. *If women acted as though they were beautiful, without affectation, people would come to accept them for beauties.*

"With the help that the new styles give them, in the softening, feminizing folds and fullnesses and draperies, the romantic glamour of scarves and capes and feathers, women need only courage to become alluring. Courage to adapt the fashion to their own uses, to try novel effects, to dare the picturesque, and courage to wear their clothes with an air of assurance."

Beware of Tight Gowns

TRAVIS BANTON, who is as responsible as any man for the screen glamour of Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Marlene Dietrich and other Paramount stars, says, "Too many women have the wrong idea about what is glamourous in clothes and what is not. Sequins, dramatic trains and tiaras usually do not create glamour, nor do tight-fitting frocks that show the ripple of every muscle. Décolletages that go too low are *un*-glamourous, since too much revealment defeats the feminine purpose of effective allure.

"Personally, I think the most appealing and alluring frock is the one that covers the arms and terminates somewhere near the chin. The frock that falls in soft, but clinging folds to the figure, not the type that is stretched over the body to the seam-splitting point, is the one that adds glamour to the wearer. The backless gown with the high neckline in front is attractive only when the wearer has a beautiful back to put on display.

"A white satin frock, sadly enough, is the average idea of a glamourous outfit—particularly if every muscle is exposed to view and the décolletage is dramatic. To me, even a Carole Lombard would not be one bit glamourous in such an outfit; not even smart. But let Carole wear a black mousseline-de-soie over black satin—let her be covered from chin to toe, with even her hands beneath ruffles—and she has subtle, feminine allure.

"Another gown that I designed for Carole which carries out the glamour idea is a yellow flamisol crêpe with long sleeves, gracefully draped skirt, sash train and waistline décolletage. Miss Lombard is well-covered in this frock; it is not tight-fitting, yet she radiates as much glamour as it is possible for one woman to attain."

You Can Equal Movie Stars

ORRY-KELLY—who designs the screen gowns of Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis and other Warner queens of glamour, and whose creations are now coming to you commercially in the Studio Styles—has a hopeful message for you, and you, and you.

"Movie stars do not wear clothes any

(*Continued on page 76*)

(*right*) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.

(*below*) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.

"A BEAUTY TREATMENT *for the* TEETH"

. . say smart women

Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about $3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(*above*) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(*left*) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

25¢

Removes film faster

WAS 25¢ now 18¢
(2 for 35c)
KLEENEX
disposable tissues
for Colds
•
for Removing Face Cream
•
for Scores of Uses

MILLIONS of women say they wouldn't do without Kleenex at any price. Once you enjoy the convenience of Kleenex nothing else will do.

What a blessing Kleenex is when someone has a cold. These marvelously soft tissues befriend tender noses that harsh, wet handkerchiefs once rubbed raw and red. You use each tissue once, then throw it away. No more messy handkerchiefs to wash.

Kleenex checks colds from spreading through a family—helps keep germs from fingers—does away with the "cold-laden" handkerchief that scatters germs every time you use it.

Kleenex has a world of uses—for removing face cream—smoothing on make-up—dusting on powder. Have it always on your dressing table for guests and yourself.

Now Kleenex costs less than ever before—18c for a full-size package. Get Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.
(25c in Canada)

KLEENEX
KLEENEX

Hollywood Goes High-Hat

(*Continued from page 76*)

disconcerting and unpleasant than a stray blonde wandering around a studio lot, telling people how to hold a tea-cup?

"I'm supposed to hang around the set and see that all the scenes where Frances Dee 'comes out' are correct. But I don't do much. I just get moved around. I always seem to be in front of the camera—or some large light has to be moved over my prostrate form, or I'm standing on Miss Dee's train, or something. I've never been so much in the way in my life."

Miss Moates, who thinks that Hollywood parties are boring, went to coming-out parties for two years after she came out—which she claims, testifies to her capacity for boredom. Her family tree is impressive, one of her most illustrious ancestresses being Nancy Eustis, a famed and beautiful Southern belle whose stamping ground was the historic old Magnolia Plantation.

Miss Moates gave me a tip—which I will kindly pass on. "All anybody has to do," she said, "is claim a Southern background. Then he just automatically makes the social grade."

Strolling in the magic forest that has taken sudden root in Hollywood, I came across several real, sturdy and interesting family trees, with Fox, backed by Miss Moates, taking the lead in the social whirl, and Paramount running a close and dizzy second.

The Venerable Venable "Tree"

EVELYN VENABLE, who has just finished "Strange Holiday" at Paramount, and is now in "David Harum" at Fox, has a family tree with roots in France, England and America. Grandpop Venable was the author of more than thirty books on English literature. Pop Venable is recognized as an authority on Shakespeare. The Venables came originally from the Huguenots who left France for "religious freedom." One ancestor, a publisher, went to England and got into a lot of trouble with the king because he advocated government by the people. In fact, he was ordered executed.

He escaped, however—luckily for Paramount and Fox—and came to America in a hurry, leaving word for his wife and children to catch the next boat over. They missed it, and when they finally did get to New York, Mr. Venable had gone on to New Orleans. They missed him there, too; chased him over the greater part of the United States, and, at last, when they were all around eighty, caught up with him in Indiana. There was a great reunion. His granddaughter names Cincinnati as her hometown.

Elizabeth Young, also under contract at Paramount, comes from the famous Schermerhorn family, but she'll "kick anybody in the face" (her own words) if it is ever said that she didn't make good on her own.

One Schermerhorn saved New York from the Indians one day when they staged an unexpected raid, and got a street in Brooklyn named after him. The Schermerhorns first arrived in America in 1632, with Hendrik Hudson. One of her ancestors is Clement Moore, who made Christmas what it is to-day by writing "'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house . . ." She had another in the Continental Congress and two more were Minute Men.

"It's the bunk, though," says Miss Young, "all this family stuff." Thus does she uphold the most sacred tradition of Miss Spence's School.

Fox has admitted into its little circle Rosemary Ames, a Chicago society girl whose grandfather was once Mayor of Brooklyn (he had in front of his store the city's first wooden Indian); Irene Bentley descendant of David Crane of the Continental Army; and Barbara Adams, shining light of the Junior League of Kansas City and member of a society women's polo team of Boston.

From Society to Slapstick

HELEN BROCK, cradled in the snooty lap of luxury all her life, fell out of it into—of all things—slapstick comedies. Her illustrious grandfather, Jeremiah Collins of Washington, D. C., is probably turning over in his velvet grave.

Jane Barnes of Boston and Washington, D. C.; Gail Patrick, the "Panther Woman" of the social set; Verna Hillie, a Detroit débutante; Janet Snowden, the millionaire oil heiress; Chick Chandler, nephew of Howard Chandler Christy; John Davis Lodge of the Boston Lodges; and Alden Chase, direct descendant of John Quincy Adams, are all lending social (and dramatic) brilliance to the films.

Dolores Del Rio, of course, is from Mexico's "400." Katharine Hepburn belonged to the Hartford Junior League and is now in the New York Social Register. Ann Harding was popular socially in Washington. Bruce Cabot (born Jacques de Bujac) has an uncle who is a leading Parisian banker. Frances Fuller is a niece of U. S. Senator Byrnes of South Carolina. Randolph Scott may justly be proud of his family, for he can trace his ancestry back to Alexander Hamilton. Frank and Ralph Morgan's mother is Josephine Hancox, daughter of Commodore Hancox of Civil War fame—and they are related to the Harrisons.

Elissa Landi, of course, is from the Austrian royalty. Bebe Daniels is connected with the New Jersey Swearingtons, and Kent Douglass Montgomery comes from the Kents and Stevens' of England and the Grahams of Scotland, all of whom arrived in America before the Revolution. Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, is a member in good standing of the Junior League. Constance and Joan Bennett were débutantes in Washington society—before they were ever actresses. (Joan used to carry a lorgnette.)

Ida Lupino's acting pedigree goes 'way back—two hundred and fifty years back. That was when a Lupino first went on the stage. And John and Lionel Barrymore, of course, belong to the Royal Family of Broadway. Then, too, there is Sir Guy Standing, Hollywood's lone knight (excluding June Knight).

In my trippings around Hollywood society, I came across the same argument any number of times, and it is an argument that stirs up murderous tendencies in practically anyone.

It is the old fight between the Arc-and-Dove people, and the Mayflower gang. The good old Mayflower has been sunk so often by an excess number of passengers that it has taken on the aspect of a myth. However, says the Arc-and-Dove contingent (which came over ten years after the first ship), the Mayflowers ought not to boast about it. That boat was full of cutthroats and robbers—people who had been run out of England! The Arc-and-Dove carried the respectable people!

Yes, it's Arbor Day in Hollywood, and all very different from the time when Sally Eilers reigned supreme on the Fox lot because her grandparents owned the first bathtub in Cleveland. Anyway, it all goes to disprove what Joyce Kilmer wrote—that only God can make a tree.

4 RULES

for keeping foundation garments shapely

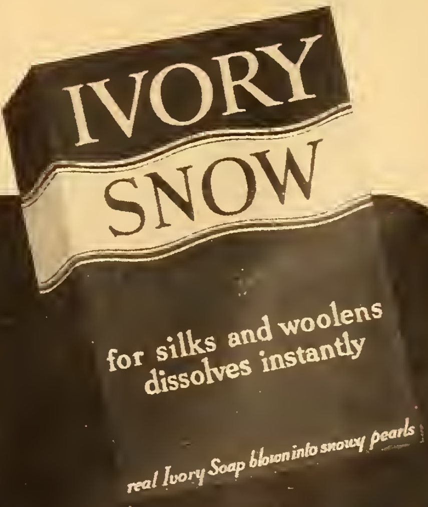
1. Wash often. Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

2. Use pure, mild soap. "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from the soap that is gentle enough for a baby's tender skin—pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because there is absolutely nothing strong or harsh in Ivory Snow to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. *And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow.* Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes. It is *fluffy* . . . melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds. A thick, heavy garment may be scrubbed with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse—don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse because they are thoroughly dissolved. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation smoothly in a thick towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and hang to dry in a place removed from direct heat. Just before it is entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

$99\frac{44}{100}$% PURE


IVORY SNOW
for silks and woolens dissolves instantly
real Ivory Soap blown into snowy pearls

For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too . . . keeps your hands in the Social Register!

FLUFFY · INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER

MAE WEST says:
"I like a man what takes his time . . . but there's a limit to everything!"

"When a man takes three years to pop the question, it's time for action . . . and action is one thing at which I'm an expert. I find that once a member of the male sex gets a whiff of that scent Gabilla blended for me—he begins to forget his ten reasons for remaining a bachelor."

Now you, too, can use PARFUM MAE WEST by Gabilla of Paris. You can enjoy that strange fascination which is Mae West's. PARFUM MAE WEST is loaded with lure . . . dripping with sex appeal. A few drops behind your ears—and it's all over but the wedding march!

PARFUM
Mae West
BY
Gabilla
PARIS • FRANCE

PARFUM MAE WEST is now available at your favorite drug or department store—priced from 65c to $25 per bottle. Better not lose any time. Some one else might start working on him with PARFUM MAE WEST.

If your favorite store cannot supply you, order from us direct, using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65c in stamps for 1 dram size—$1.00 for ¼ oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order.

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C.
Enclosed find ( ) 65c. ( ) $1.00
Name M-2
Address ....
City .... State ....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement—this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

Why Don't You Go to the Movies More Often?

(*Continued from page 41*)

seeing—and says that they insult normal intelligence. Movie audiences are growing up!

They Shop for Their Shows Now

MRS. WALTER HANLEY, Loma Linda, housewife: "My husband and I attend picture shows just about as often as we ever did. We pick our shows by carefully reading the reports of the critics. If the synopsis of the plot and the names of the leading players suit us, we go. But we certainly don't go to the theatre unless we feel absolutely sure that the picture is worth the time and expense."

The public is reading criticisms, as well as advertisements, these days. The depression has taught everyone to shop more carefully.

MRS. SHERRILL TOMPKINS, Hollywood, housewife and member of the Parent-Teachers' Association: "We don't attend theatres as often as we used to—and I can explain why by giving you a concrete example. The other night two features were being shown at our neighborhood theatre. I was anxious for the children to see one—and more than anxious that they shouldn't see the other. Had the theatre manager been discreet enough to show those pictures on different programs, I should have insisted on the children's seeing the one—and my husband and I would then have felt justified in seeing the other, which we really wanted to see. As it was, that poorly-selected bill lost the theatre four patrons."

Pictures nowadays are made with more appeal to adults than all-family appeal. Women's clubs warn parents against taking children to see a large proportion of pictures released. And not every exhibitor shops for his shows as carefully or thoughtfully as his patrons do.

BERNARD FELDMAN, West Los Angeles, salesman: "I used to take my family to the movies every Sunday, but now we all stay home to hear Eddie Cantor and the other movie stars on the radio."

Some of the biggest favorites of the screen are now their own rivals on the air.

Looks for Stories, Not Stars

MARTHA BOWMAN, Santa Monica, cosmetician: "I've always liked pictures because of the stories, rather than the stars, and lately it seems to me that all the stories produced on the screen are basically the same. I read more now, thanks to an excellent circulating library almost next-door, and I see just about half as many movies as I did. But I try to see every picture that promises to be really different."

Monotony of plot again—which isn't compensated for by the presence in the cast of certain stars. It costs money to patronize circulating libraries—but every story is different.

LARRY STARK, Pacific Palisades, patrolman: "Why drive ten miles to see a picture show, when you can sit comfortably at home with a bottle of beer at your elbow, turn the radio knob, and get just the kind of entertainment that you like?"

Aha! Repeal rears its head as an Enemy of the Movies!

SLIM HOLLOWAY, Arcadia, polo pony dealer: "Where I used to make a hundred bucks, I make less than fifty now. No, I don't see as many pictures as I used to—and that's your answer."

When hard times come, the theatres feel a distinct increase in attendance—people are trying to forget their worries. But if the hard times last, actual lack of money empties the theatres.

GEORGE SHEBET, 925 South Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, automotive engineer: "I'm sick and tired of seeing the same faces on the screen, and I'm tired of seeing the same stories over and over again. Since arc-lights have made night tennis possible, I spend most of my evenings on the tennis court."

Sports used to be confined to the daytime. Now every community has flood-lighted tennis courts, night football games, basketball, and even night golf.

MRS. ROSS HODGKINSON, Los Angeles, housewife: "Bridge is keeping my husband and me away from the theatres. We play bridge two or three times every week and we enjoy the mental exercise and companionship more than we ever enjoyed the average movie. Of course, we see most of the outstanding pictures."

Bridge again as one of the bitterest enemies of the movies.

So much for the testimony of John and Jane Public. Their representatives have identified many of the enemies of Hollywood, and if you—and the studio executives—will consider carefully the reasons given for the lack of theatre attendance, you will understand why so many pictures are incurring losses.

Let's sum them up: Radio rivalry . . . over-advertising . . . monotony of picture plots . . . night school . . . bridge . . trashy pictures not fit for the whole family . . . increased library use . . . Repeal of Prohibition . . . lessened incomes . . . night sports . . . lack of new faces on the screen.

Lasky Puts Blame on Hollywood

I QUESTIONED Jesse L. Lasky, one of Hollywood's veteran producers, and, to my surprise, found him extremely optimistic, in spite of his frank admission that picture grosses have fallen to new all-time lows. He classes radio, contract bridge and the depression as Hollywood's chief "external" enemies, but contends that they are of trivial importance.

"Hollywood's most dangerous enemies," he asserts, "are the fears of the producers, their tendency to under-estimate the average intelligence of the theatre-going public, and the inflated salaries of the industry.

"The Depression has taught the public to shop carefully for everything from shoes and steaks to its screen entertainment. Box-office surveys indicate that the average 'fan' will travel miles in order to see a picture that he knows to be above the ordinary, rather than step across the street to see a routine production.

"The number of professional critics who preview pictures before their general release and report on their entertainment values through the medium of newspaper columns and screen magazines has at least tripled during the past five years. Potential theatre-goers take their word as to each picture's worth now, instead of risking disappointment by reading advertisements. It is up to Hollywood to give the public entertainment bargains—and since theatre prices are already reduced to a minimum, the only solution is to make more important films.

"There have been too many fear-inspired taboos imposed on Hollywood. Producers have limited themselves by being afraid to experiment. They have imitated one another's successes and surfeited the public with 'cycles.' The result has been monotony, a deadly sameness of plot and presentation that has disgusted many fans.

What Big Recent Hits Prove

"IN my estimation, the past year, despite its losses, should be considered one of

(*Continued on page 82*)

Dryness mummifies the skin

DRY SKIN DATES THE FACE

Sculpture by Benda . . . Photo by Ermini

But Woodbury's two Germ-Free Creams with exclusive Element 576 change aging dryness into supple youth

Dry Skin means a "dated" face! Old as a mummy before its time! Today 70% of American women—no matter what their age or coloring—are assailed by this universal blight.

Woodbury's alone has courageously met this problem, with two creams containing vital elements no other creams possess, which give two-fold action against Dry Skin.

Element 576 Brings Vital Energy

First, Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream. It brings directly to the skin vital energy such as vitamins in foods bring the body. It energizes the oil glands to function more actively, to throw out the natural oils which alone keep the skin supple, fresh, unlined. It rouses all the subcutaneous glands to action, gives the skin freshness, renewed vitality. It changes aging dryness into supple youth!

The Second Element Keeps These Creams Germ-Free

The second Element keeps Woodbury's Creams germ-free as long as they last. Contained in both the Cold and Facial Creams, it keeps the skin of the face free from the ugly infections to which dry, thin skin is peculiarly exposed. Keeps it therefore healthier, more vigorous, more resistant.

Germs, which are everywhere—in the air, even on freshly washed hands and fingers—cannot be kept out of any creams while in use. But this germ-destroying element, which only Woodbury's Creams contain, destroys the germs immediately, prevents their growth, keeps these creams pure, germ-free throughout their use.

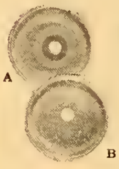
Try these new Woodbury Germ-Free Creams that will bring you lovely, supple skin, that will *keep* your complexion lithe and young for years on end!

109 of the Nation's Leading Dermatologists Have Heartily Endorsed Woodbury's Double-Action Creams

Dermatologists have given Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams their approval, never before accorded to any beauty creams. They tested them on their friends, patients, families. *All* found these creams to be of superior quality.

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, reported: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."

THE PROOF IS IN THESE AGAR PLATES!



Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

FREE . . . TRY THESE YOUTH-REMAKING CREAMS

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6340 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario)

Please send me, free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

© 1934, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

LISTEN TO "Dangerous Paradise," thrilling radio drama, every Wednesday and Friday evening, N. B. C. network, 8:30 Eastern Standard Time

YESTERDAY, WITH OLD POWDER
TODAY, WITH JONTEEL

"What's HAPPENED to Jane? She looks so much YOUNGER!"

"Where did she get that gorgeous complexion overnight? I saw her yesterday and as usual she was as white as a ghost . . . looked like a tired old woman!"

"My dear, hadn't you heard? She has just found out about Jonteel face powder. She was using some ordinary powder . . . much too white for her. Naturally she always looked haggard and old. I told her it would cling for hours and take *years* off her age, and it certainly has . . . and then some!"

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder — two sizes, 25c and 50c . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Why Don't You Go to the Movies More Often?

(*Continued from page 80*)

encouragement. Such pictures as 'Cavalcade,' 'The Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet,' 'State Fair,' 'Rasputin,' 'Henry the Eighth,' 'Little Women' and 'The Power and Glory,' which we used to call 'prestige pictures' and expected to write off as financial disasters, have received a wonderful reception. They have been the smash hits of 1932 and 1933—and their success should prove to Hollywood that the public will patronize *intelligent* pictures.

"The depression has taught people to *think*—and Hollywood must recognize that fact if it is to hold its own as the world's entertainment capital. With the lessons of the past year in mind, we producers have the greatest opportunity of our lives. If we fail to make the most of it, we have only ourselves to blame.

"*In order to bring people back to the theatres, Hollywood must, in my opinion, do three things:*

1. *Recognize that no man can give his best efforts to fifty or more productions during a single year, and, consequently—REDUCE THE NUMBER OF PICTURES FILMED BY AT LEAST ONE-HALF!*
2. *Cast aside its own taboos and experiment with new and novel forms of screen entertainment.*
3. *Reduce extravagant salaries sufficiently to permit us to spend adequate time and care on each production.*"

According to Mr. Lasky then, the enemies of the movies are mostly inside the industry—too many unimportant pictures, inflated salaries, the fears of producers to attempt anything new, and their obliviousness of the newly intelligent audiences.

People Will Pay for the Best

HAVING already cross-examined John and Jane Public, I cited their testimony to S. R. Wieder, owner of the Santa Monica-Wilshire Theatre.

"Of course," he admitted, "it's true that thousands of people are staying away from the theatres, spending their evenings at home, listening to the radio, reading, playing cards. But, if the theatres are relieved of the necessity of booking mediocre trash and are supplied with uniformly good pictures, the public will come back with a rush.

"I'm fortunate in that I own my own theatre and can select every picture on the basis of its merits as entertainment. Pictures that are 'different' and pictures with an intellectual appeal have done excellent business for me. No one seems particularly interested in stars any longer. The public demands a *good picture*, regardless of who's in it. I've had no complaint about business and I notice that many of my steady patrons are coming from many miles away."

And this statement, mind you, in the face of a nation-wide wail by the show business!

But before condemning Hollywood too quickly, let me quote one of the officials of the Hays Office:

"There's no doubt that picture values have been far below par—and there's no question but that Hollywood, employing a great percentage of the world's best writers, directors and actors, could make better pictures. However, very few of Hollywood's critics seem to realize the terrific pressure under which the producers are working.

"There are far too many theatres—so many that in order to keep them all open, the studios must turn out approximately six hundred pictures a year. To close half of those show houses, as would have to be done if the number of pictures produced were drastically reduced, would mean to take a tremendous loss. Most of the theatres were constructed for the sole purpose of showing pictures and could not be converted to another use without excessive remodeling. Most of them are being operated on long-term lease, and the rent must be paid whether they are closed or not. The only alternative would be bankruptcy, which would shake the entire industry.

"Meanwhile, competition between studios has forced the salaries of stars, directors and production executives to such heights that many pictures have already piled up an overhead of nearly a quarter of a million dollars before a foot of film is exposed. Naturally, the frantic producer tries to speed up production—and naturally, the quality of the picture suffers."

Too many theatres, says the Hays Office. These unnecessary houses are the worst enemies of the movies, together with the high salaries that shoot up picture budgets and make hurried work a necessity.

And meanwhile, John and Jane Public are exploring the radio waves, or the intricacies of contract, or the shelves of the neighborhood library, or finding other evening amusements, instead of patronizing the theatre. I know. I've made a check.

Other Amusements Are Thriving

THE enemies of Hollywood are marshaling their attractions and staging an advance right up to the very doorsteps of the studios. Donellita Sandifer, one of the leading bridge teachers of Los Angeles, told me that the number of her pupils has more than doubled during the past year, and that all of her fellow-teachers report the same overwhelming increase.

The managers of every public golf course in the Los Angeles area report a phenomenal increase in play—and since the average man sets aside a certain sum for entertainment, it is only logical to conclude that, as the golfers increase in number, the theatre patrons decrease.

Night tennis has taken on new life. Every night, the Los Angeles municipal tennis courts are crowded—and Los Angeles can hardly be tennis-mad without other cities sharing that same enthusiasm when weather conditions permit.

The superintendents of the high schools that offer night classes report an attendance nearly double that of last year—and most of those students, who are toiling to checkmate another depression and wave of unemployment, are undoubtedly spending in their classrooms most of the time that they once devoted to the theatre.

Radio has made tremendous strides in the last three years. Consider the stellar performers who come to you to-day over the air waves—the great symphony orchestras, the dance bands, the grand opera stars, the best stage comedians, the internationally known statesmen. And remember that of the fourteen people whom I questioned, three stated definitely that they stay at home and listen to the radio, instead of going to the movies. The movies would seem to be losing more than twenty per cent of their potential audience to the radio!

Librarians report a great increase in book loans. And, it is interesting to note, most of the books being loaned are not light fiction, which can be read in one evening, but biographical, historical and psychological tomes, which call for a week's leisure.

The enemies of Hollywood have thrown down a gauntlet—and Hollywood must take it up. It's a duel—and it spells life or death to the motion picture industry.

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

• • •

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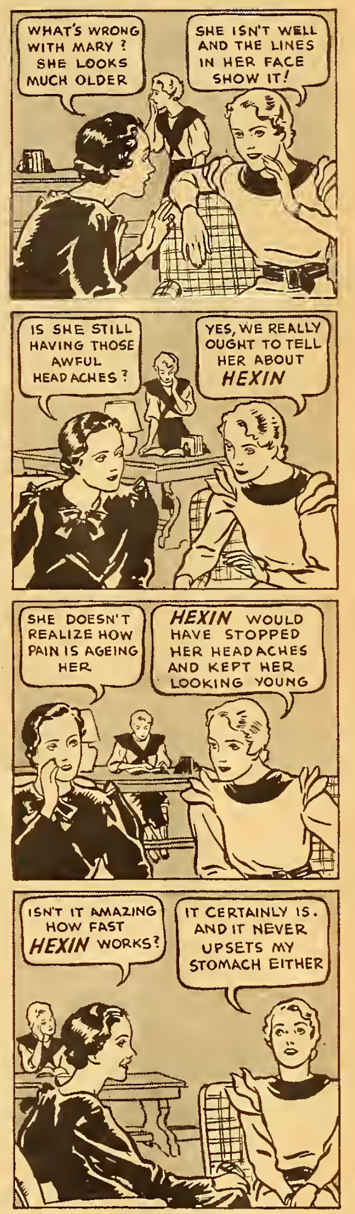
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Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

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YESTERDAY, WITH OLD POWDER

TODAY, WITH JONTEEL

"What's HAPPENED to Jane? She looks so much YOUNGER!"

"Where did she get that gorgeous complexion overnight? I saw her yesterday and as usual she was as white as a ghost . . . looked like a tired old woman!"

"My dear, hadn't you heard? She has just found out about Jonteel face powder. She was using some ordinary powder . . . much too white for her. Naturally she always looked haggard and old. I told her it would cling for hours and take *years* off her age, and it certainly has . . . and then some!"

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder — two sizes, 25c and 50c . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Why Don't You Go to the Movies More Often?

(*Continued from page 80*)

encouragement. Such pictures as 'Cavalcade,' 'The Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet,' 'State Fair,' 'Rasputin,' 'Henry the Eighth,' 'Little Women' and 'The Power and Glory,' which we used to call 'prestige pictures' and expected to write off as financial disasters, have received a wonderful reception. They have been the smash hits of 1932 and 1933—and their success should prove to Hollywood that the public will patronize *intelligent* pictures.

"The depression has taught people to *think*—and Hollywood must recognize that fact if it is to hold its own as the world's entertainment capital. With the lessons of the past year in mind, we producers have the greatest opportunity of our lives. If we fail to make the most of it, we have only ourselves to blame.

"*In order to bring people back to the theatres, Hollywood must, in my opinion, do three things:*

1. *Recognize that no man can give his best efforts to fifty or more productions during a single year, and, consequently—REDUCE THE NUMBER OF PICTURES FILMED BY AT LEAST ONE-HALF!*
2. *Cast aside its own taboos and experiment with new and novel forms of screen entertainment.*
3. *Reduce extravagant salaries sufficiently to permit us to spend adequate time and care on each production.*"

According to Mr. Lasky then, the enemies of the movies are mostly inside the industry—too many unimportant pictures, inflated salaries, the fears of producers to attempt anything new, and their obliviousness of the newly intelligent audiences.

People Will Pay for the Best

HAVING already cross-examined John and Jane Public, I cited their testimony to S. R. Wieder, owner of the Santa Monica-Wilshire Theatre.

"Of course," he admitted, "it's true that thousands of people are staying away from the theatres, spending their evenings at home, listening to the radio, reading, playing cards. But, if the theatres are relieved of the necessity of booking mediocre trash and are supplied with uniformly good pictures, the public will come back with a rush.

"I'm fortunate in that I own my own theatre and can select every picture on the basis of its merits as entertainment. Pictures that are 'different' and pictures with an intellectual appeal have done excellent business for me. No one seems particularly interested in stars any longer. The public demands a *good picture*, regardless of who's in it. I've had no complaint about business and I notice that many of my steady patrons are coming from many miles away."

And this statement, mind you, in the face of a nation-wide wail by the show business!

But before condemning Hollywood too quickly, let me quote one of the officials of the Hays Office:

"There's no doubt that picture values have been far below par—and there's no question but that Hollywood, employing a great percentage of the world's best writers, directors and actors, could make better pictures. However, very few of Hollywood's critics seem to realize the terrific pressure under which the producers are working.

"There are far too many theatres—so many that in order to keep them all open, the studios must turn out approximately six hundred pictures a year. To close half of those show houses, as would have to be done if the number of pictures produced were drastically reduced, would mean to take a tremendous loss. Most of the theatres were constructed for the sole purpose of showing pictures and could not be converted to another use without excessive remodeling. Most of them are being operated on long-term lease, and the rent must be paid whether they are closed or not. The only alternative would be bankruptcy, which would shake the entire industry.

"Meanwhile, competition between studios has forced the salaries of stars, directors and production executives to such heights that many pictures have already piled up an overhead of nearly a quarter of a million dollars before a foot of film is exposed. Naturally, the frantic producer tries to speed up production—and naturally, the quality of the picture suffers."

Too many theatres, says the Hays Office. These unnecessary houses are the worst enemies of the movies, together with the high salaries that shoot up picture budgets and make hurried work a necessity.

And meanwhile, John and Jane Public are exploring the radio waves, or the intricacies of contract, or the shelves of the neighborhood library, or finding other evening amusements, instead of patronizing the theatre. I know. I've made a check.

Other Amusements Are Thriving

THE enemies of Hollywood are marshaling their attractions and staging an advance right up to the very doorsteps of the studios. Donellita Sandifer, one of the leading bridge teachers of Los Angeles, told me that the number of her pupils has more than doubled during the past year, and that all of her fellow-teachers report the same overwhelming increase.

The managers of every public golf course in the Los Angeles area report a phenomenal increase in play—and since the average man sets aside a certain sum for entertainment, it is only logical to conclude that, as the golfers increase in number, the theatre patrons decrease.

Night tennis has taken on new life. Every night, the Los Angeles municipal tennis courts are crowded—and Los Angeles can hardly be tennis-mad without other cities sharing that same enthusiasm when weather conditions permit.

The superintendents of the high schools that offer night classes report an attendance nearly double that of last year—and most of those students, who are toiling to checkmate another depression and wave of unemployment, are undoubtedly spending in their classrooms most of the time that they once devoted to the theatre.

Radio has made tremendous strides in the last three years. Consider the stellar performers who come to you to-day over the air waves—the great symphony orchestras, the dance bands, the grand opera stars, the best stage comedians, the internationally known statesmen. And remember that of the fourteen people whom I questioned, three stated definitely that they stay at home and listen to the radio, instead of going to the movies. The movies would seem to be losing more than twenty per cent of their potential audience to the radio!

Librarians report a great increase in book loans. And, it is interesting to note, most of the books being loaned are not light fiction, which can be read in one evening, but biographical, historical and psychological tomes, which call for a week's leisure.

The enemies of Hollywood have thrown down a gauntlet—and Hollywood must take it up. It's a duel—and it spells life or death to the motion picture industry.

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

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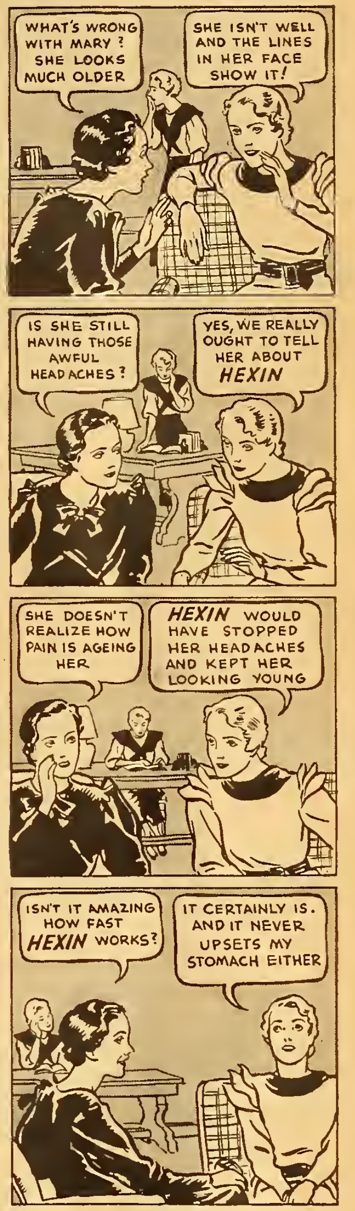
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A NEW CHAMPION
in throat comfort

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTE—CORK-TIPPED

Introduced less than one year ago, a whole army of smoke fans is now cheering for this mildly mentholated cigarette. It's as refreshing as an opened window in a smoke-heavy room. The mild menthol in KOOLS doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos, but it does end the dry throat of ordinary smoking. Cork-tipped: they don't stick to lips. FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring you initialed gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and *other premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Send for illustrated premium list.

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 16*)

1. The picture on page 16 is Gwenlillian Gill, who looks more like Joan Crawford than Joan does, herself. Gwenlillian is a pretty Scotch lass who came to Hollywood for Paramount's "Search for Beauty" and who is one of the few fortunate ones who remains under long-term contract. Ten to one she'll change her first name or at least shorten it. What a tongue twister!

2. Evelyn Venable has been called the "kissless" star because her father would not consent to his daughter signing a movie contract until he had a clause injected into it saying she was not to be kissed or caressed for movie scenes. When she made a trip to visit her father, Prof. Emerson Venable of Cincinnati, the guesses as to the reasons for her trip were (1) that she was going to visit her father to persuade him to forget the agreement and permit her to continue her screen career unhampered by a "no kiss" contract and (2) that she had gone home to break the news to her family that she is in love with Hal Mohr, the cameraman on "David Harum," the picture she recently completed.

3. George Raft, who somewhat resembles the late Valentino, is not a very tall young man and it is often necessary for him to have his shoes built up almost three inches to make him look taller so that his leading ladies won't tower over him. This was especially necessary for scenes for "Bolero" in order for him to appear taller than Carole Lombard, with whom he does some fancy stepping in the night club scenes. (See pages 22 and 23).

4. If you are at all familiar with her trim waistline and figure, you won't be surprised to hear that Warner Bros. have taken out a policy on their star, Bette Davis, in which they are protected if Bette should get too heavy. The idea is that Bette's weight is not to start climbing and if it does and she tips the scales at anywhere near 120 lbs., the insurance company is permitted to step in and put Bette on a diet. However, if she ever reaches the 120 lb. mark, Warners will collect $50,000.

5. It was too good to be true, this combination of Mae West and Max Baer in the same picture, but Mae's negotiations to sign up Max to play opposite her, in "It Ain't No Sin," fell through because the new "It Man" insisted on being co-starred and given billing equal to Mae's in advertising the picture. Maxie believes that "it ain't no sin" to look out for himself.

6. Ever since Harry Bannister flew to Hollywood to be with his daughter, Jane, for the holidays and was met at the airport by his ex-wife, Ann Harding, there has been talk of a reconciliation. The rumors were started because of the affection shown towards each other when they met, but neither will confirm the fact that they will remarry although they do admit they are still in love. When they separated on March 21, 1932, they announced they were taking the step so that Harry Bannister would not lose his own identity and to keep him from becoming known only as "Ann Harding's husband." They were divorced May 7, 1932.

7. Cecil B. DeMille, who is about to start directing "Cleopatra," instructed Claudette Colbert, who has the title rôle in that picture, to add fifteen pounds to her weight. Ordinarily, Claudette's figure would be considered just perfect, but as Cleopatra herself was a rather voluptuous lady and since Claudette lost some weight during the filming of "Four Frightened People," it was necessary for her to gain 15 pounds to develop some curves.

8. Pauline Frederick holds some sort of record when it comes to marriages, having recently been wed for the fifth time. On this trip to the altar, she married Col. Joseph A. Marmon, a bachelor and commander of the 16th Infantry on Governors Island. Her four previous husbands were: Frank Andrews, an architect; playwright Willard Mack; Hugh Leighton, hotel owner; and Dr. Charles A. Rutherford.

9. Ricardo Cortez had to postpone his wedding to Mrs. Christine Lee, a New York society woman, several times because he was being rushed into one picture after another and couldn't seem to get time off between films. He finally got around to marrying her on January 8th, but not without the usual excitement of forgetting the wedding ring. The late Alma Rubens was Ricardo's first wife.

10. In her suit for divorce from Kenneth MacKenna, Kay Francis, who has been named among the ten best-dressed women of Hollywood by fashion experts, accused her husband of finding fault with the type of clothes she wore. That's one subject all women are sensitive about and a "best-dressed" one would be apt to object very seriously to such criticism. Kay and Kenneth were married January 17, 1931.

11. Busby Berkeley, the dance director who is responsible for most of the snappy dance numbers you see in screen musicals, was married to Merna Kennedy, beautiful red-head of the films, on February 10. Miss Kennedy, who has been appearing in stage productions, has every intention of going right on with her stage and motion picture career.

12. What a disappointment it will be to all the girls who had their romantic eye on Dick Powell, favorite screen crooner, to learn that Dick has signed an agreement with Warner Brothers that he will not marry for another year at least. Oh, well, a year isn't such a long time after all. Powell is such a favorite in their screen musicals, having appeared in "42nd Street," "Gold-Diggers," "Footlight Parade," and "Wonder Bar," that they don't want him to hurt his popularity by marrying too soon.

13. When Lupe Velez and her Tarzan (meaning Johnny Weissmuller) had a little quarrel and separated for a day, or was it two days, the fiery Mexican actress didn't blame it all on her Johnny, but took fifty per cent of the blame for all their tiffs, saying it was "feefty-feefty" in that famous accent of hers. They had agreed to a trial separation of two weeks, but they were together again in such short order that their separation announcement was suspiciously regarded as another publicity stunt.

14. Frances Dee, who was married to Joel McCrea, the handsome screen actor, a few months ago, believes that their marriage will be a happier one if they do not have to work together in pictures. However, it doesn't seem as though Frances will be able to complete more than two more films before she retires temporarily from the screen to await the arrival of the stork.

15. Coming from Margaret Sullavan, you'll just have to believe this fish story. If it came from anybody but Margaret, we wouldn't blame you for having your doubts, but Margaret is such a nice, sincere person that her explanation ought to suffice. It seems that Margaret was injured while fishing when the fishhook she was trying to cast hit her in the eye and gave her that "shiner" that has caused so much talk.

16. When Veree Teasdale, the statuesque blonde, signed her film contract, she arranged it so that she could have two months off around late Summer and early Fall in order for her to go to Spain with Adolphe Menjou, where they plan to be married. Menjou's final decree from Kathryn Carver, his second wife, becomes final in August.

17. The rumors that Douglas Fairbanks was living in England because of his interest in a titled lady have seemingly been confirmed by the fact that in Lord Ashley's suit for divorce from his wife, Lady Ashley, the former actress, Sylvia Hawkes, he names the elder Fairbanks. Doug's wife, Mary Pickford, recently started divorce proceedings against her husband, charging desertion.

18. Well, this one surely is a believe-it-or-not as the three shrivelled-up old ladies on page 16 are all screen cuties under twenty years of age. The girls, left to right, are: Lona Andre, 18; Ida Lupino, 16; and Gwenlillian Gill, 18. They are made up for a stock company production of "Double Door," a three-act melodrama based on the life of the Wendell family. Gwenlillian is also the girl of the first question—the one who resembles Joan Crawford. Now, honestly, how near did you come to naming them right?

occasionally. Ince, you may recall, died suddenly on a prominent publisher's yacht. Several motion picture folk were aboard at the time, and rumor said that of these a few solemnly swore never to reveal the details of the "tragedy." It sounds like the scenario of a lurid melodrama.

One hears stories of Lupe Velez that intrigue the imagination, but none of them has been proved more than hearsay. She left a trail of broken hearts when she went to Hollywood, it is said, and otherwise lived a full and picturesque life in Mexico City, as a friend of Generals and even Presidents. The tale makes colorful reading, but no one knows whether it is true or just another potion of rumor.

Rumor Made Jack "Poison Oakie"

AN amusing tale went the rounds of Hollywood some months ago to the effect that residents of the Toluca Lake district, an exclusive residential section where a number of stars dwell, had signed a petition designed to "keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." Such a paper was drafted, but as a gag, a joke. Richard Arlen, one of Oakie's pals, had a hand in its preparation. A few, however, took the act seriously, and the rumor spread that Oakie—suddenly nicknamed "Poison Oakie"—was an undesirable neighbor. Hundreds of Jack's fans wrote him indignant letters about the way he had been "abused."

During the illness of Warner Baxter's wife a year or so ago, word passed that the actor stayed home only to avoid marital complications. In justice to both Baxter and Mrs. Baxter, long and happily married, let it be known here that the actor did not "go places" for several reasons. One, because he was too tired after working all day in the studio; two, because he wished to remain with his wife; and three, because he had developed an interest in amateur photography and now had the time to devote to his new hobby. (The Baxters, themselves, talk about this rumor on page 68.—Ed.)

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard have Hollywood guessing. So, too, have Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy. Each couple is variously rumored engaged and married, and has been for some time.

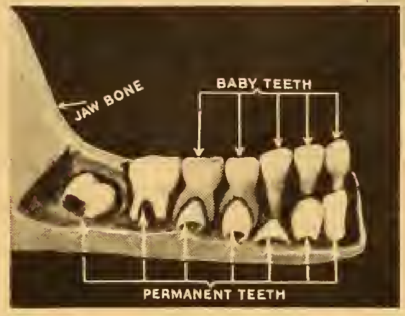
Not long ago, it was rumored that Chaplin had been kidnaped last Summer and released only after payment of a large ransom; he denied the story *in toto*. But kidnap stories about stars are always bobbing up—and Hollywood takes them seriously. Every star's child is guarded and practically every star has armed bodyguards. Hollywood has had the kidnap jitters ever since Ann Harding's little girl and Marlene Dietrich's little girl were the objects of threatened abduction. What might happen if a star's child ever were "snatched" has preyed on Hollywood's mind for years—and what it would do, if such a thing ever happened, was recently shown graphically in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." Mary Pickford, doing personal appearances in the East, is the latest rumored recipient of kidnap threats. Several years ago, a plot to kidnap Mary was foiled and two men have been serving time in prison for their plotting.

Truly, Hollywood may be called The Town of Rumors. Very few of the reports ever are authentic, but that doesn't prevent their circulation. It's a game, and the more numerous, the more colorful and the wilder the rumors are, the better. The poet Pope must have been thinking of the Hollywood-to-be when he wrote, long ago:

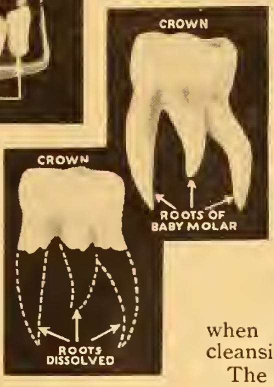
"The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told,
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargement, too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew."

How Teeth Begin to Form 6 months Before Birth

Why we have two sets of teeth; what to do to make them strong and keep them healthy; why some children eat chalk or mud; how to protect teeth from decay after they come through the gums.



A drawing of a child's jaw showing how the permanent teeth form beneath the baby teeth and gradually push the latter upward until they loosen and come out easily.



Milk is one of the finest foods known for building hard teeth because it is rich in calcium.

The roots of baby or first teeth are gradually dissolved ond absarbed by the bady, probably to be used again in building the permanent teeth. Roots of second teeth are not obsorbed.

THE celebrated first tooth that causes mother such excitement and gives father such pride is really months old when it breaks through the gums. For we now find that teeth begin to form months before birth and continue to form long afterwards. Thus scientific men now believe it possible to actually "build" strong teeth by having the baby as well as the adult eat the proper food. Milk, oranges, cod-liver oil, are some of these tooth-building foods.

Dental science explains that decay is caused by particles of food that lodge on teeth and under the edges of the gums. This food is spoiled by certain bacteria. As it decays, acids are formed which destroy tooth surfaces. After eating through the tooth's enamel, decay finally reaches the nerve and the entire tooth is affected.

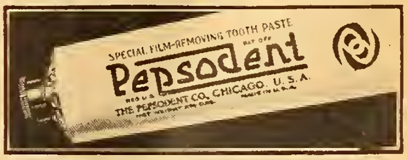
One of the scientific methods of preventing decay after teeth have once come through the gums is to remove from teeth the film, or *bacterial plaque.* Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. Film is a friend of the germs that cause decay-producing acids. It glues germs to the teeth, provides them with a warm shelter and food.

Thus removing film from teeth means removing the cause of decay. Important progress in removing film was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed.

The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any tooth paste that does the work. Most cleansing materials are so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel. Here is the difference between the best tooth paste and inferior brands.

The new Pepsodent cleansing material is twice as soft as the material commonly used in tooth pastes. Pepsodent Tooth Paste is unsurpassed in cleansing power and safety.

FREE—10-Day Tube



SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
THE PEPSODENT CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

THE PEPSODENT CO., Dept. 1204
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name________________________

Address________________________

4365B

City________________________

This coupon is not good after September 30, 1934
Only one tube to a family

A GOLD STANDARD CREATION

THE

Loretta Young

PUMP

The smart new Pump that all Hollywood is talking about.

You'll love it. You'll say it's the most adorable pump any woman ever slipped on her foot. You'll realize instantly that it adds exactly the right touch to your entire ensemble. And let us whisper a secret—it's as easy on your pocketbook as on your feet, for it costs you no more than ordinary Pumps which lack its Hollywood smartness and its Central Gold Standard quality.

Other enchanting new styles in the famous Central Gold Standard line are now waiting for you at the Central dealer in your community. Many of them have the famous Aktivator Feature that supports and strengthens your feet and makes you walk the way Nature intended —with your toes pointed directly forward — not in or out. See them . . . wear them... and revel in their beauty.

▼

The Loretta Young Pump illustrated is available in Biscay Brown Kid with Beige Piping. It has a covered wood Louis heel and is available in a wide variety of sizes and widths.

CENTRAL SHOE CO. » ST. LOUIS

CENTRAL'S GOLD STANDARD FOOTWEAR

Hollywood Stars Have Their Hobbies

(*Continued from page 47*)

less beauty gives me the same thrill that one derives from the painting of an old master."

Often the collector is obliged to study the history and customs connected with his hobby. Such is the case of Chic Sale, who "specializes" in the collection of hooked rugs. "The hooked rug," says the famous character comedian, "is a symbol of the real, home-loving American family. It represents the life of the family from generation to generation. The foundation of the hooked rug is burlap. Burlap played an important part in the foundation of a family. Burlap bags held grain for the horses; warmed the setting hen; held the apples and potatoes in storage through the winter.

Chic Finds Stories in Rugs

"THE materials used in making a hooked rug bring back memories of every important event in family history. A jacket worn at a wedding, an old man's blanket, socks knit for a soldier, a tiny wool dress. and one's first lisle stockings. In a hooked rug there is nothing superficial. It represents honest and loving effort. It is crude beauty personified.

"To me, the hooked rug is a kind of history of the American family. This is the reason why I have long taken delight in collecting the finest specimens I could find, particularly those that represent the generations of my own family."

It would certainly seem from his family that Chic Sale comes by his hobby naturally. He has just received a will drawn at Berkeley, England, written on parchment in both English and Latin, dated September 8, 1649, in which an ancestor, John Sale, is the beneficiary. John Sale's son, Anthony Sale, came to Virginia, settling in Essex County. He fought with Washington in the French and Indian War, and was present at Braddock's defeat. Anthony's son, John, was a captain and Washington's paymaster during the American Revolution. Chic (Charles) Sale is Anthony's great-great-grandson, and is intensely interested in the family he founded in America. No wonder the hooked rug means so much to him!

William S. Hart, of Western film fame, is another collector of Americana; his historical guns are among the finest in the country. "I have collected guns," he says, "because their use and abuse appeals to me. In our span of life the clean, upstanding Wild Bill Hickoks, Wyatt Earps and Bat Mastersons have used guns to shape a frontier. They stood unflinchingly for law and order. Although gangsters and racketeers have abused guns in their criminal warfare, the gun is not at fault. It is the man behind the gun who is responsible."

Left by Dead Outlaws

ALL of "Two-Gun Bill" Hart's guns have histories. The first one, the lowest on the little table in the photograph on page 47, is Wild Bill Hickok's derringer .44-calibre Remington. It was found on his body after he was murdered, shot in the back, in a saloon in Deadwood, South Dakota. His two six-shooters had been left behind the bar with one Sam Young, bartender. Wild Bill, undoubtedly the most famous of the old Western gunmen, carried this gun under his vest. . . . Next in line is Kit Carson's gun, an old cap and ball made over into a cartridge gun. . . . Next, Billy the Kid's gat, with which he killed eighteen men, . . . and then Al Jennings' sawed-off .44. . . .

The gun on the top row was taken off the body of the last bad man killed in Dodge City, Kansas. Sheriff Chalk Beeson shot him in a street duel in the late 'Seventies, and the city presented his gun to Bill Hart during one of his recent trips through town to New York City. The gun that Bill is holding is his own "Old Betsy," most renowned of picture guns. It is a single action, five-and-a-half-inch barrel, frontier model Colt. He has carried it for thirty-two years, using it in all his well-remembered pictures.

A Hollywood hobby far removed from the American scene are the penguins of Roland Young. This smooth English actor, who also writes humorous verse and draws caricatures, has become an authority on this weird bird through his collecting. He has all the picture records of the Shackleford South Pole expedition, and owns every book upon penguins that he can lay his hands on.

"Once I met some penguins in a London zoo," he says, "and was so entertained by them that I proceeded to collect all the literature on the subject in every language, one of which I could read with comparative ease, one with comparative difficulty, and the rest not at all. But, photographs, fortunately, speak a universal language."

Ralph's "Useful" Relics

RALPH FORBES, another Englishman, comes nearer home for his hobby. He collects tea-caddies, and has this to say about them: "A tea-caddy is one of the most unobtrusive, but useful little relics of bygone days; it is as practical to-day as it was a hundred years ago, besides being extremely decorative. I use mine to hold cigarettes, cigars, and what-have-you. The quaint little caddy I am holding in the photograph is the one I value most. It belonged to my great-great-grandmother, and it still contains some of the precious tea she loved."

Ralph is not the only Hollywood star who collects objects relating to his home. There are William Haines and his antique furniture (he now operates an antique shop on the side); Betty Compson and her Dresden figures; Nils Asther and his pewter (in any shape); Lionel Barrymore and his etchings (his favorites are more than a century old, while other collectors specialize in Mr. Barrymore's own etchings); Lilyan Tashman and her milk-white glass; James Cruze and his rare plants and shrubs; Walter Huston and his Russells paintings; Sylvia Sidney and her first editions; Colleen Moore and her dolls and Royal Daulton china dishes for a doll house.

Joan Crawford also made a famous collection of dolls, and then had them auctioned for the benefit of a children's hospital. Dolls, of course, are very commonly collected; so are the autographed photographs that Jean Harlow collects; the autographs and thumb-prints that Ruth Roland collects; the sheet music that Ramon Novarro and Jimmy Durante collect; the labels that Robert Montgomery is interested in; and the stamps that Jean Hersholt has gathered into a really important collection.

Photography, as most fans would guess, is perhaps the most popular Hollywood hobby. Besides Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, Wallace Beery devotes much of his spare time to colored photographs and colored motion pictures. His equipment is very elaborate, and he is trying endlessly to hit upon something new and different. (Collecting mileage on his 'plane is another Beery hobby.) Robert Montgomery also is absorbed in photography, especially trick photography. And Ben Lyon and Ralph Morgan are two of Hollywood's most expert amateur photographers. But Hobart Bosworth is the person who has the most interesting photographic collection in Hollywood, according to my lights. This famous character actor collects pioneer motion picture relics and, since he made the first picture in California, he knows his relics.

Never Collected Before

THERE are, in the course of human nature, hobbies and hobbies. It is one thing to collect perfumes (as does Elizabeth Allan), or diamonds (as does Mae West), or elephant statues and canaries (as does John Miljan), but it is quite another thing to collect motion picture relics. Some day in the not far distant future, Mr. Bosworth's collection will make history, not only because he knows whereof he collects, but also because he is collecting objects that have never before been collected. Perfumes and diamonds and elephant statues and canaries are charming as hobbies, but they have been collected before, and there is not much chance of their survival as separate collections.

I marvel that more Hollywood stars haven't collected objects connected with the motion picture industry—both in their own time, as well as in pioneer days. However, they have no doubt had enough of cameras and motion picture what-nots in their days' work, and they collect things still close to their personalities, but far removed from all motion picture lots. I notice that Robert Montgomery also collects labels and posters; I have heard that Helen Hayes is interested in Victoriana; and Hobart Bosworth collects ship-models, as well as his motion picture relics. So there is probably not a collector in the whole of Hollywood who devotes himself completely to souvenirs and relics of the motion picture industry.

Every player, of course, has a voluminous collection of clippings about himself—though when real fame comes, the "notices" are so numerous that few can be bothered keeping their collections up-to-date. (Think of the space, for instance, that Marie Dressler's would take up!) Bing Crosby has his home barroom papered with sheet music that he has introduced. John Barrymore is a demon autograph-collector—for his young son.

In these distracting times, when some escape and relaxation are sought by everyone—from the President of the United States who collects ship-models, prints and stamps, to the smallest boy who collects Indian arrow-heads—the hobbies of Hollywood might well be studied. It isn't necessary that a hobby should be expensive to be interesting, as Hollywood collectors have proved. Some of the rarest collections start with a chance gift or, as the antique collectors call it, a chance find.

There is a young actor in Hollywood named Tad Alexander who collects microscopes. He has gathered together lenses of every quality, and lately was greatly excited over an old microscope he found in a studio prop-room, which he added to his collection. Well, some day Tad may discover that he has a very valuable collection. If or when he does, I am certain he will experience the sensation that comes to every collector sooner or later—the feeling that a good deal of himself has gone into that collection and it has an intrinsic value beyond any reckoning.

Hollywood collectors, especially, must feel that their hobbies are a vital part of themselves—the selves that have been free to escape from their omniverous public and exacting work into secret places where they could revel over some amusing what-not that made them forget, for the moment, at least, that there was a care or a camera in the world.

Dear Lonely Heart:

Why have you lost your sweetheart? Your letter gives me a clue. Has anyone told you about the 7 stains — the stains that mar the beauty of teeth that might be lustrous and sparkling? It's sad, that so few women realize

POOR broken-hearted little girl! Men are like that—they *do* detest stained, discolored teeth. But you can do something about it very quickly.

You can get rid of the stains on your lovely teeth—the stains that lost your sweetheart—in just a few days, if you will use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

What's that you say? . . . You've brushed your teeth faithfully? . . . Ah yes, but here is what's wrong. Your toothpaste had only *one* cleansing action. And no one action can remove all the seven kinds of stains that food and drink leave on your teeth . . . stains that form so gradually you're hardly aware of them.

It takes *two* cleansing actions to remove all stains. And you get them both in Colgate's. One, an *emulsive* action, washes away many of the stains. The other, a *polishing* action, polishes away all the stains that remain.

Why, before you know it, Colgate's will restore to your teeth their whiteness and lustre. Make your breath sweet, too. Bring back your entrancing smile . . . maybe . . . your sweetheart.

It's really worth trying, isn't it? And Colgate's at 20¢ is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

All 7 Stains vanish when you use Colgate's

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has the TWO cleansing actions, sells at the same low price.

NRA

"STUNNING"
until he saw her
PIMPLY
SKIN

End pimples, blackheads

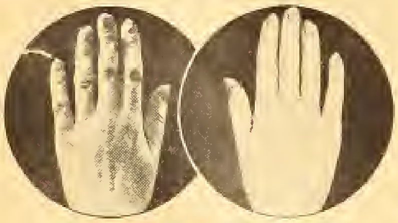
with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil *your* romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that doctors prescribe and nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this perfect way to a perfect complexion...Noxzema, the famous snow-white *medicated* cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—*greaseless*, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Purges them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Helps stimulate lagging skin glands. Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands *overnight*.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Noxzema Cream is sold by all drug and department stores. Ask for the new economical larger 50c jar. Or if your dealer cannot supply you take advantage of this offer. Get a generous 25c jar of Noxzema FREE. Simply send 15c to cover cost of mailing and handling to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 74, Baltimore, Maryland.

GREASELESS
NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Noxzema

Untold Secrets of the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

I wanted. That was all I *ever* wanted.

"I think there is no doubt about it that all this shyness and un-childlike-ness were caused by the trouble between my mother and father." (Her mother divorced her father, Victor Kozow, in 1915, when Sylvia was four years old. Four years later, she married Dr. Sigmund Sidney, a dentist, who later legally adopted Sylvia.—Ed.) "It is not so much that I distinctly remembered definite things about it—my chief recollection being of my father constantly packing to go away somewhere. It was simply that I had a saddening and permeating sense of my mother's tears.

"I knew that she was unhappy. I knew that my father had made her unhappy. I knew that when they were first married, they were both very young and very gay. I would come upon my mother crying, in the dusk. I would know that she had been crying in the night when I came to her early in the mornings. I became accustomed, early, to tears.

Went to Theatre to "Escape"

"AND so, from the very beginning, my happiest hours were those spent in the theatre and in the movies. I spent every cent of my allowance on one or the other. I was escaping. They say that those who enter the theatre always do so for reasons of escape, however sub-conscious those reasons may be. They cannot adjust to the rôles they have been cast for in their own lives and so, instinctively, they turn to the rôles of other lives.

"I know that it meant escape to me, though I did not realize it then. I only knew that when I was in the theatre, or watching a movie, I forgot myself. I wasn't Sylvia Sidney any more. I was the character I watched before me. This was, absolutely, my only interest when I was a child. I have not changed.

"No, I'll take that back. I had one other interest—a childish admiration, amounting to adoration, for our family doctor. When I went back to New York last summer, I went to see him—not to consult him about my health, but out of curiosity to see if I could discover what had enchanted me so when I was growing up. Even in my childhood days, he had white hair. I think, perhaps, he represented protection to me—the protection I had never had from my father. It may have been dat ole debbil Propinquity, too, for certainly I had to call on him often enough. I really believe I had every disease of childhood known to medical science: diphtheria, scarlet fever, a couple of varieties of measles, a few specimens of chicken pox, erysipelas, whooping cough, pneumonia.

"And then, just as I was coming to the end of childhood, just as I was entering adolescence—*it happened to me*. It happened to me just as I was beginning to wonder if I would ever be a pretty girl, pretty enough for people to want to see in the theatre, pretty enough for a man to look at me.

"It wasn't that I thought of men looking at me in terms of romantic admiration. I've told you before that I have never liked, never gone around with boys of my own age. It may be because I associated tears and tragedy with marriage between young people. It may be because of my early complex about the doctor. It is probably some subtle combination of the two. No, I simply realized vaguely, that the woman who attracts men is an asset in the theatre.

"I had reached the age where I was face-conscious. I had begun to care how I looked. Not that it mattered to the girl—but I knew that it must matter to the actress. There is still that differentiation. When I am at

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tors murmured together as they ben
me, examining. The plastic surgeo
out measures and began making me
ments on my face. I knew what h
doing, and why.

"My doctor said, 'If it could be
from the inside—'

"The plastic surgeon shook his head.
could *not* be done from the inside. He spok
of the relative values of incising here, o
here, or there. This would not show so much . . . this might show here . . . They did not know it, or even suspect it, but I was playing then the most dramatic rôle I have ever played in my life. I was dying under their very faces, under their very words. . . .

"I was thinking, 'I know what they mean. *I won't live.* They are going to cut my face. I have seen women who have had their faces cut. I shall be hideously disfigured for life and that means that I won't *have* any life—the only life I've ever had or ever wanted. I shall have to go about veiled, too awful for human eyes to see. Just as I was beginning to be a little pretty, too . . . just as I was beginning. . . .'

"I knew, young as I was, that I couldn't adjust to it. Even now, looking back, I don't believe that I could have. I had only that one thing to live for and, by cutting my face, they could have cut away my life.

"After a while, they went away. I didn't ask my mother what they were going to do.

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PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

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ss, the most deep-cut memory of any-
g that has ever happened to me in my
. It is said that in automobile accidents
any sort of physical danger a woman will, instinctively, guard her face. There can certainly be no more terrible form of torture than the mere thought of living one's life disfigured, scarred, an abhorrent sight to behold.

"If love is what a woman wants, then that, obviously, is lost to her. Miracles seldom happen where a man divines the lovely spirit back of a ruined face. If the theatre is what she wants, a professional career, where audiences are nine-tenths of the game —if, as with me, that is *all* she wants, then to face such an experience is to face damnation, doom and the desire for death. That is what happened to me."

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druggists. Ironized Yeast Co.,
34, Atlanta, Ga.

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page 67*)

Search for Beauty

Lively Exposé of Beauty Racket

THE long-heralded "Search for Beauty" yields a few close-ups of handsome lads and lovely lassies from Australia, England, Canada and several of these United States that seem a trifle disappointing after such a far-flung publicity campaign. However, it gives us blonde, entirely enticing Ida Lupino, so we should not be too captious.

A couple of Olympic champions (Miss Lupino and Larry "Buster" Crabbe) are hired to edit a health and beauty magazine and in their enthusiasm plan a contest to bring to America the flower of youth and beauty from abroad. Two hard-boiled ex-convicts, James Gleason and Robert Armstrong, buy out Crabbe and offer him a run-down health farm in exchange, which gives Buster a chance to drill his beauty-winners. He eventually exposes the racketeers.

Highlights: Its message to youngsters to investigate the contests they enter. The comedy sequences at the health farm that emphasize the silliness of fat and fortyish people trying to recapture their youthful lines. (Paramount)

Let's Fall In Love

Amusing Musical about Movies

HOLLYWOOD behind-the-scenes again serves as a background for a musical movie, with Gregory Ratoff as a not-too-caricatured movie magnate, Edmund Lowe as a harried director whose Swedish star walks out on him, and Tala Birell surprising in a Garboish bit—all to provide an excuse for the new singing blonde, Ann Sothern.

She has a quaint, sharp-featured piquancy that might pass for beauty and is better than prettiness. And also possessed of a good voice and a "different" personality, little Miss Sothern looks like a comer, although she hasn't much to do in her part of the circus barker who is palmed off on the movie industry as a great new Swedish discovery. She and the other characters spend a good deal of time plugging the song hit, "Let's Fall in Love."

Highlights: A bit light and trifling for heavy criticism, this picture has pep, spirit and several bright performances; and provides a new song to hum and a new star to talk about. (Columbia)

Mandalay

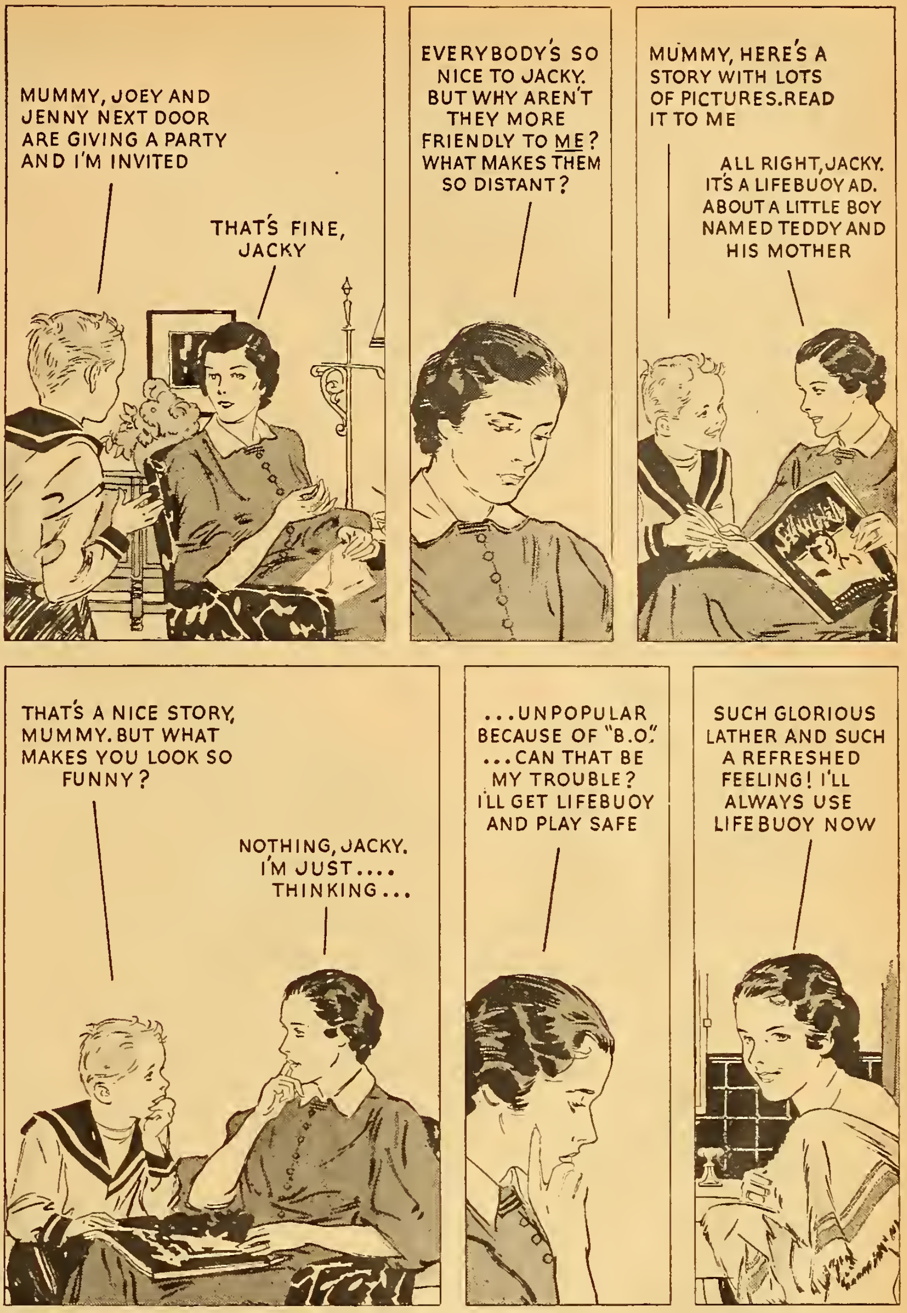
Heavy Sex Melodrama

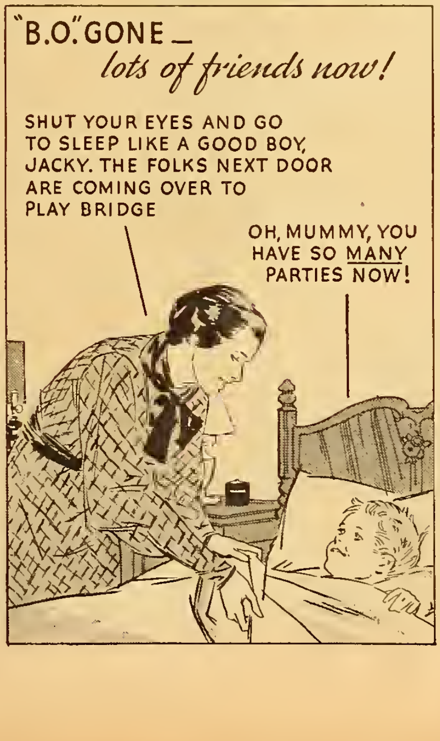
IT has always been said that crime on the screen never fails to be punished. When you consider, then, that the last line spoken by Kay Francis in "Mandalay" is, "He won't come back . . . I've killed him," a fine question of ethics arises. Is killing a crime? Or was the lady so thoroughly justified by her treatment at the hands of the man she killed that her escape from punishment is excusable? We could become terribly involved with such questions, which are, at best, morbid—and sometimes sordid—ones.

The characters presented are a trader in women, one of the embittered victims of his trading, and a drunken doctor. The story has to do with the woman's resolve to even the score with all men.

Ricardo Cortez (who was also her leading man in "The House on 56th Street"), Lyle Talbot and Warner Oland (who has to pile on the villainy thick) are the chief actors.

Highlights: The team-work of Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez. The tension-creating background of the Far East. (Warners)


MUMMY, JOEY AND JENNY NEXT DOOR ARE GIVING A PARTY AND I'M INVITED
THAT'S FINE, JACKY
EVERYBODY'S SO NICE TO JACKY. BUT WHY AREN'T THEY MORE FRIENDLY TO ME? WHAT MAKES THEM SO DISTANT?
MUMMY, HERE'S A STORY WITH LOTS OF PICTURES. READ IT TO ME
ALL RIGHT, JACKY. IT'S A LIFEBUOY AD. ABOUT A LITTLE BOY NAMED TEDDY AND HIS MOTHER
THAT'S A NICE STORY, MUMMY. BUT WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO FUNNY?
NOTHING, JACKY. I'M JUST.... THINKING...
...UNPOPULAR BECAUSE OF "B.O." ...CAN THAT BE MY TROUBLE? I'LL GET LIFEBUOY AND PLAY SAFE
SUCH GLORIOUS LATHER AND SUCH A REFRESHED FEELING! I'LL ALWAYS USE LIFEBUOY NOW


"B.O." GONE — lots of friends now!
SHUT YOUR EYES AND GO TO SLEEP LIKE A GOOD BOY, JACKY. THE FOLKS NEXT DOOR ARE COMING OVER TO PLAY BRIDGE
OH, MUMMY, YOU HAVE SO MANY PARTIES NOW!

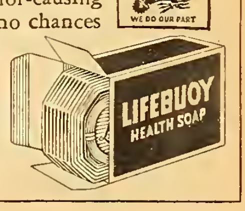
YOUR FACE FEELS AWFUL SOFT AND SMOOTH, MUMMY
LIFEBUOY IS KEEPING MY COMPLEXION AS NICE AS YOURS, JACKY

LIFEBUOY'S creamy, searching lather coaxes out pore-deep dirt—freshens dull skins to glowing health. Its pleasant *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent tells you that this rich, penetrating, hygienic lather purifies both face and body pores.

An ever-present danger

"B.O." (*body odor*) in cool weather? Yes, indeed! Summer and winter alike our pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily. Take no chances with this unforgivable fault any time of year. Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands... what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars ... to YOUR charms, too. And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands ... in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!

JOAN CRAWFORD in "DANCING LADY" with Franchot Tone an M-G-M picture

Photograph by Hurrell

NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

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Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAF, N. B. C. network.

You Don't Need Beauty to be a Star!

(*Continued from page 35*)

that galvanizing, compelling essence.

Sam Goldwyn's Anna Sten would escape notice in a crowd. Yet she is destined to be the sensation of 1934. Goldwyn, in describing his discovery, says: "It's not her face—there is something in her *heart* that reveals itself under camera lights, that makes of her a glorious, inspired woman."

Goldwyn could easily have found a hundred girls far more lovely than Sten. But he was searching for that rare, precious quality of the spirit that eludes the casual eye. Call it character! Call it personality! Call it a divine ego! Call it soul! Whatever name is given to it, it is something deeper than mere physical beauty.

Jean Muir—eight times rejected by Metro, once by Paramount—is now under contract to Warner Brothers. Hers, too, is the beauty of the sensitive spirit, of an alert, vivacious mind.

At Fox there is a girl — Rosemary Ames—who stormed in vain at studio doors for months. Hollywood was not yet ready for high cheek-bones framing all-knowing, but inscrutable eyes—for invisible beauty. She went to England, was acclaimed there, and now has been signed by Fox. Her first picture is "Disillusion"—and Victor Jory, who plays opposite her and who knows the entire alphabet of acting, uses the word "sensational" to describe her. "She tugs at your heart," he declares.

The Voice with Expression Wins

"THE public is interested in character to-day," Edgar Selwyn points out, "and that, of course, is an outgrowth of the talkies. In silents you had visual satisfaction—and nothing else. The audiences did the acting. But to-day, the expression of the face, the intonation of the voice must give meaning to words.

"A mere chattering of sentences and phrases, no matter how beautiful the lips that utter them, leaves an audience cold. The voice, like nothing else, can reveal a lack of intelligence, a lack of experience, a lack of understanding. The sound track betrays the shallow nature, the indolent, characterless individual.

"Helen Hayes is great, not alone because she knows the technique of acting, but because she has superb voice control. Its vibrations show supreme intelligence, a comprehension of the realities of life.

"Acting on the screen, as well as on the stage, has become a profession. The beautiful dumb-bell can't get by, because she is incapable of convincing audiences that her tears and her laughter have meaning to her."

Mel Berns, make-up expert at RKO Studios, welcomes the new fashion in faces.

"There is nothing you can do with a beautiful face," he declares. "You can't intensify experience; you can't bring forth the *earthy* quality that is inherent in great actresses. The talkies don't want blank, doll faces. They require color and warmth and a certain fluency of feature, which will give the illusion of beauty, rather than present beauty, itself.

Hepburn's Success Secret

"YOU can take a face like Hepburn's—with its bony structure, its high planes—and make anything you want of it. She can take any rôle, because her face can be changed at will. She isn't typed because she can be all types.

"You can build character into an average face, but you can't into a beautiful one. It defies change because of its very perfection. Stars to-day must be versatile, and it is only when their faces are thin, bony—even un-beautiful—that they can assume many guises.

"Lilian Harvey, Constance Bennett, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Ruby Keeler, Myrna Loy—none of them can depend on her beauty, but only on her personality, the character that virtually oozes out.

"It is not the symmetrical face—but the asymmetrical one—that has the best chance in pictures. Hollows can be filled in and discrepancies can be compensated for by judicious lighting and make-up. But the smooth contours of classic features baffle every effort to give them meaning.

"New discoveries in photography and make-up have discounted the value of beauty. Every woman, every actress can be attractive. But she must have something inside her; something that shines as clearly as a beacon-light; something electric and vital and real, which can establish contact with her audiences."

It is the very lack of beauty that has brought the stars of the day to the front, declares W. S. Van Dyke, maker of "Eskimo" and "Trader Horn."

"Acting is a business," he says. "The professional beauty sits back, basking in adulation. She is too busy receiving homage to learn her business. Once producers realized that the public demanded more than a look at a piece of animated marble for their money, beauty was off the gold standard. It was at a discount.

Why Beauties Have Failed

"THE law of compensation still operates. The woman with an ordinary face, but with an extraordinary ambition, develops initiative, fortitude and a mastery of the technique of her job—no matter what it may be. The ravishing beauty has not gone over in talkies because life has been too easy for her; because she has nothing of fire and flame and disillusion and heart-ache to give her audiences.

"I know few great actresses who are also beautiful. They may suggest beauty—they may remind the onlookers of every lovely thing seen or experienced—but that is because of their consummate art. A great actress is many women—and women the world over translate themselves into her situations. But a great beauty is never anything else but a great beauty. Audiences today pass her by.

"The screen demands brains. It requires voices with meaning and depth. It is a searching, uncompromising witness to failings and deficiencies.

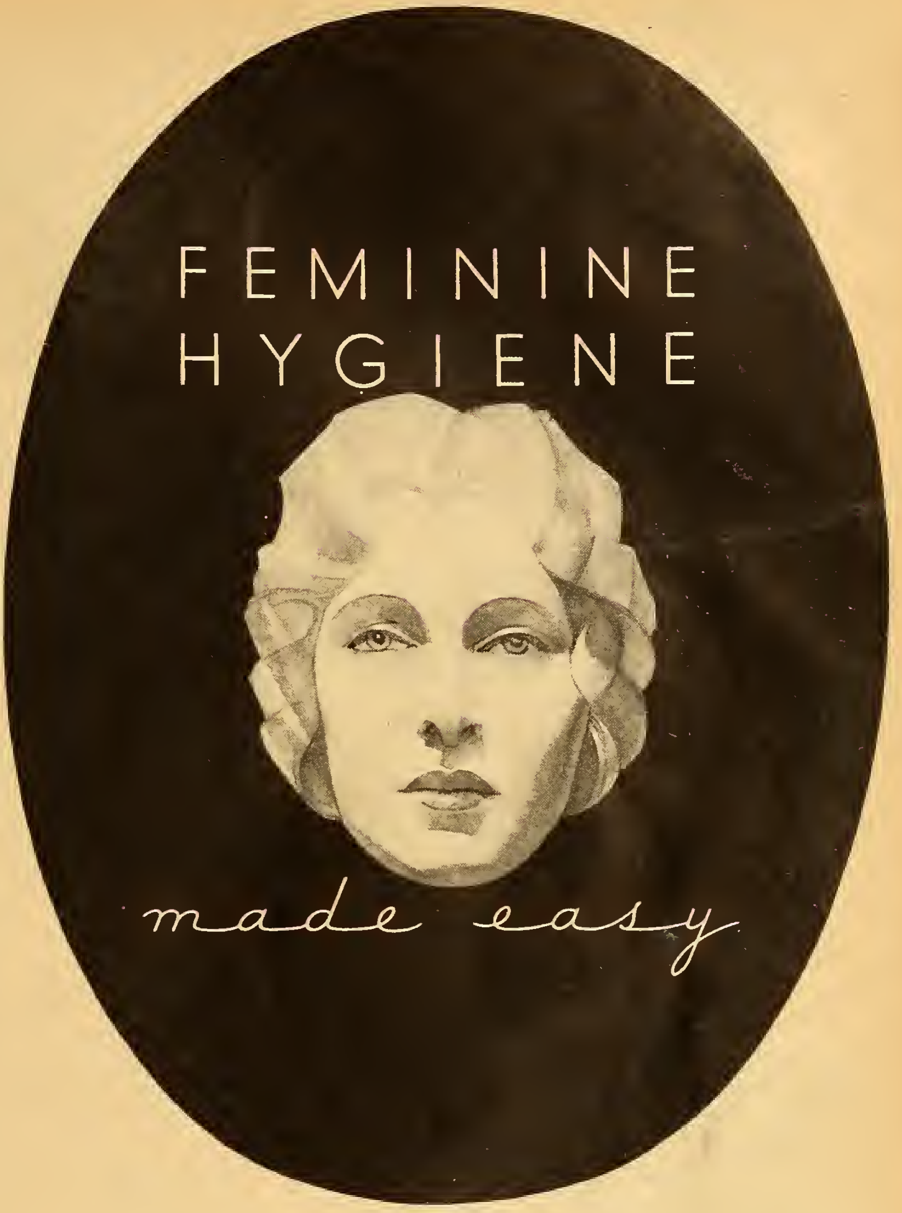
"The women who have left their mark on history were not beautiful. Cleopatra's intelligence compensated for her nose. Trojan Helen's face may have 'launched a thousand ships'—but I doubt very much that it was her beauty alone that sent men to their death. I am inclined to think that her personality transcended whatever physical perfection she may have had.

"Duse, Bernhardt—they were not beautiful. Yet the world calls them great. The screen has become adult. It demands something more than languorous eyes and a dimpled chin. It wants power—the power of a living, breathing, feeling personality.

"If it were not for the talkies—and for Helen Hayes—we would have continued hunting living statues for our screen. But statues have no emotion and, with isolated exceptions, *beauties* have none. Their voices—so important—are empty sounds coming from empty heads.

"This is the day of the fine technician. The stage actress—trained, poised, routined in her craft—has a chance at last. And she doesn't have to worry about the length of her eyelashes. No one cares any more."

The reign of beauty in Hollywood is over. The reign of brains and ability has begun. Thrice welcome is the NEW FASHION IN FACES.



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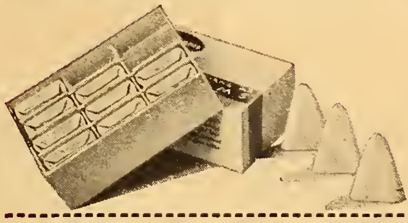

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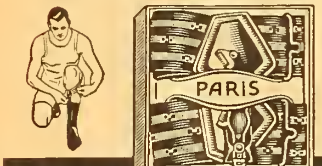

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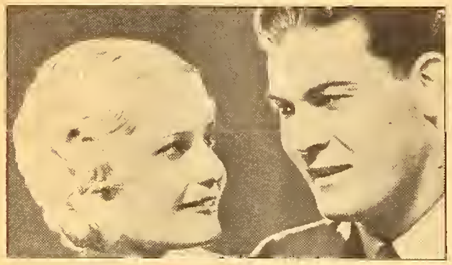

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NEW! Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair like ordinary wave-sets. Not sticky or flaky. Only 35¢.

"Movie-Acting Is the Easiest Job in the World"—Gable

(*Continued from page 51*)

received for the amount of labor involved cannot be exceeded anywhere, in any line.

"Many a morning I've left my comfortable home, driven onto the studio lot in my comfortable car around ten in the morning, on my way to my comfortable dressing-room, where I can have the 'phone answered for me, my clothes brought to me, my meals brought to me, or anything I want. And I've seen tired-looking girls or fellows who sit at desks in small offices and draw a mere living wage per week and go home to barely comfortable and barely maintained homes. And I say to myself, 'Why, you lucky, lazy son-of-a-gun, you!' All you have to do is think for one minute of what we have and what the majority of other people—harder-working people—have and it's a cinch!

"I worked, once, in a lumber camp. Those men *work*. They work until the sweat pours off them and their muscles strain and their backs break. They work from daybreak until the sun goes down. They are risking their lives every minute of the time and they know it. They can't even have their families with them, most of them. They live in the most primitive surroundings and eat the crudest food. They have almost no chance for pleasure and would be too dog-tired to take it if they had. They have no future. And they get paid, in a week, less than most of us make in one day or one hour.

Actors Make Big Money Early

"OR take a man in almost any of the commercial lines—dry goods, drugs and the others. They are chained to the monotony of an office or a store, year in and year out. They get small raises—five or ten dollars per week every six or twelve months. By the time they are comfortably fixed, with their families and their old age provided for, they are too old to enjoy it.

"We movie actors haven't even the squawk of the fear of old age. If we have any sense at all and have got the breaks, we can save enough in five to ten years to take care of us comfortably, no matter how long we live. Even if our working schedule is shorter in point of time than the working life of men in other lines, the compensation is so much higher that we can take care of that, too. We should squawk!

"I went to a dinner party not long ago. A well-known director sat next to me. He must think well of actors, because he was talking to someone across the table from us about actors and how intelligent they are and how they must have brains and intellectual qualifications or something of the sort. They must be, and *are*, he said, trained and cultured and finely educated men.

"He finally turned to me and said, 'Don't you agree with me, Clark?' I said, 'I do not!' And here's why:

They Have Others to Thank

"WE are the products of other minds. There is the story to begin with. Someone has got to write the story or we don't materialize at all. Then there is the script. That has to be done. Then the director takes it—and us—and tells us what to do and how to do it. We need not blink an eyelash without specific instruction, if we are not capable of doing so.

"Then there is the work of the camera-man, which can make us or brutally mar us. There are the sound men, the mixers, who can give us voices to be laughed at—or remembered. We are nothing, really, but the projections of other minds. We must be responsive and pliable *clay*, that's all. We must have a certain sensitiveness, a certain malleability so that we will know what the director means and feels when he speaks to us, so that we can feel, emotionally, the characters we are playing. That's all.

"There are few other arts and no other industry to-day in which a man, or a woman, does not have to have at least a high-school diploma. There are few other occupations of any sort in which a man or woman does not have to have some specialized training. We all know how long it takes and *what* it takes for a man to become a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer. It takes some form of specialized knowledge and even training for a man to be a plumber, a gardener, a hotel man. I could go on indefinitely. Only we who are actors can hand in the diploma with which we happen to have been born."

What Actors Do Need

I ASKED, "Well, but what *does* it take—besides 'a certain malleability'? Is it the face, alone, then?"

Clark laughed. "If it were just that," he said, "I wouldn't be here."

I said, "We'll let that pass. Is it the voice, then?"

Clark replied, "Yes, in great measure it *is* the voice, I guess. There does have to be some training for that, true enough. At least, *I* had to have training. I had an ordinary voice to begin with, just a voice, neither good nor bad, but I did have to learn how to use it. Yes, I suppose the voice must play a large part in the whole. If this were not so, more of the actors from the silent days would have survived.

"Generally speaking, however, I believe it is an unnamable thing—the sort of thing you can't analyze, or label neatly or put in a test-tube. It must be the thing that makes you like certain people just because you *do* and dislike other people for the same reasonless reason. The good old by-word, PERSONALITY. You don't have to have a degree from college for *that!*

"There's no getting around the luck and the laziness of it. I don't have to go very far away from home to have it brought forcibly to me just how lucky I am. When I was a bit less well-known than I am now, I used to go down around Main Street quite a bit just to mix and mingle and watch others' lives. I don't mean I went down there with the avowed purpose of making a Study of Humanity. Nothing as scholastic as that. I just liked to go and rub elbows. I've often tried to take another actor or two with me. They won't go. They don't want to see what they know they would see. It wouldn't leave them any ground to stand on and squawk. They'd be shamed into acknowledging their own great good fortune.

Couldn't Be Sorry for Himself

"WHEN I was in the hospital a few months ago, I couldn't feel sorry for myself. I lay there and thought, 'You've got a pain to entertain and to be entertained by—that's *all* you've got!' If I wanted a glass of water at any hour of the day or night, there was a nurse at hand to get it for me. If I felt uncomfortable in bed, there was a nurse at hand to move me. If a new symptom seemed to turn up, there was a new specialist summoned forthwith.

"Down in the wards were poor devils with every bit as much pain as I had and with no one to move them or jump at their least whim until the hospital routine moved around to them. And they had the same pain and the pain of mental worry, besides, no doubt. Worry over a job that might not be held for them, worry about how they would 'catch up' again with the added hospital expenses, worry about the folks at home and how they were faring. Even when we're sick, it's easy for us.

"I've said we don't have to worry about old age—and the percentage of people who don't have to worry about it is statistically and tragically small. I know. I just read some data on the subject. If I should lose my job tomorrow, I'd have more to live on for the rest of my life than I could have had in any other line of work if I *never* stopped working.

"We never have any complaints from our families. We don't have to see our wives going without fur coats or cars or any of the comforts. They have nothing to complain about, so even that usual human complication is spared us. If we have children, we don't have to worry about their education. We can give it to 'em.

"We live like human beings—at home—and we can have almost any kind of home and any kind of pleasure and recreation we want. If yachts and villas in Italy and sumptuous travel are what we want, we can have them. If hunting and fishing and riding and the simplicities of life are what we want—and they *are* what I want—then we can have them, too.

Marriages "Can't" Last? Rot!

"ANOTHER popular wail about the hardships of the picture life is the one about Hollywood marriages, the snags and snares and difficulties of maintaining a home-life and so on. It may be a bit difficult for the first few months, until you get your feet on the ground and know your way around and just how to take it all. After that, there is nothing more to it than there is in any other line of work.

"A man who works in a candy store may be greedy for the first few weeks and then he gradually sickens of the sight of sweets and thinks no more about them. So we, in the studios, may be slightly tottery for a while at sight and contact with so many beautiful girls and women and then we become accustomed to them. Making love on the set is certainly not hard work, but neither is it romance. You can't really be making love with five or six technicians, a couple of directors, several electricians and a few 'still' men looking on. At least, I know *I* need more privacy than that.

"Another moan is that doctors, dentists and so on overcharge us. Why not? We can afford what they charge us. They take hundreds of patients entirely free of charge because they can't afford to pay anything. If five thousand dollars for an operation is the same to one man as five hundred dollars for the same operation to another man, what's the kick in that? That's no hardship. That's only fair. And doctors labor under an intensified nervous strain when they operate on us, or on anyone who is in the public eye. They are operating before the radio and newspaper and magazine audience of the world. We drag them into the limelight with us.

"I have read that people try to 'use' us. That old friends who 'knew us when' write us, as soon as we become celebrities, and ask us for money, for help of one sort or another; that relatives spring up where no relatives were before. Maybe. I haven't had much experience even of that 'hardship.' It doesn't hurt us to help a friend along, no matter what our walk in life. So what?

"Sorry, but I can't even *invent* a squawk. We have more food, more luxury, more leisure, more pleasure or opportunity for pleasure and more money for less labor than any group of people in the world. If we get a few bad parts in a few unsuitable pictures, how does that line up against the disadvantages of other occupations? *It doesn't. I'm lucky and I know it.*"

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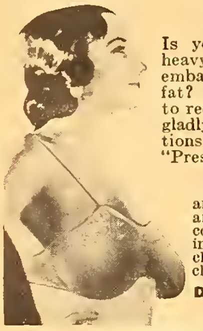

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"Movies Have Done More for Me Than the Stage"—Helen Hayes

(Continued from page 59)

unfoldment and growth that the theatre never allowed me until now. Because I made my first big success in New York in 'Dear Brutus'—as Barrie's dream-girl who so tragically hungered to be something more than a 'make-believe'—theatrical managers thereafter relegated me to wistful characters.

"Now, don't misunderstand me," Helen begged. "I love Barrie. I adored playing in 'What Every Woman Knows'—which, by the way, I'm to do next on the screen. I don't object to painting whimsical stage portraits. But I do object to limiting myself to any one type of part. Once in a while the theatre has given me an opportunity to play a strongly emotional rôle—as in the case of 'Coquette'—but it has been rare. Certainly I was never given such opportunities for the development of every side of my art as Hollywood has given me.

"And, while we are on the subject, I may as well tell you also that I had to go all the way to California to meet my first great directorial genius. I have been in the theatre since I was eight years old, as you know. I had many directors before I made my first pictures. Some of them were fine and intelligent directors. Others were very mediocre. In pictures, it was the same until 'A Farewell to Arms' went into production. The first day on the lot with Frank Borzage convinced me that I was, for the first time in my life, in the hands of a great genius. I owe him the most stupendous thrill I ever had in my life. I also owe him my highest artistic development."

Thus did Helen Hayes knock into a cocked hat my expectation that she would follow stage tradition and scoff at Hollywood and Hollywood's pretensions. And she also settled another big question.

Thought of Charlie, Not Gary

I ASKED her if a woman could have as successful and absorbing a career as hers without its making a dent in her domestic happiness. Her eyes flashed and she said,

"If I couldn't, I'd scrap the career!"

"Then those ardent love scenes with Gary Cooper in 'A Farewell to Arms' had no personal meaning?" I asked with a direct frankness justified by the fact that I have known the young wife of Charles MacArthur since she was a very little girl.

She looked at me as if the matter had been called to her attention for the first time.

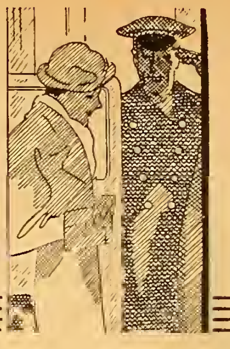
"I was thinking of Charlie while I was kissing Gary." She flushed like a sophomore.

And there you have one of the several counts on which Helen Hayes is a phenomenon to Hollywood.

First and foremost, her love for Charles MacArthur is now, and always has been, an armor that makes her impervious to the cheap and tawdry infatuations that beset so many celebrities. She is one of the very few stars who have climbed the pinnacle of professional fame with no sacrifice of the deeper joys of personal fulfilment. That is the first phenomenon.

The second is almost as rare, and lies in the fact that Helen Hayes, unlike other stage stars, excoriates neither Hollywood nor the motion picture industry, but credits the screen, and a motion picture director, with the greatest progress she has made.

The third phenomenon is that one of the most remarkable and interesting personalities of the film colony and one of its greatest actresses is as unspoiled by eulogy and fame to-day as she was in that far-away yester-



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year in Washington when she made her bow in "The Prince and the Pauper."

Hasn't Changed a Bit

I HAD not seen her since I spent an afternoon in her former New York apartment, facing the East River, while she was playing in "The Good Fairy." I wondered just what stupendous success might have done to this lovely, elfin girl since I last saw her, two years ago, sitting on the floor of her living room with her "Charlie," excitedly examining a leather case just arrived from a Fifth Avenue jeweler's as a gift from her husband.

Well, I might have saved myself the dither, for the smile with which Helen Hayes greeted me was that same frank and joyous thing I had known when the soft brown hair hung in ringlets over the childish shoulders.

I should have known that she WOULD be "thinking of Charlie while kissing Gary," because he is the one man in all the world who has ever wormed his way into the deep recesses of Helen's heart. The quality she gave to the love scenes with Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms" was but a reflection of that exquisite quality that marks her love for her witty playwright-husband. It is so woven into the warp-and-woof of her being that it would be bound to color any great emotional scene she might play.

MacArthur was a story-book lover. He is likewise a story-book husband. When he asked Helen Hayes to marry him during the New York run of "Coquette," he told her that he might not always make her happy, but he could promise that she would never be bored.

He Turns Life Into a Play

HE has kept his word by filling her days with delightful surprises. When she crosses the ocean, he sends a half-dozen corsages of orchids to be kept in refrigeration, with an order that one corsage be placed at her dinner plate every evening. At Christmastime he buys her gifts enough to supply a dozen families, and instead of presenting them to her as would any ordinary male, he hides them all in "treasure hunt" style, with each furnishing a clue to the next, so that Helen has to spend many excited hours in the search for them.

During the rehearsals of "Mary of Scotland," she had a birthday. Charles MacArthur was in Hollywood, writing a new story for Norma Shearer. Nevertheless, when the long and tedious rehearsals came to an end, the young star of Maxwell Anderson's new play was greeted by a host of caterers bearing champagne, caviar and all sorts of delicacies necessary to a successful party—all ordered by 'phone from California by the one husband who never forgets.

Helen Hayes frankly admits that she would renounce the stage for the screen any day in the week, if she were forced to make a choice between the two mediums of expression. And she declares even more forcibly that she would scrap her whole brilliant career, if for one moment it ever muted the happiness or destroyed the peace of her private life. The fact that she has a highly imaginative, original and exciting husband is the chief reason for the latter statement. But it is not the only reason. For there is little Mary MacArthur, who looks for all the world like *Alice in Wonderland*, and who is just the beginning of the large family the celebrated star hopes to have some day.

To the above end, the MacArthurs bought a charming old Victorian house at Nyack, New York, last summer. It has terraced gardens and a beautiful view of the Hudson. And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had better be prepared to wait a long time to make her next picture, when Helen is all through with "Mary of Scotland." For I have a sneaking suspicion that "time off" will be taken to entertain the stork before Mrs. Charles MacArthur returns to the Hollywood scene.

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At Last—the Truth About Warner Baxter's Private Life!

(*Continued from page 68*)

Winnie told me, "We were married sixteen years on January twenty-ninth. It seems so unnecessary for any couple to have to defend their happiness after all that time. But maybe that's the Hollywood of it!

"It isn't exactly pleasant to read that you're a confirmed invalid and depriving your husband of any social life because of it. When I saw that in a magazine, I said to Warner: 'There, that settles it. *We're going out.*' And we started on a gay round of parties. It was almost like those early years of our married life—in New York, you know—when we 'did' every night-club there and had the jolliest time imaginable.

"But a person grows tired even of that. Out here we've drifted away from that sort of thing and more or less taken root. It was nice to have a home of our own and feel established after the hectic way we had been living in trunks and boarding houses—and supper-clubs! People, however, didn't understand that. I guess they thought the Baxters were a little high-hat or too quiet or something. Anyway, I decided it was time I took up my supposed invalid's bed and danced!

"For five nights we went the rounds. And on the sixth night, when I asked Warner if he wanted to go to the Colony Club or the Cocoanut Grove, he looked up from his book positively aghast. 'Good Lord, Winnie, you're not planning to keep this thing up!' Then he said something I treasure. 'If *we* know how everything is between us, what do we care what anyone says?' I think he's right. No two intelligent human beings stay together these days unless they want to . . . "

How the Stories Started

THAT'S why these rumors of Warner's being unhappy are so needlessly cruel and so unjust. They started really when Winnie was in the hospital for two weeks in 1931. She was very ill and, naturally, he was worried. He went around with a frown an inch long, not caring if the world did know how distracted he was. The trouble is, the world has never let Winnie get well. It still refuses to believe that she is healthy. It has even been said that she cannot have children and that this is another cross Warner has to bear!

I wish you could have heard Warner's cute little mama answer that one: "Fiddlesticks! It isn't true, of course. Warner's extremely fond of children and so is Winnie, but let me tell you something about this 'cross-he-has-to-bear' business.

"When they were first married, they traveled almost continually. Money wasn't always plentiful—and it isn't much fun to rear children when your heart is aching because you can't give them things. I know—because I reared Warner without much to go on. His father died when he was only three months old, you know, and I was barely nineteen. It's just a few years since Warner won that rôle of the *Cisco Kid* and a certain amount of security with it. And by that time the bond between those two was complete in itself."

Another fact that isn't generally known is that the young Baxters had a ready-made family thrust upon them from the very first. They've had five other people to support right along. And they have considered adding to their family. . . .

"Last summer," mused Winnie, "it occurred to me that possibly Warner *was* missing something. Our Malibu cottage is next to Joan Bennett's and Gene Markey's cottage and Joan said: 'Winnie, why don't

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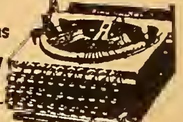

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you adopt a child?' It sounded simple. One boy of six took the heart right out of me. He was a darling. And Warner—you know how he is about any new interest—was so eager to have him.

He Wouldn't Listen to Reason

"FOR days we talked of nothing else. I turned the sun room into a nursery and finally the matron brought Sonny to live with us. The first day went off beautifully. Sonny, she explained to me, had been brought up on the new method. All you had to do was reason with him. Then she left. And that night I started in 'reasoning.' It didn't work. He wanted all the lights on, although I carefully pointed out that he couldn't go to sleep that way. He tore up pillows. He lay on the floor and screamed until Warner was in a frenzy. For the first time since we've been married, I was too tired to help him with his lines. And he was doing 'Penthouse,' playing a part that was very important to him.

"It went on like that for a week. Each night Warner came home with his arms filled with presents for Sonny. He tried every conceivable scheme to win him over. And Sonny kept right on screaming.

"Warner's work began to suffer. There wasn't a quiet spot in the house for him to study his script. Then he cornered me in the hall. 'See here, have you got your heart absolutely set on this? Winnie, let's —let's return him!' And that ended *that*. . . . "

And also, I fancy, any parental urge that Warner might have had!

"But—what *is* the Baxter burden?" I asked his mama, whom I give fair warning I'm going to steal at the earliest possible moment.

"Humph. It isn't *his* burden. It's *mine!*" she flashed. "I supervise his fan mail and ever since these stories about his 'sorrow' have been printed, letters keep coming in saying how sorry people are for him and giving cures for Winifred. . . . Why, one dear girl even offered to come here to take care of *me!* They're sweet—but it makes me feel as guilty as anything. . . . "

"You *are* guilty," I said sternly. She gasped. But she is. You see, it was from her that Warner got those eyes. . . .

Women Have Shaped His Life

WOMEN play a tremendous part in the life of any man, but in Warner's they've had special significance. There was this mother who slaved for him and molded his young life so carefully. There was Dorothy Shoemaker, glamourous, older than he, who introduced him to the professional stage as her partner. And there was Viola Caldwell. . . .

He married her when he was twenty. It was a young, exciting love, and is a little-known chapter in his life.

"But she taught me something. She taught me tolerance and patience and understanding," he told me once. "Our marriage lasted only seven months, yet I think it was a definite lesson for both of us."

Without Winifred Bryson, Warner admits, he never would have known real success. He's too much the wanderer, the happy-go-lucky type. She gave up her own career to help him concentrate on his.

"She's more thorough than I am," says Warner. "She has taken this life of mine and given it meaning—shaped it. Every night, when I'm on a picture, we go over the script together, studying the character and getting the most out of the lines. I—why, I'd be *nowhere* if it weren't for Winnie!"

You can see why Warner labels that Baxter burden idea all "devilish nonsense." And if you'll look beyond the eyes, you'll notice he has the deepest laughing lines of any star in Hollywood!

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Newcomers Today—Stars Tomorrow?

(Continued from page 61)

Trinity College, Dublin, before he flashed upon Broadway and the screen. In the past year you've had chances to view him in a dozen pictures, among them being "The Adopted Father," "Heroes for Sale," "Lilly Turner," "Private Detective 62," and "The World Changes."

Pretended She Was English

ONE of the favorites on this lot, and a girl for whom early stardom is being plotted, is Margaret Lindsay. Strange as it may sound, considering that British accent, Margaret was born in Dubuque, Iowa. An all-British cast was wanted for "Cavalcade," and Margaret, with a year's stage work in London behind her, decided to try to fool 'em. She did—and so well that she got an important rôle, which led to her Warner contract and parts which have convinced the company that she is starring material. She is twenty-two years old, and graduated with honors from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Over at Columbia is another smart young person who now is called Ann Sothern. Sardi's Restaurant in New York bears a caricature of her cute face labeled "Harriette Lake," her real name, and the one under which she is well-known on Broadway. A musical comedy favorite of uncommon charm, she was in Hollywood once before—but musicals didn't click with the public then. Columbia wanted a new girl for the lead in "Let's Fall in Love," and Harriette was elected. It's still a mystery why her name was changed.

Aside from all those attractive youngsters that Paramount gathered in its "Search for Beauty"—Eldred Tidbury, Clara Lou Sheridan, Julian Madison, Jack Jenkins, Gwenlillian Gill, Alfred Delcambre and the rest—this company has a fine, promising crop of replacements coming up, should the public begin to weary of its veteran players. Toby Wing, "the most beautiful chorus girl in Hollywood," and Lona Andre, of "Panther Woman" fame, are just two of them. And how about Baby Le Roy?

Dignified for Their Years

AFTER Converse College in Spartansburg, S. C., Gertrude Michael went to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, where she won a scholarship for five years' study in Italy. Little Theatre work, and radio, preceded pictures, such as "A Bedtime Story," "Ann Vickers," "Cradle Song" and "I'm No Angel," in which Mae West irrigated her back. Now she is with George Raft in "Bolero," in which Frances Drake makes her début. In 1931, this English girl began to dance professionally with Gordon Wallace in Ciro's, the famous London night-club. Soon Frances was appearing so attractively on the stage and in English pictures—that Paramount sent her a contract.

Elizabeth Young is the daughter of Judge William Young of the Children's Court in New York. A graduate of the ultra Miss Spence's School, she has studied dramatics under two excellent coaches, played in stock and been on Broadway. Hollywood couldn't help noticing her. She was all right in "Big Executive," but her best opportunity to date has been Garbo's "Queen Christina."

And don't overlook Sally Rand, who ranks as a newcomer because she has outgrown her Wampas Baby Star ways—thanks to her famous fan dance at the Chicago World's Fair. After leaving Christian College in Columbia, Missouri, Sally had a wide experience as cigarette girl, artist's model, vaudeville and café dancer, was signed by Cecil DeMille, and became a 1927 Baby

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"Miss Universe," No Less

BLONDE, curvacious and nineteen, Dorothy Dell was Miss Universe in 1930, and first made a Broadway name for herself by singing "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome, Did My Mother Give Me Hell!" in the 1931 "Follies." Thereafter Dorothy had top spots in two other shows, night-club engagements and radio programs. Then pictures, and why not? In "Good Dame" you'll get a good look at the dimensions that helped her win her title in 1930.

Another striking blonde who has lately come to Paramount is Ida Lupino, daughter of the famous English comedian, Stanley Lupino. Ida was imported for the rôle of "Alice in Wonderland." But it was discovered that Ida much more resembled a young Mae West (another of the year's newcomers) than she did a demure Alice. So little Charlotte Henry, a former "bit" player, about whom you've heard considerable, ("I was just standing around when they were looking for an *Alice*—and here I am!") was given the part. Ida will be given somewhat —er— more heated rôles, like the one in "The Search for Beauty."

Grace Bradley also promises to be a threat to the blood pressure of the land. Red-headed and of French-Irish descent, she has appeared in "The Way to Love," "Too Much Harmony" and "Girl Without a Room." She was doubling up in New York, working in "Strike Me Pink" and at the Paradise Club, when an executive saw her and reached for a fountain pen. And a wise reach Grace has proved it to be.

But perhaps the most promising of all the Paramount youngsters is Evelyn Venable, who is only twenty now and was Walter Hampden's leading lady on Broadway at the age of eighteen. Her home-town is Cincinnati, where her father is a professor. She originally entered the movies for only one picture—"Cradle Song," in which she played the lovely orphan. But Hollywood wouldn't let her go. She is now the girl Fredric March loves in "Strange Holiday" and has been loaned to Fox for "David Harum." When a player is sought on loan, she's on her way to big success!

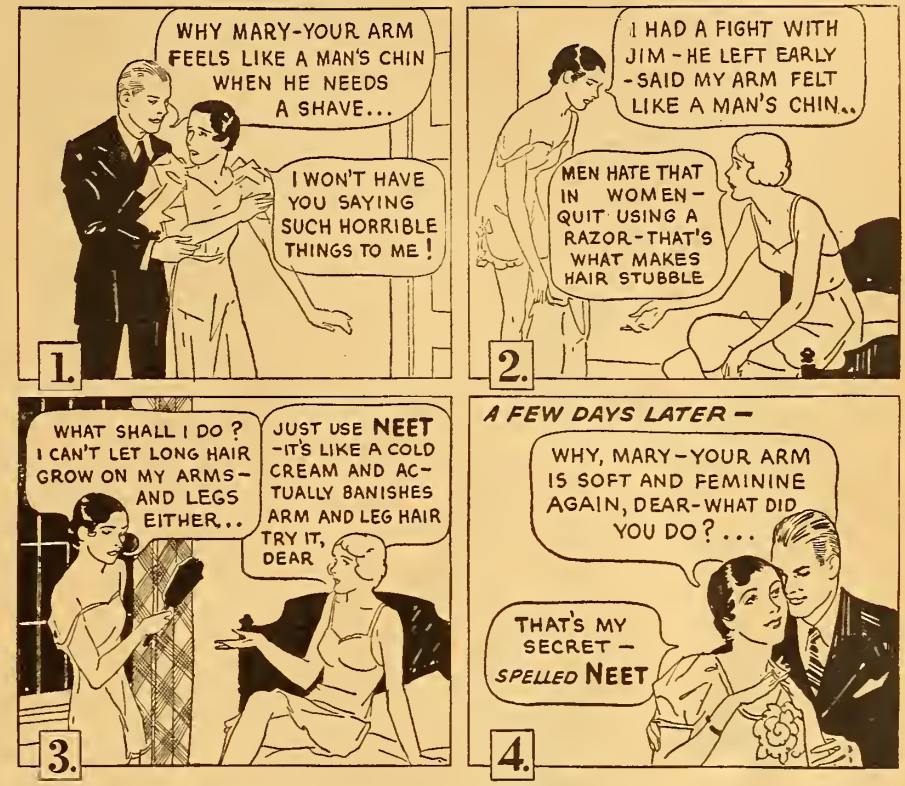
Two Bright Broadway Boys

ALSO from Broadway are Jack Haley and William Frawley, so well-known along the Main Stem and so well-liked that everyone is hoping they click in celluloid as they have in the legitimate theatre. A popular figure in musical comedies for years, that nimble pantomimist, Haley, came West to do "Sitting Pretty," with Jack Oakie and Ginger Rogers. (He was in Hollywood once before, and stole "Follow Thru" from Buddy Rogers—but Hollywood didn't hang onto him. It now realizes its mistake.) Equally as well-known in musicals after "Sons O' Guns," Frawley deserted the world of the grace note for legitimate rôles and clicked there, too. His first picture was a musical, "Moonlight and Pretzels"; his second was a drama, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." He's versatile!

Judith Allen, the former Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg, was born in New York with the desire to act. She did so well in stock that a screen test was forthcoming. This led to a contract, and although she only arrived in Hollywood on April 14, 1933—just to show you how fast things go in this town—she already has won recognition in two Westerns, besides "This Day and Age" and "Too Much Harmony."

Much better known on Broadway is Frances Fuller, the little actress with the big eyes you liked so well in "One Sunday Afternoon." Frances went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, the alma mater

WHY MARY REALLY GOT RID OF ARM AND LEG HAIR by Wells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I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM-HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN-QUIT USING A RAZOR-THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
2.
WHAT SHALL I DO? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS-AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET -IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
3.
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Jean, The Schoolgirl Hope

M-G-M also has a dark-eyed brunette in Jean Parker, upon whom they place much hope. Her picture on a float publicizing the Olympic Games gave this Pasadena schoolgirl her screen test. As the young Princess who attracted that meaniemans, "Rasputin," and as the lovable, tragic *Beth* in "Little Women" she had tremendous appeal. Her latest picture is "You Can't Buy Everything."

Another local girl is Irene Hervey, who hung around the casting office for so long that Ben Piazza finally gave her a test. It led to her playing Franchot Tone's wife in "Stranger's Return," after which rôles in "The Hollywood Party" and "The Women in His Life" were handed her. Irene devotes the majority of her spare time to a small stock company, the Ursula March players.

Also having made much progress at Metro during the past year is Lee Tracy's little blonde friend, Isabel Jewell. Isabel did many shows in New York, but Hollywood dismissed her as "just Tracy's girl-friend" until she appeared on the Los Angeles stage with Otto Kruger in "Counsellor at Law." Then her screen chance arrived with a bang. She had been seen with Tracy in "Blessed Event," and in a number of other small parts, but no one had especially noticed her before. Now, she's one of the most-feared picture-stealers in town. Her latest is "The Women in His Life."

Fated to Be a Lover

OTTO KRUGER, the star of that picture, entered films to play character rôles, but is being boomed as a smooth lover—just as he was on Broadway, where he has long been a favorite. Nothing much happened in *his* screen life, either, until he did "Counsellor at Law" on a local stage, and the studio saw that it had a great bet.

Cora Sue Collins, the cute six-year-old veteran who plays Garbo as a little girl in "Queen Christina," seems assured of a bright future. Max Baer, the fisticuffer who appeared to such advantage in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," surprised everybody with his "It" and his acting. He'll be back. Mala, the "Eskimo" boy—known to Hollywood as Ray Wise, cameraman—showed great promise, but is too odd a type to work with great regularity.

The Fox newcomers who have had the chance to show the most promise to date are Claire Trevor and Irene Bentley. Claire, who looks a bit like Glenda Farrell, was a young hit on Broadway. Her first picture, for some strange reason, was a Western—but she stepped right up into leading rôles after that in "The Mad Game," "Jimmy and Sally" and, now, "Hold That Girl" (again with Jimmy Dunn). Sally Eilers had better watch this little blonde! Irene, a New Yorker who was good enough in amateur school theatricals to rate a screen test, tried one with Harvey Stephens, which both passed. Her first picture was "My Weakness," followed by "Smoky," "Frontier Marshall" and "David Harum" in rapid succession. Her newest is "Three on a Honeymoon."

Harvey Stephens is a local Los Angeles boy who made good in the Big Town with Leslie Howard and Katharine Cornell, and was brought back home to be the Kansas lover in "The Worst Woman in Paris?" He'll be sticking around! Another lad worth watching is Hugh Williams, a young Englishman, who gets his start in "All Men Are Enemies."

Three Above the Crowd

AND a girl who will soon catch your eye is Pat Paterson, also from England, where she is a stage, radio, screen and nightclub favorite. (Take a look at her on page

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25.—Ed.) She's off to a big start as The Girl in "Bottoms Up." Another unusual "find" in "Bottoms Up" is Suzanne Kaaren—former college athlete, artists' model and Broadway actress—who has been catching onto screen technique fast in "Sleepers East" and "Coming Out Party." And then there is Alice Faye—blonde, nineteen and Rudy Vallee's protégée. She is Rudy's leading lady in his screen comeback in "George White's Scandals" and she is signed to a four-year contract.

And the prophets are saying things about Russ Columbo, who quit the local Belmont High School in 1925 to go to work, violining and singing with local dance orchestras and voice-doubling for stars in early talkie musicals. He and Bing Crosby, rivals then in local dance places, carried their feud to New York, and now have brought it back out here again. After "Broadway Through a Keyhole" and his next, "The Love-Life of a Crooner," Russ will be right up there, giving the hearts of the girls an extra jolt.

Cast an eye, too, in the direction of June Knight. Born in Hollywood, January 22, 1913, she took up dancing to improve her health. And just look what it did for her! Ziegfeld discovered her dancing in a local night-club, and took her off to New York, where the movies later discovered her as a star. "Ladies Must Love," "Take a Chance" and "Cross-Country Cruise" all prove her a real personality.

Roger Pryor, who made such an impression in "Moonlight and Pretzels," is the son of Arthur Pryor, the famous bandmaster. At thirty he is one of the best-known young actors on the American stage. And having a good singing voice, as well as knowing his acting, Pryor should bear out Universal's hopes for him. Next he'll be in "I Like It That Way," with Gloria Stuart.

Some of The Surest Bets

IN 1931 Roger appeared in "A Modern Virgin" with a little girl named Margaret Sullavan, the same "Peggy" who to-day is one of the greatest new bets. Despite a worthy record of Broadway and stock experience, Peggy went into the feminine lead in "Only Yesterday" practically unheralded. And you all know how good she was in that! Her great talent is as obvious as the fact of her vital charm. Her second picture is "Little Man, What Now?"

RKO proved its ability to pick real winners when it sprang Katharine Hepburn on the public without any advance warning (at Katharine's own specific request). If she keeps on the way she has started, she may well become the greatest star of them all. And RKO doesn't seem to have made any mistake in bringing Francis Lederer to Hollywood. Women can't resist his profile and his naïve loving. His accent was what led to his being cast as an Eskimo in "Man of Two Worlds." Also, in that picture, you may have noticed Steffi Duna, as his Eskimo comforter. This little girl from Budapest is Lederer's protégée—and you'll be seeing more of her.

It cost plenty of money to make "Man of Two Worlds," but the most costly vehicle to introduce a newcomer is Samuel Goldwyn's "Nana," starring Anna Sten. For almost two years, while the young Russian star was mastering English, Goldwyn was preparing the public for her advent; and when her first picture finally started, it was stopped after three weeks—and a new director and supporting cast substituted. All in all, the Sten début cost Goldwyn well over a million dollars. But Sam expects to get every bit of that back, he'll jubilantly tell you. Here is a girl, he says, who was worth a million-dollar gamble. (There aren't many like that!)

Some of the girls and boys who are now in the ranks of substitutes-to-be will vanish even sooner than the stars they hope to replace—or displace. Others will fulfill their present promises. Which will do which?

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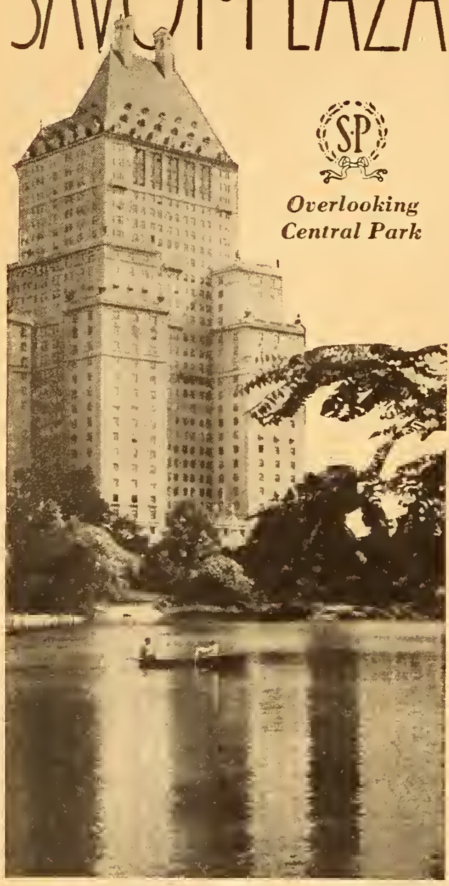

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News and Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 72*)

has a "vocab" of nineteen words—mostly of one syllable. And while his speech is limited, it is brief and to the point. The nineteen words are: Mama; Al (for Alexander Hall, who directed "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen"); Hello; Bye-Bye; Nuts; Oh Boy; Cut (camera term used by director to terminate scene); Okay; Baby; Hot Dog; Wow-Wow; Cat; Moo (for cow); Book; 'Chures (for pictures); 'amra (for camera); I'm Mad; Car; and No.

Pauline Takes Fifth Hubby

JOHN GILBERT and Gloria Swanson have each been married four times; but Pauline Frederick, of silent-film fame (remember "Madame X"?), has just set a new record, marrying for the fifth time. Her new husband, who has never been married before, is Colonel Joseph A. Marmon, commanding officer of the Sixteenth Infantry and post commander of Governors Island, the fort in New York habor. The groom is fifty-eight and the bride fifty—though she doesn't look it.

Pauline's former husbands were Frank A. Andrews, New York architect; Willard Mack, actor-playwright; Dr. Charles A. Rutherford, Seattle physician; and Hugh C. Leighton, hotel executive. Her first three marriages ended in divorce; the fourth was annulled. The new bride and groom received an official military welcome when the Colonel returned to his post after the marriage, which was a closely guarded secret for four days. The next week, Pauline opened in a new Broadway play.

The Gay Knight Life

JUNE KNIGHT is the hottest romance rumor subject in Hollywood at this writing. At first it was Maxie Baer—after Maxie and Dorothy Dunbar separated; then it was Russ Columbo; and now it's her director in "Cross-Country Cruise," Eddie Buzzell. She and Russ are both native children of California and have had oddly similar experiences in clambering up the ladder, both having started by singing in local night-clubs and then becoming famous on Broadway.

Eagle-Eyed Stars

THE Russian Eagle Restaurant is becoming the haunt for the more retiring and discreet stars. Here comes Garbo with Mamoulian (a Russian by birth), taking a certain seat in a far corner of the restaurant. Here come Lilian Harvey and Paul Martin; Mae West and James Timony, her manager; and Gene Raymond and Janet Gaynor, who also occupy a remote corner. Marlene Dietrich, who just went Russian in "Scarlet Empress," is another frequent visitor. General Theodore Lodijinski, once the Czar's personal attendant, now goes from table to table mine-hosting—when he isn't technical adviser on some royalty picture.

On the Mend

EDDIE SUTHERLAND, popular director, is finally climbing out of the Valley of the Shadow, after three blood transfusions. If he recovers, he will have had the unique experience of having been mourned for dead by the movie colony several times.

Others on the sick list for the month include Ralph Graves, who broke his hand and got blood poisoning from the break; Joan Blondell, just about recovered from appendicitis; and Joe E. Brown, who caught the flu from leading the cheering sections for Columbia at the Rose Bowl Game.

Go on the Stage First

IF you don't think you need stage training to break into the movies, you're all wrong. We told you that, ourselves, last month in the article entitled "Give Yourself a Movie Talent Test"—and now we're backed up by *Variety*. The show-folks' weekly recently completed a survey of Hollywood talent and came up from under the pile of figures with the information that seventy-five per cent of those now getting listed in screen casts are from the stage.

Variety sums it up thus: "Since the advent of the talking picture, Hollywood's dependence on stage talent has been growing year by year, to the point where rank outsiders and amateurs stand only an occasional chance of breaking into the playing end. . . . A girl's pretty face or a boy's physique isn't enough any more."

Moral: If you have screen ambitions, go on the stage. Broadway is almost as hard to crash as Hollywood, but there are other places where play-acting is still practised. Try a Little Theatre group or a stock company (most stars to-day started in one or the other). They're always on the look-out for talented beginners. And with the Broadway talent market about exhausted, Hollywood is turning its eyes upon the Great Unknowns in amateur, semi-professional or stock companies.

Corinne Is Back

CORINNE GRIFFITH has finally traveled Comeback Road all the way to the studio gates. She drew the assignment as leading lady opposite Otto Kruger in "Crime Doctor"—though she later walked out, claiming Otto was monopolizing the footage, and Karen Morley replaced her. But Corinne is back in the town that abbreviated her career when it went talkie; and she'll have her chance to prove that she still has the glamour that once earned her the biggest salary in pictures. She made a picture in England a year or so ago that brought her Hollywood offers, but not the kind she wanted. So she went on the stage in the East in a variety of plays. And was re-discovered in an appropriate manner.

Dorothy Wedded to Career

DOROTHY MACKAILL and Neil Miller used to chuckle when couples who had prophesied a short marriage for *them* suddenly shortened their own marriages. But those happy days are over. Dorothy has gone and told the judge that she would like her freedom back, because her young singer-husband objected to her working, though his own salary (she said) was insufficient to maintain them both. Marriage in Hollywood can't seem to last *with* a career, and it can't seem to last *without* one.

No, Lili Hasn't Retired

WHATEVER became of Lili Damita, who hasn't been seen hereabouts in some time? She isn't out of films. She's abroad—and she's about to start work on the picture version of "Sons o' Guns," the musical comedy in which she made a big hit on Broadway a few seasons ago. Opposite her, in the rôle played by the late great Jack Donahue, will dance Jack Buchanan. United Artists, which paid plenty for the picture rights, with Al Jolson in mind as the star, will finally get something back on its investment, with London Films doing the producing.

ABOUT YOU? *shall men say "She is lovely -- So exquisite!"*

BY PATRICIA GORDON

THE MUSIC ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but you seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment.* Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you.* Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No conscious flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment.*

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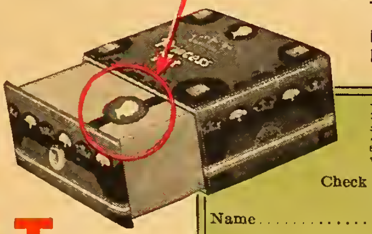

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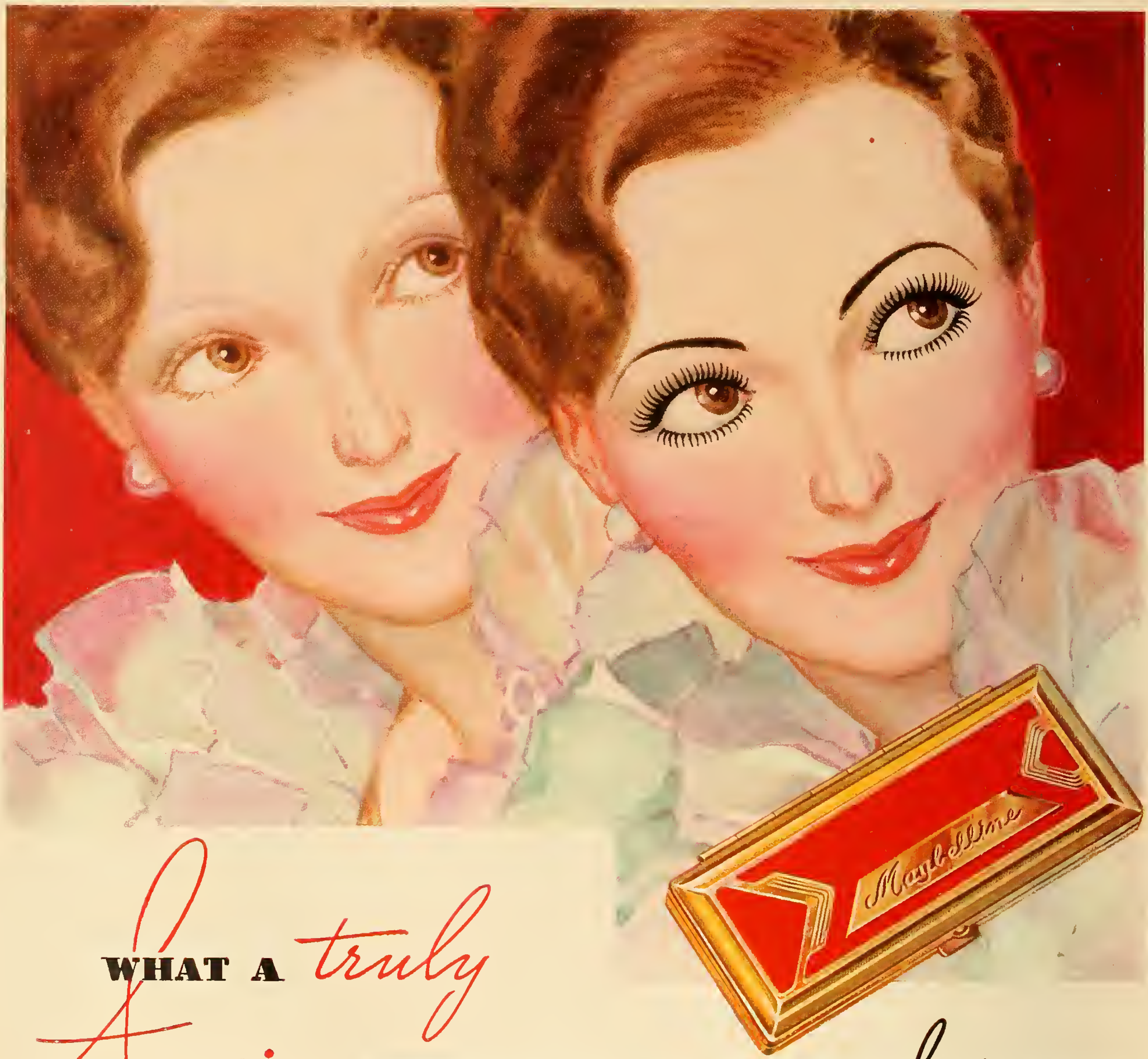

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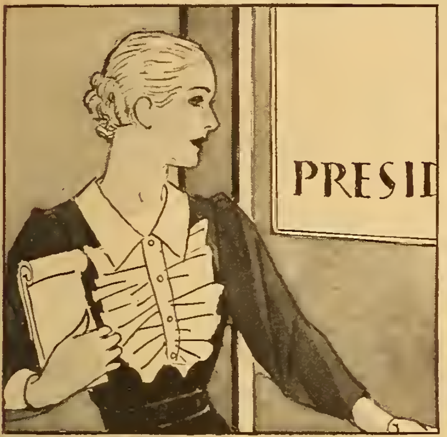
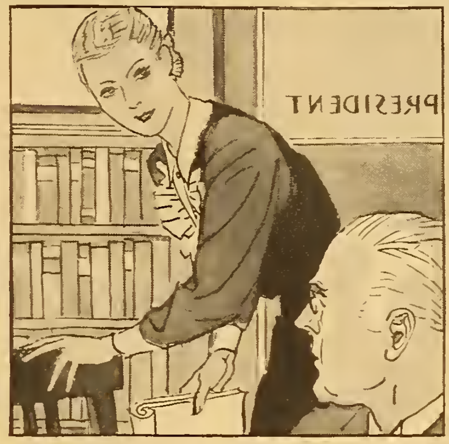
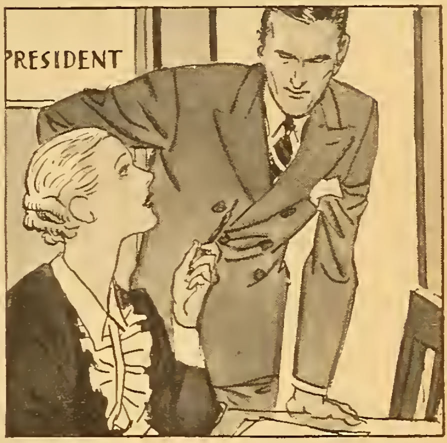
PRETTY GIRL... AND A MARVELOUS SECRETARY... BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



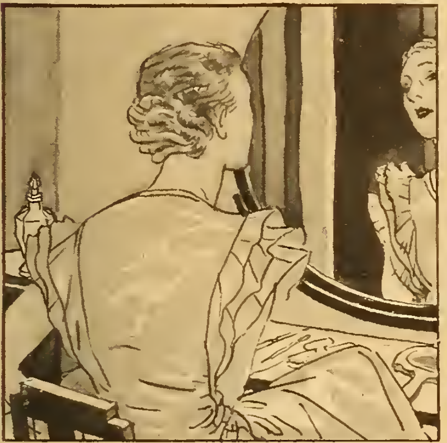
Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!



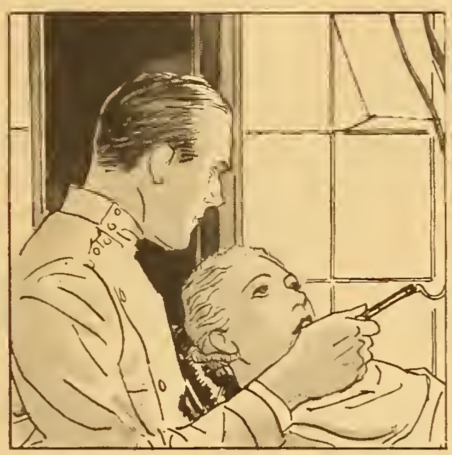
There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his *secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps* young men *away!*



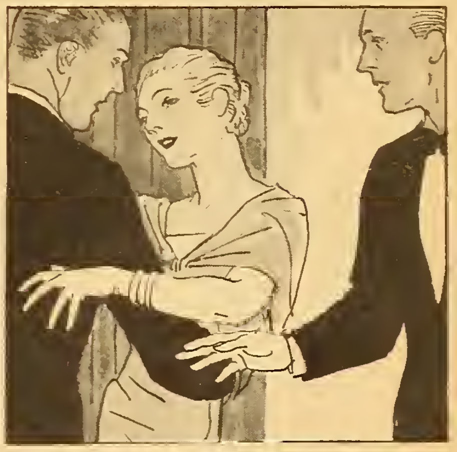
Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.



A dentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."



It wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IT ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING... 9:00 P.M., E.S.T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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NRA

Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

Norma Shearer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

in

RIPTIDE

HERBERT MARSHALL

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

MOTION PICTURE

MAY
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVII, No. 4

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood

CAROLE Shows You Hollywood —and We Show You CAROLE

Why all the recent Hollywood divorces? Why can't these movie marriages last? We put these questions to Carole Lombard—who is still the friend, but no longer the wife, of William Powell. And she gives the frankest, most searching explanation that any star has ever offered. It's a challenging explanation, not to be missed. You'll find it in this issue.

After you read it, you'll want to know more about the girl who presents it. So, a few pages farther on, we're showing you the house that expresses her personality. Would you like *your* surroundings to reflect *your* personality? This story has some helpful hints!

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Cover Design of Anna Sten Painted by MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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Flashes from Filmland

Ritchee

Dorothy Dell, who was "Miss Universe" in 1930 and is now a movie star (you'll see her in "Wharf Angel"), has Spring fever —and a new beach outfit

Are Ya Listenin', Bing?

WELL, it looks as if Paramount has done it again—unearthed another radio personality who looks as if he might do big things on the screen. No other studio has so consistently scoured the ether waves for film talent, and no other studio has yet developed a Crosby, either. (Did you know that Bing is one of the first ten box-office favorites today?) Their latest "find" is Lanny Ross. And the funny thing is that they almost passed him by.

Several months ago, looking for new talent, studio scouts photographed the whole cast of the "Show Boat" program. Lanny, knowing nothing about screen tests and having no one to guide him, didn't score—and was ignored. Later, still another scout saw him and arranged another test. This time, Lanny was prepared. And presto! he was signed, with "Melody in Spring" as his first picture. With that finished, he is now rehearsing "Her Master's Voice," a farce in which Roland Young, resting from movie work, has been scoring all season on Broadway and is now taking to London. It was written by Roland's mother-in-law, Clare Kummer—one mother-in-law who does things to glorify her daughter's husband!

Two more radio personalities you want to be watching for are Alice Faye in "George White's Scandals" and Sylvia Froos in "Stand Up and Cheer."

Et Tu, Cecil?

CECIL B. DE MILLE may follow Director W. S. Van Dyke's example and play a part in his own picture, "Cleopatra" (starring Claudette Colbert). You will remember Van Dyke as chief of the Mounted Police in "Eskimo," and a very good job he made of the part, too. De Mille isn't telling what rôle he may play, but he may join the army of "extras," who are impatiently waiting for the new De Mille spectacle to get under way—so that they can begin eating again.

Warren William's Roman profile won him the rôle of *Julius Caesar*, who is supposed to have taught the young Egyptian queen a thing or two about ruling. It's only the second time in almost four years that William has gone off his home lot (Warner Brothers). And did you read about the Coast Guard searching for him between Los Angeles and Catalina Island, when he failed to show up in his sailing boat in a rough sea? You'll read all about that boat on page 72. It's always good publicity when a movie star is missing, even temporarily—as the newspapers once more proved.

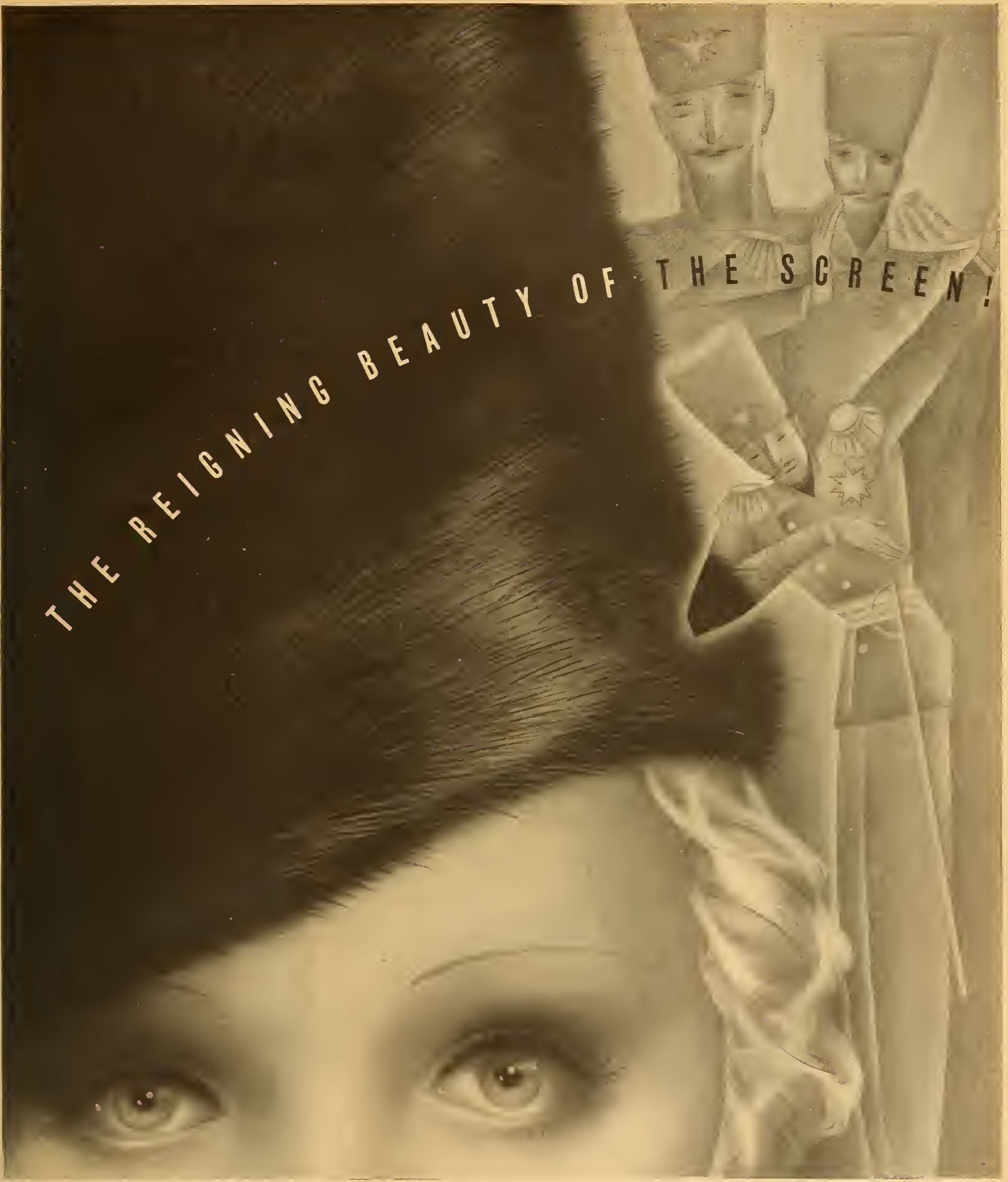
Lee Gives You Credit

LEE TRACY gives his fans credit for helping to bring him back to the screen—with their deluge of letters. His recent banishment from films, following an unfortunate incident in Mexico (which appears to have been grossly exaggerated), was a great shock to the debonair Lee and gave him a chance to think things over seriously. Now that Universal, which is famous for guarding its reputation, has signed Lee, the storm has completely blown over. But Mrs. Tracy's boy and Isabel Jewell's boy-friend isn't taking any more chances; he's more subdued—off the screen. And on the screen, in "I'll Tell the World" (in which he plays another newspaper correspondent), he may combine seriousness with clowning.

(*Continued on page 8*)

Acme

It's a rare husband who takes his wife golfing with him—but director Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers (did you recognize her in the sun glasses?) are still in the honeymoon stage. Sally's latest picture, by the way, is "Three on a Honeymoon"


THE REIGNING BEAUTY OF THE SCREEN!

MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

Directed by Josef von Sternberg

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Flashes from Filmland

Pat Paterson, English newcomer, and Charles Boyer, French newcomer, met just three weeks before they were recently married. Cupid did some fast work!

(*Continued from page 6*)

Streamline Waistline

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S waist measures twenty-one inches plus in circumference. Joan Marsh's is exactly twenty-one inches around. Remember the Joan of two years ago? She was the cutest and plumpest of the Baby Stars! In those days, Joan's waist was nearer that of the Venus de Milo, which measures twenty-eight inches around—and is a good, healthy measurement, according to Mae West. On page 25, you'll get a look at the new Joan—who is now under contract to Paramount and racing from one picture to another, which ought to *keep* her thin.

Taking Chances

THESE gals who stave off appendicitis operations to finish pictures are very gallant, no doubt, but they are taking dangerous risks. Margaret Lindsay—who was also recently burned on a set and was a victim of robbers—is the latest. For more than a week, finishing "Fog Over 'Frisco," she was in agony from an obstreperous appendix—without letting any one know; but when the cameras stopped grinding, off to the hospital she went. Joan Blondell recently carried around an ice pack, trying to fight off an operation—and courted a burst appendix; she was operated on just in time, and the completion of the picture had to wait. Maureen O'Sullivan was less fortunate; she developed peritonitis—from which few recover. Serum, rushed from Berkeley, saved her. And "Tarzan and His Mate" was delayed for weeks.

Stanwyck, the Stoic

FEW people know it, but Barbara Stanwyck has been another silent martyr to her career. Something like three years ago, she had a bad fall in making a picture and severely injured her back; but encased in braces, she insisted on finishing the picture on schedule. Then, before her back could completely mend, she again had an accident, which undid all the healing. Again she put on the braces and smiled for the camera. Since then, being very careful, she has managed to work without the braces—but has frequently had to put them on between pictures. Now, it is reported, after her next picture Barbara may take a vacation of several months—while she gives her back a real chance to recuperate fully.

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee keep on their toes by playing volley ball. And they keep on "honeymooning" by staying at the beach—all by themselves

If this is true, the fans have a chance to prove their loyalty. To be missing from the screen for several months endangers any player's popularity—unless the fans keep calling for her constantly and keep up the volume of her fan mail. Here's wishing a quick recovery to Barbara, one of the most gallant of Hollywood stars.

Paying as They Go

JEAN HARLOW—who is back at the studio, with her salary troubles past history—is very proud of her new Colonial home. Two things give her especial pride: one, the fact that her mother did the decorating of the entire house, herself, going about to auctions and antique shops to unearth the French pieces for it; and the other is the fact that she doesn't owe a penny on the house or furnishings. "We"—meaning husband Hal Rosson and herself—"are buying only what we can pay for, as we go along," Jean explains. "That's why my bedroom is still almost empty." It would surprise the envious to know the amounts of the mortgages on most stars' palatial homes . . .

Greek Is the Word for It

WILLIAM POWELL'S new home (the old Hobart Bosworth estate) is being redecorated. And you'd never guess what period William has chosen for his furnishings. Greek! Yes, sir, we may expect to see the suave Bill draped in togas and wearing sandals, reclining on a couch in his dining room, strumming a lyre. William Haines, who is doing the decorating, has gone abroad, so the wisecrackers say, to see if he can't bring back a bit of the Parthenon at Athens and a frieze or two from the Temple of Jupiter. How surprised the house will be—after Hobart's ship models and saddles! Perhaps it's just coincidence, but the home of Carole Lombard, the former Mrs. Powell, is also furnished along classical lines. (See pages 40 and 41.) Prosperity *must* be back, with so many stars furniture-shopping.

(*Continued on page 10*)

Loretta Young, a young belle of the Napoleonic days in "The House of Rothschild," shows how demure gowns were then—if girls didn't stand in the light

OAKIE'S *a Scream!* TRACY'S *a Panic!* *together they're a* RIOT!

They must have been a couple of other fellows before an inspiration teamed them up in this three-mile-a-minute comedy that even an earthquake can't slow up. It's a laugh a second...and a second laugh after that!

20th CENTURY PICTURE

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents

Spencer TRACY
Jack OAKIE
in

"Looking for Trouble"

with
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
ARLINE JUDGE • JUDITH WOOD
Directed by William Wellman
a **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** ***Production***

Flashes from Filmland

Here's some good news! Gloria Swanson is all signed up as a star again—and Irving Thalberg, production manager of M-G-M, is the lad who did the signing. Which means that Gloria will have a dressing-room in the same row as Norma Shearer, Irving's wife. And the two may even be rivals, after a fashion, since both play gay sophisticates. Gloria may first make a talkie version of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks"

Lederer, Ladies' Man

FRANCIS ("MAN OF TWO WORLDS") LEDERER is appearing in his former London and Broadway hit only while waiting for his second picture to be written. And Francis, who is reported to be engaged to Steffi Duna (his squaw in the Eskimo picture), has sweet words for his leading lady, Julie Haydon.

He recently said, "Mees Dorothy Gish, who played the part in New York, was not exactly the type. Very lovely, naturally, but not quite right for the part. Mees Haydon is perfect. I have nevair been so happee in any play."

And he will be one of the first to welcome Elizabeth Bergner, star of "Catherine, the Great," to Hollywood a few weeks hence. The German actress was one of the stars who helped him to fame on the Continent.

"Leave of Absence" Ends

VIRGINIA BRUCE GILBERT, divorcing John, is about to take up the career that she temporarily abandoned two years ago when she married. The studio gave her a "leave of absence" from her contract, thus reflecting ironically, the general Hollywood expectation that the marriage "wouldn't last." (Hollywood is an old pessimist that way.) All actor, John Gilbert takes everything that concerns his professional life violently and is either at the peak of ecstasy or in the depths of despair. So ends, in incompatibility, his fourth marital venture. John has recently been in Hawaii, recuperating from the "flu."

(*Continued on page 13*)

(*Continued from page 8*)

Four Stars Shift

SPEAKING of William Powell reminds us that he, Richard Barthelmess and Ruth Chatterton are all departing from Warner Brothers, who will spend the money formerly spent on their high salaries in developing their promising newcomers. Powell goes to M-G-M to play the chief rôle in Dashiell Hammett's thriller, "The Thin Man." Barthelmess is reported to be negotiating with Paramount and 20th Century to play certain desirable rôles. Ruth Chatterton and George Brent have been hibernating at Palm Springs, considering offers from local, foreign and Broadway producers—and also thinking about starting their own producing company. Barthelmess also has been mulling over that particular idea and the signing up of players who, he thinks, show great promise.

Aha! Joan's Decorating!

JOAN CRAWFORD is another star whose house is being redecorated. This usually means on the part of the volatile Joan a change of personality. When she was being Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., so energetically, she went in for chintz and hooked rugs and cottage gates. Now that that's over, she's going Empire. And does this mean that she's going to become Mrs. Somebody Else when her divorce is final on May 12?

Hollywood thought maybe she was switching to a new love—when she attended the opening of Francis Lederer's stage play, "Autumn Crocus," and later sent him a gardenia (her flower trademark). But she has Franchot Tone for her leading man in "Sadie McKee"—and, moreover, this time Franchot is being permitted by the scenario writers to win the fair lady. Propinquity can do wonders for romance. Don't place any bets that they won't be marrying.

Lew Ayres' future "mate"? Anyway, Ginger Rogers is wearing a mate's cap. She's now on deck in "Upper World"

All the earth turns to adoration of a new Warner Bros. star

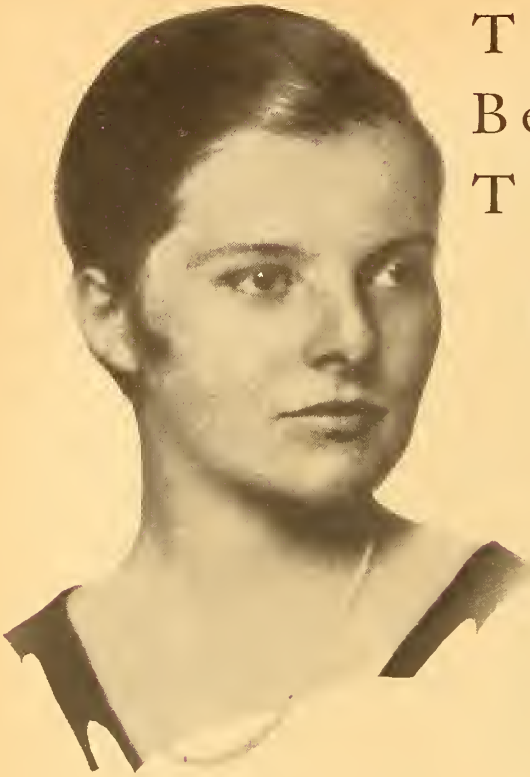
It takes high talent to win a place in the select ranks of The *Star* Company...Jean Muir has done it! Watch how this truly American beauty wins you to her in the film from *the* best seller of its season—"As The Earth Turns". Critics call it "a triumph"—"outstanding"...You'll recall it years from now as one of your greatest picture thrills!

Jean Muir

in

"AS THE EARTH TURNS"

with DONALD WOODS . . . Russell Hardie
Emily Lowry . . . Arthur Hohl . . . Dorothy
Peterson . . . David Landau . . . Clara Blandick
Directed by Alfred E. Green



This Is How She Looked
Before She Became Famous.
The Girl Is A Star Now.

Can You Guess Her Name?

And How Many of
These Other Questions
Can You Answer Correctly?
Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

2. Whose face was judged the most perfect in the film city and by whom was the decision made?

---

3. Can you name the popular film comédienne who kept her marriage a secret for four months?

---

4. Do you know the screen actress who charged that her husband couldn't support her when she sued for divorce?

---

5. The mother of what movie player asked the police to search for her daughter, who disappeared for several days?

---

6. What motion picture star became the mother of an eight-pound baby on her own birthday, February 27?

---

7. Which feminine motion picture star has the smallest waist in Hollywood?

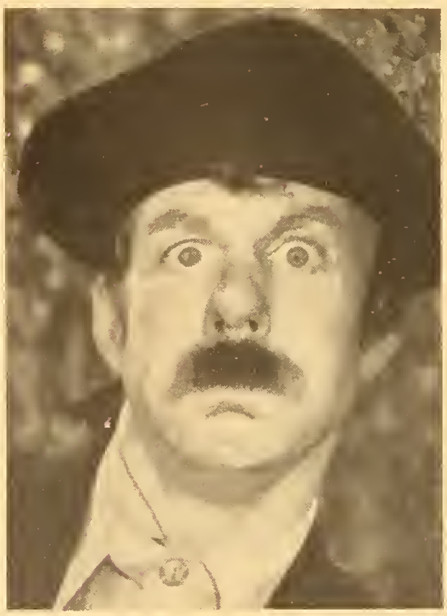
---

8. Do you know the newlyweds who were married three weeks after their arrival in Hollywood?

9. The marriage of what red-haired motion picture player has hit the well-known rocks?

---

10. Who is the recently divorced screen beauty in whom Maurice Chevalier has been showing a romantic interest?



11. Do you recognize this forlorn-looking creature, wearing a Scotch tam and a drooping mustache? We warn you, this is not an easy one.

12. Why has the popular Barbara Stanwyck retired temporarily from motion picture work?

---

13. Who is the eleven-year-old girl whom Bruce Cabot recently adopted?

---

14. What movie star is preparing to sue her fourth husband for divorce, according to Dame Rumor?

---

15. With whom will Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shortly be co-starred on the London stage?

---

16. Why was John Gilbert reported interested in Myrna Loy?

---

17. Do you know the radio and screen crooner whose mail brought letters from fans expressing their disappointment in hearing that he was again to become a father?

---

18. Can you name the motion picture player who got to court only a few hours ahead of her husband to sue for divorce?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 94)

Flashes from Filmland

(*Continued from page 10*)

Ronnie to Reno?

THE news that Ronald Colman may soon be a free man is a new tidbit that has Hollywood speculating. Ronnie has clung to his long-distance marriage as a protection against pestiferous romance rumors. Now, does his reported decision to be divorced mean a new love in his life? And if so, who is she? He has returned from his recent holiday abroad looking younger and more tailored than ever, if that is possible; and he came back filled with a Hemingway-ish enthusiasm for bull-fighting. He's making "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," a sequel of his early hit, "Bulldog Drummond."

Doug Seems Smitten

IT begins to look more and more probable that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will marry Gertrude Lawrence, English musical comedy star, when he is free. They have admitted at last that an engagement has been discussed. On his recent trip back to Hollywood to make "Success Story," he is reported to have spent more than a thousand dollars 'phoning and cabling her in London—invariably going to some secret spot (preferably, a ranch house belonging to friends) when he talked with her. He brought records of all her songs from her latest musical show and played them constantly.

Big Doings in London

WHILE waiting for his father to finish "Exit Don Juan," so that they can make that "Zorro" picture together, playing father and son, Young Doug is enjoying life to the full in London, where "Catherine, the Great" opened to cheers. He cabled a friend in Hollywood: "The Prince of Wales and everybody else who counts in London was there. It was a huge success!" An ovation greeted the appearance of Young Doug, who has become the white-headed boy of London in a year—being even more popular than his Dad.

Reconciliation Rumor

DOUG. SR., was "terribly angry" about being named co-respondent in the divorce suit of Lord Ashley against Lady Ashley, who has lived apart from her husband for some time. Reporters abroad have been led to believe that Doug and Mary Pickford were on the verge of reconciliation when the suit broke. And producer Joseph Schenck, returning to Hollywood from London at the time, said Doug had told him, "Kiss Mary for me and tell her I will see her soon."

Will Just Pretend Now

NOW that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are being teamed again in "The World Is Ours" (based on the story, "Manhattan Love Song"), the romantic public can be happy once more. The demand for a reunion of America's Sweethearts has been urgent and loud ever since the break came a year and a half ago. But will it be the same? Janet, so it is whispered, is romantically interested elsewhere, while Charlie is enjoying domestic contentment, thank you, with Virginia Valli. Besides, time has passed since "Seventh Heaven." Time, which changes everything. Not for anything in the world would she make a talking version of their early success, Janet has often declared. "There is only one 'Seventh Heaven,' " she sighs.

(More news of players? Turn to page 36! More news of pictures? Turn to page 66!)

MOTHER

guardian of the

FAMILY HEALTH

Mother's very life is her family!

Who is the first to notice that something has gone wrong in the household? Mother!

Who first notices that Tommy or Mary is cross and out of sorts? Mother!

And so it is but natural that the mothers of the nation are so well informed on matters of health. For instance, they realize the importance of that first rule of health — "keep regular!" And of keeping a good laxative in the medicine cabinet — ready for use when some member of the family needs it.

Mothers, for 27 years, have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. They have found that it is entirely unnecessary to use violent cathartics — even for the strongest member of the family.

They like its delicious chocolate taste. They have found that Ex-Lax is all a perfect laxative ought to be — pleasant, gentle, and yet thoroughly effective.

They have found that Ex-Lax doesn't cause stomach pains or distress. And they like the convenience of Ex-Lax — no bottles, no spoons, no mess, nothing to shake, nothing to spill.

At all druggists, 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the *genuine* Ex-Lax — spelled E-X-L-A-X.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

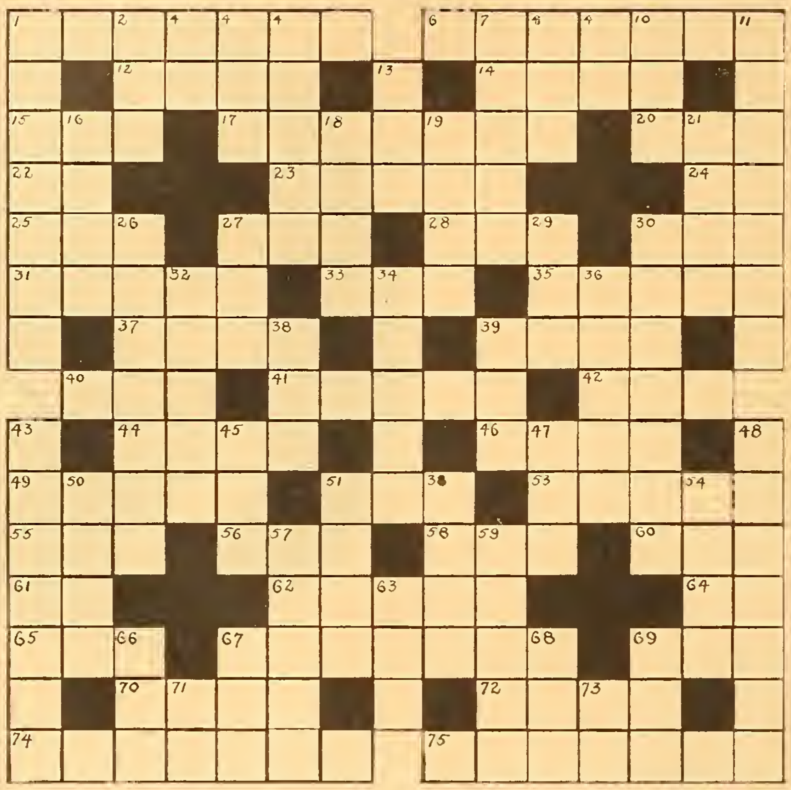
You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.

No. 43

No. 5



No. 6

No. 41

HORIZONTAL

1. Gilbert's name in "Queen Christina"
6. See illustration above
12. A wide-mouthed pitcher
14. Where the Big, Bad Wolf waited
15. He married Bebe Daniels
17. The referee in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
20. Garbo's bosses (init.)
22. Linden's initials
23. May 9th is Richard Barthelmess' ——— day
24. Ellis' initials
25. Van Winkle's first name
27. Another name for "The Big House"
28. Gargan's nickname in "Aggie Appleby"
30. *Terry* in "I've Got Your Number"
31. The first part of his name is J. Carrol
33. Non est inventus (abbr.)
35. Grantland Rice's shorts are called "——— Lights"
37. A director whose first name is Allan
39. Her last name is Francis
40. What stars reveal only on marriage licenses
41. See illustration above
42. "The ——— Dark House"
44. Horror pictures give you this kind of feeling
46. *Aunt March* in "Little Women"
49. Whose ex-wife is Sally Eilers?
51. The kind of snake that helped Cleopatra commit suicide
53. The hero of "Cross-Country Cruise"
55. Her last name is Sothern
56. Mack ——nett produces comedies
58. Abbreviation for agriculture
60. To put a bit of powder on your nose
61. Rita's initials
62. Her real name is Pomares
64. "—— Big"
65. De Putti was this tragic star's last name
67. What happened to Gable's 'plane in "Night Flight"
69. A haberdasher is a cloth——
70. His first name is Lester
72. She's in "The Show-Off"
74. She's the star of "Riptide"
75. Clara Bow's mother in "Call Her Savage"

Solution to Last Puzzle

A	T	E	S		R	A	D	I	O		B	E	S	T
E	E	A	■	R	I	C	H	A	R	D	■	L	I	I
B	A	C	C	O	T	T	■	B	A	R	C	I	S	M
A	■	L	O	L	A	■	V	■	L	E	O	N	■	E
	H	E	R	E	■	T	A	G	■	W	O	O	D	
C	A	S	E	■	B	O	L	E	S	■	K	R	I	S
L	R	■	■	A	R	M	E	T	T	A	■	■	M	I
A	D	A	G	I	O	■	N	■	O	L	I	V	E	R
R	I	■	■	M	O	N	T	A	N	A	■	■	T	E
A	N	N	A	■	K	N	I	F	E	■	B	E	E	N
C	G	A	M	E	■	E	N	T	■	H	A	I	R	
S	■	G	E	N	E	■	O	■	R	E	E	E	■	F
P	R	E	S	T	O	N	■	F	A	R	R	E	L	E
A	I	L	■	O	N	E	R	O	U	S	■	E	L	I
N	O	S	E		S	E	A	R	L		S	N	A	P

VERTICAL

1. Comedian whose first name is Luis
2. "—— Cents a Dance"
3. An exclamation of pain (colloq.)
4. His last name is Sparks
5. See illustration above
7. Fred Astaire's sister is named ——
8. Remember the toothy grin of —— D'Arcy?
9. Receipts at this place show a star's popularity (init.)
10. "A Farewell to ——s"
11. Italian comedian in "Cross-Country Cruise"
13. Good featured players are always —— to become stars
16. Charles Lamb's pen-name
18. A comic cowboy whose first name is Hank
19. Ann Harding's rival in "The Right to Romance"
21. "Love in High ——"
26. His first name is Walter; his last name brings a bird to mind
27. Public Health Administrator (abbr.)
29. Distinguished Service Order (abbr.)
30. Comedian whose first name is "Snub"
32. Blanche ——— was a favorite of silent days
34. This starlet's first name is Patricia
36. A Chinese flower popular in America
38. Another word for "No"
39. North by Northeast (abbr.)
43. See illustration above
45. Fellow of the Royal Society (abbr.)
47. Daughters of the American Revolution (abbr.)
48. Vivienne is her first name
50. "———Yesterday"
51. The star of "Nana"
52. "The Primrose ——"
54. Leisure
57. His first name is Edward: his last name has a noble sound
59. The Irish like to call themselves ———
63. A doctrine or system
66. Hail (Latin)
67. Abbreviation for *circa* (about)
68. The Jordan girl's nickname
69. Island (abbr.)
71. Initials of the year's most popular fictional hero
73. That is (abbr.)

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

MARGARET SULLAVAN

HANS FALLADA
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
Translated by ERIC SUTTON

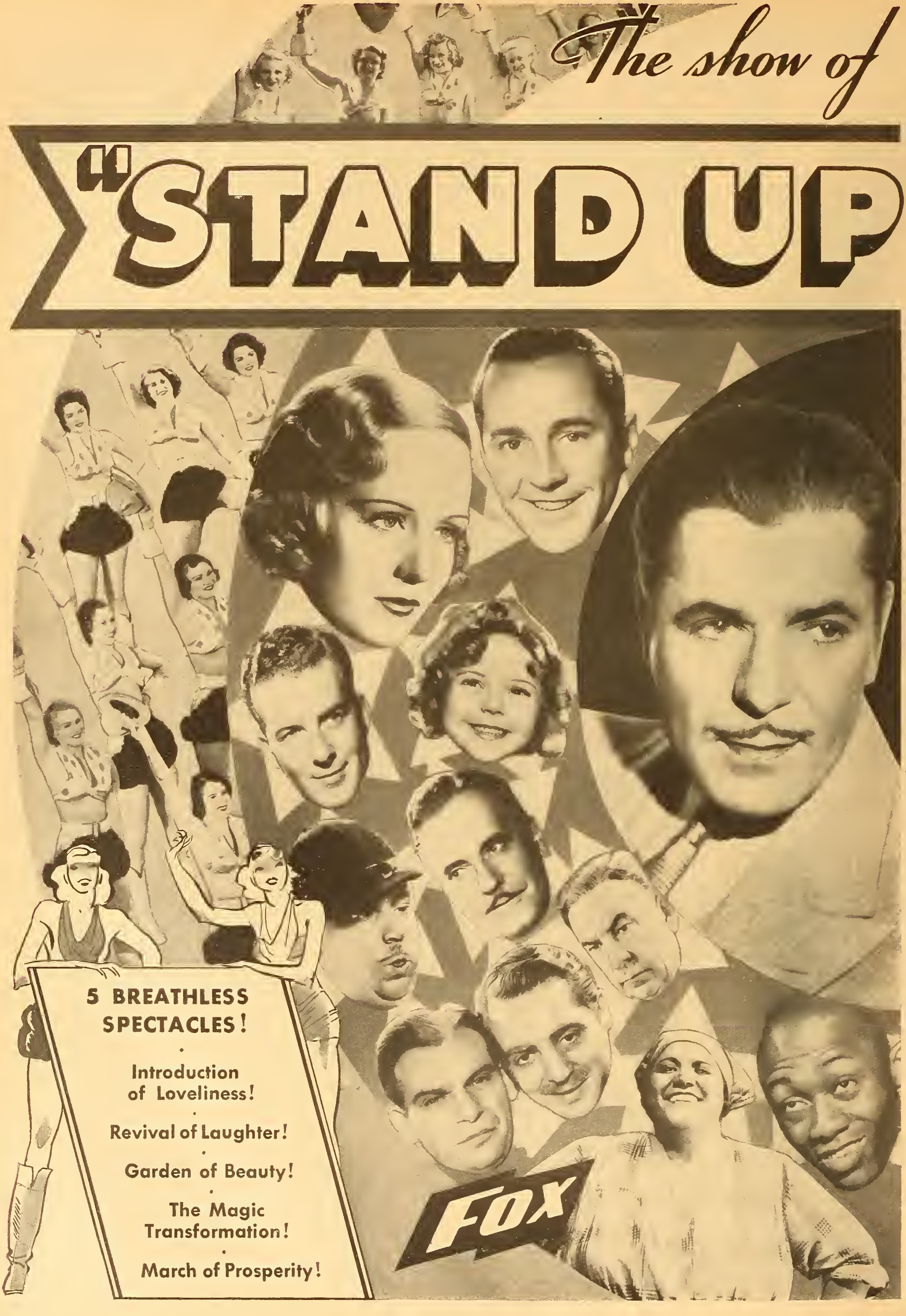
THE GIRL YOU
LOVED IN
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

in

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!


The show of
"STAND UP
5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!
Introduction of Loveliness!
Revival of Laughter!
Garden of Beauty!
The Magic Transformation!
March of Prosperity!
FOX

1001 *surprises!*

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor... amazing novelty... myriad surprises ... laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ... everything!

AND CHEER!"

WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS

JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE

MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT

1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC! VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES! 1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS! 335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS *and* PHILIP KLEIN.

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

•

"Our Last Night Together"

•

"Baby, Take a Bow"

•

"I'm Laughin'"

•

"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"

•

"Stand Up and Cheer"

No one needs to tell her!

Intelligent and fastidious, she realizes that anyone, herself included, may have halitosis (unpleasant breath) without knowing it. So she takes no chances; every day, and especially before social engagements, she uses Listerine. That is her assurance that her breath cannot possibly offend . . . Are you as careful about this matter? Do you take it for granted that your breath is always agreeable? Don't! It's far safer to assume that it isn't, and use Listerine. Listerine combats fermentation, the principal cause of odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves —deodorizes hours longer, too.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Missouri.*

BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

LISTERINE

NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES

Do they need to tell you?

Ida Lupino—believe it or not—is just seventeen. She just happens to have as much glamour and talent as seventeen other girls her age. Maybe they are her inheritance from all the Lupinos who have been on the stage for two hundred and fifty years. Anyway, this little English blonde has them—as you may have seen in "Search for Beauty." Now she is Richard Arlen's leading lady in "Come On, Marines"

THE LUSCIOUS LUPINO

George Arliss has never been called on to play the rôle of a father in real life, but you would never know it to see him in "The House of Rothschild," with Loretta Young as his daughter. This is his most ambitious picture. In it, he plays two rôles — Meyer, the father, and Nathan, the son, who started the most powerful banking house in the world, which dictated to emperors and kings (but couldn't dictate to Dan Cupid). If you have read "Anthony Adverse," you already know a little about Nathan, whom Anthony met during his sojourn in England

SHE SUPPLIES THE ROMANCE— HE FURNISHES THE FINANCE

SHE'LL BE CLEOPATRA— HE'LL BE MARC ANTONY

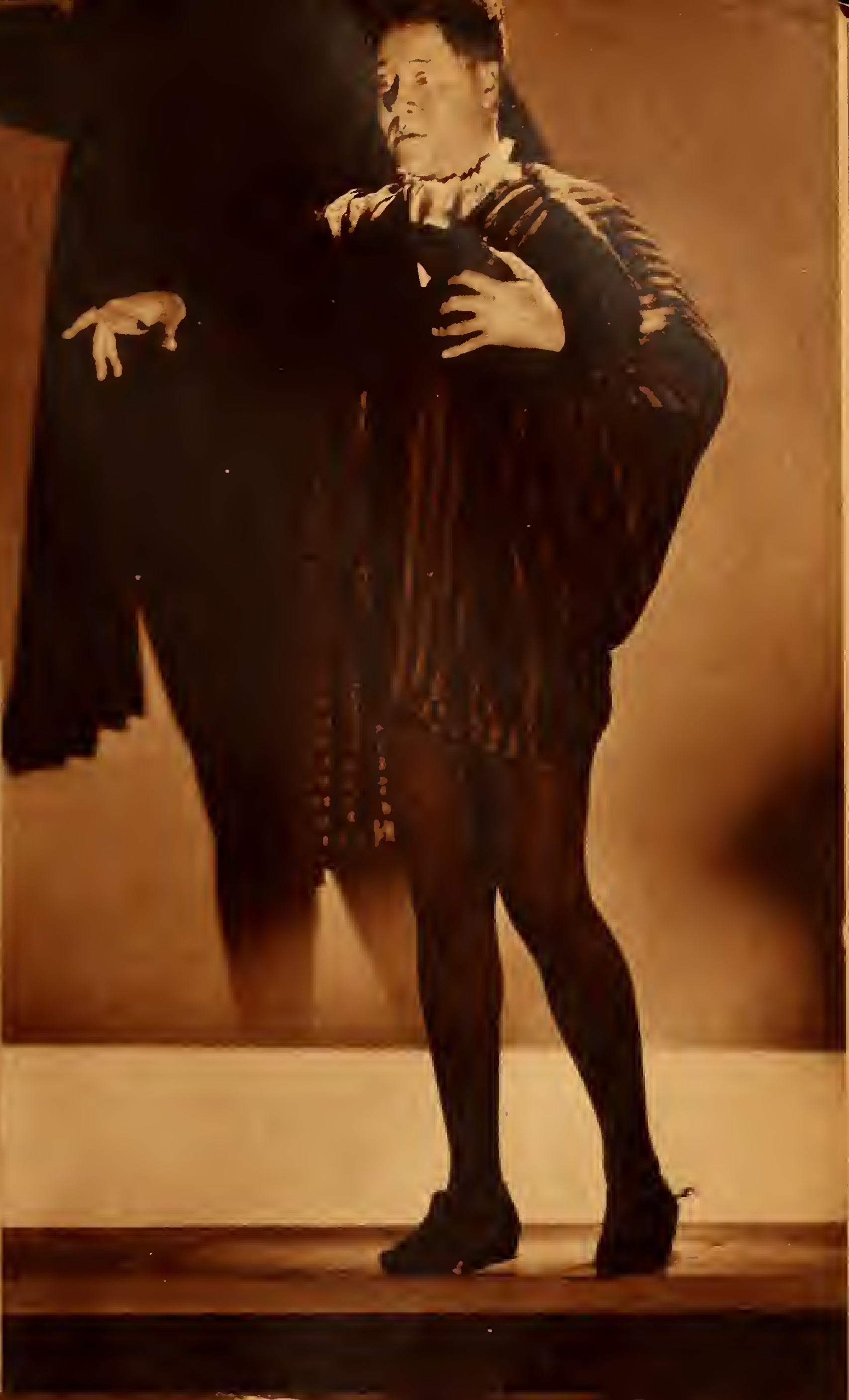
Claudette Colbert, who was a modern of moderns in "It Happened One Night," is now the most exotic of the ancients in "Cleopatra." Which is fitting enough, for it was Claudette—not Garbo—who started this queen cycle, as *Poppaea* in "The Sign of the Cross." In that picture, if you remember, she loved a noble Roman played by Fredric March. And now, once again, she loses her heart to a Roman he-man—namely, *Marc Antony*. The rôle is played by a young Englishman named Harry Wilcoxon, who bears a slight resemblance to March. They were rivals for the part, which requires a noble physique, as well as a noble profile. Harry has it

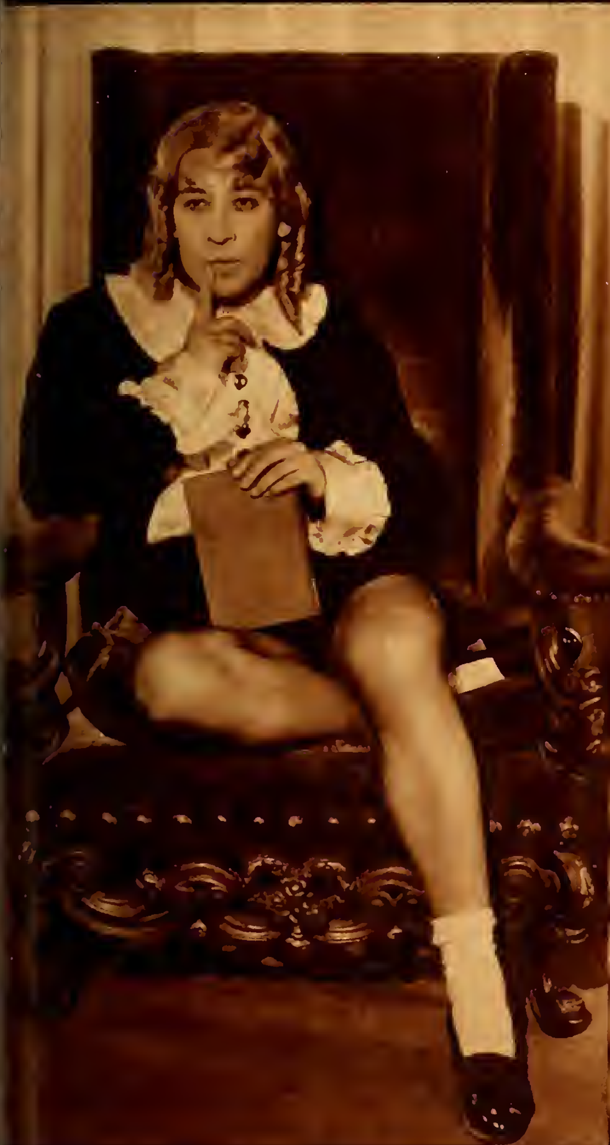
Could you picture Carole Lombard as either of the "Orphans of the Storm," not to mention both of them—as a playful photographer has at the left? For the wistful, sweet-sixteenish orphans are just the opposite of Carole, the svelte and sophisticated. She's playing a curvacious movie star in that uproarious comedy, "Twentieth Century," with John Barrymore

RÔLES YOU'LL NEVER SEE THEM PLAY

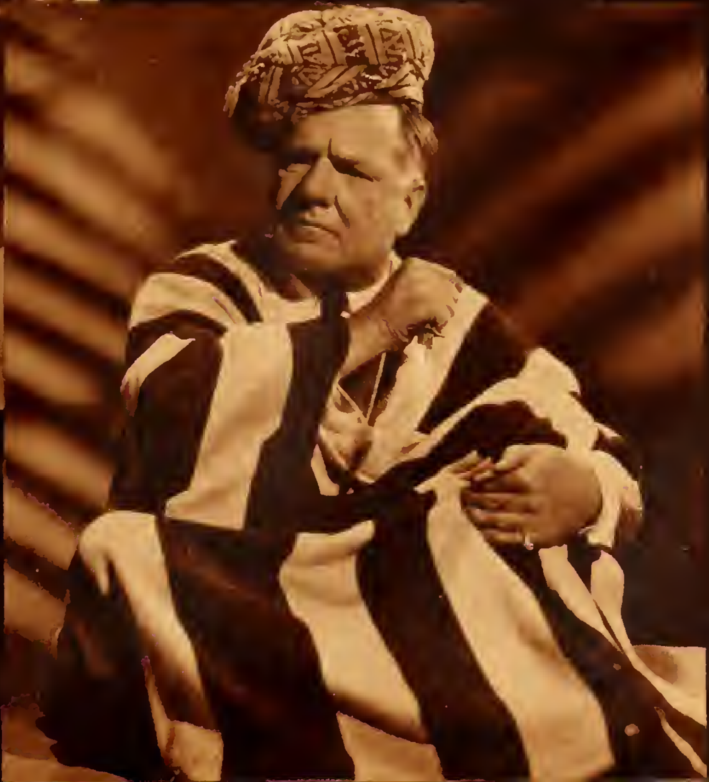
In a mischievous mood, five Paramount stars dressed up as characters who are their direct opposites — just to see themselves as others will never see them on the screen. Here are the results. Imagine Sylvia Sidney as *Salome,* the stormy seductress! — when Sylvia's appeal to men lies in her frank, keen mind, as you'll see in "Thirty-Day Princess"

Every comedian, they say, would like—just once—to be tragic and play *Hamlet*. At the right, you can see what would happen if Jack Oakie donned the mantle of the gloomy Dane and saw ghosts. Could you keep a straight face? You'll never face the test, for the imp in Jack is uppermost—as in "Murder at the Vanities"





George Raft as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*—now, there would be sump'n! Just gaze on those curls and those frills! Nothing could be more the opposite of the George you'll see Mae West vamp in "It Ain't No Sin"



For years, Paramount has been pondering the possibility of remaking "The Sheik"—but W. C. Fields will never play the title rôle. As a sheik, he'd be a shriek. For great clowning, not great loving, is his line—as he shows you in "You're Telling Me," his newest

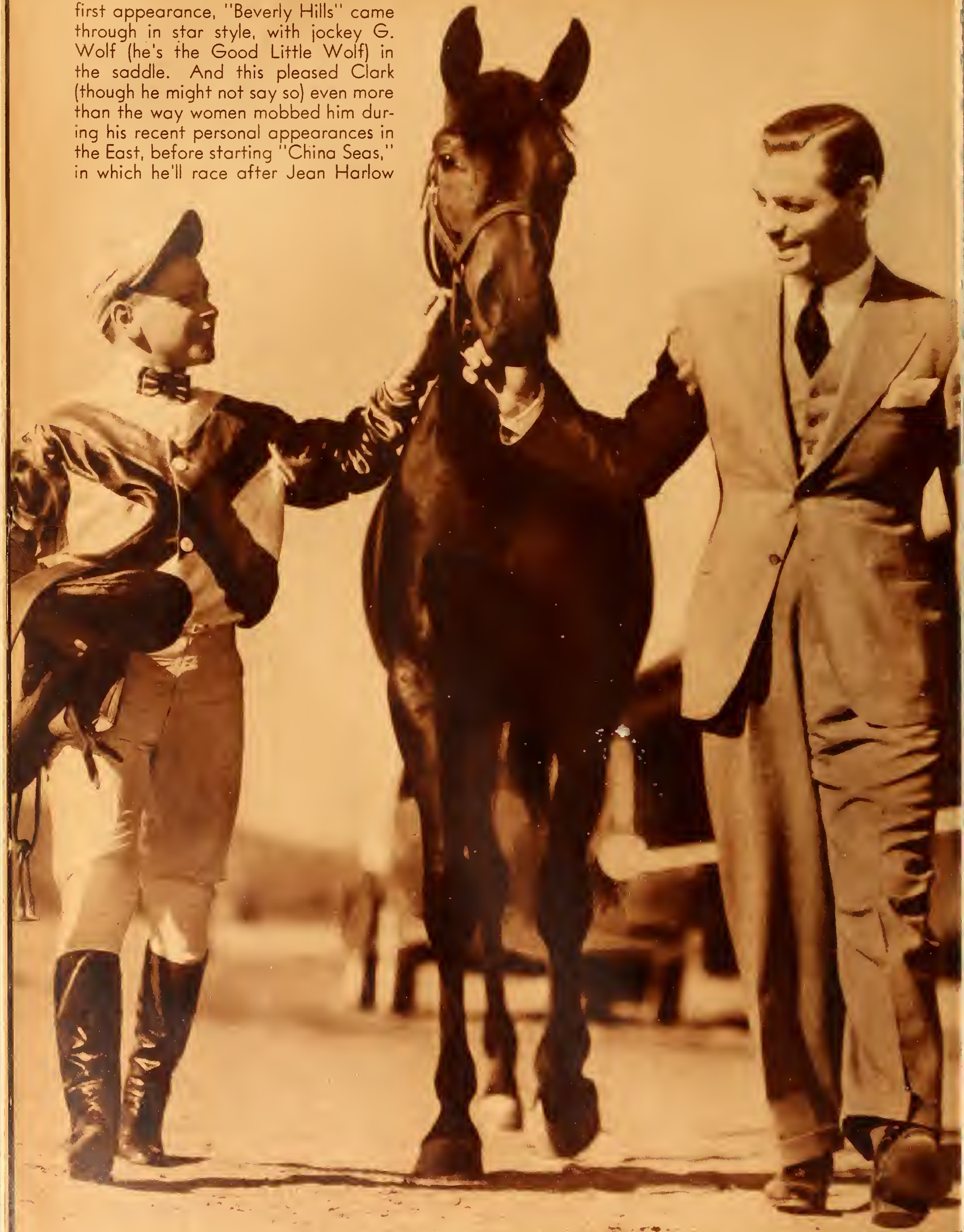
WILL RUBY BID GOODBYE, TOO?

Guess who receives the most letters at Warners! Would you be surprised if we told you—Ruby Keeler? Well, she does—and that's one of Life's Little Ironies. Because fame and fortune and popularity (she can claim them all) don't mean much to her. Only hubby Al Jolson counts. Whither Al goest, so goest Ruby. And he recently said they were getting away from Hollywood for good, buying a love nest in the East (not too far from Broadway), and raising a family—after Ruby co-stars once more with Dick Powell, in "Dames"

DID YOU EVER SEE A MARSH CHEERFUL?

Marshes are always pictured as dismal and gloomy—all but the Marsh named Joan. She's the cheerful exception—a decided addition to the landscape. When she smiles, she looks as if she means it. She has put W. C. Fields in good humor for his first starring film, "You're Telling Me." Fields and Marsh—what team could be more natural?

Clark Gable owns a filly that takes after her master. Unheralded in her first appearance, "Beverly Hills" came through in star style, with jockey G. Wolf (he's the Good Little Wolf) in the saddle. And this pleased Clark (though he might not say so) even more than the way women mobbed him during his recent personal appearances in the East, before starting "China Seas," in which he'll race after Jean Harlow



HIS *Stable* SOURCE OF INCOME

"SILK *is as* TOUCHY *as my* BABY'S SKIN..

"It's funny I didn't realize it before. Ever since Jerry was 3 days old, he's been bathed with Ivory Soap. Now I should have known that anything as delicate as satin underwear or chiffon stockings should be washed with *pure* Ivory, too!

"But I didn't—until this happened. I was shopping for a pretty negligee, my first new one in two years. I found a darling in satin and lace—and I did so want it! Of course, I had to be practical, so I asked, 'Will it wash?'

"The salesgirl surprised me. 'Yes—and no!' she said. 'If you wash it in lukewarm Ivory suds, I know you'll be satisfied. But I'm really afraid that anything stronger will take out the color. I use Ivory Flakes myself because they dissolve so fast.'"

Yes, salespeople in fine stores all over the country have been advising Ivory for a long, long time. And today they're partial to Ivory Flakes—the quick-dissolving form of the same *pure* Ivory that you know so well.

If you aren't sure of the *purity* of your fine-fabrics soap, look out!—it may be too strong. Just keep track of what it does to silks—and if colors soon fade or streak, you'd better change to *pure* Ivory Flakes.

Are you keen to get your money's worth? Then your grocer can show you something. Ask him to weigh a box of Ivory Flakes—then to weigh a box of other silk stocking soap. There's 20% more soap in the Ivory box! Isn't that worth your while?

That's why the SALESGIRL *said 'Wash* SILKS *with* IVORY"

IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

Negligee from Wanamaker's, New York

IVORY FLAKES

99 44/100 % PURE • TODAY'S SAFEST AND BIGGEST VALUE IN FINE FABRICS SOAPS

CAROLE LOMBARD TELLS WHY HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES CAN'T SUCCEED

An actress always has to look glamourous to a screen lover—as Carole does to Clark Gable, above. But hubby sees her in her off-moments!

WHY can't marriage and movies mix? This is the frankest, most searching explanation that we have ever read. And we think you'll say the same thing. Carole—whose marriage to William Powell came to an end after two years—speaks from experience!

By SONIA LEE

THE modern, wage-earning woman has arrived at moral and emotional cross-roads. Marriage no longer holds for her the conventional values. But society has not yet recognized her needs or sanctioned her departure from the adamant, age-old standards. That's why so many Hollywood marriages can't succeed, says Carole Lombard. And for this modern woman who has expanded mentally and spiritually, she asks a new set of moral values and a new marriage code.

"The woman who earns her own living has a definite set of problems," she declares. "She isn't seeking a lax, uncontrolled life. She is only searching for happiness, some exaltation of her spirit and her body, which she has not been able to find by being a stay-at-home. And these problems are intensified for those who have made a profession of motion pictures. Certainly, they are intensified for me.

"We actresses live a life totally different from the regular, automatic program that the majority of women follow. Their life sequence is determined for them from babyhood—school, a period of play, marriage to one man, and then a settling into a routine destined to continue.

"It is easy enough for the sheltered, supported wife to put a fence around her heart. She lives for her close family circle. There are no extraneous influences to disturb or mar the even tenor of her days, to unbalance her adjustment to wifehood and motherhood. She is in love with one man—and she can remain in love. Marriage is a ritual, a self-continuing experience.

Can't Be a One-Man Woman

"BUT the motion picture actress dares not permit herself to settle into a groove. *She* must be emotionally pliable! She must respond to every influence—to every nuance of mood—to the tenderness of a dozen men! She must exclude her husband from her mind when she is in front of a camera. It is inevitable that eventually she responds out of

Carole Lombard, since her divorce from William Powell, has built herself a new home—and it's a home that could be a background for only a blonde. You'll read the details back on pages 40 and 41

camera range, as well as before the microphone.

"An actress must syndicate *her* charm! She must make herself interesting—not alone to a husband, but to a million critical individuals who pay their money to see her.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Unavoidably, Carole and William Powell led separate lives. Love faded, though they remained friends. So they divorced

By JACK GRANT

Russia is the most dramatic country in the world to-day—and Hollywood is just waking up to that fact. It's sending stars, directors and writers to study the life of Anna Sten's native land. Movies are going Russian!

HOLLYWOOD Recognizes RUSSIA!

The hub of Soviet life is Red Square, Moscow (top)—and many a movie will soon revolve around that same square and its people. Top to bottom, left, Paul Muni, who has just visited Russia; Sergei Eisenstein, now filming the saga of the Soviets; Cecil B. DeMille, who hails Russia's film future; Charles Bickford, wanted by the Soviets as a star; and director Wilhelm Dieterle, who also expresses confidence in Russia's film future

AFTER fifteen years, the United States of America has officially recognized the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the two countries have exchanged ambassadors. And now, following the lead of President Roosevelt, Hollywood also is recognizing Russia—recognizing it as a brand-new market for films and as a new and interesting source of story material. That news is worth headlines—big red headlines.

For Russia may give Hollywood the answer to the burning question: What's wrong with American pictures? There's no denying that Hollywood's bill of picture fare this last year has not satisfied the hunger of the American public. They have been taught in the hard school of depression to think about realities, the vital necessities of food and work and shelter. They have even learned hazily that there are such things as supply and demand, production and surplus. It is interested in these things. They have been crying for bread, and Hollywood has said,

R. H. Louise

Russia produced Anna Sten (left). Who knows what other stars may be found there?

Acme

Above, the first—and almost the only—attempt by Hollywood to dramatize the Russian masses, sympathetically. This is a group from Cecil B. De Mille's picture, "The Volga Boatman"

"Let 'em eat cake." There is no cake in Russia.

There, for the past ten years, a whole nation of movie fans—one hundred and fifty million of them—have watched, entranced, a screen that has shown them life itself, life in the raw, life in the fields, in factories, in mines, life that they, themselves, are living. The motion picture of the Soviet régime has not been a pretty amusement for an idle evening, but an instructor that has made education thrilling, a preacher of new and enthralling ideas and ideals. Hollywood may well take a hint from Russia in turning from a world of make-believe to pictures that deal with the vivid essentials of life.

The American film capital has already sent several ambassadors to Russia and has received with unstinted praise Anna Sten, first ambassadress from the Soviet. In a Russian church in New York, prayers for the success of Citizeness Sten's American venture were invoked and Russian emigrés were overjoyed when her appearance in "Nana" created a sensational new star. You may draw what significance you will from the prayers of a people generally represented as being irreligious.

As for the Hollywood representatives who have visited the Soviet, Cecil B. DeMille tarried longer in Russia than in any other country when he took a trip around the world two years ago. Lewis Milestone, the director, and Laurence Stallings, the playwright, following a recent sojourn in Moscow, are preparing a story called "Red Square," which may be produced by Columbia or by some other studio. Paramount is to send two writers upon a similar assignment and M-G-M has scheduled "Soviet," in which Wallace Beery will star.

Russians Understood Harpo

HARPO Marx has recently returned from Russia, where he was invited to perform his pantomine on the stages of Leningrad and Moscow and was acclaimed. (Like Chaplin, the silent Harpo is universally understood.) The comic wasn't always clowning and did much to cement the growing friendliness of the New Republic toward the *Amerikankas.* Marx, of course, is a name dear to the Russian heart. To the Russians, Karl Marx, the first great champion of the workers' cause, is almost a god.

It is reported that Mary Pickford will soon journey to Russia to make a picture. Charles Bickford confirms the report that he has signed to appear in "Immigration," under the banner of Sovkino. He sails in June of this year. Miriam Hopkins would listen to a Soviet offer. Paul Muni and his wife have just spent

(*Continued on Page 72*)

"Hollywood Is Ruining Me as an Actress"

—Gloria Stuart

By FRANC DILLON

"I MIGHT have been a good actress if I hadn't gone into the movies!" Gloria Stuart told me. "I might still be—if I get away from Hollywood in time. Working in pictures is like taking a sleeping potion. I feel that I'm being slowly poisoned; I'm being put to sleep and my dreams about the theatre that I've had all my life are being taken out of my reach."

Less than two years ago, Gloria—young, unknown, but beautiful, talented and ambitious—arrived in Hollywood. Now, after having made thirteen pictures, she is a successful star and she declares that the movies are ruining her as an actress and as a woman. She is staging a private, one-woman war against Hollywood.

"I don't care if I never even see another picture," she declared heatedly. "I want to go back to the stage."

This love for the stage is no new idea with Gloria. She began making theatrical scrapbooks as soon as she was old enough to read and paste. She left college to join the artists' colony at Carmel, California, and appear in many plays at the little Theatre of the Golden Bough. Next came the Pasadena Community Playhouse and from there it was just a step into pictures. In fact, it was a jump, for it all happened so quickly that Gloria, a little bewildered, found herself with a five-year contract in her pocket before she knew what she was doing.

At that time, she said to me, "In five years I'll be on Broadway. You'll see! My motion picture contract is just to help me get there, to be a stepping stone."

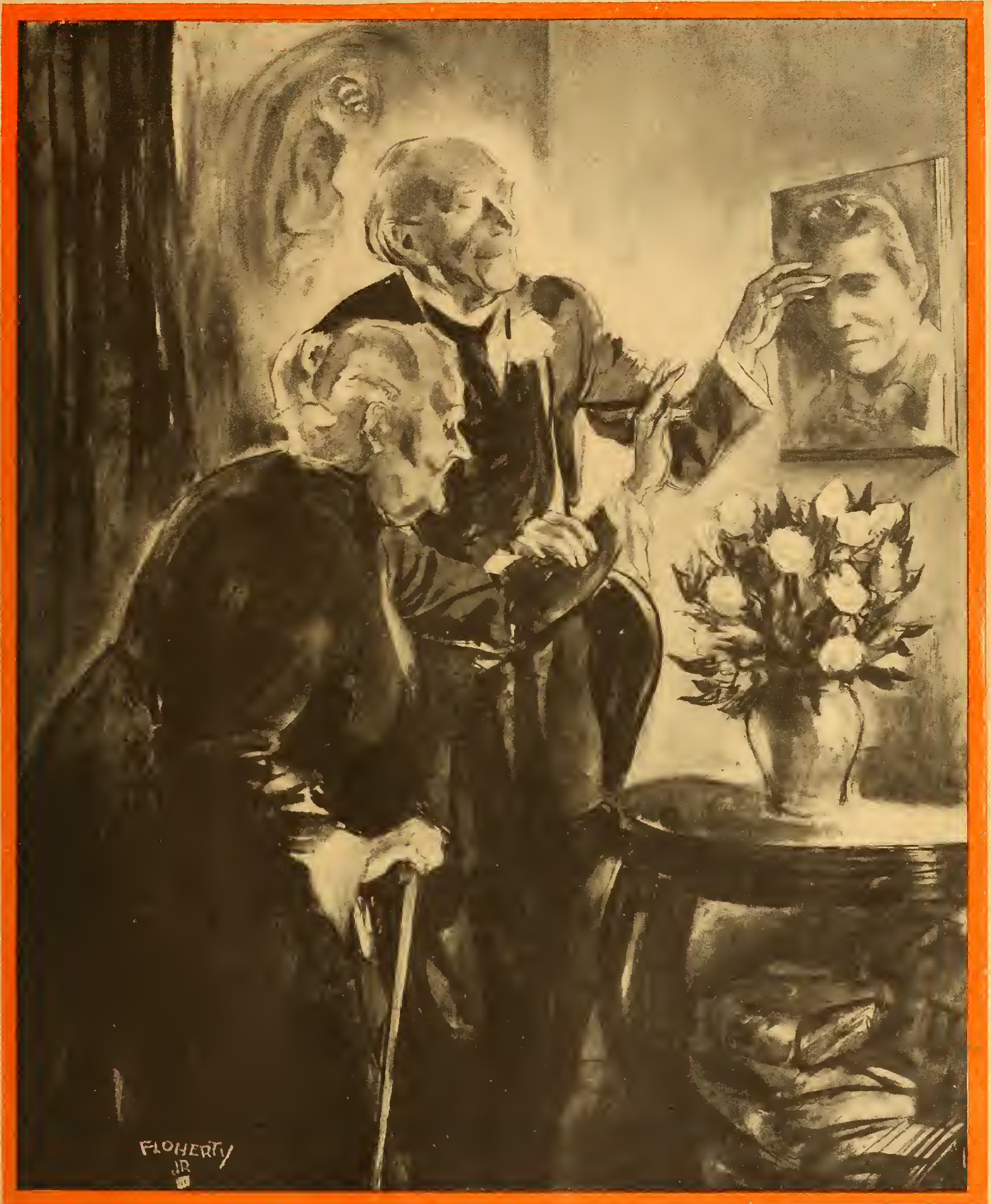
The only change in Gloria's plans is that now she doesn't want to wait even three more years to make that long-dreamed-about trek to Broadway.

Disillusioned by Movie "Success"

"I CAME to Hollywood with such high hopes," she told me, when I went to talk to her about her reported studio revolt; about the rumors that she had threatened to walk out of her contract and go to Shanghai to work on a newspaper; to do anything, rather than continue playing what she considered inferior rôles.

"I thought pictures were going to be the stepping stone to a great future for me on the stage. And it wasn't hard to take the money and buy things that I (*Continued on page 102*)

That's a strange remark from a girl who is a star, who has reached the top of the heap. But she insists that she means it—and tells why she longs to get away, to the stage!



One aged blind couple—both movie fans—have a bas-relief plaque of Clark Gable's face, so that their fingers can feel his features. To them, he is like the son they have lost. But the blind whom the author interviewed deny that there is pathos in their sightlessness; their "inner" eyes tell them more than our "outer" eyes do

picture it all in my imagination. Incidentally, *my* pictures are wider in scope than the camera's. In the newsreel last night, for example, the voice of Graham McNamee described a 'vast crowd' gathered in Berlin. If you saw that newsreel, your vision was no wider than that of the camera lens, while the picture that *I* saw was panoramic, as vast as the reality.

"Since losing the sense of sight, all of my other senses have been sharpened immeasurably—especially the sixth sense, intuition. When I could see, I heard only the voices of the

(*Continued on page 99*)

NEWS and GOSSIP from HOLLYWOOD

Gloria on Glory Road Again

GLORIA SWANSON has a new contract—and is headed for a new "comeback." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has added her to its roster and is planning something big for her; maybe a talkie version of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." Meanwhile, Hollywood wonders how Gloria will fit in with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Helen Hayes, Marion Davies and Jeanette MacDonald, all on one small lot. Not to mention the Great Garbo. Rumor suggests that, if she has anything to say about it, Gloria's first leading man will be Herbert Marshall—whose wife, Edna Best, has finally capitulated to Hollywood offers and is the heroine of "The Key."

A Girl with a Background

ROSEMARY AMES, the new Fox discovery (watch for her in "I Believed in You"), has one of the most interesting backgrounds of any Hollywood newcomer. It includes a degree from Mills College, a society début, a wealthy marriage in England, a divorce, a period of hard luck, another marriage and a child—all in the course of a few years. Charm, poise, a face carved by experience, a vivid personality—all these make this young woman unusual among the innumerable blondes of the new crop.

Hepburnhardt

KATHARINE HEPBURN must be angling for a comparison with Sarah ("The Divine Sarah") Bernhardt. Her newest pictures, sent on from New York where she played seven weeks in "The Lake," portray her with Bernhardt-frizzed hair, wearing the shapeless, arty garments that Sarah loved to wear to conceal her emaciated figure; and the yearning poses make the resemblance to the late great French actress unmistakable. What Hollywood wonders is: Does this mean that Katie is through with her roguish pranks, her shrieking duets with her monkey (which had the nerves of Radio Studio on edge), and her grimy overalls? Or is she just getting in the mood to play "Joan of Arc," scheduled as her next picture, following her holiday?

You don't often get close-ups of chorus beauties—so here's a treat for you. They are filmdom's prettiest, as picked by Earl Carroll for "Murder at the Vanities"

Foreign Stars Worried

THE revival of the talk of banning foreign movie stars in favor of home products has caused plenty of headaches in Hollywood. Few German players want to go back to Germany under the Hitler régime. Most of the English stars own homes here. Besides, if Congress passes such a measure of exclusion, what of beautiful Madeleine Carroll, just arrived on the Fox lot in exchange for Warner Baxter, who will make a picture in England? What of lovely little Elizabeth Bergner, soon to come to us? What of Anna Sten, who has become indispensable after one picture? Hollywood owes too much to foreign countries to put down the bars. We might lose more than we would gain.

Fast Work, Cupid!

ONE of the most sudden romances on record is that of two new foreign imports—Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer. She's English and the heroine of "Bottoms Up"; he's French. They met on the Fox lot and three weeks later were heading for Yuma and marriage!

Lilian's Little Ring

LILIAN HARVEY has been spotted wearing a wedding ring. Which gives rise to two rumors. One, that she is already married to Willy Fritsch, her smiling co-star in Germany (as long suspected). The other, that she is soon going to Berlin to marry him—and he sent the wedding ring over to see if he had bought the right size. Meanwhile, returns from "I Am Suzanne" indicate that it is more popular than her first two American pictures. So she may stay in Hollywood.

Beautiful, But Glum

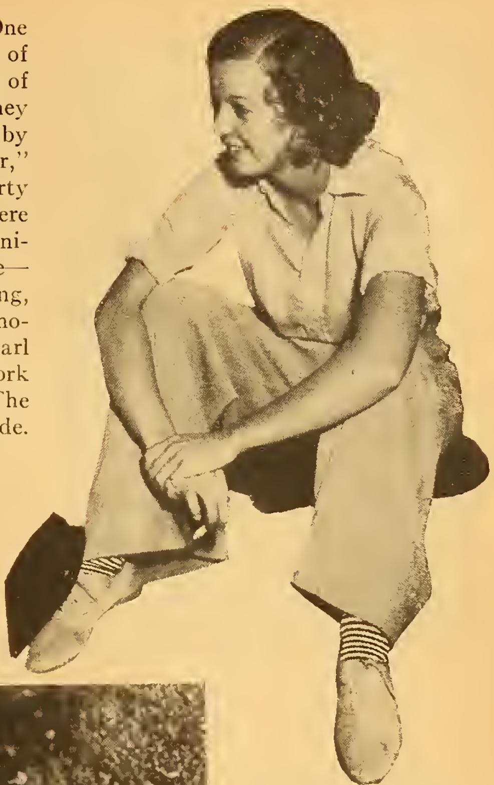
BEAUTY can be a great handicap to the enjoyment of life. The other day, we saw the Earl Carroll beauties of "Murder at the Vanities" at lunch. One had a piece of Melba toast and a cup of black coffee; another had a bowl of bouillon; another, a small sandwich. They ate these meagre rations, crumb by crumb, to make them "go farther," watching with starved eyes the hearty meal that several stenographers were having at the next table. These "Vanities" girls live a rigidly supervised life—no late hours, no dates while working, and chaperons at their elbows every moment. Only one of the six blondes Earl Carroll brought with him from New York is so by virtue of the peroxide bottle. The rest are that *rara avis*, natural blonde. The press-agents swear it.

The Girl Who Didn't Forget

LITTLE Jean Parker (now playing a girl of the bayous in "Louisiana") has taught Hollywood a thing or two about loyalty. Deeply in love with a high-school boy, she did not forget him when she became a movie actress. The rumorers tried to have her engaged to Tom Brown, William Bakewell and a half-dozen others, but Jean shook her head. She got a job for her own boy-friend on the Metro lot. They'll be married in a few years, she says.

Jack Holt and his son, Tim, like the same things—which makes them buddies. They like shooting, and they like acting. Maybe some day Tim will be a star like his Dad in "Whirlpool"

Who'd believe it? Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald have made up and are hugging each other because they're to make "The Merry Widow" together. Just two little turtle doves!



Margaret Sullavan, who doesn't like reporters, does like tomboy clothes. Old corduroy slacks let her be "natural," and reporters don't. She's now making "Little Man, What Now?"

Back in Circulation

ESTHER RALSTON, who just sued George Webb for divorce, is so much in earnest about her "new" career that she recently went on a diet of orange juice and bouillon for two weeks to lose a few pounds she thought superfluous. (No one else did.) She will play a hard-boiled chorus girl in the new Crawford picture, "Sadie McKee"—a departure from her former sweet parts. She and her tiny daughter are living in a Monterey cottage with maple and pine furnishings, and the little girl has a doll's house into which she and her mother can both creep.

Her ex-husband, who has long been her business manager, is now reported interested in a new concern that will offer tourists the chance to be photographed with their favorite stars. For one dollar, you may have your face photographed alongside that of Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow or even Mae West. Think what social position this will give you back home, framed on the mantel! And if the star apparently alongside you was only a life-size replica, why bring that up?

Escaped Behind a Mustache

WHAT a time Rudy Vallee had, escaping from Hollywood after finishing "Scandals," to avoid process-servers put on his trail by his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee. Being a resourceful, as well as dramatic youth, Rudy pasted on a false mustache (which he also does in the picture), planted his expensive car in front of his apartment as a blind, and hired a car to take him out of town. Said car was in Arizona before the train bearing his secretary, his luggage and his famous dog, Windy (which got into the papers by biting a reporter), caught up with him.

Doesn't Look the Part

ALICE FAYE, vocalist with Rudy's Connecticut Yankees and his leading lady in the picture, is unperturbed by Mrs. Vallee's charge that she made eyes at Rudy. She calmly says it isn't so. And, as if to substantiate her denial of the allegations, points to the fact that she has just been handed a four-year screen contract and that her mail brings her, daily, letters from motherly, tenderly sympathetic ladies who say, "We can tell by one look at your picture, my dear, that the charges are all a mistake."

She is being called "the baby Harlow" on the lot. Her remarkable slanting eyebrows, she confides, came as a result of the accident a few months ago that almost scarred her for life, when the car in which she was riding with Rudy and members of his band turned over on a slippery stretch of road. A deep gash over her eye necessitated the shaving of her brows and their placement elsewhere with an eyebrow pencil.

Garbo Tank She Go East

THE opening of "Queen Christina" featured the old-time crowds, lights, stars and Cora Sue Collins, driven up in state in a tiny red coach with four black Shetland ponies. The style note of the occasion: most of the women present wore glittering ornaments in their hair. And speaking of styles, all the local shops featuring Garbo cocktail gowns with high, white ruffs like her "Queen Christina" costume were sold out as soon as the doors opened. Despite Mae West, Garbo is still a style-setter!

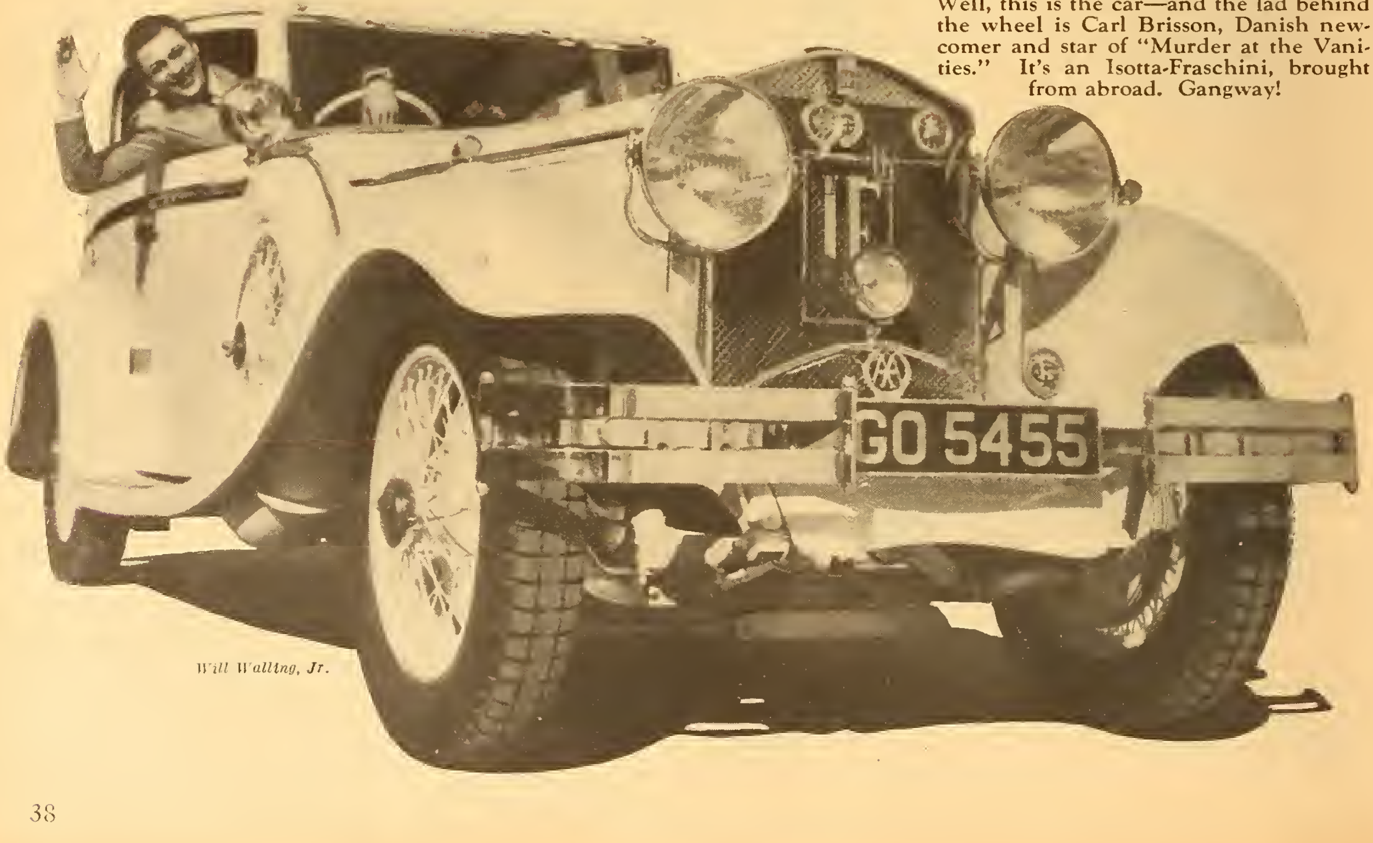
And where was the great Greta, herself? Missing—and reported on the way to New York, whither director Rouben Mamoulian had gone a few days previously. The latest Garbo rumor is that she has just purchased several thousand dollars' worth of grand furniture. And the question is: Why should Garbo need new furniture, unless she plans to do some entertaining? And why should she break the Garbo tradition of lonely solitude, unless, perhaps, she is planning to marry —or is already secretly wed?

Why Peggy "Disappears"

MARGARET SULLAVAN doesn't need a publicity man, the way she has been cracking the headlines with her round-trip air rides to Chicago and her disappearing acts. She explains by saying she is dodging "horrible prying people"—reporters, to you. She doesn't like interviewers who insist on examining her private life, instead of her acting life. She denies that she has anything to hide; she says that up to now she has always been able to stop acting and be herself when not on a stage, and she doesn't see any reason why she should let Hollywood take her privacy away from her. Moreover, she says it as if she means it. If you can imagine a movie star craving privacy! But this Sullavan girl is an unusual person—as you saw in "Only Yesterday," and are about to see in "Little Man, What Now?" and "Elizabeth and Mary," in which that old favorite, Mrs. Leslie Carter, will come out of retirement to play *Queen Elizabeth* to Margaret's *Mary of Scotland*.

The New Crabbe Chassis

BUSTER CRABBE is determined to succeed at this acting game. Buster was a bit thick on the shoulders and heavy around the neck from swimming when he first arrived on the screen in "King of the Jungle." All of which befitted a Lion Man, but is not so good for a well-dressed hero. Now, amazingly, he turns up with a brand-new physique, slim, trim and just made for showing off clothes. No more animal pelts for Buster —who now loathes that nickname and asks to be billed as Larry Crabbe. They're compromising and calling him Larry "Buster" Crabbe, planning to shed the middle name when the public gets used to the other one. Remember how Charles ("Buddy") Rogers and Charles ("Buck") Jones tried—in vain—to shed their nicknames?



Will Walling, Jr.

Who has the flashiest car in Hollywood? Well, this is the car—and the lad behind the wheel is Carl Brisson, Danish newcomer and star of "Murder at the Vanities." It's an Isotta-Fraschini, brought from abroad. Gangway!

Two Ambitious Lads

LARRY—or Buster, if you still insist—studies all the scripts at Paramount, looking for parts he might play. If a scenario calls for a prize-fighter, he rushes off to take boxing lessons. If a scenario calls for a fencer, he learns to fence. "They aren't going to catch me napping when my chance comes," he declares.

Lyle Talbot is the "lemme" lad of the Warners' lot. He begs to do anything, everything, and smilingly takes all the rôles that other actors turn down. "Nothing is too unpleasant for a real actor," says Lyle, charging it all up to experience. He's now in "Return of the Terror."

Welbourne

Maybe it's youth, maybe it's love, maybe it's Spring—but Rochelle Hudson and Hal Le Roy are gay-nineteening it as *Lillums* and *Harold* in "Harold Teen," based on the well-known comic strip

Russell Ball

My, what a great big bow and arrow you have, Cupid! "All the better to shoot hard-hearted fellows with!" says Muriel Evans. But who could be hard-hearted to Muriel, who is in "Heat Lightning"?

The dancers are beginning to have THEIR day on the screen—and one of the best is Frances Drake (left), from England. Maybe you noticed her in "Bolero." Now she's a Mexican dancer in "The Trumpet Blows"

Sssh! A "Mystery" Star!

IF you want people to get excited about something they might not otherwise get excited about, just make out that you have a secret you don't want to tell. They'll plead with you to tell them. It's one of the oldest gags in the world, but still good. RKO, for example, is letting the news leak out that they are secretly testing a Mr. X, mysterious newcomer, more horrendous than Karloff, more sinister than Atwill. This gentleman, who will play horror rôles, goes about the lot with a cloth over his head, and is usually seen only at night. The idea is that everyone will be asking: "Who is Mr. X?" Well, maybe . . . .

A Barrymore at Home

JOHN BARRYMORE (who is making "Twentieth Century") is building an addition to his house to contain the new Tony Sarg portrait of himself and his family, or at least of all his family to date. John promises us many more little Barrymores. The portrait is a huge affair, showing John just entering a room, with the Hollywood hills glimpsed over his shoulder. He is carrying a kitten and a dog is rubbing against his legs. On a sofa, gathered to greet Papa, are Dolores Costello Barrymore, holding one child, while the other pulls at her skirts. One could hardly imagine a more domestic scene. And a few years ago, no one would ever have imagined it of John—who has become, like his brother Lionel, one of the world's most thoughtful husbands.

The Show Goes On and On

"THE Drunkard," a burlesqued revival of an old-time stage melodrama-with-a-moral, has been running in Hollywood almost a year. All the visiting celebrities feel their visits are incomplete

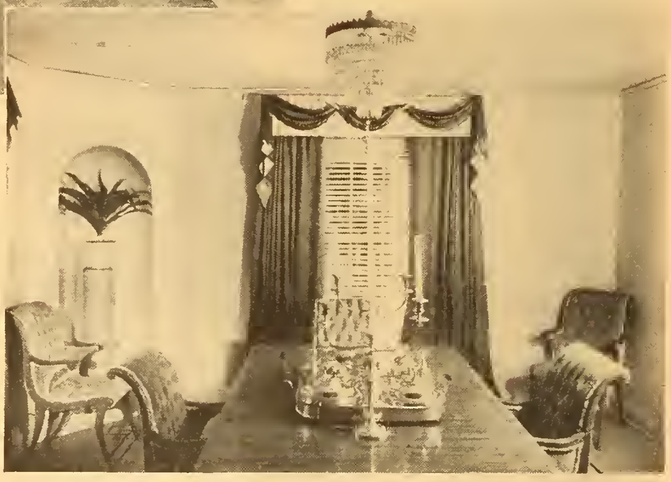
(*Continued on page 82*)

Carole Lombard's House is a BACKGROUND FOR A BLONDE!

William Haines—who is an interior decorator when he isn't movie-acting—furnished Carole's new home to express her personality. Here's how he did it. And here are some practical hints about how to give your own home some of those luxurious Lombard touches!

You know William Haines (above) as a specialist in smart comedy; but Hollywood also knows him as a smart interior decorator. He "did" the interior of Carole's new home to match her personality

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN



Top, Carole Lombard on the lawn of her new Hollywood home—as feminine as she is, herself. Above, the dining room, described in detail in this article

Who doesn't wonder what the homes of movie stars must be like? And who doesn't wish—sub-consciously, if not consciously—that he might live in the style that stars do?

Beginning this month, MOTION PICTURE will present, with illustrations, the "inside" stories of several stars' homes. But we're going to do more than that. We are going to tell you how *you* may adapt some of the highlights of their glamourous houses to your own. Because hers is one of the newest in Hollywood, we are starting the series with the home of Carole Lombard, who tells you, on pages 28 and 29, why Hollywood marriages can't succeed.—*Editor.*

ANY male who ventures to set foot inside Carole Lombard's new house, decorated for her by William Haines, will feel as shaggy as *Tarzan.* Its femininity is so unmistakable that your first glance tells you that it is occupied by a single woman, a woman, moreover, who evidently has no intention of marrying (but who is so alluring that she will probably change her mind), a woman wealthy, beautiful and *blonde.* But any woman—blonde, brunette or redhead—could learn how to make her own home lovelier after studying Carole's.

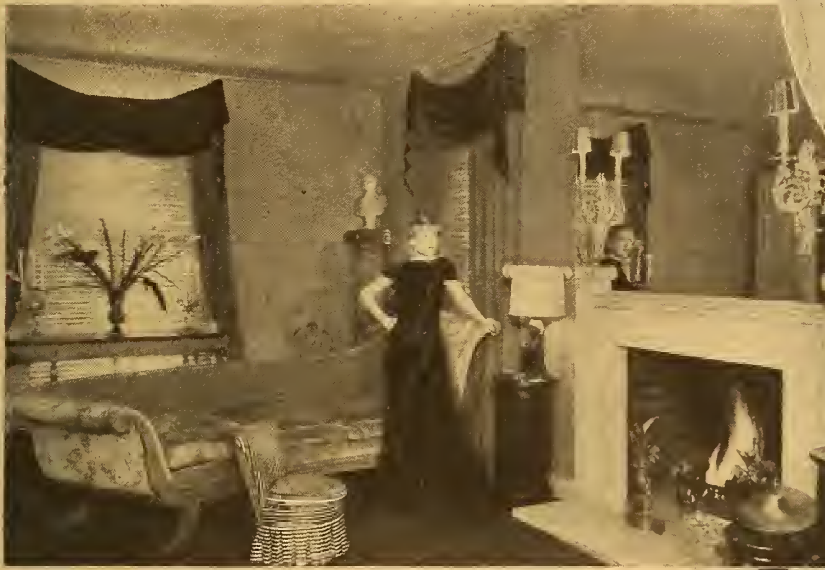
Here is a home that is utterly feminine, that testifies to poised living, and that has color schemes that bespeak a blonde owner. Her pale and elegant drawing room is no place for tweeds or slacks, but a perfect setting for trailing tea gowns and evening dresses. The room glows with the sheen of antique woods, softly hung with velvet. You might think at first that you could never afford to surround yourself with such loveliness in materials, colors and furnishings. On second thought, you might change your mind.

It's true that the Wedgewood plaque, set into the cigarette box on her couchside table, probably cost more than you were intending to spend on furnishing your whole living room. But, after all, the charm of Carole's drawing room does not depend on a Wedgewood box top, or even on the age of the two old white Hepplethwaite side chairs, or the genuineness of the Empire mirror over the couch. The arrangement, choice of colors, and harmony of furnishings offer everyone practical suggestions and new ideas.

What You See First

LET us walk through Carole's home, noticing how William Haines worked to get his effects. The hall is very small, and the walls, woodwork and carpet are all done in one tone of soft gray. In one corner stands a marble fernery with a tall column rising among the green of ferns, palms and flowers, topped with an antique statue of Apollo. Only a movie star could afford one exactly like that, but the idea of giving life to an uninteresting corner of a hallway is adaptable to all sorts of variations. Instead of marble, the fernery might be made of pottery or even tin, if covered with moss and vines, with a lattice rising in the place of the column. Or the column might be topped with a flower jar of white glaze, kept filled with ferns. Greenery gives life to any room.

Carole Lombard is blonde, seductive, poised in the elegant manner—and ultra-modern and sophisticated. So William Haines furnished her drawing room in modernized Empire style. Above, you see a corner of this vivid room



The White House has a Blue Room—but Carole's new house has a "rhapsody in blue" room. It is the drawing room (above), in which six shades of blue, all flattering to a blonde, are employed in the decorative scheme

What could be more intimately feminine than Carole's dressing-room, (above, right)? And note how the Empire fireplace in her bedroom (above, left), lends itself as a background for her poise. Left, her unusual bed

On the left, two steps take us down into Carole's drawing room, done in *six shades of blue*. This, William Haines assures us, is the very latest idea—several subtle and harmonizing tones of the same color in one room. The walls are painted with a flat, dull finish, in that delicate tint that is bluish lavender. The rug is a dark, bright blue; the overdrapes at the windows are of French blue velvet, intricately arranged; the curtains, themselves, are baby-blue damask; the Empire couch and opposite chair are blue-gray velvet, and the small hostess chair is covered with striped silk, in still another blue shade.

(*Continued on page 90*)

By DOROTHY MANNERS

JEAN RATES THIRD

...Except In Salary

JEAN HARLOW was recently voted to be the THIRD most popular feminine star, in a national poll of exhibitors. But what salary has she been getting in comparison with other leading women stars? Here is a list of ten leaders, together with their reported salaries:

MARIE DRESSLER	$3,500
JANET GAYNOR	4,500
JOAN CRAWFORD	4,500
GRETA GARBO	9,000
MAE WEST (Per Picture)	70,000
CONSTANCE BENNETT	7,000
RUTH CHATTERTON	7,500
ANN HARDING	6,000
MARLENE DIETRICH	5,000
JEAN HARLOW	**1,500**

Is JEAN HARLOW Hollywood's Most Underpaid Star?

She ranks THIRD in box-office popularity, but her salary isn't one of those you read about. She recently staged a "walk-out" to see if she couldn't do something about it. And did she win? Believe it or not, she denies it!

AFTER ten weeks of what was referred to as a "strike" for more money, Jean Harlow has returned to M-G-M for the purpose of continuing her career as Third Leading Woman Box-Office Attraction in the movies (title by courtesy of the exhibitors who recently voted her the position). During those ten weeks the movie columns were filled with news of Jean's "studio war." You have seen such flashes as: "Star Demands $10,000 Weekly" . . . "Platinum Blonde Asks Larger Salary Than Garbo's." You got the idea that Jean felt she was underpaid—and was out do something about it.

When it was finally announced that the one-woman walk-out was over and that Jean had reported back to the fold, the insiders heralded the event with: "Harlow Returns to M-G-M at Reported Salary of $4,500 Weekly" . . "Sensational Star Wins Studio Triumph With Big Salary Increase." As usual, good old Hollywood had fought one of Jean Harlow's problems and now it had settled the matter. The truth was out at last! *But was it?*

Jean Harlow told me: "Not one word of truth was printed, or even gossiped, during the time I was off the payroll. I am

(*Continued on page 78*)

Margaret Sullavan hails from Norfolk, down Virginia way, and she must have "Rebel" blood in her veins. For she's a rebel against some of the good old Hollywood customs — such as "telling all" to reporters or acting when off the screen. This dramatic girl, who rose to stardom overnight in "Only Yesterday," is now battling the depression in "Little Man, What Now?" Next she will play the tragic queen, Mary of Scotland, in "Elizabeth and Mary"

Vandamm Studio

MARGARET SULLAVAN, "REBEL"

Freulich

How They Get Baby LEROY to Do Those Things

You've never seen another infant on the screen (or off it, either) who could make the faces or do the things he can. What's the explanation? Here it is—told amusingly!

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

That "Am I mortified?" look

Making himself cry

WHEN the maudlin gurgles with which the whole world greeted Baby Le Roy's screen debut in "A Bedtime Story" had died down, the enraptured public began asking, "But how do they get him to DO those things?" They seemed to think it was some black art that wouldn't work outside a movie studio. But the way they get him to do those things is no secret formula.

It is accomplished by the most simple and the most nerve-wracking method in the world—a method that includes many of the good, old-fashioned fundamentals you were brought up on, and one or two more revolutionary ideas. And Baby LeRoy happens to be a bright infant, which is helpful.

There is a tendency on the part of Le Roy's proud patrons to exaggerate the powers of a twenty-one-months-old baby, and to fear that his talents may not be appreciated. They stress the fact that he is an "actor," and insist that he really "feels" his scenes and understands what it's all about. They hint that that is why he steals so many pictures from his elders.

Only an old meanie would disparage the talents of Baby Le Roy. He's enormously bright and facile, and his good nature and spirit of coöperation beat those of any actor I know. But it would be gruesome to believe that an infant of twenty-one months actually felt his part and had a perfect understanding of the script.

What Baby Le Roy understands most perfectly are the intentions of his own personal director, Miss Rachel Smith. He responds to her suggestions, her hints, commands, and pleas, like a little trouper. Miss Smith, who has had charge of all the Paramount children from Betty Bronson to Bobby Coogan, automatically became Baby Le Roy's nurse, teacher, director, and guardian angel. Anything involving Baby Le Roy also involves the presence of Rachel. But she has a more personal interest in this charge.

She Made Him What He Is

THE story of the world's most famous baby doesn't need retelling, but it can be added that of the many who rushed to claim the honor of "discovering" him, Rachel has the best right. When

This is how Baby Le Roy looked when director Norman Taurog selected him out of several hundred infants to play the foundling in Maurice Chevalier's life in "A Bedtime Story." Young as he was, he stole the picture—and he hasn't played a scene since that he hasn't stolen. He's twenty-two months old now

Norman Taurog demanded a baby for "A Bedtime Story," it was she who went to the Salvation Army, engineered the first test of Le Roy, and rooted for him persistently, while the hundreds of other infants were being tested and tried.

And it is she who has the job of coaxing him into doing those fascinating things. Baby Le Roy isn't really an actor—he's a mimic. A perfectly natural mimic, with a temperament bright enough to embrace a wide range of expressions and feelings. What he "feels" as the camera grinds on him depends entirely on the ingenuity of his devoted mentor, Miss Smith. The script has nothing to do with it, so far as Baby Le Roy is concerned.

In his first picture, when Le Roy was only six months old, there wasn't much chance, of course, of making him do anything to order. It was chiefly a process of waiting around to catch him in the moods or actions the story demanded. But it is the God-given quality of Le Roy that he doesn't keep people waiting long. With a heavenly charm and animation, he is constantly doing things worth photographing. The only difficult thing was to make him cry.

That was done by pushing against his nose with a handkerchief. He always cried when his nose was wiped, and they found that just the gesture was enough to set him off. This is still the official way to make the baby cry, but he will only keep it up for a few seconds after the handkerchief is removed, so a really good crying spell requires some prolonged nose-pushing.

Of course, this bit of business doesn't fit into the scenario very often, so if he has to cry for a long time they dub in the noise—a sound-track of his own wails, induced by the handkerchief-to-nose treatment for as long as is required.

All set for a yell

Who said "Tonsils?"

Say that again, please!

The Bronx cheer

He's a nose wrinkler-upper

Off guard, as himself

First Baby to Have Contract

IT wasn't until he had played in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" that Paramount signed him to a contract. A young baby is regarded as a liability in motion picture studios. In the first place, he can be worked only two hours a day before the cameras, according to law. In the second place, if he happens to be asleep, or to cry, or to be in a stubborn mood when the whole company is ready for a scene, the delay costs the studio thousands of dollars. Moreover, the various childhood diseases that he might contract at any moment could hold up a director or even make it necessary to abandon the whole thing and remake it with a new baby. And most important of all, they had no way of knowing whether Baby Le Roy was going to grow up to be an attractive child. It didn't seem worth the risk.

But now that he's a mature young man of nearly two years, with robust health and inexpensive habits on the set, that is another matter. So far he has cost the company only a few thousand dollars and is regarded as a real trouper.

It is also another matter now for Rachel Smith, whose job has become much more intricate since Le Roy is old enough to take direction. She has worked out various systems that usually work, but some things just have to be left to the inspiration of the moment. And "inspiration" hasn't failed yet.

A studio photographer recently took some pictures to show how easily Baby Le Roy changes his expression. These were all posed within a half-hour, while he merely sat on a bench, "cold," and did all the different things Rachel asked him to do in rapid succession. There are a few things he does in response to a word, but most of his actions are first per-

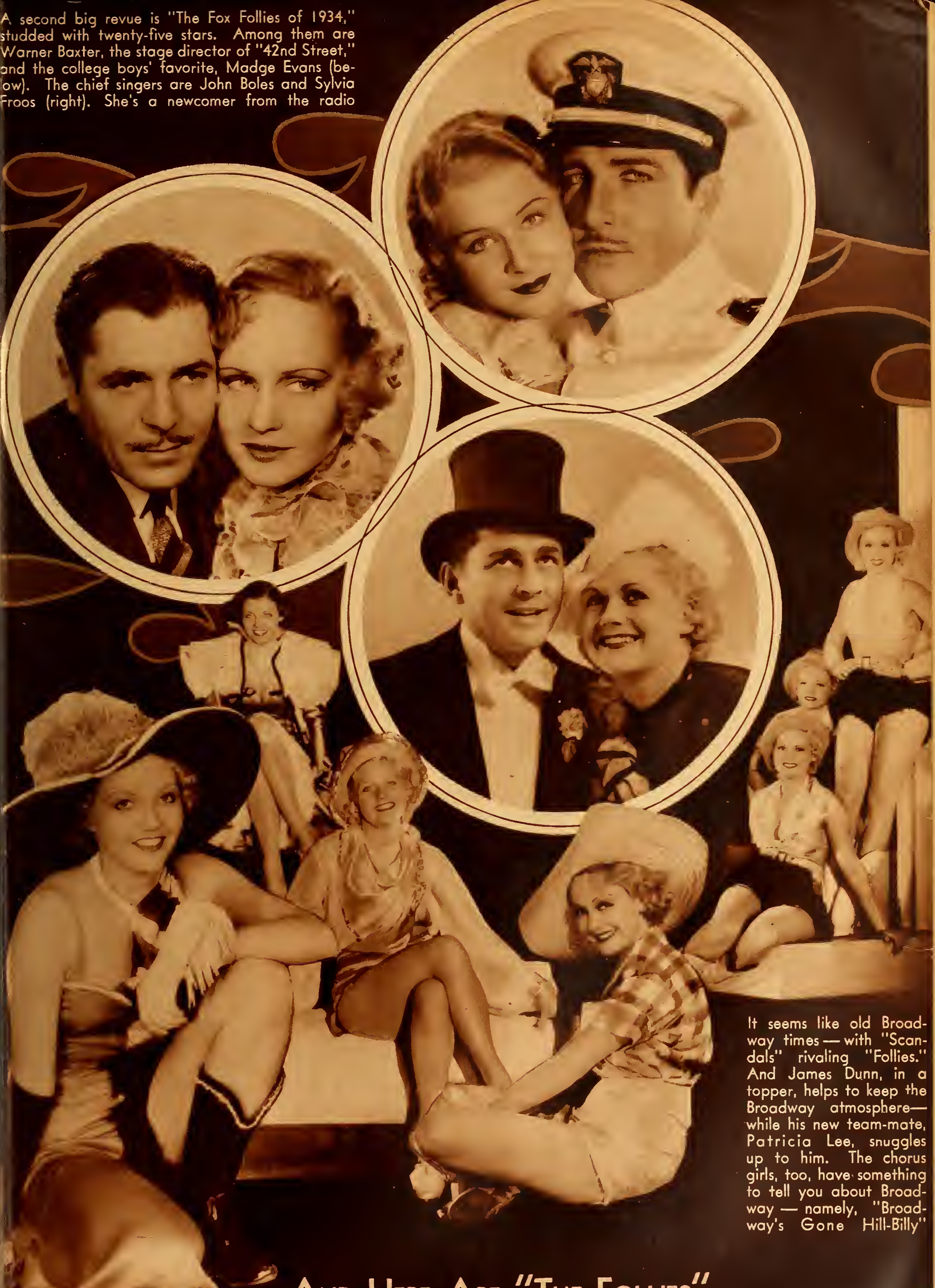
(*Continued on page* 100)

"THE SCANDALS"

You haven't seen a big musical revue on the screen in years—and now you're going to see several. One of the biggest is George White's "Scandals"—starring, among others, the producer. He's warning everybody to watch for Cliff Edwards and "the girls" (right) in the sketch about Henry the VIIIth

Yes, that's Rudy Vallee bending elbows with Adrienne Ames (circle). They're two of the stars of "The Scandals." Two more are Jimmy Durante, who's dragging a wise-quacker around with him, and Alice Faye, who sings (at the bottom). And don't overlook—nay, look over—the beauties in the center!

A second big revue is "The Fox Follies of 1934," studded with twenty-five stars. Among them are Warner Baxter, the stage director of "42nd Street," and the college boys' favorite, Madge Evans (below). The chief singers are John Boles and Sylvia Froos (right). She's a newcomer from the radio



It seems like old Broadway times — with "Scandals" rivaling "Follies." And James Dunn, in a topper, helps to keep the Broadway atmosphere — while his new team-mate, Patricia Lee, snuggles up to him. The chorus girls, too, have something to tell you about Broadway — namely, "Broadway's Gone Hill-Billy"

AND HERE ARE "THE FOLLIES"

FIVE SMOOTH-FACED SMOOTHIES

Leslie Howard (below) goes in for moods, not mustaches—and moods are what matter, as he shows in "Of Human Bondage"

There's a boyish irony about Lew Ayres (left) that a mustache might hide. So he's smooth-faced even in "Let's Be Ritzy"

While he stays boyishly exuberant, as in "Coming Out Party," Gene Raymond (above) doesn't need facial foliage. And the same is true of Bing Crosby (right), whose face is as smooth as his vocalizing. Like the title of his new picture, his lips say, "We're Not Dressing"

Suave sophisticates are supposed to have mustaches, but Franchot Tone is suave without one. He'll win Joan Crawford (at last!) in "Sadie McKee"

"Don't Let Anyone Tell You Acting Isn't Hard Work!"

—Montgomery

By GLADYS HALL

So Clark Gable told you last month that movie-acting is "the easiest job in the world"—a game of luck, not brains? Well, Robert Montgomery rises up to dispute that. He says it's one of the MOST DEMANDING jobs on earth and tells why he thinks so. Which side are *you* taking?

In the April MOTION PICTURE, Clark Gable made the statement, "Movie-acting is the easiest job in the world." He made the claim that you don't need an education or even great intelligence to be an actor; that you don't need anything except personality, a good voice, a mobile face, and—"the breaks." Robert Montgomery disagrees. He says that no one ever gets to the top without working—and acting, he claims, is one of the most demanding jobs on earth. Which do *you* think is right?—Editor.

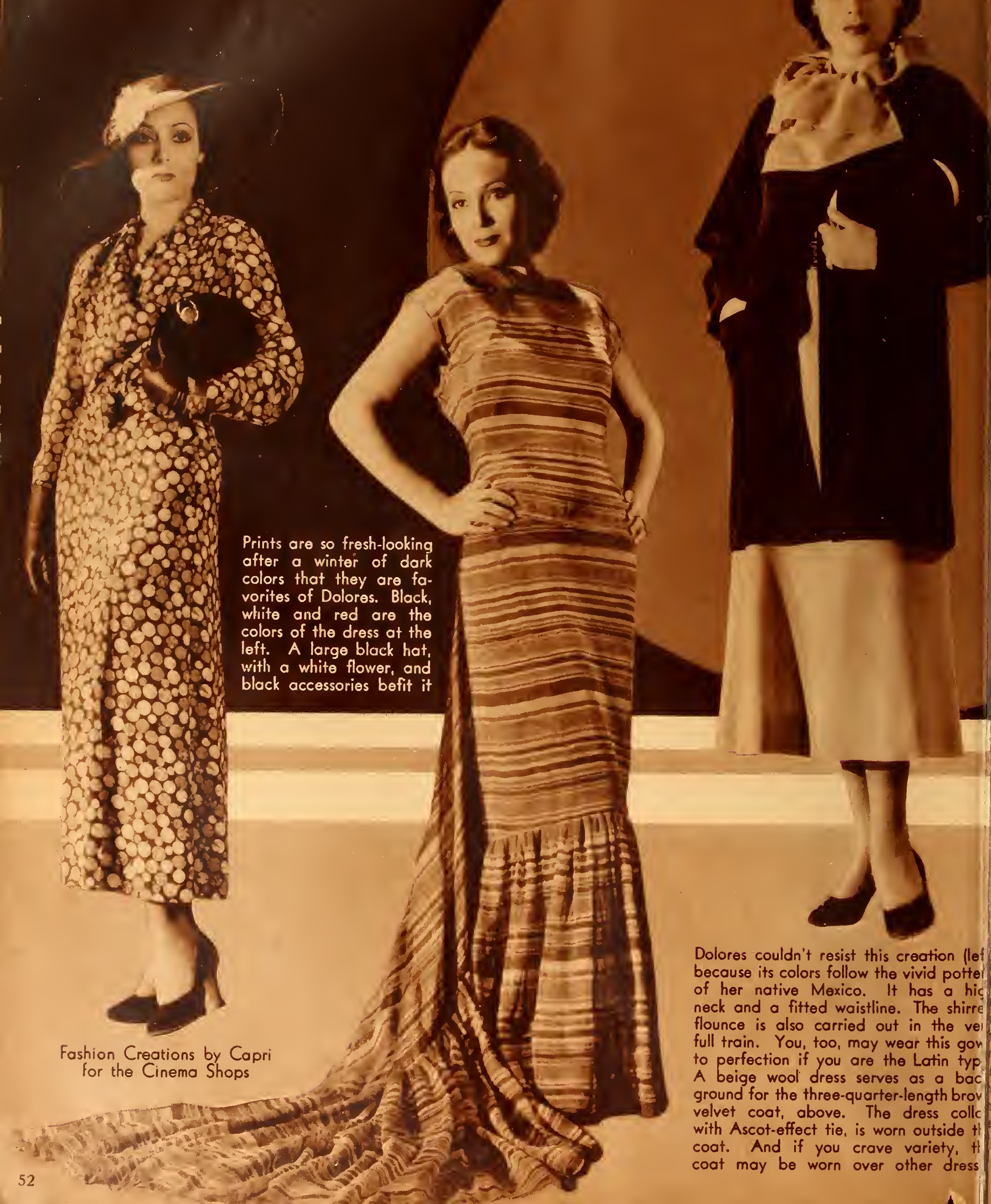
IT does seem odd that the actor who is the most casual and effortless on the screen should, in real life, take his work more seriously than any man, with the possible exceptions of John Gilbert, Richard Barthelmess and Warner Baxter. Robert Montgomery takes his work seriously for the reason that most human beings take a thing, or a person, seriously—because he loves it. He says, "I'd rather act than eat—and often have." But that doesn't keep him from adding, "Even if acting *is* hard work. Don't let anyone tell you that it isn't."

He continues: "It's probably true that there are few, if any, Rhodes Scholars, Phi Beta Kappas or Oxford graduates among us. If we could boast degrees, we would probably be rotten actors. But there are graduates among us of the complex school of human nature, who know how it functions and reacts or does not function or react.

"Whether or not you think acting requires intelligence and hard work all depends on your definition of the word 'actor.' If you mean an actor who takes his work seriously, then you mean a man who works long and hard at his craft. If you mean an entertainer, then that is something else again. There is a difference.

(*Continued on page* 86)

SPRING IS HERE! SO TAKE SOME TIPS FROM DOLORES DEL RIO'S NEW WARDROBE BEFORE MAKING YOUR SPRING STYLE SELECTIONS



Prints are so fresh-looking after a winter of dark colors that they are favorites of Dolores. Black, white and red are the colors of the dress at the left. A large black hat, with a white flower, and black accessories befit it

Fashion Creations by Capri for the Cinema Shops

Dolores couldn't resist this creation (lef because its colors follow the vivid potte of her native Mexico. It has a hig neck and a fitted waistline. The shirre flounce is also carried out in the ve full train. You, too, may wear this gov to perfection if you are the Latin typ A beige wool dress serves as a bac ground for the three-quarter-length brov velvet coat, above. The dress collc with Ascot-effect tie, is worn outside tl coat. And if you crave variety, tl coat may be worn over other dress

You can't possibly go wrong if you start off your Spring wardrobe with an ensemble like the one Dolores Del Rio is wearing at the left. The vogue for printed frocks, with plain-color coats, is smartly carried out in this black and white print, with a scarlet swagger coat. Far left, she shows the dress with its black patent leather belt and a dashing red suède bow, which may also be worn over the coat as in the view at the left. The black, off-the-face, felt hat flaunts a white bow at the hairline

ed simplicity is
keynote of the
crêpe evening
(far right),
features a
e décolletage
deep armholes,
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s. The short,
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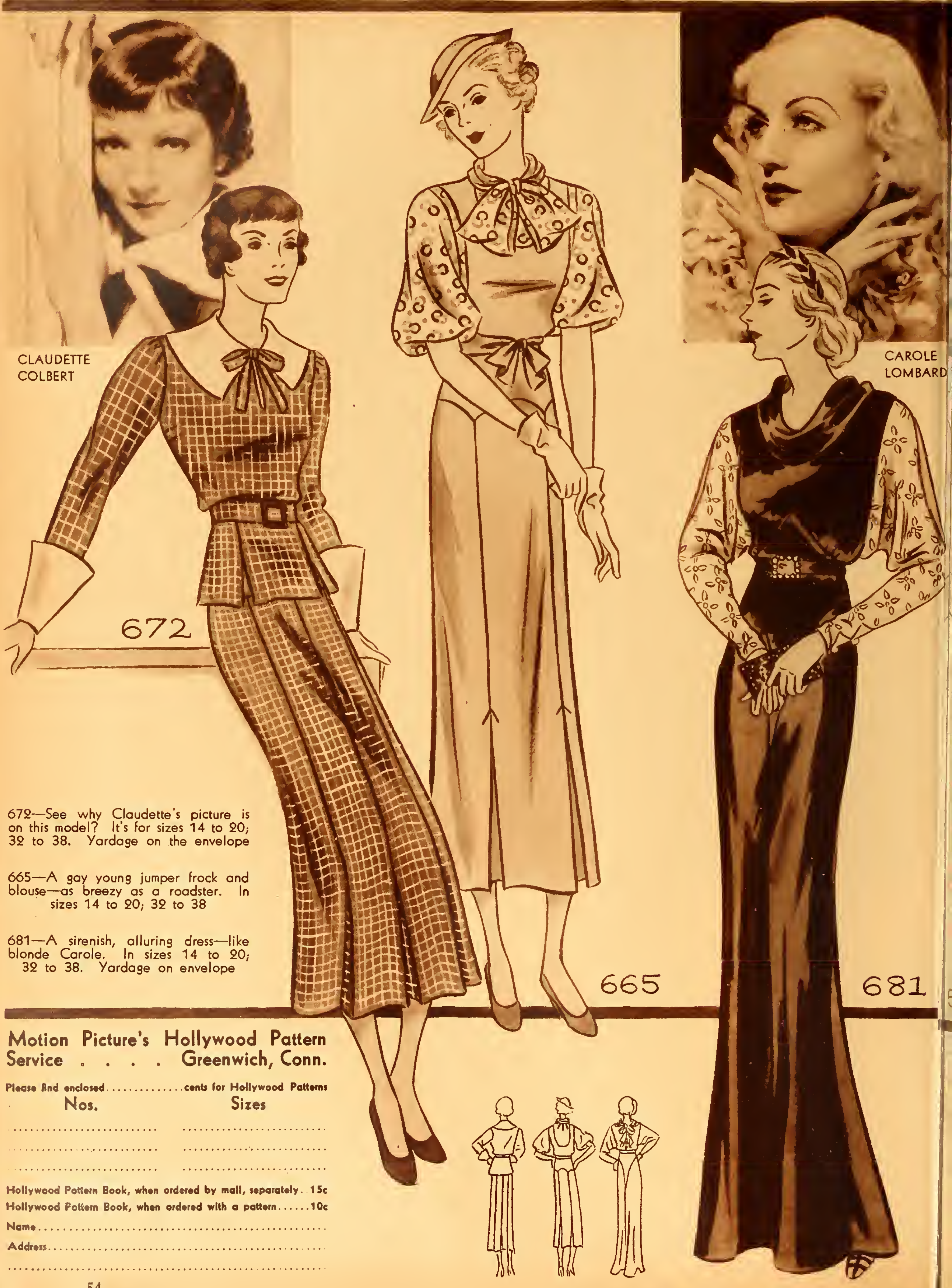
) with cowl-like
in back, is
with the frock

The Girl Who Goes Places Is the Glamourous Girl



CLAUDETTE
COLBERT

CAROLE
LOMBARD

672—See why Claudette's picture is on this model? It's for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Yardage on the envelope

665—A gay young jumper frock and blouse—as breezy as a roadster. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38

681—A sirenish, alluring dress—like blonde Carole. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Yardage on envelope

Motion Picture's Hollywood Pattern Service . . . . Greenwich, Conn.

Please find enclosed.............cents for Hollywood Patterns

Nos.	Sizes
....	....
....	....
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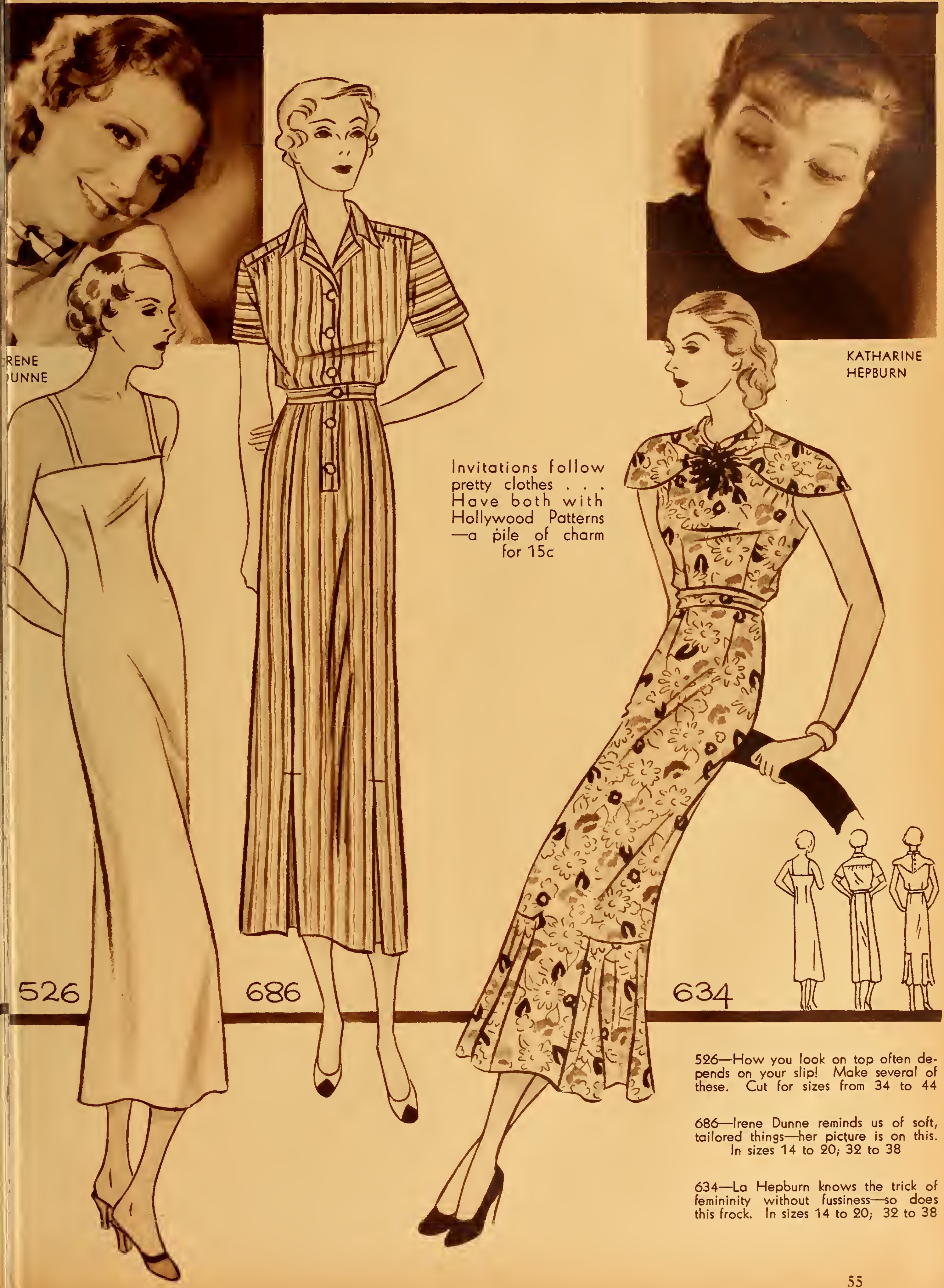
Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered by mail, separately..15c
Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered with a pattern......10c
Name..
Address.......................................
....

ollywood Patterns Bring That Glamour to You



Invitations follow pretty clothes . . . Have both with Hollywood Patterns —a pile of charm for 15c

526—How you look on top often depends on your slip! Make several of these. Cut for sizes from 34 to 44

686—Irene Dunne reminds us of soft, tailored things—her picture is on this. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38

634—La Hepburn knows the trick of femininity without fussiness—so does this frock. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38

GLAMOUR WITH A SOTHERN ACCENT

Ann Sothern looks like a real "find"—a girl with glamour and a golden voice. Few girls have both. And who first found her? None other than the late great Ziegfeld! That was four years ago, and the Minnesota girl was in Hollywood, trying to get a movie break. He took her off to Broadway—and she made a name for herself. Then came "Let's Fall in Love" and triumph in the town that once overlooked her, when she was Harriette Lake. Now she's in "Melody in Spring," showing Sothern hospitality to another newcomer—Lanny Ross, who also has glamour and knows how to sing of love. Maybe you've heard him do it on the radio

A DANCER WHO IS WORTH A GLANCE OR TWO!

Ruth Channing is one of the newest answers to the tired business man's prayer. And, like Ann Sothern, she was in Hollywood once before. That time she broke her foot, and her career stopped short. But now she's back and, barring accidents, the little Boston girl will add to the gaiety of nations with her light-heartedness and light-footedness. You'll be seeing her in "Star-Spangled Banquet"

YOUNG AMERICA AND OLD ENGLISH

They're both prize-winners—Alice White and "Snoot," her Ol English sheep dog. But it wasn't from "Snoot" that she acquire her dogged determination—the determination that has made he show forgetful Hollywood that no one else has her pertness. Sh was born that way. She cheerfully hopes that James Cagne will treat her as well as she treats her dog, in "Jimmy, the Gent

Who Is the College Boys' Favorite?

MADGE EVANS

—and Here's Why!

In college towns, Madge rates higher than Garbo and Hepburn combined—and there are many reasons why. Better look them over, girls, if you want to be popular with the college boys! Junior Proms aren't far away!

By

RICHARD ENGLISH

DO YOU know who is the most popular screen actress among the college boys? Did you know that many campus critics feel that Jean Harlow's seductiveness is too obvious? Did you know that wistful Janet Gaynor is thought too saccharine except by the collegiate he-men of the Great Open Spaces? Did you know that potential A.B.'s prefer a home-and-fireside type of wife to a glamourous, sophisticated one? Neither did I, until I had visited twenty-seven schools and colleges for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. There's a new deal in girls throughout the country and a screen actress is the inspiration. Meet Madge Evans—Miss America, 1934 Edition!

A picture that Madge plays in will draw as much money in a college town as Hepburn and Garbo combined! Why? Because she's more than twice as popular. A society girl would rather resemble Madge than to have Garbo's face and Harlow's figure! Why? Because a similarity to Madge would attract more collegiate boy-friends than a combination of Greta and Jean. College girls would rather possess Madge's wardrobe than that of Kay Francis, filmdom's best-dressed star! Why? Because her clothes have that girlish appeal that slays college men. Why is she so popular? I'll tell you what the collegians told me.

I've talked to the popular campus belles and to those whose faces would frighten babies; I've "bulled" with fraternity big shots and non-fraternity men who waited on table in boarding houses. I've asked questions of college deans and college dunces. And from them I've gathered the three paramount reasons for Madge's popularity.

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Tortures That Stars Endure While Making Movies

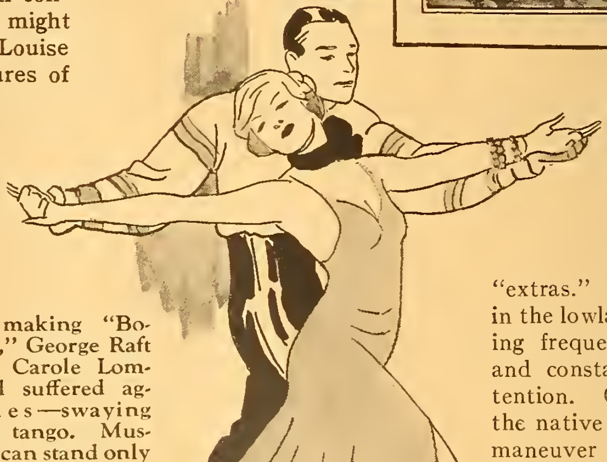
Here is the side of the acting life that you never hear about. Being a star isn't all peaches and cream. Accidents will happen, and so will physical agonies—and few stars escape. But they know how to take 'em, smiling!

By ROBERT FENDER

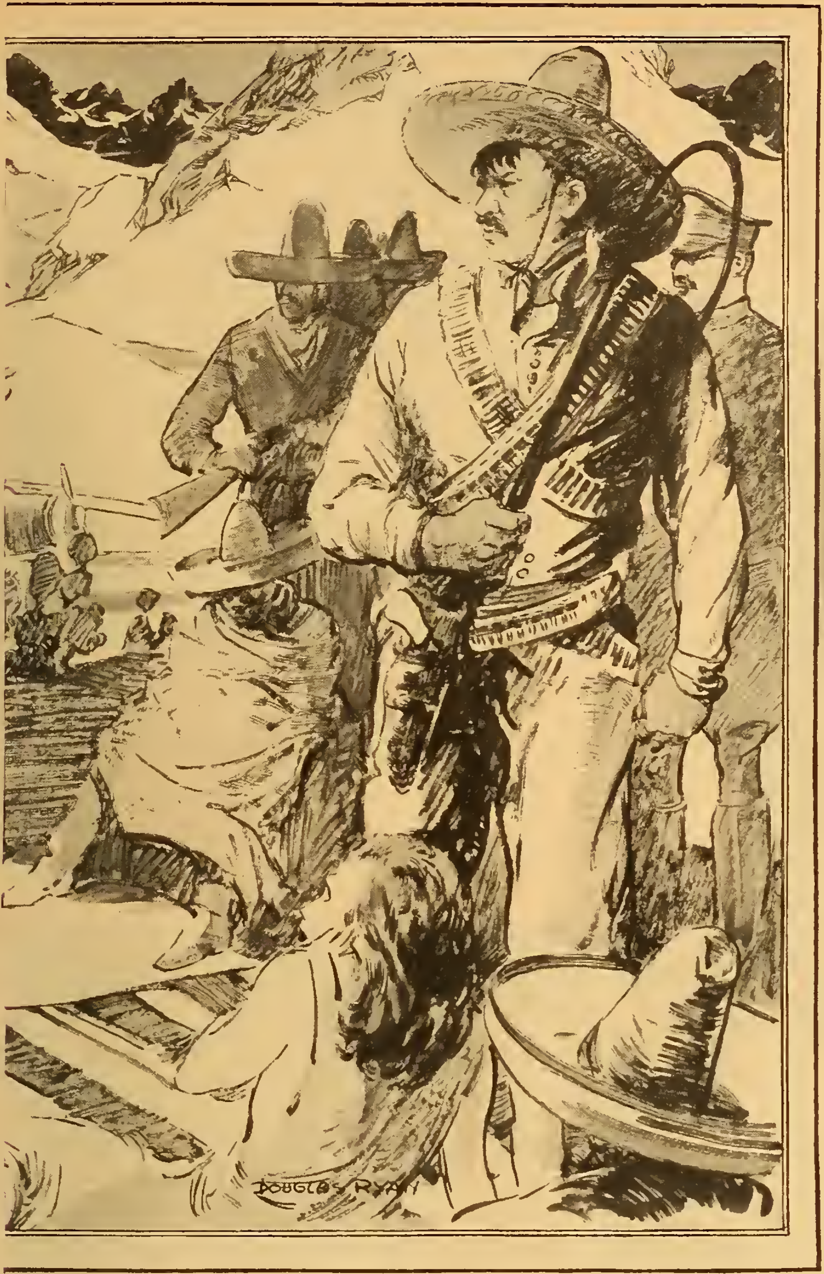
YOU hear about movie stars' big salaries—but did you ever hear of the physical tortures that stars endure on the sets? They don't talk about them; you won't find any mention of them in stellar contracts—but very few stars escape them. Lon Chaney might tell us about a few if he were still living. Yes, and Louise Closser Hale, another grand trouper whom the tortures of the set finally killed.

Wallace Beery tasted torture during the making of "Viva Villa," as did the rest of the Metro company at work on the picture. Sickness, adverse weather, improper housing, accidents and an open hostility from natives constantly assailed the group in Mexico. Shortly after its arrival, the entire company of sixty-five fell sick of dysentery, due to improper food. Five members required hospitalization. Food, blankets and furniture failed to reach the company at Tetlatayac, one hundred and fifty miles from Mexico City, forcing them to eat rough native fare and to sleep uncovered on the cold tiles of an old hacienda—at the freezing altitude of eight thousand feet. Sickness and fever resulted.

Hostility from natives made it necessary for two companies of soldiers, infantry and cavalry, to accompany the company at all times. One town thought the company's arrival meant another revolution, the inhabitants barring their windows and doors for three days, making it impossible to secure food or their services as "extras." Fever broke out in the lowlands, necessitating frequent serum shots and constant medical attention. Cliffs that even the native burros couldn't maneuver were scaled by the company with each member, including Katherine De Mille and Mona Maris, packing heavy props as they climbed. All this with the thin, devitalized air of the high places starving their lungs and sapping their strength as they climbed.

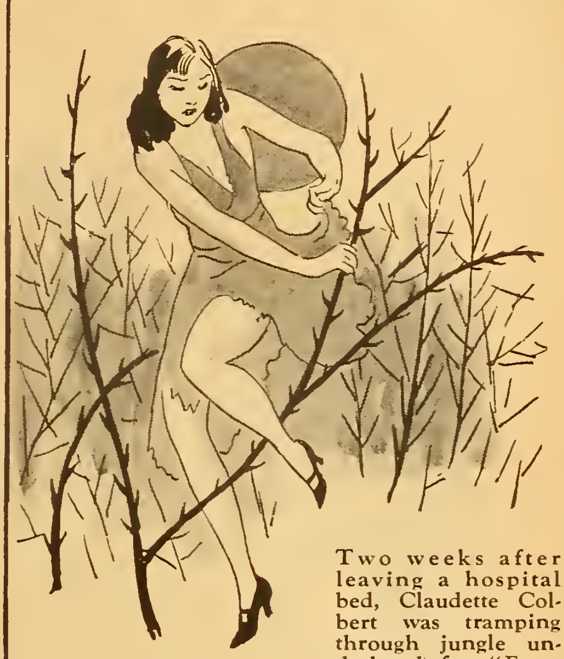


In making "Bolero," George Raft and Carole Lombard suffered agonies—swaying to a tango. Muscles can stand only so much; theirs went the limit!



Wallace Beery learned all about painful experiences, making "Viva Villa" in Mexico—where he ran into fever and freezing cold, bucking horses and hostile natives, "fake" bullets that were too realistic and an airplane crack-up

Illustrations by
EDWARD AND DOUGLAS RYAN



Two weeks after leaving a hospital bed, Claudette Colbert was tramping through jungle underbrush for "Four Frightened People"

Even Wally's 'Plane Leaped

THE "wild" horses that Wally had to ride were *really* wild, not broncos *à la* Hollywood. Some had never before been saddled; and they called for all the horsemanship that Beery could muster. Roads didn't exist, of course, and a creaky old airplane provided their only communication with the outside world. Wally, the only one to tackle it, had no landing fields and, since the runways weren't long enough for the required lift, erected bunkers which, when struck, hurtled the ship into the air for his take-off. One bad crash resulted in minor injuries to Wally, when a large boulder from his river-bed "landing field" crashed through the fuselage into the cabin.

Wally's real trouble came during the scene when, as *Villa*, he led the "rebel army." In constructing the blanks used by the half-wild soldiers, the Mexicans (realistic to a fault) used wooden plugs, instead of cotton wadding, which, when discharged, broke into ugly splinters. These, tearing into the flesh of Beery and the rest of his "army," coupled with numerous and serious powder burns, necessitated twenty-eight cases of hospitalization, occupying the attention of a staff of doctors for one week, warding off gangrene and lockjaw.

Wore Masks During Heat Wave

"ALICE in Wonderland" was the cause of considerable torture on the set. Most of the grief came from the masks and costumes. The masks were affixed with putty and spirit-gum, which managed to cut off any trace of circulation. This might have been borne except for the fact that Hollywood was then undergoing its hottest spell on record and for the fact that the picture had to be shot in a sweltering tent, so that the company received not even the doubtful benefit of a stage cooling system.

The tape and spirit-gum used on the players' mouths to allow them to open with their masks were a constant source of pain and irritation. Unable to sit down in the fantastic costumes until the days' takes were over, many a player keeled over with utter exhaustion. Alison Skipworth, *The Duchess*, fainted early in the picture and Polly Moran, who played the *Dodo Bird*, had to be replaced by a man. Both "Skippy" and Polly withdrew, speaking their lines from the side. The heavy costumes, many of which had to be removed with monkey wrenches; the inability to eat anything but liquids through straws—all of these things prompted one player on the picture to remark that "Alice in Wonderland" was "an inquisition that shows what a lot of good Hollywood actors will do to-day to get work."

Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez and director W. S. Van Dyke learned something about torture, when the "Laughing Boy"

(*Continued on page 88*)

THE BEAUTY OF YOUR FINGERTIPS IS AS IMPORTANT AS THAT OF YOUR FACE AND HAIR

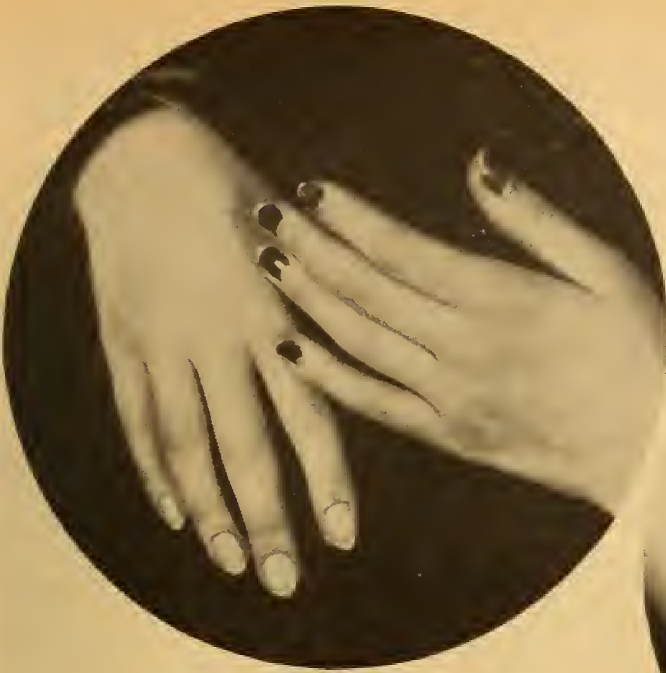
Peggy Shannon knows a few tricks that help to keep her finger-nails looking their best between visits to the manicurist, and she passes them on to you. She shapes her nails carefully with a file and smooths down the rough edges with an emery board. The cuticle pusher she is using above is to loosen the cuticle so that it won't adhere to the nail and later become ragged

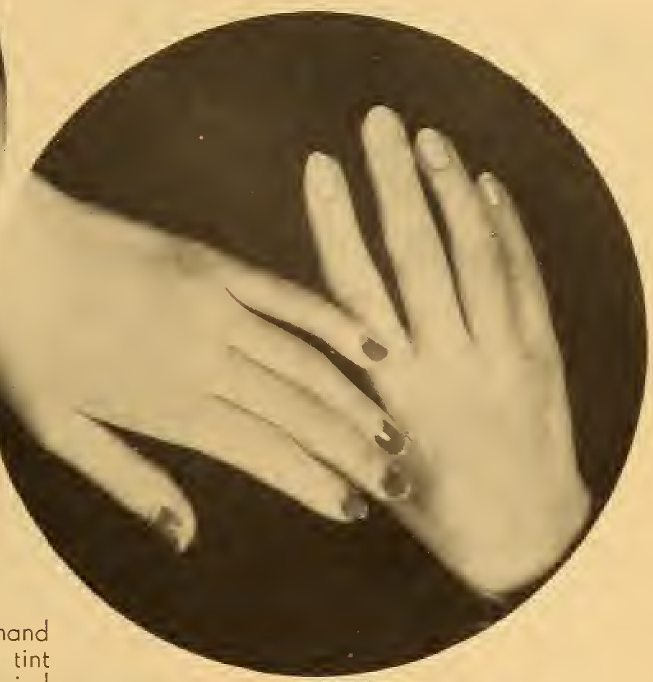
Take no chances on having the beauty of your hands marred by cigarette stains. Moistened, ground pumice removes nicotine from the fingers

When drying your hands, after every washing, be sure to push the cuticle gently back into place

After applying liquid nail polish in the most becoming shade, and it has dried thoroughly, rub each nail in the palm of the hand as Peggy Shannon is doing above. It will make the polish glisten and not heat the nails and make them brittle as the friction of a buffer will do

These are Pat Paterson's lovely hands, showing dark, medium and natural polish. When applying polish to your nails, follow Pat's method. With very little polish on her brush, a steady hand and even strokes, Pat applies the polish from the base of the nail to the tip and then removes the polish from the tip. Pat believes that one coat of polish wears better and looks more natural than two





Pat has applied a very dark shade of nail polish (above), appropriate for wear with exotic evening gowns. The other hand shows a colorless polish

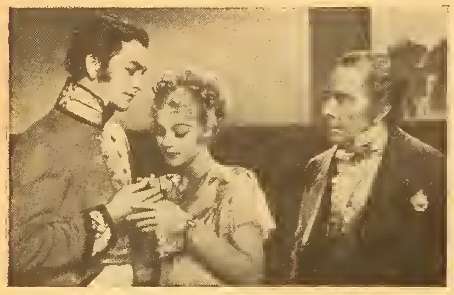
A medium polish, which Pat is showing on one hand at the right, is best for afternoon wear. The tint should be chosen with the color of your dress in mind

If you have long nails, you won't go in for covering your nail tips with polish, but you will want to use a white bleach under the tips, as Pat is doing above. If your nails are short and you want them to appear longer, run the polish down over the nail, covering the narrow white tips

Above, Pat's nails dressed with light, natural polish, appropriate for business and every-day wear, with sport clothes, and for those who do not care for vivid-colored nails. Polish tints range from colorless to ruby and, if you prefer your own natural nail color, use a coat of untinted polish to give them a gloss—just to take away the "naked" appearance that the nails have when no polish whatever is used

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

The Picture



THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD

The High Spot of Arliss' Career

IN a long, distinguished career, George Arliss has never done as fine a portrayal as that of *Nathan*, head of the House of Rothschild, who buys peace for war-torn Europe with gold and bargains with the Powers for the rights of his downtrodden people. It is the saga of the Jews, through suffering and triumph, against a background of the early XIXth Century.

The performances of an enormous cast are without a false note. The splendid matriarch of Helen Westley, the romantic lover of Robert Young, the innocent ardor of Loretta Young are all superb, topped only by Arliss, who has a dual rôle, also playing a shrewd old Hebrew whose dying advice and plea for his race inspire his sons to become great.

Highlights: Lines of dignity and beauty. Direction (by Al Werker) that conjures up great cities with a simple sign of a banking house door, great battles with a flag and a bugle. (20TH CENTURY)

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

Light Musical for a Light Mood

IT is Brussels and it is Spring and they are young and poor and talented. That is how it all begins. Ramon Novarro's attic, where he composes and sings charming songs about Remembering I Loved You, is just across a navigable rooftop from Jeanette MacDonald's attic, where she writes and sings pretty little pieces about how The Night Was Made For Love.

Not to be taken very seriously, the pretty misunderstandings and ardent love-making of Jeanette and Ramon are an acceptable excuse for some very delightful music by Jerome Kern and the glimpse backstage of the hectic happenings on the opening night of a new light opera. It's a picture as romantic and silly as youth, itself, as pretty and artificial as the cotton apple-blossoms under which the lovers are reunited.

Highlights: Ramon's playing of the comedy situations. Jeanette's winning wiles. And Charles Butterworth's drolleries (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

MEN IN WHITE

Gable as a Dramatic Doctor

THE "Men in White," of course, are doctors—and the story revolves around the emotions of a young interne, torn between love of life and devotion to a demanding, sacrificial career. It is unmistakably sincere and painstakingly real—and it should do much for Clark Gable, as the idealistic young doctor.

Especially praiseworthy, after Clark, are Jean Hersholt, as the great specialist; Elizabeth Allan, as the frightened student nurse who is lonely for a little joy in the place of pain; Wallace Ford and Russell Hopton, as two happy-go-lucky student doctors; and Myrna Loy as the society girl jealous of her lover's profession.

Highlights: The loud-speaker system of the hospital, tirelessly paging the doctors, who are supposed to be tireless, too. Henry Walthall in an unforgetable bit, as an old doctor trying to tell the sniggering, complaining internes what the calling of a healer really means. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

WONDER BAR

Jolson Shows 'Em in a Big Musical

THE Warner Brothers' musical formula is still working, although the plot of breaking hearts against a background of Busby Berkeley girls is creaking a bit. This time a night-club forms the setting. Al Jolson is the club's master of ceremonies; Dick Powell, the song-plugger; Ricardo Cortez, Dolores Del Rio and Hal Le Roy, the dancers; and Kay Francis, a customer.

One of the night-club's "acts" has dancers multiplied into the thousands with the aid of mirrors. Another is a syncopated spiritual in which Al goes to a darky Heaven on a Missouri mule, and is a take-off of "The Green Pastures." As the entertainer, Jolson is better than as the club-owner who loves the dancer, connives at concealing a murder, disposes of dead bodies, and renounces love.

Highlights: The spectacular dancing numbers—though they would never fit on any night-club stage ever built. And Jolson, who is everywhere, making a great comeback. (WARNERS)

Parade

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

CATHERINE, THE GREAT

ELIZABETH BERGNER MUST BE SEEN!

ANOTHER great star has come to America. Elizabeth Bergner, German actress, makes the piteous, lonely figure of the girl *Catherine*—destined to rule the greatest of empires—breath-takingly beautiful. Small, almost plain, she has a hundred expressions, a hundred cadences in her voice, a hundred moods. She vibrates to emotion like a sensitive instrument. Without the aid of make-up, she grows older, more mature before our eyes when she has to choose between her adoration for her unfaithful husband and her duty to her "children," the Russian people.

With this picture following "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth" to our screens, there is no longer any reason to speak patronizingly of the competition of the English. It has come—and nothing proves it more clearly than the brilliant performance of young Douglas Fairbanks, who portrays the mad *Czar Peter* with a skill that Hollywood never brought out in this actor. Every Hollywood director and player should see this picture, as well as anyone else who appreciates fine acting, splendid settings and sensitive direction (by Paul Czinner, Elizabeth Bergner's husband).

Highlights: The authentic magnificence of sets and costumes, even if the story substitutes a heart-breaking romance for the intrigues that history relates. The lighting and photography are flawless. No, English pictures can no longer be regarded lightly by Hollywood! (UNITED ARTISTS)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

ELIZABETH BERGNER and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. in "Catherine, the Great"
GEORGE ARLISS in "The House of Rothschild"
CLARK GABLE and JEAN HERSHOLT in "Men in White"
KATHARINE HEPBURN in "Spitfire"
AL JOLSON in "Wonder Bar"
ROSEMARY AMES in "I Believed in You"
SPENCER TRACY in "The Show-Off"

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X

Clever Mystery-Comedy

THE part of a *Raffles*-like crook turned detective is a natural for Robert Montgomery, who strolls through the dangers and dark mysteries of the plot with gay nonchalance and wise-cracking gallantry. He is a laughing diamond thief who falls in love with the daughter of the chief of police. When the hunt comes uncomfortably close, he decides to throw the blame for the theft on the unknown madman who is murdering policemen by sticking knives in their backs.

With the town terror-ridden, and the forces of the law (represented by Lewis Stone) completely baffled, our hero decides to make himself worthy of the girl with the lovely profile (Elizabeth Allan) by solving the crimes and capturing the murderer.

Highlights: Its alternate laughs and screams, and a grand and gory fight on a moving freight elevator at the end that will send you out tingling. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

I BELIEVED IN YOU

Bright Newcomer, Slight Picture

THIS is an amateurishly written and directed story of the fake artists and radicals of Greenwich Village, and the devastating effect they have on the trusting soul of a country girl, thrown by circumstances into their midst. As the girl, fired by the glamour of new ideas, Rosemary Ames is far more interesting than her first picture. She challenges your attention.

Events happen with blunt swiftness. A fiery young labor agitator (Victor Jory), escaping from the police, blunders on the bookish daughter of a college professor and in a dozen sentences persuades her to join him and see the world, which she has only read about until now. With the heroine's illusions so quickly formed and on such feeble premises, it is impossible to feel sympathy for a just-as-sudden disillusion.

Highlights: Rosemary Ames' face with its lovable faults, her charming voice and enunciation—which make one look ahead to seeing her in a really sincere rôle. (FOX)

SPITFIRE

Hepburn Unforgetable—Again

KATHARINE HEPBURN alone keeps this from being just another story of po' whites in them thar mountains. Only an actress as clever as Hepburn could play a heroine who keeps kneeling down on all occasions to pray without any hint of mawkishness. She is a vivid, untamed outcast, *Trigger*, who is suspected of witchery.

While the picture may not be popular, due to its strong religious bias, Hepburn has added another unforgetable portrait to her gallery. As the barefooted ragged, wild-haired heroine, she prays the simple folk of the mountain back from death, flings rocks at them, and steals babies with directness and candor. Ralph Bellamy and Robert Young, as engineers from the Big World, provide the contrasts and complications.

Highlights: Hepburn's swiftly changing moods—varying from naïveté to rage, from piety to coquetry, and from mysticism to profanity. And an inspired ending that leaves the audience thrilled. (RKO-RADIO)

BOLERO

Raft Does Some Fancy Stepping

A COAL-MINER with nimble feet dances his way to a glittering nightclub in Paris. As the coal-miner, George Raft is not so convincing, but as the dancer he is SWELL. And he has a half-dozen dance routines, from vaudeville "hoofing" to the arty poses and movements of the *Bolero* (which means "passion dance").

Accompanying him on his upward path are a variety of partners. One by one, the dancer thrusts them remorselessly from his life, when he wearies of them. Two of them are Frances Drake and Sally Rand, who does her famous "fan dance." Carole Lombard plays his final partner, in a gorgeous succession of gowns.

Highlights: The final *Bolero*, a love scene set to music, in which Raft is strongly reminiscent of Valentino and bears the comparison very well. The tragic ending—exceedingly well done, though a bit strong for amusement-seeking appetites, perhaps. (PARAMOUNT)

(*Note! You will find more reviews on page 85!*)

MOVIES *in the Making*

So you want to know, too, what FUTURE pictures to be looking for? Take this brief tour of the studios with us—look over all the pictures now in production—find out what they're about—and learn who the stars are!

You'll soon be seeing Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in "Tarzan and His Mate." They've been in the M-G-M jungles almost a year, with some troublous animals

BY JACK GRANT

Several months ago, MOTION PICTURE started something new—inviting the public behind the sets of big pictures in production and giving moviegoers a look at these pictures through Hollywood's eyes. We covered one big picture a month. Now, we are starting a department that will give you advance news of all pictures in production—tell, you, briefly, what they are about, name the stars, and give a few production highlights. If you want to keep up on your movies, here's the department for you!

Then watch MOTION PICTURE'S review pages for critical appraisals of the pictures when completed—telling you which ones merit your attention, which ones don't, and why.—*Editor*.

WITH more than forty new pictures in the making, it has been a busy month in Hollywood. This is an increase of seven over a similar period last year and fourteen over two years ago. (NRA, please copy.) . . . As to trends, you are due for plenty of music in forthcoming films . . . At every studio, there is at least one picture, if not a straight musical comedy or revue, that has a backstage locale, a cabaret sequence, or some interlude of song . . . There seems, too, to have been an undue number of accidents in production. No connection between the two can be proved.

At Columbia, Elissa Landi just made "Sisters Under the Skin," in which

You will see James Cagney and Joan Blondell reunited in "Without Honor"—which will be a drama, not a comedy. Jimmy plays a fugitive from justice, Joan the girl he likes, and Victor Jory the honest Other Man

Right, the shipwrecked yachters of "We're Not Dressing," with butler Bing Crosby reversing matters and telling wealthy Carole Lombard what to do she plays an actress, and Grace Moore is returning to the screen to portray a prize-winner in an international radio contest, who gets an opportunity to study abroad and eventually returns to star at the Metropolitan Opera. You will have singing that is singing in this picture, tentatively titled: "One Night of Love."

The theatrical backgrounds of these two pictures will be augmented by "Whom the Gods Destroy," in which Walter Connolly, in his first solo-starring vehicle, plays a stage director who later becomes a puppeteer. And in "Whirlpool" Jack Holt is the owner of a cheap carnival. The "Hey, Rube" fight in "Whirlpool" is a fight to watch for. Two participants regained consciousness in the hospital and all wore bandages the next day. Jack, getting into the spirit of the thing, dislocated his right hand.

Tracy Sees the World—on Screen

AT Universal, Lee Tracy is staging a welcome comeback in his first appearance since that Mexican misunderstanding. He's a globe-trotter and headline-hunter de luxe in "I'll Tell the World." His exploits in search of news take him to many lands, yet all of the scenes were filmed right in the studio—against a screen on which were projected moving pictures of foreign backgrounds. Tracy said, "It's the only way I'll ever leave the United States again!" Incidentally, Gloria Stuart's rôle opposite Tracy ended her strike for better acting parts. (See the interview with Gloria on page 32.—Ed.) She plays the princess of a mythical kingdom whom Lee befriends without knowing her identity. Roger Pryor has the other important rôle.

Also shooting at Universal are "Glamour" and "Uncertain Lady." The former is the love story of a chorus girl and a composer, played by Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas (that backstage trend). The theatre scenes

(*Continued on page 106*)

In "Sawdust," you will see Joe E. Brown making friends with a tame circus lion—and then, by mistake, getting in a cage with a "wild" one (at top). This lion played his part too well. His teeth tore a deep gash in the side of the comedian's face. A close call for Joe!

How June Knight, Once an Invalid, Became a Star!

If you have ever said to yourself, "I could have done this or that, if I hadn't been sick"—read this story. Once June couldn't walk and doctors even doubted she could live. But see where sheer will power has taken her!

By
Hal Hall

A helpless invalid unable to walk at the age of five years, June Knight to-day is one of the most outstanding examples among the motion picture players of what sheer courage, will power, determination and plain intestinal fortitude can do. She has what it takes to win, to reach the heights.

Confined to her bed practically all the time between the ages of twenty-two months and five years—given, at most, only two more years to live—this girl, by her own physical effort, has remade herself into one of the finest physical specimens on the American screen. Instead of spending the remainder of her life in a wheel-chair—instead of dying—June Knight has become one of America's most graceful and glamourous dancers, a screen star who has clicked in all of her first three pictures, and an athlete who would put many a man to shame. (You have seen her in "Ladies Must Love," "Take a Chance" and "Cross Country Cruise.")

She did it all because of a Spartan courage, a never-say-die spirit and a power of will that is supreme over any and all obstacles. And—although she has been in the public eye more or less for the past six years—she has not spoken a single word about her accomplishment for fear someone might think she was crying out for sympathy, trying to capitalize on her misfortune in order to obtain publicity that might further her in her chosen field. There, friends, is a WOMAN!

The peculiar feature of June's experience is the fact that if she had been a strong and healthy girl, she would now probably be just one of the millions of American housewives, instead of a picture star and a dancer who is acclaimed by the multitudes from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coasts. It was dancing that she used to win back her strength of legs and, in the winning, she developed into a star.

Here is the story, starting at the beginning in 1913:

(*Continued on page 95*)

Look at June Knight to-day (above) and you'd never guess that for three years she couldn't walk. She was sickly at three (right), despaired of at five, but a dancer at twelve (top)—that's grit!

NRA
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

A SUNDAY SUPPER SUCCESS

ANIMATED amber and old gold, a crown of lacy foam, beautiful to behold, and all that it promises to the palate—Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. Decorative and delicious, stimulating and satisfying, Blue Ribbon is the toast of Sunday suppers throughout America. Keep a case on hand at all times. It makes the simplest meal simply perfect, and it's a sure-fire hit on any and every other occasion.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. N B C Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

"Here's a way to loveliness

SCREEN STARS AREN'T **ALL** BEAUTIFUL. LIKE OTHER GIRLS, WE HAVE OUR GOOD POINTS... AND OUR BAD POINTS, TOO! BUT LET ME TELL YOU THIS...

says

LUX TOILET SOAP
WE ALL KNOW THAT WHATEVER KIND OF **FEATURES** WE HAVE, WE **MUST** HAVE LOVELY SKIN. I USE LUX TOILET SOAP EVERY SINGLE DAY

Star of Paramount's "Good Dame," a B. P. Schulberg Production

LUX TOILET SOAP
LUX TOILET SOAP

For EVERY Type of Skin...
dry...oily..."in-between"

Precious Elements in this Soap—
Scientists explain:

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," say scientists. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

that WINS—"
SYLVIA SIDNEY

EVERYWHERE—in daily life or on the screen—adoration and applause are hers! Hard to believe, isn't it, that this glamorous star is just a girl like you?

Yet Sylvia Sidney understands *your* problems; knows that for *you,* too, the kind of loveliness that *wins* is all-important!

So she tells you her secret . . . how irresistible lovely *skin* is. She tells you how easy it is to *have* this charm!

Follow this famous star's complexion care! Use her Lux Toilet Soap beauty treatment every single day. Actually 9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap—and have *for years* because it keeps skin really exquisite.

Their easy way will win for *you,* too, the kind of loveliness that captures hearts! Begin *today* to use Lux Toilet Soap!

I PAT IN ITS CREAMY, LUXURIOUS LATHER—RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COLD. CAN YOU THINK OF AN EASIER WAY TO GUARD YOUR SKIN—A QUICKER WAY TO THE TRUE COMPLEXION BEAUTY THAT EVERY GIRL LONGS TO HAVE?
YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

Hollywood Recognizes Russia!

(*Continued from page 31*)

several months touring the U. S. S. R.—and Paul, a Slavic type, may star in a Russian story that Warner Brothers have in mind. Eric von Stroheim has asked official permission to work in a Soviet studio, and the Soviets have a high regard for him—so he is very likely to get said permission.

These representative names form the vanguard in Hollywood's recognition of Russia. Others will unquestionably follow, if present plans for an interchange of talent and ideas materialize.

Hollywood has not even scratched the surface of available Russian stories, having concerned itself primarily with Czaristic Russia and with events preceding the revolutions of 1906 and of 1917. The great, untouched field of drama that lies in everyday occurrences in the Soviet republic has not yet been screened, despite cries for new material. The French Revolution has been more often filmed than has the Russian.

The tendency, too, has been to brutalize the acts of Socialistic revolutions. No attempt has been made to qualify the brutalities as natural impulses, under the eye-for-an-eye creed, in retaliation for centuries of oppression and serfdom. The first sympathetic presentation was probably DeMille's "Volga Boatman," Yet no charge can be made that this picture contained dangerous propaganda. Nor is there any necessity for propaganda, either for or against capitalism, in Hollywood's coming Russian films. The great social experiment now being carried on in Russia under the second Five-Year Plan needs only to be a background for the absorbing drama of its people.

They're Leaving Out Propaganda

RUSSIAN film-makers now realize that, in seeking a world market for their product, propaganda must take second place to story values. Only nine Soviet films were distributed in the United States during 1933 and twelve in 1932. Preponderance of propaganda and lack of entertainment value were the sole reasons for the comparatively small showing. In planning its 1934 production program of one hundred pictures, only fifty-nine of which will be talkies, the Soviet Film Industry announces a liberalization of its policy, allowing for greater entertainment. The first Soviet comedy has just been made.

When he visited Russia, C. B. DeMille asked an official why entertainment had been so sacrificed to propaganda, pointing out that the publics of other nations resented propaganda undisguised. The official answered, "We have no time to educate the world. We are educating ourselves."

That was more than two years ago. The statement then was literally true. With something like seventy-five per cent of its people completely illiterate, education was necessary. The problem of reaching millions who could neither read nor write was solved by motion pictures—visual education for young and old alike.

"Without facilities for showing pictures everywhere, film equipment was carried throughout the land, packed on the backs of mules," DeMille told me. "There were no electric light lines in villages or towns, and light was generated from batteries and the projectors turned by hand.

"There are one hundred and eighty nationalities in the Soviet Union, speaking one hundred and fifty languages. It would have been a tremendous task to reach the great population of Russia through the printed word, even had a majority of the people been able to read, which they were not. The motion picture was the only solution.

What Movies Did for Russia

"THE Russian Revolution was accomplished by a party of two million people who, having successfully revolted and seized the reins of government, yanked one hundred and fifty-two millions of their fellow-men out of the Seventeenth Century into the Twentieth Century. In effect, those in power said to the others, 'You are going to be civilized, whether you like it or not.' The program, therefore, enforced education as rigidly as the royalists' régime had enforced ignorance. The latest figures to reach me signalize a remarkable success in the last two years. To-day, less than twenty-five per cent of Russia is illiterate. To the motion picture belongs a major share of the credit for this astonishing achievement.

"When an old era ends, art always gallops in with the new. The French Revolution produced literature; the Russian can do likewise. But it will not be the Tolstoi school of sombre tragedy. It will be lighter, gayer, in the spirit of the Russia of to-day.

"I shall not be surprised if Russian art soon leads the world. The people are hungry for ideas and mediums of expression. Feeling the need of something to idolize in replacement of a blind idolatry of royalty that so long repressed them, they are turning to art. Museums are packed; theatres are jammed, day and night.

"What would be more fitting than that Russia should excel in the production of motion pictures, the medium by which it was first awakened to a consciousness of its lack of civilization? It is certainly conceivable that pure artistic impulses will be directed toward the screen, once the government abandons motion pictures as an agency of education. Propaganda, by which the nation has been held together, will no longer be necessary and art for art's sake will rule the Russian films.

Explaining Russian Habits

"I HAVE frequently heard Russian pictures criticized for attempts to glorify the machine age. I fear such critics have lost sight of the actual point. This exhibition of machinery is not propaganda, but education. Imagine, if you can, how wonderful machinery would seem to you if you were seeing it for the first time—as the Russian masses have only recently.

"I, for one, have never become accustomed to the magic of airplane transportation. I never fail to look up when I hear the noise of a motor overhead. But do you think I can arouse interest from my small son for an airplane? I recall once seeing a fleet in the sky and calling his attention to it. 'Yes, Dad,' he replied, 'but look here!' I looked. It was an angleworm.

"My boy is much more interested in the junkman's horse and wagon than he is in a new streamlined limousine. An automobile is commonplace; a horse is not. Just the reverse is true in provincial Russia, where turning a faucet and getting water is luxury or obtaining light from pushing a button is nothing short of a miracle.

"Another thing that will have much influence upon the advancement of Russian art is the typical racial tendency to discover everything for themselves. Give a Russian a tractor and offer to show him how it works. He will politely, but firmly refuse your offer of instruction. Not until he breaks his tractor will he return to ask your help.

"I recall an example of this trait from personal experience. On shipboard, I met a Soviet official and spent long hours talking with him through my interpreter. We had some interesting discussions and on the last night aboard, I asked if I might make him a present to remember me by. I gave him a safety razor and he thanked me graciously. Offering to show him how to use it, I met that firm Russian refusal. He assured me that he knew.

"Next morning, he appeared at breakfast with his face slashed to ribbons. I have never seen a man so badly cut. 'May I show you now?' I asked. 'If you will,' he answered. I then discovered that his difficulty had been that he put the blade outside of the safety guards. There was no way he could have avoided cutting himself.

Religion Banned? Not So!

"I VISITED two of the three centers of motion picture production in Russia—Moscow and Tiflis, capital of Georgia. Located near the Black Sea, Tiflis has a climate much like California. A little warmer, perhaps. From these two cities will doubtless come the majority of new Russia's new pictures for the world."

I had been told that DeMille's productions were very popular in Russia. (Until now, only a few American films have filtered into Russia.) Recalling the several religious films he has made, I questioned him concerning their reception.

"That is just one of the many matters about Russia upon which people have been misinformed," he said. "The church has not been destroyed by the Soviet. Religion is discouraged, but there are many religious sects flourishing. They may laugh at you for going to church, yet they have not legislated against churches. I was able to go every Sunday while I was in the country.

"I found, too, that the words of Christ, Confucius and Buddha were still being taught, but not under the name of religion. This may explain why Russia was not antagonistic to the religious pictures I have made."

Wilhelm Dieterle was an actor in the Russian theatres before he became a motion picture director in his own country, Germany. For the last three years, he has been in Hollywood under contract to Warner Brothers. He substantiated DeMille's impressions of Russia.

"No country offers finer material for the American screen than does Russia," Dieterle said. "There is drama in its history, its people and its ideals. Hollywood has feared this vast fund of material because of possible Socialistic propaganda. Hollywood is often unable to see beyond its own nose. Now that fear has been cast aside by a few brave pioneers, there will be a rush to put Russia on the screen. It is the next trend in film stories.

They Want Only Our Best

"YOU ask what type of motion pictures Russia will accept from Hollywood. It is trite to answer, 'Good pictures,' but that is the only possible answer. Films that tell their stories entirely through the pretty speeches of static actors sitting in a room, smoking and drinking, cannot hope for popularity in any foreign country. For that matter, it seems that such films are none too popular in America.

"Russians, in particular, would look upon a lot of talk as silly. They wonder why these people are not out doing something, when there is so much to do. This is the attitude born of their new freedom.

"I have heard it said that the Soviets will ban American pictures showing the refinements of modern civilization. It is not true. The Russian authorities *want* their fellow-

(*Continued on page 82*)

You can't afford a dull head in business, today

ALBERT DORNE

If you've been up late the night before, don't start the day with a headache. And if an afternoon conference catches you with a dull head . . . tired out and washed up . . . clear away the clouds with a refreshing dose of Bromo-Seltzer.

You'll like the way Bromo-Seltzer works—so quickly and effectively. Drink it as it fizzes in the glass of water. As it dissolves, Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. That is why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is soon relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied, cheered up.

And all the while needed alkali is being supplied to the blood through citric salts which contribute to alkalinity. No wonder you feel like another person before you know it!

Bromo-Seltzer—the multi-purpose remedy

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of 5 medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose. Each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results.

Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and *reliable.* Contains no narcotics. And it never upsets the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical family-size bottle at the office and at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Directions on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold at druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course, consult your physician.

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

Quick Pleasant Reliable

How WARREN WILLIAM Gets Away From It All

There isn't a red-blooded man in Hollywood who doesn't have an urge to escape the make-believe of acting once in a while, and work with his hands. Warren's way sounds like a satisfying way—going down to the sea in ships!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

HOLLYWOOD is a play city with imitation palaces, pretended passions, beauty manufactured of cunning lights and camera angles—and men of make-up and make-believe. They are men who have to study mirrors and daub their faces; men whose days are spent whispering sham love into the ears of women paid to listen, or fighting fake battles with "pulled" punches. They are men whose strange destiny it is to live in a world where their faces are more important than their muscles—and they are men who long to escape that destiny, as Warren William does.

In their eyes (romantic eyes, that thrill millions of women), I have often seen restlessness and revolt. From their lips, I have heard the involuntary cry that has become a joke and a byword in Hollywood: "God, I'd like to get away from it all!" Their lungs are stifled with powder; their biceps are covered with faultless tailoring; their fists are manicured to photograph well while lighting a cigarette or caressing a woman's hair.

The men of the movies are necessarily splendid physical specimens. Their ancestors were pioneers who reclaimed an empire from the wilderness, sailors, farmers, mechanics, adventurers, miners, fighters, workers—whose descendants play at doing men's work, with "perspiration" squirted carefully from atomizers by bored prop boys and virile words put in their mouths by yawning scenario writers! What man *wouldn't* want to escape once in a while?

Sometimes, these men of the movies find the confines of a studio set and a world bounded by Beverly Hills, Culver City, Malibu and Grauman's Chinese Theatre unendurable for long at a time. Then we hear of a Charlie Bickford taking the wheel of his whaling vessel; a Leslie Fenton shipping as a common sailor to roam the Seven Seas; a Clark Gable running away from a première to tramp the mountains, unshaven and content, with a gun across his arm; a John Boles pulling on oilskins and jerseys stiff with sea salt to mingle with the roustabouts and sailors of the wharfs at Wilmington; a John Barrymore departing as soon as the camera stops grinding for South Sea waters, where he can get gloriously dirty and go native to his heart's

(*Continued on page 92*)

Warren William's *Pegasus* isn't a yacht; it's a seafaring sailing vessel

Now NEW MILLIONS can have—

"The skin you love to touch"

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD IT—FOR ALL-OVER SKIN LOVELINESS

TODAY, Woodbury's Facial Soap invites millions of new users . . . with its new and generous 10c cake.

Woodbury's has created this marvelous new value . . . so that every member of your household may now feel free to use Woodbury's unstintedly . . . for every skin need.

Ten cents for the same quality you heretofore bought at a quarter. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist.

The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps in the Half-face Beauty Tests. Whereas other beauty products in the tests effected no noticeable improvement, Woodbury's brought new radiance and freshness to the skin within thirty days.

For years, Woodbury's has wanted to extend its scientific skin care at a lesser price, so that millions more could enjoy it. But we waited until we could give you the famous Woodbury beauty treatment at 10c without any compromise in quality.

It's ready for you today! At 10c! At your druggist's, department store and grocer's. The proved formula for *"The Skin You Love to Touch."*

LA PRINCESSE SIXTE DE BOURBON-PARME

Participant in Paris Beauty Clinic

One of hundreds of women to take these tests, made first in the U. S. A. and Canada. Then in 7 countries of Europe. Woodbury's proved far superior to every other beauty aid in bringing new freshness and radiance to the skin.

Woodbury's
FACIAL·SOAP
For Skin, Scalp & Complexion

Woodbury's *facial soap* NOW 10¢

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SEND THREE 3¢ STAMPS FOR WOODBURY LOVELINESS KIT

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*Name*________________ *Address*________________

Who Is the College Boys' Favorite?

MADGE EVANS—and Here's Why!

(*Continued from page 59*)

Katharine Hepburn went to College (Bryn Mawr, Class of 1928), and Madge Evans didn't—but it's Madge whom co-eds copy

Playgirls Are Wallflowers Now

FIRST: the depression has created a new market in girls. Yesterday's hey-hey-hotchas are among to-day's wallflowers. When a man thinks of marriage, he wants a girl who could pass an I. Q. test with flying colors. He wants a girl who is more interested in nurseries than "nightcaps." Above all, he wants a girl who will *stay* married. There's no money left for playthings and that includes playgirls. If a girl is the life of the party at a night-club, it doesn't mean a thing unless she can do dishes and diapers. It's simply a post-depression hangover and oh, what a change!

SECOND: because Madge Evans is obviously a nice girl. College men and women don't set themselves up as moral criterions, but they cherish their standards of respectability. How to be nice and still be interesting is becoming a fine art at universities. Madge has that sweetness that makes a man forget wild oats for dreams of wedlock.

THIRD: she's popular because she's Madge Evans. Never has she been involved in any whisper of scandal and they *feel* that Madge is a swell person. Collegiate fans, like any other moviegoers, establish favorites when they like their mannerisms, their smiles and their personalities. They like Madge Evans.

Peter Arno, the artist, gave impetus to the selection when he voted her as representing the average girl to the greatest number of people. (So if you want to be popular, be average!) Sisters from no less than seven very, very different sororities have confided to me that "she's just the type of girl we prefer as a member." Yet I visited those same sororities a few years ago and three were interested only in débutantes, two in wealthy girls, one in campus vamps, and one in intellectuals. Now they're united; all of them want girls like Madge, and simply because they've learned that a serious type of girl with a dash of beauty, humor and romance, is the kind who will bring a sorority popularity—and boy-friends!

True enough, Madge was not the favorite in every school. No one could be. But her following is so widespread that she has no serious competition. West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen are notorious for never agreeing, even on the correct time; but mention Madge and they'll promptly announce that she'd grace anyone's arm at a hop.

The most amazing discovery I made was that Jean Harlow (who ranks third in nation-wide popularity) is liked, but seldom mimicked. And a real favorite of young people is always imitated. Collegians feel that, while they have a normal interest in the facts of life, there is no necessity for going into detail. Harlow's rôles are considered "too obvious"; yet in the same breath, the speakers rave about Clark Gable, frequently teamed with her. It's hard to define the difference, but students seem able to separate Gable, the man and Gable, the actor, while Jean Harlow is always Jean Harlow. Jean's wide exploitation has hurt her, as one student showed when he said. "I feel I'm old enough to know what I want or don't want and too many pictures of stars on billboards get in my hair." One reason for Madge's success is that the students, and not a publicity department, have made her a favorite.

Perhaps girls don't want to admit a liking for idealistic types; that would partly explain why Janet Gaynor is not a great favorite on the campuses. Some said half-heartedly, "She's awfully nice—but a little too sweet." Janet (who ranks second only to Marie Dressler in nation-wide popularity) is a lukewarm favorite of college men, with the exception of Idaho and Washington, where she is THE favorite. And the bigger the man, the more hair on the chest, the greater favorite is she! Her smallness appeals to their masculinity, the chance for their physical mightiness to protect the wisp that is Janet. One loud complaint I heard was: "You always know the way her pictures are going to end." And there's a thought for producers.

What They Like about Madge

GIRLS at an Eastern finishing school thought that Madge was liked because of her "refinement." Two weeks later, I was informed at a mining college that she was: "Okay and looked like a swell date." I'll pass that over as an intended compliment. Harvard and Yale men were very reticent, saying solemnly that "apparently Miss Evans has the qualities that one wants in a wife to furnish background for a home and family."

Not so coy were Southern students. With slow drawls that accented every word, students of Alabama and Georgia said, "Madge is sho' a sweet girl—and could I go fo' her!" A psychology student told me that "collegians are Evans-conscious because of her nice-girl appeal that makes Mother say, 'I hope my boy marries a girl like her.'"

Strangely, the girl most popular to-day is one who never had a formal schooling, and has never been particularly identified as a college type on the screen. That might have helped her since campus fans believe that pictures of Old Siwash range from "lousy" to "putrid."

While men like Madge Evans as a serious type of girl who would make a fine wife, college girls seek the same ideal in a man. That's why Robert Montgomery's following has been slipping in college towns. Girls admire him, but feel that his type would be more adept at furnishing wisecracks than beefsteaks. And the girls are more interested in the "life is real and life is earnest" type these days. Although the Evans-Montgomery team is well established, only her personal following has increased.

Some Other Favorites

MAURICE CHEVALIER, never a great college favorite, is even less so on the campuses these days, while Marie Dressler and Will Rogers, whose wit is robust and down to earth, have gained rapidly. Students at agricultural schools are extremely partial to the suave William Powell and Warren William. But in the larger metropolitan universities, like Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania, you'll find that Powell's and Williams' rôles are regarded as far-fetched.

There's only one actress who has as wide a following as Madge—namely, Mae West! They all go to see her, from students majoring in mathematics to those majoring in football. Her come-up-and-see-me repartee is widely applauded and every curve gets a hand. As an actress, she can do battle royal with the demure Miss Evans, but as a person her rivalry is limited. Invariably, when asked the ideal girl, only the campus cut-up would name the Queen of Sex.

Incidentally, I found that America's current girl-friend has a grand sense of humor. We were lunching at the studio when I told her that she had been nominated for the collegiate Hall of Fame. Madge chuckled over an experience I had while quizzing a Northwestern behemoth who graced the varsity; I wanted to know what actress he thought would make the ideal type of wife. He meditated, shifting his weight from one leg to the other in acute embarrassment. Finally, he drawled, hoarsely, "Well, if she can cook, I'd sorta go for Mae West."

That Madge, in turn, appreciates collegians is shown by the fact that, unknown to Hollywood, she was at one time engaged to an Eastern student!

So the returns are in and the votes counted, and over the wailing of the disappointed stars, take a look at the ideal girl. She's five feet four, weighs a hundred and eighteen pounds, has blonde hair, gray-green eyes, and is a grand person. That's Miss America, 1934 Edition, better known to you and me as Madge Evans.

Greta Garbo may have glamour, but it's the exotic kind—and the college boys prefer the close-to-home Evans kind

Claudette Colbert has a clothes secret for *you*

"It's easy to keep that out-of-the-bandbox look with LUX," *she says*

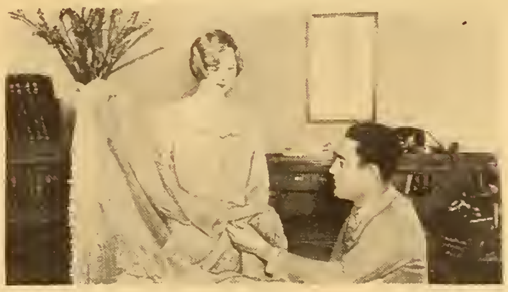
"My secret is Lux," says charming Claudette Colbert. "I always insist on it for everything that's washable at all—for lingerie, stockings, sweaters, washable silk and cotton frocks. It keeps my loveliest things always fresh—like new!"

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

YOU, too, can keep your things always fresh and lovely looking with Lux, just the way Claudette Colbert does. A whisk through those feathery Lux bubbles and your most precious lingerie, your smartest washable frocks come out looking like new! Stockings, too, last ever so much longer if you Lux them after every wearing.

But don't risk rubbing dainty things with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios



"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded," says Frank Richardson, wardrobe director of the Paramount Studio, shown with Helen Kopka, his assistant. "That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects colors and materials, keeps them new longer, saves money."

Hollywood says

Don't trust to luck —trust to LUX

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WITH ORDINARY PINS

WITH NEW *Colored* HOLD-BOBS

GONE forever — straggly, unsightly hair! Throw away those ordinary pins that slide out and leave your hair mussy and troublesome. HOLD-BOBS *stay put.*

New colored HOLD-BOBS match all shades of hair perfectly. *And* . . . they are *hand dipped*, insuring a smooth, satin finish. Of course you know that HOLD-BOBS are *invisible!* That they have non-scratching ends . . . flexible, tapered legs . . . one side crimped to hold hair securely in place . . . and small, round, invisible heads.

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I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair *exactly*. Please send me a *free* sample card and new hair culture booklet.

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City..................State..................
☐ Gray or Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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Is Jean Harlow Hollywood's Most Underpaid Star?

(*Continued from page 42*)

growing weary of having to ask my writer-friends to deny things for me. But I want you to make this statement for me as strong as possible: *I was never on a strike from M-G-M!*

Why It Wasn't a "Strike"

"NOT once in those ten weeks when I was off salary did I admit that there was any difficulty, nor did I discuss the situation with any outsider. If I had intended to strike, I could have walked off the lot during the making of my last picture, 'Bombshell.' Such a gesture on my part could have cost the studio a small fortune. Instead, I waited until the picture had been completed, I made retakes, and 'Bombshell' was on its way to national release before I ever broached the subject of a salary increase.

"Never at any time when I was not drawing my salary-check was I 'at war' with the studio; nor were they with me. I was constantly a visitor on the lot, conferring about my contract; and the studio continued to arrange my interview appointments and make my publicity portraits. It was not a strike or an attempt on my part to hold up M-G-M for an unreasonable salary. I think it might best be described as a difference of opinion. And now," she smiled, "there is no longer any difference of opinion, and I am on salary again!"

I said: "You mean, Jean, you thought you were being underpaid and held out for a figure more in keeping with your box-office popularity—and got it?"

"I mean," she answered, "*that I have returned to work at the studio on the same contract at the same salary terms and not one cent more* than I was drawing before my alleged 'walk-out.'"

In view of those rumors of a $4,500 weekly salary, I suppose I must have looked my astonishment, for Jean smiled.

Looks Upon Bosses as Friends

"AFTER ten weeks, when the studio and I could not agree on a figure, I reported to begin work on my next picture because I believe that these studio executives who have been my close friends in every trouble, especially during the time of my great trouble, Paul Bern's death, will make the adjustment fairly and squarely. And in the meantime I am going to forget what I have been told and advised I am worth, and go on to fulfill the terms of the contract to which I signed my name.

"This is the truth about Jean Harlow's Studio Strike! Not those absurd stories that I was holding them up for ten thousand dollars weekly or even five thousand dollars. The adjustment I asked for was barely a fraction of either of those amounts."

"This subject of movie-money is difficult to discuss in print," she continued. "What might seem like an insufficient salary to Hollywood would be a millionaire's income to the rest of the world. I can understand the impatience of the public with high-salaried stars who are constantly demanding, so it seems, 'More money, more money, more money.' I know that if I were not in pictures, the salary I have been drawing would seem like a fortune. Removed from the demands of movie stardom, it *is* a fortune. But I think the outside world does not begin to realize the outlay of money required to maintain our professional position in our private lives.

Her One "Necessary" Luxury

"YOU know me well enough to know I am not extravagant. I never have been. I suppose many people would consider this home," her gesture took in the exquisitely furnished room with all the lovely things Jean has collected for it, "as a luxury. But, to me, a comfortable home is a necessity. I have always lived in nice surroundings. I am prouder of this home because I earned it and paid for it out of my movie salaries, but if I were forced to live in a one-room apartment, I would try to surround myself with as much beauty and comfort as my pocketbook would stand.

"As for the other things—I try to dress nicely and in good taste, but my wardrobe is far from elaborate. I think I have fewer clothes than any other feminine star in Hollywood. I love sports clothes, such as these sweaters and slacks, and they can be bought in any department store in town. Not so long ago, I had three evening gowns in my wardrobe. In fact, I think someone called attention to the fact that I wore the same evening gown to all the premières," she laughed. "I have no jewelry to speak of, and the car I drive is three years old. If I were just a private-life Jean Harlow, *any* movie salary would be ample for my very modest mode of personal living."

Stop for a moment to consider that the government income tax takes one-third of Jean's income. Add to the living expenses of her private life the large outlay of money concerned with her professional work; the charities to which she is expected to contribute generously; the money that must be spent in hundreds of different little ways because she is a movie star—and the remaining total is not startling, compared to the intake of other Hollywood stars who have far less to offer at the box-office.

Rivals Them Except in Salary

THE exhibitors of the country recently voted Jean *third* in the list of box-office stars, the two ahead of her being Marie Dressler, said to earn $3,500 weekly, and Janet Gaynor, whose reported salary is $4,500 every seven days. At the present moment Jean's salary is thought to be $1,500 weekly. And *behind* her in box-office popularity come such big money-earners as Greta Garbo, supposed to be getting $9,000 a week; Constance Bennett, whose weekly stipend approximates $7,000; Norma Shearer, said to receive $6,000; and Ruth Chatterton, whose weekly salary is reported to be $7,500 . . . to list only a few.

Is it any wonder that Hollywood guessed such enormous sums as $10,000, or even $5,000 as the amount of weekly salary Jean Harlow was "holding out for"? And is it any wonder that Hollywood will be equally amazed to learn that she has returned to work at the same salary she was earning before her dispute? Hollywood probably won't believe it. (And how about you?)

Jean gave me one explanation as to why she had walked back in again after she had walked out, when she said she had decided to put her financial fate in the hands of the studio men whom she trusted and whom she considered her friends. But I think the real reason came out just before I left her when she said:

"I can't keep away from pictures for any reason at all! I am lost without my work. You don't know how impatient I am to be back, making another picture again. I want to get back in make-up, to hear the sound technicians call 'turn 'em over.' I've missed all that more than I can tell you in this ten weeks of—delay!"

There are two stories on the schedule for Jean—"Living in a Big Way," with Marie Dressler as a co-star; and "China Seas," with Clark Gable as a co-star.

"*We have to have* LOVELY TEETH *or we lose our jobs*"

Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as possible.

So—take a hint from those who make a business of beauty. Scores of lovely models have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste. They find that this modern dentifrice gives a higher lustre, more sparkle and brilliance to tooth enamel!

Due to its effective polishing agent, Listerine Tooth Paste not only makes teeth shine, but less brushing is required. Film and discoloring stains disappear with surprising speed. Yet the polishing agent is soft. It cannot possibly scratch or harm the enamel in any way.

No matter how dull your teeth, see how Listerine Tooth Paste helps them. Learn how pleasantly refreshing this dentifrice tastes—how much better your gums look and feel following its use.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ for the regular-size tube—a fact which has led millions of persons to use it instead of more expensive brands. Now the new 40¢ size, containing *twice* as much, permits an even greater saving. We are confident that if you try one tube—either size—you will remain a steady user. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

(*top*) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

(*left*) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that's two from Texas!) is one of New York's most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.

FRANCES JOYCE has displayed thousands of dollars' worth of gowns. She has also had experience with dentifrices: —"I have tried nearly every kind," she reports, "but there's nothing like the delightful fresh, clean feeling that Listerine Tooth Paste gives the mouth."

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETTIT of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.

"I hate to miss the party, But..."

"I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T DANCE. MY FEET ARE MY WORST ENEMIES. I HAVE TWO BAD CORNS."

"WHY MY DEAR, HOW OLD FASHIONED YOU ARE. WHY DON'T YOU USE BLUE-JAY? THERE'S NO PAIN, AND IT'S THIS SIMPLE"

1 Just soak the foot for 10 minutes in hot water, and then wipe it dry.

2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad over corn. Pad relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

3 After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot and lift out corn. It's so safe and gentle!

"JIM, YOU'RE AN OLD FLATTERER! YOU'RE A MARVELOUS DANCER YOURSELF. DO YOU USE BLUE-JAY TOO?"

• Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover, used by millions for 35 years. Invented by a famous chemist, made by Bauer & Black, whose products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over. *Be kind to your feet.* When a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists — special sizes for bunions and calluses

How Blue-Jay Works

A. the medication that gently undermines the corn.

B. felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

C. adhesive that holds pad in place.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

Free Booklet—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

MP-5

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Carole Lombard Tells Why Hollywood Marriages Can't Succeed

(*Continued from page 29*)

"The moment that she stops developing, the moment that marriage absorbs her to the exclusion of every other interest, she begins giving bad performances. Her mind isn't on her work. And the public won't excuse her because she happens to be in love with her husband.

"Something happens to a girl in marriage; something happens to a man in marriage. Walls press in around you—you become breathless with the loss of freedom. You no longer have a sense of belonging to yourself. It's impossible to make a success of marriage without diluting your personality. I was an entirely different person while I was married. I did not have that lovely sense of growth that makes living a glorious experience.

"The old form of marriage is not difficult and complicated for us in Hollywood because we do not respect its obligations or are unstable. But because our needs and our lives are different.

"The woman who remains free cannot live up to convention. Yet it is sheer stupidity to deny her emotional experiences, and experiments with life, because her profession makes it impossible for her to subscribe to a code.

Acting Excludes All Else

"WE in Hollywood have no chance at happiness in marriage, because marriage implies possession and possessiveness. It implies a correlation of interests, of activity, of thought. It implies exclusive association and a hoarding of charm for each other's consumption. But acting is a wholly consuming business. It drains the vitality, absorbs the heart and the soul. It excludes all other considerations—happiness, and even marriage. And a woman's interest cannot be divided or segregated.

"Charm becomes a commodity to be displayed before the camera only. Every person has let-downs—and actors and actresses naturally save them for the time when they are away from the studio. And marriage can't have off-moments and be successful.

"The movie marriage is almost wholly defined by off-moments. After a woman is charming all day before a camera, she comes home to a husband who also has been charming all day—and both of them are through with charm and seek reactionary silence and glumness.

"They both have problems that they cannot share; they must solve them individually. Gradually, the tingling of their senses, when they are together, is a thing of the past. They may remain friends, but they are definitely no longer in love. Somehow, love gets lost when it is oppressed by weariness. Two people may continue to be friends long after love has gone—just as William Powell and I are friends to-day. But friendship is not enough for a marriage.

"Two tired people can't keep the flame of love going on nothing. To-morrow is another day; the cameras wait. So whatever electric quality a man or woman possesses—the quality that keeps marriage thrilling and vitalizing—is not expended at home. It's saved for that revealing camera!

No Chance to Be Pals

"EVEN companionship is denied married players. Bill and I *never* found time to play together. If two stars happen to be married to each other, their periods of freedom from the studio rarely coincide. The husband may be working when the wife is free. She may be working night and day when he is 'between pictures.' And it is neither practical nor just for either of them to forswear other associations, new friendships, a few pleasures. Each of them must seek diversion with others. Yet, because all of us are more or less creatures of habit, it is wearing to face constantly the startled eyes of a deliberately misunderstanding public. The strain becomes too great, and a separation becomes inevitable—because marriage in itself offers no compensations for that loss of freedom that the soul of any creative person demands.

"Hollywood could well be an experimental station in human values. But it dares not openly court the censure of the public. We respect human relationships—the fine loyalties, the thing called love, but the worn-out traditions that impede human progress have no place in this industry.

"We go into the laboratory of life, for we are a community of youth, with youth's effort to adjust out-moded social machinery to our own beliefs and our own needs. But we dare not publish our findings, because the public would disapprove. This doesn't mean that we don't recognize the principles of marriage. It only means that we cannot adopt its conventional form.

"We must make marriage serve us. We cannot be enslaved by it. If we are, it is at the sacrifice of our professional integrity. Then, certainly, some middle ground should be found, which will permit a form of marriage not detrimental to a career.

New Type of Marriage Needed

"NO serious actor or actress can afford to sacrifice personal development to a program or a code. Yet we dare not pave the way, we dare not adopt new conventions, until the world, through its own experience, finds that a new type of marriage is necessary for the woman wage-earner—and approves. Professional women must be free—not to be outlaws, but to be themselves, to realize themselves as individuals.

"I had the choice between a career and marriage. I felt that I was too young to leave a profession in which I was passionately interested; to subdue the need for self-expression. The picture business makes extraordinary demands on a woman as a person and as a personality. I was under a constant strain. I could not settle down to a domestic routine that would have brought unhappiness both to Bill and to myself.

"My present philosophy that marriage as it stands is all wrong for picture players may be a delusion. Some day, I suppose, I shall marry again, because no woman can determine her emotions. No woman can say, 'Marriage is not for me'—because to-morrow someone may come along who will make her embrace it with delight and with humility; embrace even its slavery and its difficulties, its destined monotony and its dangerous influences on an actress.

"To-day, marriage fits neither human nature nor human needs. Modern civilization demands enlightenment on the relationship between men and women. It may take a century, but eventually the time will come when marriage will be made to conform to nature, to our modern freedom; and our modern needs. But Hollywood does not dare to pave the way.

"Happiness is a very difficult state to achieve. It becomes doubly difficult when a woman sets out to reach a goal, when she has an ideal for herself and for her own abilities, as I have. There is only one salvation for the woman outside—for the woman who works—and that is a different, new kind of marriage. The old has failed. Possibly the new will bring her a semblance of content!"

ONE DROP OF WATER SPELLS *trouble* FOR USERS OF 100,000 LAMPS!

TO AVOID COSTLY "WATER VAPOR" ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS MARK
MAZDA
GE
100 WATTS

There is one time when 1/100,000 part of a dew drop is a veritable flood! That's when that much moisture is present in the incandescent lamp you buy.

Costly water vapor is painstakingly eliminated from every General Electric Mazda lamp because it hastens deterioration of the lamp filament; speeds blackening of the bulb; and brings a corresponding loss of light and lamp life.

As a matter of fact, the gas in General Electric Mazda lamps is 100 times drier than the air in the very dryest part of the Sahara Desert. That's one reason why lamps bearing the famous monogram are *sure* to give you all the light you pay for—why they are used by steamship lines, railroads, leading industrial and commercial concerns everywhere.

To look for this symbol of quality is an easy and sure way to avoid inferior lamps that may waste electricity like a leaky faucet wastes water—that may contain that tiny particle of water vapor that spells lighting waste and trouble. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

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Cake or Liquid

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City .... State ....

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Hollywood Recognizes Russia!

(*Continued from page 72*)

countrymen to see refinements, if for no other reason than as an object lesson in what has been missed in centuries of oppression.

"If Hollywood does not move swiftly into the stories of modern Russia, it will discover that the Soviet has beaten it to the market. The Russian is a natural actor. You can put the most ignorant peasant upon the stage and get a performance out of him. He has none of the reserve of the Anglo-Saxon that makes for stiffness, awkwardness.

"There is another thing Hollywood may not realize. The Soviet is encouraging art in its films to-day. Why, a picture director is the highest-paid man in the country. He is not hampered or supervised by others, but is left alone to work out his own destiny and the destiny of the film. This fact alone should point the way to the greatness of the coming Russian films."

Lost One Great Director

A FEW years ago, Hollywood had just begun to sense some of the things about Russia that it realizes fully now. Paramount persuaded Sergei Eisenstein, greatest of the Russian directors, to come to Hollywood and submit a tentative treatment of "An American Tragedy" for the screen; Theodore Dreiser, the author, approved it—but complications arose at the studio, and Josef von Sternberg made the picture. Eisenstein, leaving the country, went to Mexico, where he filmed a saga of the downtrodden peons, which was released as "Thunder Over Mexico"—and hailed by critics as one of the greatest examples of cinema art ever produced, despite the way his original version had been cut. He is now back in Moscow, filming the saga of the Soviets—a picture that will tell the whole story of the new Russia in dramatic detail and will be many months in the making.

And don't forget that one of Hollywood's newest and greatest directors is a Russian—Rouben Mamoulian, born in Tiflis. He showed you a new Dietrich in "The Song of Songs," and a new Garbo in "Queen Christina." Now he is to direct Anna Sten in her second picture, a new version of "Resurrection." He is a subtle manufacturer of moods, who works with an impressionistic camera—a camera that likes symbolism. If Russia could give Hollywood a Mamoulian and a Sten (she was born in Kiev), who knows what other talent Hollywood may find there? Another of Hollywood's new "discoveries" is a Russian—namely, Kathryn Sergava.

There have been two previous versions of "Resurrection"—in each of which Hollywood had to rely on a Mexican star to interpret the Russian heroine. Dolores Del Rio made the first; Lupe Velez the second. Other Hollywood pictures of recent years that have had Russian backgrounds are: "Rasputin and the Empress" (which half-explained the downfall of the Czar); "Scarlet Empress" (Dietrich's new picture, which reveals the court intrigues of the days of Catherine, the Great); "Love" (which starred Garbo and was a sentimental adaptation of Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina"); "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" (a realistic War story starring Chester Morris); "The Rogue Song" (in which Lawrence Tibbett was a romantic Russian Robin Hood); and "The World and the Flesh" (in which George Bancroft was a Revolutionist). But until now Hollywood has only languidly recognized the possibilities of Russia as a screen background. Now it's excited!

News and Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 39*)

unless they see the play. And every night stars occupy the café-theatre tables, asking for their favorite old songs, drinking beer and hissing the villain. Paramount has bought the film rights and will screen it just as it is played, with *entr'actes*, specialty songs and all, using the theatre and cast daytimes in order not to interfere with the nightly shows. W. C. Fields will probably take the villain's part, with Lanny Ross as the hero.

Songs Your Movies Taught You

ARE you aware of the fact that most of the songs you're humming these days are from the movies? Tin Pan Alley has moved from Broadway to Hollywood. About the only recent Broadway songs that come readily to mind are "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," from "Roberta," and "The Easter Parade," from "As Thousands Cheer." But it's easy to think of songs the movies have put across: "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" from "Sitting Pretty"; "Everything I Have Is Yours" and "Dancing Lady" from "Dancing Lady"; "Keep Young and Beautiful" and "No More Love" from "Roman Scandals"; "Let's Fall in Love" from the picture of that name; "Coffee in the Morning" and "Boulevard of Broken Dreams," from "Moulin Rouge"; "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule," from "Wonder Bar"; "Flying Down to Rio" and "Carioca" from "Flying Down to Rio"; "Inka-Dinka-Doo" from "Palooka"; "Our Big Love Scene" and "Let's Make Hay While the Sun Shines," from "Going Hollywood"; "Playful Pluto," from the Walt Disney cartoon. Fill out your own list!

The Air's Full of Them

AND have you noticed how movie-conscious the radio is becoming? Any evening in the week, you can hear some movie player on the air waves. Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Dick Powell, Groucho and Chico Marx, Bing Crosby, Jimmy Durante—they're regular features now. And you've been hearing Constance Bennett, Jean Harlow, Gene Raymond, Lilyan Tashman, Helen Hayes, Margaret Sullavan, Leslie Howard and innumerable others. Wonder how much business they have kept away from the movie theatres?

Love Birds

IF you don't believe that Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, have a fondness for one another—and that Al, particularly, doesn't care if the whole world knows it, listen to this one:

I attended a Legion prize fight one evening, arriving late to find my seats directly behind the Jolsons. They didn't see me, for the very simple reason that they had no eyes for anyone except each other. They weren't even watching the fighters in the ring.

"Who's your baby?" I heard Ruby ask. I was spared Al's answer. A few moments later, Ruby made a proposition. "When this bout is over," she said, "climb up in

(*Continued on page 89*)

LOVELY

ROLLICKING

Joan Blondell

Joan Blondell's gift for comedy sparkles through the new Warner Brothers' picture "Smarty" with Warren William and Edward Everett Horton.

EATS BREAD EVERY DAY AND IS GLAD TO TELL *Why*

Good natured, lovable . . . very much alive . . . Joan Blondell enjoys every minute of her busy existence. In this friendly letter to Betty Crocker, cookery expert, she willingly gives one clue to her abounding vitality.

Dear Betty Crocker:

Of course I like bread, and of course I eat it—every day! I couldn't keep in tip-top shape without plenty of good energy food, and that's what bread is.

Joan Blondell

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread!

1 *Supplies energy efficiently.* Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.

2 *Builds, repairs.* Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.

3 *Is one of the most easily digested foods.* 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.

For full explanation by eminent scientists, read the valuable new free book on bread, "Vitality Demands Energy."

CLEVER NEW USES FOR BREAD IN THIS BOOK BY BETTY CROCKER

Free! A thrilling new book of recipe and menu suggestions, "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)". New ideas for combining bread with other foods to make an appetizing, well balanced diet. By Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. Fascinating accompaniments for soup, main course, salad. Answers to questions on bread etiquette.

Delicious, appetizing . . . bread "goes" with everything. Is economical, convenient . . . baked for you in pleasing variety, together with other tempting baked wheat products, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK

Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.

Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread, and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

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Bread ENERGY FOR *Vitality!*

KEEP YOUR THROAT

KOOL

Cheer every play, smoke through the whole nine innings—but smoke KOOLS. You'll find your throat will not get dry. KOOLS are mentholated—the smoke is cooler, better for you. But KOOLS are so mildly mentholated, the full flavor of the fine tobaccos is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Save FREE coupons packed with KOOLS for Congress Quality gilt-edged U. S. Playing Cards and other attractive premiums. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.)

Send for illustrated premium list.

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
—REDEEMABLE—
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Reader Has Praise for Picture That Dared to be Delicate

First Prize

In its transition to the screen, writes Louise Kramer, of Peoria, Ill., none of the delicate beauty of "Cradle Song" was lost:

"In this hectic everyday life, how like an oasis in the desert is Paramount's 'Cradle Song.' And we who are weighted down with the cares of the day, how lovely to feel, if just for the space of one short hour the peace and tranquillity of that picture. To know that though selfishness and greed abound all around us, courage and self-sacrifice are not a lost art. I know there must have been others who were moved as intensely as I was by this picture.

"All honor to the producers for filming a subject so delicate, to Dorothea Wieck for her beautiful portrayal, and to the rest of the cast for their splendid support and last, but not least, to its director."

Second Prize

Lucretia Money, of McComb, Miss., wants players' rôles varied and no more back-stage rehearsals:

"Why don't the movie producers throw away the idea that fans like to see their favorites in the same type of rôles over and over again. Zasu Pitts has lost all her charm for me because I see her doing exactly the same thing too often. I've seen so much of her that I can imitate her to perfection.

"I wonder how many fans agree with me that the most enjoyable sort of screen musical comedy is the 'Whoopee' type in which there was no show being given, and no back-stage rehearsals—nothing but beautiful nonsense and glorious comedy. We don't want to see the rehearsals, and the crabbing of the dance director; we want the finished product."

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Third Prize

Abrupt endings are very annoying, writes Marcia Feldman, of Atlanta, Ga.:

"The trend of the movies lately seems to lean towards abrupt endings, which somehow seem to rub the fur the wrong way. Folks like to be let down easily instead of receiving a sudden jolt at the end of a picture, as if their car, going at a rapid speed, had reached the edge of a steep embankment and suddenly stopped.

"Particularly do I refer to several otherwise splendid productions which I have seen recently, like 'Dinner At Eight,' 'Morning Glory,' and 'Counsellor At Law.' In 'Counsellor At Law,' the ending was so abrupt, we missed Barrymore's last line, which was in reality the key to the story."

Ann Campbell, of Bexley, O., writes about an inconsistency in "Queen Christina" that didn't get by her watchful eye:

"Do tell me how a movie producer in this day and age expects an audience to accept an error such as occurs in the Great Greta's performance of 'Queen Christina'!

"While traveling incog and without baggage, the queen is forced, during a snowstorm, to remain overnight in an inn where she meets a handsome Spanish envoy, portrayed by John Gilbert. In the intriguing boudoir scene, Greta appears the next morning in a gorgeous flowing negligee. Now, where did that negligee come from—Mr. Gilbert's bag? Or do innkeepers provide wardrobes for snowbound queens?"

When films are entertaining, Anne McLemore, of Memphis, Tenn., doesn't care if scenes are faked:

"Who and where are those literalists who complain of 'faked' scenery and effects in the movies? I think it's wonderful that the 'fakes' can be made to seem so real. 'Flying Down to Rio' was a good example of the art. Nowhere could you find a better picture for sheer scenic beauty and keen entertainment. And it was full of faked scenes. We all dwell in hum drum worlds as it is, and as the movies take us into lands only reached in dreams, I say, *more power to them!*"

Preston Chapman, of Montgomery, Ala., would give anything to be in Lewis Stone's shoes:

"My idea of the world's luckiest devil is Lewis Stone! To stand in his shiny number eights for a few brief hours I would throw away my beloved nicotine and cast off my pet peeve! Why? Well, hasn't he played in seven pictures with Garbo? Not as her hero, oh no, but within breathing distance of her beautiful coldness!"

The Picture Parade

(Continued from page 65)

THE SHOW-OFF

Tracy Makes You Like Him

IT'S hard to make a bragging ne'er-do-well sympathetic, and it's a distinct tribute to Spencer Tracy's likable personality and acting ability that he manages to do so. A nuisance to his in-laws, a windbag to outsiders, and a worry to his Little Woman (Madge Evans), *Aubrey Piper* is—in his own mind—a hero, a great business genius, and a success. And, ironically, events conspire to make him look like that to the rest of the world, purely by accident.

Tracy's portrayal would be only a caricature if he relied solely on his lines, but his by-play, his blunt, embarrassed mannerisms, his expressions make "the show-off" a very real human being. Madge Evans gives sincerity to the rôle of his adoring wife, and a good supporting cast, including the ever-reliable Lois Wilson, makes this a picture almost anyone and everyone will enjoy.

Highlights: Tracy telling his boss a few things when he "resigns." Tracy asking his brother-in-law questions about what his estranged wife had for breakfast. The elevators that symbolize his rising and falling fortunes. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

THIS MAN IS MINE

Triangle Drama—Smart and Fast

THIS is a woman's picture, which hardly solves the age-old problem of how to hold one's husband against baby-faced little hussies, but the brilliant dialogue and crisp acting carry the picture along at a swift pace. Irene Dunne is sincere and spirited as the devoted wife, who determines to fight for her happiness. Constance Cummings is devastatingly realistic as a little flirt. But Kay Johnson is the surprise of the picture as Irene's disillusioned and trenchant friend who provides most of the laughs.

Men may not appreciate the humor of some of the barbed remarks about their sex. Ralph Bellamy is as smug as most men who find themselves contended for by several women, but his blow to the jaw when he discovers that the pretty divorcée just wanted to add him to her collection will receive heart-felt applause.

Highlights: The scene where the exasperated wife, finding her husband returned only slightly damaged, breaks a painting over his head. (RKO-RADIO)

REGISTERED NURSE

Uninspired Hospital Drama

IT is unfortunate that this picture challenges comparison with another hospital film of the month. For its atmosphere is distinctly theatrical, with Vince Barnett as a low-comedy orderly, John Halliday and Lyle Talbot unconvincing in their operating togs, and Bebe Daniels as a nurse who sheds tears over her patients' woes.

Theatrical, too, is the story, with a psychopathic husband standing in the way of the heroine's love for a flirtatious house-surgeon, and with the most amazing array of patients ever housed under one hospital roof. Only a scenario writer could explain why the crack-brained husband felt it necessary to free his wife by leaping from the fifth-story window when a divorce would have done just as well and been considerably less messy.

Highlights: Two wrestlers, who bring bouquets of pansies to their ailing boss, providing action and well-earned laughs by trying earnestly to gouge out each other's eyes over the sufferer's bed. (WARNERS)

A woman's loveliness can be spoiled by the 7 stains on teeth ...her charm restored by removing these stains completely.

MEN who "couldn't see me" *are all eyes now*

"I'M THE happiest girl in America! Yet, just think! a few months ago I was 'that little Roland girl—won't someone—someone—ask her to dance?'

"Yes, I was 'nobody's sweetheart' . . . a problem at any party!

"Then, one day, I overheard the men discussing the girls in our set—which was prettiest. I heard *my* name . . .

"'You know, she's pretty enough But when she smiles . . . *those teeth!*'

"For hours, that day, I sat and cried!

"He was *right!* My teeth were . . . well, just plain dingy! Yellowish! It had happened so gradually I hadn't noticed.

"And then, through my head ran some words I'd read: 'Food and drink leave seven kinds of stain on teeth. If these stains remain, teeth grow duller and duller. Colgate's removes all seven kinds of stains.'

"Today—well, look at my teeth . . . my smile! I *know* it's a winner now. And you'd know it, too . . . if you could see my date-book."

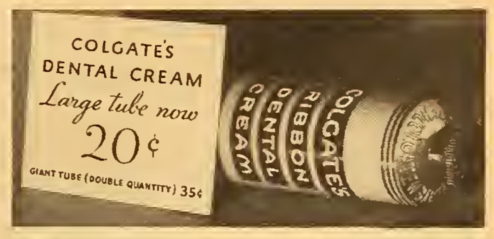
Banish all 7 stains with Colgate's

Would you love to look in your mirror a few days from now, and see your teeth more sparkling, more beautiful—than ever before? Then do this: Get a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Let its *two* cleansing actions remove all food stains—stains that no one-action dental cream *can* remove.

You see, Colgate's has an *emulsive* action that washes many of the stains away. Then a *polishing* action that removes the more stubborn ones. So don't delay. Try Colgate's. And in ten days, see for yourself what an amazing difference this two-action cream can make.

Note, too, how it sweetens the breath. And Colgate's is only 20c—the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO *cleansing actions, and sells at the same low price.*



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"Don't Let Anyone Tell You Acting Isn't Hard Work"—Montgomery

(Continued from page 51)

"Look about you at some of the actors who have survived—like the Barrymores, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt. Would you call them unintelligent, unlettered and unversed? Look at Helen Hayes—you can't call her unintelligent, can you? You can't call Leslie Howard, or Paul Muni, or Norma Shearer unintelligent. You certainly couldn't label George Arliss as a moron.

"All things are comparative, of course. You and I consider Helen Hayes exceptionally intelligent. Madame Curie might not consider her intelligent at all because she would not, probably, know very much about radium. Though I would not be surprised if she did. Because actors have *diversified knowledge*. They couldn't be actors without it.

"Professional men have to pass perseverance and memory tests to become doctors, lawyers, engineers and college professors. And actors must pass through the primary grades of hard work, of 'extra' parts and 'bit' parts, of second leads and setbacks and various degrees of starvation and discouragement until, if ever, they reach the top that is called stardom.

"Everyone can see us when we are on the top—silhouetted flatteringly against the sky. No one has seen us as we made the ascent. I once worked in the same play with a man who is now one of Hollywood's biggest stars—and I never even noticed him. There are about fifty really big and established stars in Hollywood, a small percentage of the whole. They've got there by relentless labor—labor that is largely mental. Very few of us go to bed as 'extras' and wake to find ourselves stars.

"It is said of doctors that they must have eighty per cent application, ten per cent ambition and ten per cent personality to get through college and medical school. But when they graduate, they may be—just doctors. As an actor may be just an actor. There are distinctions in all the professions. It's the fellow who has an extra ten per cent of something beyond the specified hundred who gets to the pinnacle, no matter what he has after his name, no matter what his calling.

Can't Have One-Track Minds

"YOU will find stupid, one-track minds among doctors, lawyers, engineers, even scientists. You will find stupid men in every walk of life. But actors, I claim, are likely to have a more diversified knowledge than any other group of men—*because they must play many rôles in life, not just one*. And if they take their work seriously, they make it their business to dissect the nerves and emotions and sinews of their characters as doctors must dissect the nerves and sinews and emotions of their patients.

"When, for instance, I play such a part as I played in 'Hell Below,' I must know the limits of that man's mind. I must be sure that I do not go above that limit or below it. I have to be able to sound the depths or the shallows of his presumed intelligence, gauge his interests and how he would react to them. I had a couple of battles with the director on that picture. He wanted me to say certain lines. I said, 'But this chap wouldn't talk this way, wouldn't *think* this way; he *couldn't*.' It took good honest sweat to drive my point home. I wasn't arguing in the realm of imagination alone. I had had to make a study of that fellow through his prototypes in real life.

"The same holds good in any part you play. Clark Gable and Jean Hersholt, for instance, are playing the parts of surgeons in 'Men in White.' They not only have to learn a certain amount of the surgeon's technique in the operating room; they also have to be able to gauge the mental and emotional and professional reactions of a surgeon when he is in conflict with love and life and death versus his profession.

"You must, or you should, bring to the character you play a complete dictionary of that man's mind and character in all of its phases. You can't do this by wandering idly through a story at a word here and there from the director. You have to study that character, to try to find him in real life, to read books bearing on his type and his circumstances in life. There are many pages in an actor's schoolbook and he has to learn them all by heart.

Not Easy, If You're Serious

"*ACTING is hard work*—if you mean by acting what *I* mean. We earn what we make. It's hard work for me, certainly, and it's hard work because I take it seriously. There have been times when I've been discouraged by some part I've had to play, in some picture I didn't believe in. And I've thought, 'The heck with it! Why not take the easiest way and just amble through it?' And then I would get on the set and start to work and—I couldn't just amble. Maybe I have a compulsion neurosis. Whatever it is, something makes me think, 'This may be IT—I may be able to get something into this!' And whoof, I'm off again! In my very small part in 'Night Flight' I had one tiny part of a tiny scene I wanted to do a certain way, with a certain bit of business. Clarence Brown and I worked on that bit all through one night to get what I wanted.

"The man in the business office finds the hands of his clock pointing to five-thirty or six and the curtain goes down on his day's performance. It does not rise again until nine the next morning. *The curtain never goes down on an actor's work, because he has no private life.* His private life, so-called, requires almost as much labor, thought and energy as his professional life. I, for instance, played polo for a bit, or tried to. If I had been Joe Doakes and had muffed a few plays, no one would have given me a tumble. As it was, when I did muff a play, the whole gallery rose up in their wrath or joy or whatever it was. They did rise up, anyway, and I—stopped playing polo. I was trying to play for my private and personal amusement. There is no such thing. We either have to work harder at our amusements or—go without them.

The Actor's Toughest Task

"THEN there is the factor of working for all kinds of people, in every walk of life. Our pictures must make contact with every type of mind in every walk of life, everywhere. The mere strain of trying to strike that common denominator is work enough for any man."

I said, "Yes, but is it work in the sense that lumberjacks or coal miners or steel riveters know work?"

"Then would you say," countered Bob, "that President Roosevelt doesn't work—because the sweat is not pouring down his face, because his muscles do not strain and bulge? That is the idea that stolid and practical people have always held of poets, playwrights, musicians. The part I played in 'Lovers Courageous' amused me immensely. I was a playwright, wrestling with my muse. And the 'others' said, 'Why doesn't he get to work? Why doesn't he *do* something?' The sweat may be the white sweat of the brain. It is there nevertheless.

"If you measure work by the sweat on a man's brow, then acting is not work. If you gauge it by mental effort, by creative effort, never ceasing, then it *is* work—and damned *hard* work, too. It all depends on your definition of the word 'work,' as it depends on your definition of the word 'actor.'

"It has been said that we get paid out of all proportion to our efforts. *I* say—though this statement, too, has been argued—that our working lives are short and that we do not, therefore, get paid out of proportion. We may have five years, ten, fifteen, of being 'in the money.' There is no way of foretelling. There is no possibility of planning. There is, therefore, no peace of mind.

"There is the strain, the constant nervous strain of this very condition. At any day, the axe may fall on me, on the man in the dressing-room next to me, on the girl in the dressing-room above me. I have been here for five years and I have seen them come and I have seen them go.

"When I first came to this lot, there was a white-haired boy here whose name I needn't mention. He was the White Hope, the Big Shot, the center of the hub. I saw him die. I don't mean physically; I mean as a screen actor. I was in the projection room when it happened. An executive sat next to me. He had probably had a bad egg for breakfast. He said one sentence—and that boy was dead. It's a small thing to hinge one's work on—a bad egg for breakfast and the consequent utterance of one sentence. It has been said that work doesn't kill, but worry does. But movie work *is* worry.

Loafing? It Can't Be Done!

"SURE, we have comforts. That's true enough. Comfortable homes and cars and good food and amusements, if we have the time to enjoy the former or take the latter. I've had eleven weeks' vacation in five years. Off pay, of course. Which means that I have very little time to enjoy the comforts I am able to afford. I do not live in luxury for the reason I have mentioned—the axe may fall and there must be some sort of security for it to fall on."

I said, "But Bob, if you feel this way—you and some others—why do you stay? Why don't you get out?"

Bob said, "I want to. I'm going to. I can't right now, for one reason or another. But I shall very soon. I can best illustrate the way I feel about it with a little allegory, like this. . . . Suppose I invited a few people to my home for dinner. I'd give them some good cocktails. We'd sit down to a dinner charmingly served and well-prepared. After dinner we'd play a little bridge. The time would come for them to go home. They would rise and say they had had a charming time and would like to come again. I would tell them that I hoped they would.

"That's the way it is with me, in pictures. I'd like to go to the Powers-That-Be and say, 'Thanks, I've had a charming time, but now it is time for me to go home—I hope I may come back again some day.' By 'home' I mean, of course, the theatre. Perhaps I'll find the doors of 'home' closed to me, but I'd like the chance of raising the knocker a couple of times.

"This is *not* the easiest way, this picture way. Because it is not the way of one man with one job; it's the way of hundreds of men we must know before we play; it's the struggle with many bosses to preserve the integrity of the characters we have learned; and it is all lived in a glass tank with the spotlight playing luridly upon it."

Hollywood Hair Styles go romantic!

Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair is **TOO OILY** *or* **TOO DRY**

A brilliant new star in the Hollywood galaxy revived this womanly style from the days of hoop skirts and loving hearts. But it looks far from romantic if you try it with oily, stringy locks. To correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment given below.

Another version of the "back to charm" movement is this coiffure of a first magnitude star. Brittle, wispy, fly-away hair will not cuddle into waves and curls of such alluring tenderness. If your hair is too dry, give it regularly the Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment suggested in this column.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

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The Tortures That Stars Endure While Making Movies

(*Continued from page 61*)

company, working on the Painted Desert, was constantly assailed by zero or sub-zero weather. (Van Dyke fought the tropics in making "Trader Horn" and fought the Arctic in making "Eskimo.") Crude living quarters gave them little protection and the entire camp was once nearly blown off a five-hundred-foot cliff into a raging river below. Ramon passed out completely from exhaustion and suffocation, when he fought a two hundred and twenty-five-pound Indian in eight inches of lava dust; and the company finally disbanded to fly before a blizzard, mucking out over nearly a foot of snow, tired, cold and disgusted.

Boris Karloff, whose Chaney-like tortures of make-up have already been recounted, suffered a new kind of hell in "The Lost Patrol," when he worked with Victor McLaglen in the Yuma desert under a sun that generated heat of 150 degrees in the shade. Work was limited to two hours a day, yet half of the company (all men) were prostrated at one time or another. Boris' big moment came near the end when a sharpshooter outlined his feet with bullets shot from twenty yards *as he walked!* He was supposed to be insane. He nearly was before they packed up for home. To Van Dyke, it brought back memories of some of the weather he saw last winter in "the white hell" of the Arctic.

From Hospital Bed to Jungle

THEN there is Claudette Colbert, who arose from a nice, comfortable hospital bed to ship for the jungles of Hawaii to make "Four Frightened People." Within two weeks after an appendicitis operation, Claudette was standing in a waist-deep swamp of cold water for hour upon hour, day after day. Continual rain meant no campfire and no campfire meant no hot food. Claudette, still convalescent, rode from eight to ten miles a day on horseback to reach the swamp near the set. When riding became impossible, she would dismount to fight her way through the dense underbrush—the brush that tore a pair of stout English leather puttees from director Cecil De Mille's legs once a week regularly. But Claudette tramped through the same brush barefooted and bare-legged in her rôle, giving no indication of the pain she encountered. Think this over as you recall her in those light-hearted love scenes with William Gargan.

Joan Blondell doesn't know what "quit" means, either. In her last picture, Joan worked until two hours before an emergency appendicitis operation, fighting back prostration to the last moment with the aid of ice bags held to her burning side. Following the operation, when most of us would have urged cameramen to jump out the nearest window, Joan, seeing the necessity of finishing the picture, had the company come to her home and "shoot" her in bed! Maybe that's why juicers and prop men call her "Trouper Joan" to-day.

Even La Garbo, who wouldn't join the best club anywhere, finds herself a member of the exclusive Hollywood Torture-Bearers. She qualified during "Queen Christina," when she carried around a costume weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. So heavy was the gown of metal cloth that it became necessary to use dress rests, small platforms that took as much weight as possible off her shoulders during the waiting periods. But the rests proved impractical and Greta could, if she would, tell a thing or two of the particular sort of hell she went through.

Had Worry on Top of Work

JOHN BARRYMORE experienced another kind of torture during "Counsellor At Law." In this picture Barrymore had an unmercifully hard batch of lines to learn. Retakes were frequent. Hours were very long, inasmuch as his contract was for a certain prescribed time, with heavy penalties on the producers for each day in excess. It was nothing for him to work twenty-four hours in succession. But the hell came in what followed these grinds. At the time Irene Fenwick, Lionel's wife, was hovering between life and death. John, inordinately fond of his brother's wife and sharing his brother's mental torture, rushed from work to an all-night vigil at her bedside. Then he would turn up for work, haggard and worn. Nerves snapped and tension became unbearable. It was the toughest time in Barrymore's experience.

Just such tension Margaret Sullavan knew in making "Only Yesterday." John Stahl, one of the industry's finest directors, is also one of its most meticulous; the demands he makes on his players are great. And "Only Yesterday" turned out to be a difficult story to capture in film. Hours were long. Retake followed retake. And Margaret played most of the picture in a long satin gown, so tight that she could neither sit nor lie down. The gown, with all its finery, nearly killed her until Nature stepped in; that is, until Margaret fainted and lay quietly oblivious to the world on the dirty floor of the set. It was after this experience that she raced to her apartment to pack and leave for New York via 'plane that night. Stahl hurried after her and, sitting on the trunks, finally won her over to finishing the picture. She's initiated now. But she could also write books on set-suffering.

Nature didn't do so well by Ann Dvorak in "Massacre." In this one the company worked in the broiling sun of Chatsworth, suffering from exposure, insects and other indignities of the great outdoors. This would have been fair enough if Ann hadn't been bitten by a rattlesnake. The bite was a bad one and called for considerable cutting and cleansing by the studio doctor. In spite of the pain that followed, Ann trouped along with nary a whimper for the remainder of the picture. It was proved, however, that snakes are no respecters of Hollywood and its problems.

Cuts You Wouldn't Want

THE torture that Johnny Weissmuller knows is, although it may sound funny, no joke. Johnny, in addition to the great demands on his physical endurance, usually has to pal around with elephants. Now, elephants look like harmless enough animals, but no. Not, that is, when one slides down their backs without clothes on. For a seemingly innocent elephant's skin is as sharp as razor blades and slices Johnny's body four ways before breakfast. I've seen Johnny following a session with the elephants. His bleeding and torn body bears mute evidence to the torture he endures. He has also had some close calls with tigers and in "Tarzan and His Mate" was saved from death by trainer Bert Nelson when he fell in the path of an enraged beast. By jumping across the fallen Weissmuller and firing his revolver, the trainer managed to change the beast's path of attack. But Johnny proved he could take it. A rhino also got vicious and tried to charge both Johnny and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Swinging away from the jungle and onto

the ballroom floor we have the hell that George Raft and Carole Lombard knew in "Bolero." Here was terrific agony, suffered to the graceful swaying of a tango! Many of you have read of the tortures of a walkathon, when dancers enter into a competition to "dance" until they drop. The "dancing" of a walkathon is hardly more than a shuffle, a weary dragging around of the feet. But Carole and George, in *their* walkathon, had to *dance.* And George wore shoes with six-inch built-up heels, which painfully distorted his feet.

Their steps were intricate and exacting. They had, literally, to be on their toes every second the cameras ground. And the cameras ground for eleven and twelve hours a day for weeks! The result? Both had to have countless massages and foot-baths, applications of foot powder and five changes of shoes a day. It was the greatest physical strain imaginable. Every muscle was called into play during those grinds. I doubt if either Carole or George is going dancing these evenings, even yet.

There are dozens of more instances of hell on the set. But aren't these enough to indicate that movie-acting isn't all marshmallow sundae? Those who tell us how to get into the movies are very careful to mention a good smile and profile as necessary requirements. They might do well, these authorities, to mention that our ability to "smile nicely" when hell is popping on the set is the most important requisite of all. Hollywood wouldn't use you two minutes if you couldn't.

News and Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 82*)

the ring and tell everybody who your baby is."

That second, the fight ended abruptly with a knockout. Al got to his feet and started down the aisle. If Ruby hadn't grabbed his coat-tails, I do believe that he would have made good. The rest of the evening, they sat holding hands. From their lack of interest in the fighting, I couldn't help but wonder why they had spent good money for their seats.

A Quick Trigger Finger

KNOWN as Hollywood's Kissless Girl because she has never submitted to a kiss on the screen, Evelyn Venable has been the victim of an erroneous report that her father had forbidden her to be osculated by big, bad actors. But Evelyn vigorously denies it. She explains that her characterizations to date have simply not called for any kissing. But in issuing her denial, Evelyn let slip an even more interesting fact. Her father's parting gift to her as she entrained for Hollywood was a small, pearl-handled revolver. She carries it in her purse.

Some Big Ones Coming

WHAT pictures is Hollywood getting excited about? Well, as soon as director Mervyn Le Roy gets back from his 'round-the-world honeymoon with Doris Warner, "Anthony Adverse" will start—with either Leslie Howard or Paul Muni starred. It may be released in two sections, to be shown on successive nights or during successive weeks; it's a titanic novel, and it's likely to be a titanic picture . . . China denied M-G-M permission to film "The Good Earth" there, so sets will have to be constructed . . . John Barrymore and Carole Lombard together in "Twentieth Century," the comedy laid aboard that famous train

(*Continued on page 97*)

SYLVIA SIDNEY
and
FREDRIC MARCH
in Paramount's
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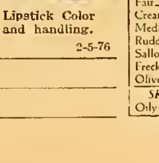

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Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder — two sizes, 25c and 50c . . . and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Carole Lombard's House Is a Background for a Blonde!

(*Continued from page 41*)

If you are a blonde, or have light brown or auburn hair, such a color scheme is worth considering, when you plan the decoration or redecoration of your living room. But no matter what color our hair may be, there is no reason why you and I shouldn't have our walls one tint, the rug a deeper shade, and the curtains a third harmonizing variation of the same color. Carole's damask draperies cost, undoubtedly, a month's salary of yours or mine, but you can get much the same effect in cheaper materials. Solid-colored carpet in a dark tone produces a more decorative effect than a rug and sets off the furniture.

Expresses Her Personality

WHAT that furniture will be depends, of course, on the person who occupies a room. William Haines selected Carole's only after analyzing her type and personality. She is the seductive sort of woman who recalls a period of great elegance and formality of living. Her personality, however, is very modern and sophisticated. Her tastes are elegant and luxurious. To him, the combination spelled Empire, modernized and adapted to a movie star's mode of living.

Empire pieces form a graceful—and theatrical—background for sitting or reclining. They are entirely becoming to the slim, dramatic beauty of Carole Lombard. The couch, at right angles to the fireplace, has the familiar curving back of the Directoire period. In concession to comfort and modernity, it has three cushions and deep upholstery and is seven feet long. Opposite it is an oddly-shaped chair with square seat, in the same gray velvet, but livened with tomato-colored fringe at the seams—and therein is a suggestion for you when "doing over" your upholstery. These fringes, either of white or a contrasting color, are very smart this season and not at all expensive.

The splash of brilliant yellow in the other couch, placed against the wall opposite the fireplace, breaks what might be a monotony of blues. If your furniture is inclined to be drab and dull, try this effect of having one piece—a chair or couch—done in some very bright, vivid shade and see it wake the whole room! The little hostess chair is a clever idea that may be copied by anybody. This is a small, upholstered low piece, light enough for Carole to carry around with her when she wants to join different groups in her drawing room. It's satin in the Lombard ménage; it might be cretonne in a less formal room.

The screen that livens up one corner is hand-painted with figures of Greek gods and goddesses. You might place a screen similarly—a screen covered with wallpaper, perhaps, or fitted with three prints tinted a contrasting shade and the whole covered with a darkening, antiquing glaze of orange shellac.

Say It With Right Flowers

ALONG, very narrow table runs across one window, carrying a pair of crystal drop candlesticks and a vase in which calla lilies sprawl artistically. The formality of these lilies is perfect in the Directoire room, but scarlet poinsettias or orange asters may be used, William Haines points out, accenting the fringe note. No red roses, he warned Carole, no garden posies. Only formal flowers! So, you learn, the right kind of color of flowers plays an important part in a decorative effect.

The only wall ornaments in the Lombard *salon* are two mirrors—one an antique of the Empire period, the other a very large modern unframed mirror over the mantel, which almost seems to double the size of the not-very-spacious room. Pictures, except possibly an ancestral portrait, are out of place in the period drawing room; instead, lamps play an important part in the decorations.

Two plain mahogany column tables flank the fireplace and hold lamps with antique black marble busts for bases. William Haines points out that anything may make a novel and charming base for a lamp—a large, unique-shaped bottle, a statue, a bit of wood carving, a vase; anything you own may easily be wired and given a shade to harmonize. Carole's shades are unique in that heavy white silk cord reproduces exactly the scrolls and pediments of the two tall antique wood columns that stand in adjoining corners of the room holding Roman busts.

Side tables with Empire arrows, quivers, lyres, made in the Haines work shops and finished in light fruit wood tones, stand adjacent to all couches and chairs. This natural wood is very feminine and dainty. Even the boxes and trays and other small objects scattered about are "different." On the piano in the play room, for example, Carole has an old china fish mold for an ash-tray.

Where Carole Has Dinner Parties

ACROSS the hall is the dining room. This room is white-walled and carpeted with a white linoleum with black lines in a classic design. The table is Empire, and made of luana wood—a very interesting combination of antiquity of design with modernity of material. The chairs are almost Grecian in shape, with curving backs, upholstered in rose velvet (not the most durable material in the world). It would pay you to upholster in some longer-wearing fabric.

An interesting feature of the room is Haines' treatment of two corners. Square and commonplace to begin with, the corners acquired two niches, and the niches acquired marble columns holding ferns. It would certainly not cost very much to make such niches, and they turn a mere room into a room with style and charm.

The draperies are emerald-green satin, and a flat cornice of painted, corrugated tin finishes the tops of the windows. A fold of the satin is draped over a white painted bow, as the illustrations show. All the windows in the house, by the way, have Venetian blinds, painted the tints of the respective walls. While these are not cheap, their cost is not prohibitive and make any room look enchanting with alternate bars of sunlight and shadow.

The third room on the first floor of the Lombard house is the play room, with its zinc-covered circular bar and shelves papered with plaid wallpaper in red and green. The upright piano is painted in exactly the same plaid. A couch in a harmonizing plaid stands across the windows. Carole's wallpaper is imported—but a bit of careful shopping will yield one very similar if you like the novelty of the idea. An entire room papered in plaid might be nerve-wracking after a while, but as a lining for a few shelves and a frieze about the top it is delightful. The hangings here are a creamy wool. Dyed aquamarine (blue-green, to you), this same material makes seat pads on the high bar stools.

The Most Feminine Room of All

NOW, let's go upstairs to Carole's own room. This bedroom is the most charming place in the house. The attention centers on the bed—an upholstered Empire piece with high back and sides padded with plum-colored satin. This is tufted and fringed with white, and has a seat cover that is removed at night to display lace-trimmed pillows and satin sheets. On either side of this bed stands a tall three-fold mirror screen, bound with heavy white silk cord. Seven Caroles are better than one in any room! If you couldn't stand so much reflection of yourself as that, you might have the three-fold wooden screen with French prints pasted on, framed in gold strips, and the whole antiqued with orange shellac.

The carpet is a pale pinkish beige, and the curtains are a heavy, white, corded material (but linen crash would also be effective). A festoon of plum-colored silk cord and tassels forms the only overdrapes. Against the dusty pink walls (a very faint tone), several Hepplethwaite mahogany pieces, including a desk and a cabinet, stand out charmingly.

These mahogany pieces are several hundred years old, but you may buy replicas for a moderate price. The inside of the cabinet, like the two arm chairs, is upholstered in aquamarine silk material, and the cabinet shelves contain white porcelain figures and vases. Two flat unbordered rugs of—of all things!—cream-colored lapin fur lie before the fireplace and bed. But when you come to price really nice rugs, you'll see that, expensive as they look, Carole's aren't so extravagant.

How the Telephone Fits In

THE odd table beside the bed is a fluted wooden column, painted white and shelved with a lyre support to hold the telephone, a business-like silvered affair (and to think that once all movie stars concealed their 'phones under bouffant doll petticoats!). The dressing-room beyond has black lace at the windows, tied with flesh-colored satin bows—subtly suggesting the intimacy of negligee.

You may never be a Hollywood star, and you may not have a "modern Directoire" personality, but you can steal some of William Haines' high-priced ideas from Carole Lombard's house. Look at the photographs. Notice the restful wall spaces, and the placing of the furniture.

You might be able to use a charming little hostess chair, yourself, and to niche the corners of uninteresting rooms. And what is to keep you from having some inexpensive white Wedgewood-type china? (Carole's is real Wedgewood, of course, but the imitations are charming, too.) And that's an intriguing idea—having a couple of rooms in several shades of the same color. And if you re-upholstered one or two chairs in vivid, vital tones—well, you might be surprised at how much charm and color you would achieve.

Watch for the next "inside" story of a star's home—a story that will give you tips on how to make your own home more glamourous.

*

Coming in the June
Motion Picture

Approved way to effectually *destroy hair*

ZIP
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because
IT'S OUT

TODAY, *ZIP* is the only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths, by removing the cause. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* has been used by thousands of women for effectually destroying hair *on the face* as well as on the arms, legs and underarms.

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Pleasant to use, and delightfully fragrant, *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. Your disfiguring hair growths will not only be removed, but also *destroyed* under the skin. Special *ZIP* Kit (formerly $5.00) now only $1.00. All stores.

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NEW PERFUMED **ZiP** DEPILATORY CREAM

As delightful as your choicest cold cream

This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, delightfully perfumed cream. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. Giant tube, twice the size at half the price—50c.

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At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Fascinating carved wood container, 35c, 50c. ***All good stores or by mail.***

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Cream Deodorant
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New

GOLD STANDARD STYLES

for Spring

The Peggy Shannon TIE

A chic one-eyelet affair of White Glazed Porcupine with fringed tongue and leather heel, this beautiful new Gold Standard creation has the distinctive charm of Peggy Shannon herself.

The Helen Twelvetrees TIE

This gay 3-eyelet tie is beautifully made of white Manchado calf and is as new and voguish as Hollywood itself. Fits unobtrusively into your ensemble, adding to the charm and smartness of your costume.

The Alice White TIE

This beautiful 3-eyelet Tongueless Tie is charmingly fashioned of dark beige Manchado print with Boulevard heel. It's one of the most attractive styles you'll see this spring, yet is priced no higher than ordinary shoes.

THESE are only a few of the many beautiful new Central Gold Standard styles you will find at the Central store in your city. If you do not know the name of the Central dealer in your community, write us.

CENTRAL SHOE CO. » ST. LOUIS

CENTRAL'S GOLD STANDARD FOOTWEAR

How Warren William Gets Away From It All

(*Continued from page 74*)

content—and a Warren William buying huge fishing sloops and cutters, which he may never sail beyond the horizon, but which stand for escape for him.

Not that Warren William consciously rebels at being an actor. He acts as some men operate stores—steadily, conscientiously, every day from nine in the morning to six at night. He is a dependable business man, whose business happens to be repeating dialogue and making gestures, instead of selling groceries or haberdashery or furniture. You could imagine a wholesale potato merchant bemoaning his destiny as easily as this matter-of-fact, hard-working motion picture star. Ten pictures every year for nearly four years don't give a man much time for repining, even if Warren thought there was anything to repine about, which he doesn't. He studied to be an actor, as many boys study to be engineers or accountants. He comes of a long line of solid, hard-working people who believe in their jobs.

His Wife's Only Rival

BUT if he hadn't happened to have the face of an actor—that high-nosed, aristocratic face that has made him C. B. DeMille's choice for *Julius Caesar* in "Cleopatra" after a hunt of three months for the Noblest Roman of Them All—Warren William would have gone to sea. It is his wife's only rival. Long ago, she learned that she must share his dreams with a boat. (And he was born in the Middle West, fifteen hundred miles from the sea!)

"I don't get much chance to sail," Warren says, matter-of-factly. "Pictures have run pretty close together for me. When I did get three weeks off to go to New York recently, the studio began telegraphing me at Albuquerque, telling me to come back to do a bit in 'Wonder Bar.' All the way across the United States, they were after me to do a part I wouldn't have dreamed of doing, anyhow. No, a sail to Catalina Island and back is about as far as any movie skipper can voyage. But it's good to know she's there at the dock, ready to run up her sails and set off anywhere—the South Seas maybe, or Honolulu or Shanghai . . ."

Other movie actors own boats—launches, trim little cutties, suave yachts complete with silver-fitted bars. But none of them owns a boat like Warren's *Pegasus*, a mystery schooner, covered with scars of service, sturdily built, with a history of at least ten years of voyages behind her. Once she was sighted in Shanghai; once she was reported hauling freight up the Yangtze River, again she was seen in Manila Bay with small brown men swarming over her. A Diesel auxiliary motor and a full set of sails will take the *Pegasus* anywhere on the world's oceans, where salt brine replaces the smell of grease-paint and pink powder and the Southern Cross burns instead of Kleig lights. Incidentally, on a recent sail to Catalina in a rough sea, the *Pegasus* was reported missing—but came through, hours late.

Always "Ready to Shove Off"

"SHE'S a nice little boat," Warren says wistfully, and draws a diagram of her interior with a fork on the table cloth. "See, here in the bow are two bunks, reached by a hatch, then a bulkhead. Then the main cabin, with two double berths and a long table. Two small private cabins, and then the big galley and shower room. I can manage the boat alone with a cook to lend an occasional hand—and my wife to tell me how it should have been done. I've got it fully provisioned and filled with crude oil—ready to shove off."

No dainty yacht or pretty launch, this *Pegasus*, but a man-sized, seafaring, wave-fighting vessel, which will hold eleven people if desired. It is shy on glittering brass and nickel, carpets in the salon and loafing chairs on deck, but it carries a brave head of sails. A Hollywood week-end party would not find it equipped with such nautical necessities as a radio, bar, bridge tables, enormous mirrors (Hollywood is never happy unless there are mirrors) or roulette wheels. But then, Warren William and his wife don't go in much for Hollywood parties.

When he is not working, you will find Warren somewhere along the docks at Wilmington, in cramped cabins below decks, listening to old sea salts yarn about wrecks and hurricanes and sea serpents, clambering over the rotting hulls of derelicts in the ships' graveyard, or sitting on the edge of the piers staring away at the distances that free a spirit hemmed in between studio walls.

They all know him at Wilmington—not as a movie star, but as a quiet man in grimy corduroys, who has a natural hand with tarry ropes and a knowledge of winds and tides. Most of them at the harbor—longshoremen, captains of freighters, the crews of the snappy trans-Pacific liners, and the crews of tramps and oilers and merchantmen—think of him as one of themselves, a seafaring man. And yet Warren William's voyaging has been done only in his dreams.

Disguised by Dirt

A CROWD of small boys watched him one day as he pottered over the *Pegasus*' ropes, coiling them into neat piles. "Gee, he looks like Warren William, the moving pichur actor," commented one. "I bet 'tis Warren William!"

"Naw," said another, "He ain't no actor. Lookit! *He's got dirty hands!*"

He has owned three other boats in his life as an actor, all of them big, rough-and-ready, practical affairs. One was a whale boat, one a blue-nosed schooner from Newfoundland such as fishermen use off the Grand Banks, and one was a fifteen-foot cat boat. Two years ago he dickered for a Dutch ship, but the cost of sailing it under its own canvas across the Atlantic was too prohibitive. So he bought the schooner, which he had to keep tied to a wharf for months—while he pored over pictures of it in Hollywood. Outwardly, to the movie colony, he was an actor, beautifully tailored (his wardrobe rivals Menjou's), rather inarticulate (the hardest man to interview in Hollywood), apparently completely possessed by his work. Inwardly, he was standing on a heaving deck, feeling the wind strive with his strength against the ropes, alive in every fibre—free.

Sometimes his two lives clash, as on that occasion when he was sitting for hours, without speaking, with eyes as wide as a child's, elbows on knees in the cabin of a South American merchantman, listening to Cap'n Ryan's tale of the waves like mountains that he encountered once at Cape Horn.

"Well, sirree, the light was greenish with the water that curled right overhead, and there were Things in the water—Things you wouldn't see in a lifetime, critters from the bottom of the sea with white eyes. And there was a reek in the air like a cold swamp. Well, sirree, along about three bells, I says to Pete, I says—"

The narrative was interrupted with a stricken cry. Warren William had leaped to his feet. "My God! Three o'clock!

(*Continued on page 97*)

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

●

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

●

"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS."
NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?

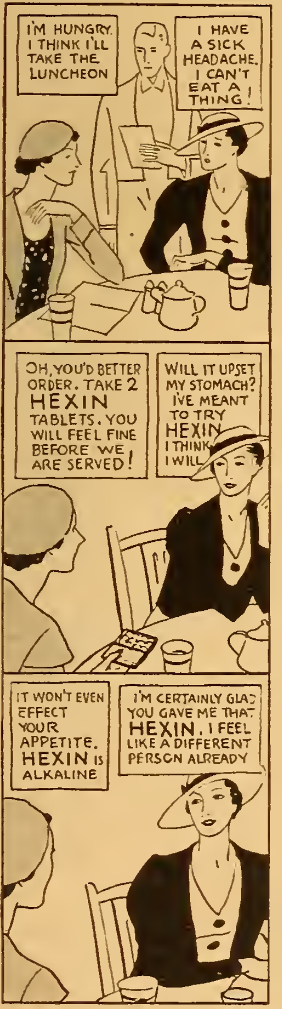
What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

Hexin—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As Hexin relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally. (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse Hexin with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. Hexin relieves pain safely by relaxation.


I'M HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL TAKE THE LUNCHEON
I HAVE A SICK HEADACHE. I CAN'T EAT A THING!
OH, YOU'D BETTER ORDER. TAKE 2 HEXIN TABLETS. YOU WILL FEEL FINE BEFORE WE ARE SERVED!
WILL IT UPSET MY STOMACH? I'VE MEANT TO TRY HEXIN. I THINK I WILL.
IT WON'T EVEN EFFECT YOUR APPETITE. HEXIN IS ALKALINE
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GAVE ME THAT HEXIN. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON ALREADY

◆ ◆ ◆

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

Hexin—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of Hexin for adult use. The action of Hexin is immediate for children or adults.

◆ ◆ ◆

Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of Hexin.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 Hexin tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let Hexin relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. Hexin is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let Hexin help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. Hexin relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

Hexin is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 Hexin tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 Hexin tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once Hexin starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try Hexin. Insist on Hexin today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

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MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
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*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

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Fashion Decrees
SMOOTH, FLAWLESS BACKS

THIS season backs have come to the front. The woman who follows fashion's dictates cannot rely on her face and gown alone to win honors for her. Whether in the ball room or on the beach at Miami, shoulders and back are bared to view, and the smallest blemish can spoil the effect.

Are you proud of your back . . prepared to stand this exacting skin test? If not, begin now to help nature correct blackheads, pimples, roughness, sallowness or similar faults.

Bathe daily with Resinol Soap. Its luxuriant non-irritating lather works into the pores and gently but surely cleanses them of clogging impurities . . the usual cause of blackheads and resultant pimples. Apply soothing Resinol Ointment freely to the broken out, irritated places. Its special medication quickly relieves the soreness and promotes healing of the ugly blemishes.

You can get Resinol Ointment and Soap from any druggist. Use them regularly and be ready to meet fashion's demands with confidence.

For a free test, write for sample of each to Resinol, Dept. 9-G, Baltimore, Md.

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Step out of the Depression by shaking* ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE *in your Shoes

This antiseptic powder relieves Hot, Swollen, Smarting, Perspiring, Tired Feet. It takes the friction from Shoes. Use it when walking or dancing. Two Sizes at all Drug and Dept. Stores Everywhere. For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address, ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot=Ease

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 12*)

1. We'll bet you didn't recognize Katharine Hepburn in that old photograph of her on page 12. It shows Katie as she looked in her teens, long before she had any screen ambitions. We might also say, long before she went in for posing before the camera in all types of exotic poses and being photographed from queer angles.

2. Whether you agree with them or not doesn't matter, but a group of California cosmetologists, connoisseurs of beauty and specialists in screen make-up, voted Sylvia Sidney's rounded face the most perfect in Hollywood. The "elliptical symmetry" of Sylvia's features, which form "a perfect oval," proved that she possesses "Hollywood's most perfect face." That's saying something, when you consider the fact that Hollywood is overrun with feminine beauty.

3. Zasu Pitts, of the fluttering hands, was married to the tennis star, Edward Woodall, for four months before the news of her marriage became known publicly. The news got out when Zasu and her husband left Hollywood and went to New York together for a short stay. Zasu Pitts is the divorced wife of Tom Gallery, who will soon be wed to Madge Evans, recently picked as the college boys' favorite. See story on page 59.

4. One of the complaints registered by Dorothy Mackaill against her husband, Neil Miller, when she sued him for divorce, was that Miller couldn't support her and that he nagged her for being extravagant with her own money. Dorothy received her interlocutory decree on St. Valentine's Day after being married a little over three years. Lothar Mendez, the motion picture director, was Miss Mackaill's first husband.

5. Ginger Rogers did a disappearing act for several days and caused her mother no end of worry. Ginger said she was tired and wanted to get away from everything and everybody and get a good rest and figured the only way she could accomplish that was not to tell a soul where she was going—not even her mother. Some of her friends have a hunch that Lew Ayres, the boy-friend, knew where she had gone, but he agreed she needed the rest and kept her secret. Ginger, resting on a Nevada ranch, was surprised to hear, over the radio, that she had been reported as missing, and returned immediately.

6. An eight-pound daughter was born to Joan Bennett, who is the wife of Gene Markey, movie scenario writer, on February 27, Joan's own twenty-fourth birthday. The baby girl has been named Melinda and has Constance Bennett for an aunt and Richard Bennett for a granddad. Joan has a five-year-old daughter by a previous marriage.

7. Dainty Lilian Harvey, who weighs only ninety-five pounds, can boast of the smallest waist in Hollywood, measuring exactly nineteen and a half inches. However, Ginger Rogers, who isn't quite as petite as Lilian, weighing about one hundred and fifteen pounds, comes very close to Lilian's waist measurements and perhaps hers may be called the second smallest.

8. On February 14, 1934, less than three weeks after their arrival in Hollywood, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, both brought to Hollywood under contract to Fox, eloped to Yuma, Arizona, and were married. Those of you who like the love-at-first-sight type of romantic stories will prefer to believe the story circulating that they had never met until they arrived in California, but they do say that Boyer was interested in Pat before they came to Hollywood. There's a picture of them together on page 8.

9. Nancy Carroll and her husband, Bolton Mallory, former magazine editor, separated after a quarrel and it is more than likely that the marriage will end up in the divorce courts. Nancy divorced Jack Kirkland on June 26, 1931, and a week later married Mallory. Perhaps it was fate, but right after she divorced Kirkland, her screen popularity waned and she was seen in only one or two more pictures after that. And perhaps it is fate again, now that she is returning to the screen in "Springtime for Henry," that she is again having marital troubles.

10. Kay Francis, who is now free, having been divorced from Kenneth MacKenna, stage and screen actor, on February 21, is getting a lot of attention from Maurice Chevalier. They have been seeing quite a bit of each other and it is beginning to look really serious. If their romance ends in marriage, Chevalier will be Kay's fourth husband, Kay having married and divorced Dwight Francis, William Gaston and Kenneth MacKenna.

11. If you thought it was a picture of Bruce Bairnsfather's character, Old Bill, you were wrong. And if you guessed it was Chester Conklin, you were wrong again. Are you prepared for the shock? Here goes. He is your famous crooner, Rudy Vallee, as he appears in one of the comedy scenes from George White's "Scandals." You wouldn't believe it was possible that the handsome Rudy could make himself up to look like an old fogy.

12. Barbara Stanwyck suffered a serious spine injury several years ago which never properly healed and which has been making her a virtual cripple. Now, in order to give her back the chance it needs to permit it to heal, Barbara will have to remain inactive and away from the screen for at least one year. Barbara's injured spine goes back to the days when she was working in "Ten Cents a Dance." It was while making a scene for that picture that she sustained the injury. Barbara just completed her rôle in "Gambling Lady" and it is possible she will play in "Napoleon" before retiring. There's a lovely picture of Barbara on page 43.

13. Bruce Cabot, who married Adrienne Ames, following her divorce from Stephen Ames, has legally adopted Adrienne's eleven-year-old daughter by a previous marriage. The little girl, named Dorothy Jane Truex, is the daughter of Adrienne's first husband, Derward Truex. When her mother married Ames, he legally adopted the child and she became Dorothy Jane Ames. Now that she has been adopted by Cabot she has taken the name of de Bujac, which is Cabot's real name, as well as changing her given name and will henceforth be known as Barbara Ames de Bujac.

14. Gloria Swanson is reported to have broken up with Michael Farmer, husband No. 4, and the rumors are that she will shortly begin suit for divorce, charging desertion. Wallace Beery was Gloria's first husband, then she married the late Herbert K. Somborn, and her third husband was the Marquis Henri de la Falaise, now married to Constance Bennett. Rumors are trying to link Gloria's name with one of our more popular English actors, but she insists there is nothing to either one of these rumors.

Perhaps the fact that Farmer is in Switzerland started this gossip.

15. Doug Jr. will be co-starred with Gertrude Lawrence in a stage play written for them. Miss Lawrence is the young lady reported to be his fiancée and although neither will admit it, it is rumored that they will be married soon after Doug's divorce from Joan Crawford becomes final in May.

16. Because John Gilbert happened to be on the same boat on which Myrna Loy was returning from a month's vacation in the Hawaiian Islands, word got around that John was interested in Myrna. The gossips were 'way off this time as Myrna made the trip with a girl-friend. No doubt, the rumors were started because of John's recent separation from his wife, Virginia Bruce.

17. Following the announcement that he was expecting another heir, Bing Crosby, the crooner the ladies are all crazy about, began receiving mail from his fans telling him how disappointed they were to hear the news. They thought they could stand his being married and having one child, but two children made him appear too much like an old-fashioned family man and would be apt to make them feel less romantic about his singing and acting. Bing is married to cute Dixie Lee, formerly of the screen.

18. The race of trying to beat one another in filing suits for divorce against each other was won by the wife, Esther Ralston, who got to court just three hours and twenty minutes ahead of her husband, George Webb. Esther's charges were cruelty and Webb accused his wife of absenting herself from their home for weeks at a time while he had no knowledge of her whereabouts. Esther also won the decree.

How June Knight, Once an Invalid—Became a Star!

(*Continued* **from** *page 68*)

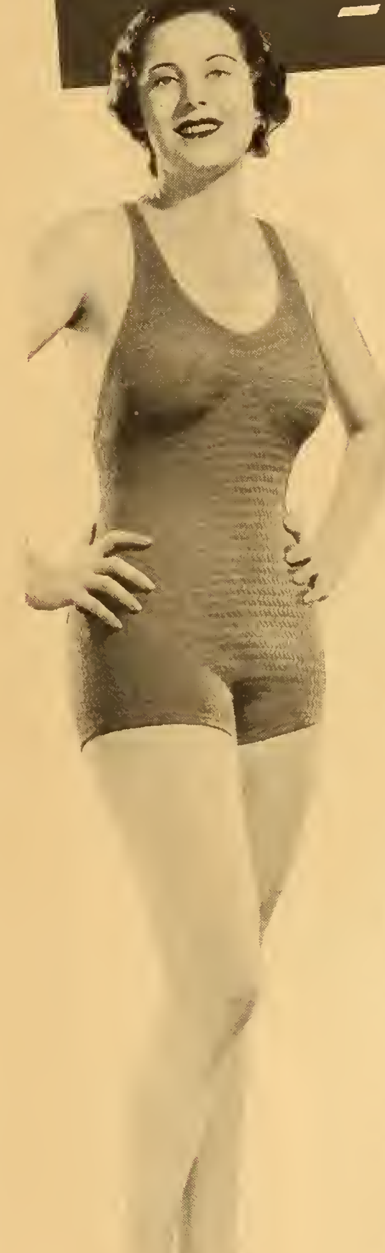
The Illnesses She Had

BORN a plump and healthy baby, little Margaret Rose Vallikett (that is her real name) seemed destined for nothing but sunshine and happiness. And then, when she was just over a year and a half old, nearly every dread disease known to childhood began to descend upon her not only singly, but in pairs. She had measles, scarlet fever, mastoiditis, double pneumonia, whooping cough, infection of the antrum . . . but let her mother tell it:

"We were not alarmed when we discovered one day that June had the measles. But the next day her condition seemed worse and I nearly fainted when the doctor came and told us she had *not only measles, but scarlet fever, too.* You know how frightened every mother is of scarlet fever. And she was such a little baby. There followed days and nights of fear—fear that we would lose her. And then, slowly, she started getting better. But the scarlet fever had weakened her terribly.

"No sooner was she over that than she was taken down with diphtheria. Then we *were* scared. The doctor didn't seem worried, but one day she seemed unable to breathe. I sent for the doctor in a hurry. He came and said everything would be all right. Three hours later, my baby got black in the face and seemed to be choking to death. I grabbed her by the feet, held her head down, slapped her back, her stomach, her face. And then, reaching my

WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS
—double quick!



Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

THOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks!*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for run down people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast,* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority.

Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 195, Atlanta, Ga.

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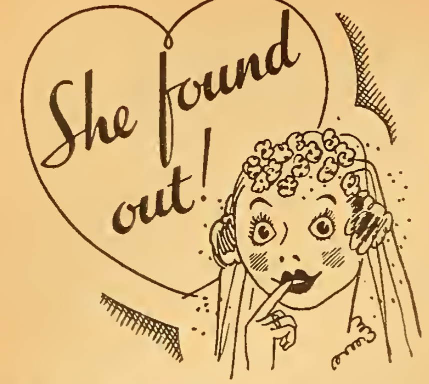
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Was ever a girl so sorely tried?
But now she's married. She took a hint,
Banished hair dullness with Golden Glint!

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Shampoo AND *Rinse*

(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleansing, Golden Glint Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the natural beauty of your hair! 25c at your dealers', or send coupon for free sample.)

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Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*
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Color of my hair:

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Free Screen and Talkie Test thru my home-study Physical Culture Course. What training has done for me and many other picture stars it can do for YOU. Send NOW for FREE booklet. Give name, age and address for particulars. **Joe Bonomo, 210-F Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.**

finger down into her throat, I pulled out the filmy cobweb-like thing that was killing her. And June got well.

"We thought that would be the end of her sicknesses, but she was not out of bed yet from the diphtheria when she developed a mastoid infection that almost took her life. For months that drained and as it drained it sapped at the vitality of my baby girl. I used to hold her in my arms and rock her as she lay and moaned from the pain—and many a night I cried myself to sleep, thinking of her suffering. But the mastoid finally was cured, only to be followed by antrum trouble. This, I guess, was brought on by the mastoid. That, too, was healed and we thought our baby was going to get out of bed at last.

Doctor Gave Up Hope for Her

"BUT some persecuting Fate seemed to follow her. Before she was out of bed, she was stricken with double pneumonia. A friend came to the house, bringing her child, who had whooping cough—and June developed whooping cough right in the middle of the worst stage of the double pneumonia. That was almost too much. The combination almost killed her.

"I'll never forget one night. The doctor came and stayed until nearly midnight. As he was leaving, he shook his head and, patting me on the shoulder, said there was nothing more he could do. He said that she could not last until morning. Can you imagine how I felt? When he left, I ran to the bed and snatched little June to my arms, wrapped her in a woolen blanket and started walking the floor, crying and praying. When daylight came, I was still walking—but June had safely passed the crisis."

The long series of devastating illnesses had taken their toll of the youngster. She had become a shrunken, little figure, too weak to walk; too weak, almost, to live. The doctor was afraid her lungs had been affected. So her mother gathered her up and took her to Denver.

There, in the high altitude, her lungs cleared up and in six months she and her mother returned to Los Angeles. But June could not walk. Her little legs were too weak to hold her body. Her back was so weak that she could not even sit up without a support behind her. Doctors said that she was doomed, that she would not live to be more than seven. She was then five.

But they didn't figure on the stuff this girl—and her mother—were made of. With her mother's help, June would drag around a few minutes at a time. It was taxing, but her mother told her that if she ever hoped to walk again, she must try, and try hard, no matter what the pain.

A Cure That Took Courage

"I USED to tell her that it took real courage to face the world, and that only the finest people had courage," her mother told me. "She would smile at me and say, 'I have courage, Mother.' She had, for in a few weeks she began to improve, and we kept at the walking. And then I taught her some simple leg exercises that she could practise in bed. It all helped, and when she was six years old, she could walk by herself, but her little legs had been weakened from lack of use. A doctor told me that dancing would help strengthen those legs. So I decided to send her to a dancing school."

And that was where June took hold of the story.

"It was hard," June explained, "but Mother told me that dancing would make me like the other girls. So I danced. I'll never forget some of those days. My legs and back ached with pain long before the lesson would be over. But I would not give in. Sometimes I would find myself crying—but Mother said it took courage to go on. I didn't think it was courageous to cry and to quit. And then I practised when I got home. I spent hours daily at it."

Gradually, the strength came back into those legs and that back. Gradually, the color crept back into those pallid, little cheeks that had been wasted away by suffering. And the smiles started returning to the Vallikett household. And within a little more than a year after she started, June was the outstanding dancer of the school. When school exhibitions were given, she was the baby starlet. She had won her first fight.

Career Started at Thirteen

JUNE continued her dancing and, when she was just thirteen, she got her first call. A theatre wanted some girls to dance. June applied and got her first job.

"It filled me with the desire to be a professional dancer," says June. "I decided that I would make a name for myself."

And, those who know June know that all she needed, even at that age, was the will to do something. She had an unbreakable faith in her own ability to accomplish what she wanted. And no wonder! When Sid Grauman sent a call for three hundred girls to try out for the prologue to the early musical picture, "The Broadway Melody," June was at the very head of the waiting line when he appeared. With that great faith in her ability, she asked to try out *first*. Grauman laughed and let her. Then he hired her as the first one.

She followed this by securing a job in the dancing stock company at Warner Brothers Studio. When musicals blew up and the dancers lost their jobs, she teamed up with Jack Holland, and with only two nights' rehearsal opened and was a tremendous hit. To San Francisco they went for a theatre engagement. On the side they danced at the Mark Hopkins Hotel. One night Anson Weeks asked her to sing a number. She sang "Love For Sale." She was a riot. The audience yelled for more. But June didn't know any more songs, except one old one. She sang that—and the next day she started learning more songs.

Doubled for Garbo in Dances

BACK to Los Angeles she and Holland went and danced at the famous Cocoanut Grove, where they were an instantaneous success. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent for June, asked her if she could do Oriental dances. She had never done them. But she said, "Yes." They asked her to show them. She did and the result was that she doubled for Greta Garbo in "Mati Hari" in the dance scenes. You see, she was not afraid.

She went into the road company of the musical show, "Girl Crazy," without a rehearsal, and was the hit of the show. She stopped it cold the first night. The leading lady quit. June learned her part over the week-end and the show went on. To New York she went for a part in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha." Appendicitis hit her. She rehearsed her lines with the cast in her hospital room—and opened with the show. There is no such word as "fail" in her lexicon. And to-day you should see her.

"Feel those legs of June's," said her mother.

Somewhat taken back, I complied. They were like steel springs, not the weazened legs of an invalid. She made them that way by will power.

Oh, yes. There was another episode among her childhood misfortunes.

"Look," said June's mother, producing her baby book. "See these six pennies? Well, June swallowed them."

Reading from the book, Mrs. Vallikett said, "Swallowed the first September ninth—recovered it September eleventh."

And June, instead of getting flustered, said, "Now you must tell him the important dates of the others."

You see, this girl is unspoiled. Nothing fazes her. She IS different.

How Warren William Gets Away From It All

(Continued from page 92)

I completely forgot—I was going to meet my wife! *My permanent!"*

"Gos' sakes!" muttered the Cap'n, staring after the tall figure as it darted up the companionway and leaped ashore. "His what? Tarnation, what's a *permanent?"*

It would have been beyond Cap'n Ryan's powers of comprehension to have understood what the Art of Acting sometimes demanded of its devotees. Warren William had suddenly remembered that for the purposes of his next picture he had made an engagement for three o'clock that day to have his hair waved!

Ask Warren what he is going to do with his boat, where he intends to go in it, and he shakes his head wistfully and says, "Oh, I'll never be able to get away long enough for a real trip. It would be nice to sail along the Mexican coast and get some tuna, and to go to the South Seas—but an actor doesn't dare to take much time off. People forget so easily. It's one job where a holiday is a drawback, a definite danger. But I like to think that my *Pegasus* COULD go anywhere—any minute."

Escape! That is what his boats mean to Warren William—escape from the strangest occupation for a man in the world, that of playing house. He will wear the robes and speak the sonorous syllables of *Julius Caesar*, that great soldier and explorer; he will be wearing prop armor, and a toga designed by Travis Banton, and will look out of a palace of painted rags at a scenic sea. And all the while the eyes of his spirit will see the sturdy little *Pegasus*, sails filled with wind, slipping over far horizons with the sea matching his strength in the strains of the wheel under his hand.

News and Gossip from Hollywood

(Continued from page 89)

. . . "Viva Villa" . . . The reunion of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "The World Is Ours". . .

Fredric March as *Benvenuto Cellini*, with Constance Bennett opposite, in "The Firebrand" . . . Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" . . . "Resurrection," scheduled as Anna Sten's second picture, with Fredric March as co-star and Rouben Mamoulian (ah there, Garbo!) as director . . . Marlene Dietrich as *Catherine, the Great* in "Scarlet Empress" . . . Claudette Colbert in the title rôle of De Mille's "Cleopatra" . . . Frank ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck in "Wild Cargo" . . .

"The Last Days of Pompeii," being remade as a talkie by John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman turned movie producer . . . George Arliss in a dual rôle in "The House of Rothschild" (his most ambitious picture) . . . Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage" by Somerset Maugham . . . And Garbo may film another Maugham story, "The Painted Veil". . . "A Trip to Mars," with Boris Karloff . . . Dolores Del Rio as *Rimi* in "Green Mansions" . . . "The Merry Widow" with Chevalier—*and* Jeanette MacDonald, with Ernst Lubitsch directing . . . "Peck's Bad Boy," with Jackie Cooper.

New Faces to Watch for

NEWCOMERS Hollywood is excited about are: Rosemary Ames, whom some hail as a combination of Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead, in "I

SHE LOOKS TEN YEARS OLDER THAN WE ARE
WHY, SHE WAS IN SCHOOL WITH ME. IT'S HER DISHPAN HANDS THAT MAKE YOU THINK HER OLDER

People judge a woman's age by her hands—don't let yours *get old-looking!*

Dishwashing with harsh soaps will coarsen hands *so* quickly, leave them red, rough, old. That's why clever women use Lux for dishes. Lux has *none* of the harmful alkali ordinary soaps often contain. Its gentle suds protect the natural oils, leave hands smoothly white and young after their dishpan beauty care. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX EVERY DAY KEEPS OLD HANDS AWAY!

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT CHEWING GUM PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

BABIES KNOW HOW TO RELAX

Babies don't get tense unbecoming lines in their faces and it's partly because they know how to relax when tired. A sure and natural Beauty Treatment for adults is DOUBLE MINT gum, which immediately helps you relax and ease tight facial muscles.

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Quick, Sure Relief!

You'll be foot-happy *one minute* after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes. These soothing, healing, protective pads lift nagging shoe pressure off the nerves and irritated tissues—instantly ending the *cause*. Result—no more pain, no more blisters or abrasions, no more discomfort from new or tight shoes!

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When the "Moulin Rouge" caravan set out from Hollywood on a tour across country they didn't miss many stops. Up New England way, they stopped off at Plainville, Massachusetts, to be the guests of Charles A. Whiting. The host stands between Anna Q. Nilsson and Nancy Welford—with Dorothy Dunbar next to Nancy

Believed in You" . . . Carl Brisson, smiling Dane who may rival Chevalier and is starting in "Murder at the Vanities" . . . Dorothy Appleby, after her performance in "As the Earth Turns" . . . Katherine De Mille (Cecil's daughter) as *Villa's* sweetheart in "Viva Villa" . . . Hal Le Roy in "Wonder Bar" . . . The boy actor, George Breakston, in "No Greater Glory" . . . Harry Wilcoxon, English actor, playing *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra" . . . Pat Paterson, sparkling English girl, in "Bottoms Up" . . . Alice Faye in "George White's Scandals" . . . Little Shirley Temple, aged 4, in "Stand Up and Cheer" . . . And two famous German stars—Elizabeth Bergner, of "Catherine, the Great" fame, and Hertha Thiele, of "Maedchen in Uniform" fame—are soon to arrive.

News of Some Absentees

CORINNE GRIFFITH is back and signed up with RKO-Radio. She walked out of "Crime Doctor" because it was "a man's story"—but a new rôle is in the offing . . . Camilla Horn, Greta Nissen and Laura La Plante are working in a London studio . . . Joseph Schildkraut is back and will be with Elissa Landi in a new picture . . . Brian Aherne made a picture while he was abroad—"The Constant Nymph" . . William S. Hart, recently very ill, is at his ranch, completely recovered.

The Whole Town Turned Out

THE newly-organized Screen Actors' Guild sponsored a ball that was a ball. Tickets were twelve-fifty a throw, with the original purpose of raising money by a public sale. But the price proved a boomerang, for the admission was higher than the public seemed able to pay, even for the privilege of seeing stars. So the actors had to sell tickets to one another, to start the ball a-rolling. Armed with baseball bats, the committee invaded Hollywood eateries to round up the laggards. The result was that more than a thousand of the biggest names in filmdom thronged the Biltmore Hotel on the night of the ball. The "grand march" saw more stars parading with their partners than have ever been assembled before on one dance floor.

Jeanette MacDonald sang, Ted Healy and his Stooges clowned, Pert Kelton imitated, Hal Le Roy danced, John Boles sang the Guild song, Dick Powell acted, extemporaneously, as master of ceremonies—due to the sudden departure of Rudy Vallee, fleeing process servers in his wife's separate maintenance suit. And dozens of others performed.

Smile When You Say Crooner

SPEAKING of crooners, it appears that they don't like to be called by that name. For example, an interviewer approached Bing Crosby to inquire how he learned to croon. "You had better ask Vallee, Columbo, or a real crooner," he replied. "I'm not one, you know. I'm a baritone."

The same question, put to Vallee, Columbo, Lanny Ross and other radio singers, brought the same sort of answer. All deny being crooners, but all believe themselves exceptions. You figure it out.

Drinks on the House

NOT content with the usual passing out of cigars to celebrate a Blessed Event (it was a boy), Harry Green, the Jewish comic, rented the whole Clover Club for an evening to entertain his friends. The invitations gave a wide latitude for the "cocktail hour," saying it would be from four to eight. But it was eight the next morning before some of the celebrants departed.

Add Blessed Events

ONE more picture and Frances Dee retires to await the stork. Which is the reason why you see that tender expression in Joel McCrea's eyes these days. Mrs. Bing Crosby—Dixie Lee, to you—may also do a picture at Paramount before the second little Crosby arrives this summer.

Lohengrin Again?

LYLE TALBOT is planning a second trip to the altar with his first wife, according to report. They were divorced some years ago and have remained extremely good friends. It is known that the former Mrs. Talbot will soon come to Hollywood and, maybe, to pictures. Lyle, however, remains silent regarding actual wedding plans. If he does marry, it will be an awful blow to many young ladies in Hollywood. And the girls can't stand many more losses in the ranks of the fancy-free men about town.

A Locked Barn and Stolen Horses

ONCE in a while the studios become annoyed at the criticism some of their pictures receive at the hands of Hollywood reviewers. But sometimes they can take it and profit by it, as illustrated in a recent experience of RKO-Radio.

In the production of "The Lost Patrol," a powerful drama of English troops on patrol in the Mesopotamian desert, one glaring oversight was apparent. As the

(*Continued on page 104*)

How the Blind See the Movies

(*Continued from page 35*)

actors speaking *words*. Now, through the almost unbelievable power of concentration that is developed by every blind man, it seems that I actually can *hear* the actor's thoughts. I have become keenly sensitive to tones and moods. An inflection of the voice, so slight that you would never detect it, speaks volumes to me. I sense instantly a lack of sincerity in an actor. I can tell you whether he is in the mood demanded by his part or merely parroting. I have become very critical.

Their Test of an Actor

"THE stars who were my favorites before I became blind are not my favorites now. Then I was impressed by appearance; now I'm impressed only by sincerity. For instance, I never liked Marie Dressler when I could see her, for it seemed to me that she overacted. Now, she is my favorite actress, for her voice tells me how deeply she feels. It's the same with Clark Gable. He's a favorite with all the blind. And Paul Muni—I've seen him in very few pictures, but he's a very great actor who really lives his rôles.

"Being blind is a tremendous handicap in many ways—but not as far as talking pictures are concerned. I'm not indulging in bravado when I say that I enjoy them more to-day than ever before."

Before discounting Mr. Youmans' statements as the courageous attempt of an unfortunate to minimize his troubles, do as I have done—sit through several pictures with your eyes closed. It's not easy to do, for our dependence on our sight is so abject that the desire to peek is almost irresistible. But the results of such an experiment are startling. Gradually, the pictures formed in our mind in response to the dialogue lose their fuzziness and stand out with the clarity of an etching.

And now consider the case of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, who are employed as proofreaders by the Braille Institute. Both of them have been blind from birth. They cannot visualize in the same terms as Guy Youmans, for they have never known any object except through the senses of touch, hearing, smell or taste. The mention of a rose conjures up in Mr. Youman's mind the memory of some rose that he has seen and the picture, of course, is reproduced in color. To the Lees, however, a rose means only a soul-stirring fragrance. The heroine of a picture is neither beautiful nor homely to them, for they have never seen a human face or figure. But their judgment of character and soul is uncanny.

"Marie Dressler must be a very beautiful person," Cecil Lee said to me. "I always see her pictures."

The house they live in is less than one block from a neighborhood theatre and they spend three evenings a week, every week, following the make-believe adventures of their favorite stars, among whom, incidentally, Helen Hayes and Ann Harding rank supreme.

Roy Comstock, formerly a screen actor of considerable note, became totally blind fifteen years ago, shortly after playing with Mary Pickford in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He confirmed everything told me by Guy Youmans and Mr. and Mrs. Lee. Particularly, he emphasized that strange power of intuition that is invariably developed by the blind.

"Blindness is no handicap to my enjoyment of talking pictures," he said. "I have become so sensitive to moods that, if anything, my emotional reactions are much more intense. I know that I can sub-consciously 'hear' the thoughts of the actors.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Now! Remove Blackheads In a Single Treatment!

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper, "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old," discloses another of her startling youth revelations.

Edna Wallace Hopper

So many young women have asked me how to get rid of blackheads and reduce large pores.

My answer is, "Purge the pores."

Use a laxative on your skin just as you would a laxative on your system. I know most of you didn't know you could do this. That you're surprised such a thing can be done. But it can. And very simply and quickly. *Often in a single treatment.*

What you use to do it is White Youth Pack. A preparation I found out about years ago in Paris. Let me send you a tube free.

I never let a week go by without using it myself. Once every week I purge my pores. I wish you could look at my skin and see the result. There's not a line, not a blemish on my face. My skin's as young, as fresh as it was when I was 16.

I brought the formula of White Youth Pack back from Paris. I had my name put on it so you'd know you were getting the same thing I use. It is called *Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Pack or Clay*. The one made from the original French formula that does away with blackheads and large pores, in a single treatment.

You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for tube Free to try. The whole treatment takes only a few minutes' time. Full directions come with every tube.

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Send me free supply of your White Youth Pack.

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IMAGINE the joy of seeing dull cheeks become fresh and smooth and young again! That is what may happen to you if you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. They gently help to regulate sluggish liver and tone up intestines—so often the cause of blemishes, of dull, lifeless skin, and a general feeling of listlessness.

"The internal cosmetic"

A wonderful substitute for calomel—easier and safer to take—Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets have brought relief for over 20 years. Dr. Edwards himself, prepared this rare vegetable compound, and prescribed it for his patients to bring back the joyful glow of health. No griping, perfectly harmless. If you want to look and feel like your old self again—get them from any druggist. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—know them by their olive color.

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How They Get Baby Le Roy to Do Those Things

(*Continued from page 47*)

formed by Rachel, and he promptly imitates them.

Commands He Obeys

FOR instance, "Tonsils" and "Raspberry" are two of the most useful commands. They are not used just to reveal his tonsils or produce a Bronx cheer. If he is sitting at a piano and they want him to pretend to sing, they give him "Tonsils," and he opens his mouth as wide as any coloratura soprano. "Tonsils" is also handy for a great big laugh, an imitation of Joe E. Brown, surprise, or anything else that requires a wide-open mouth. "Raspberry" is particularly fine for spitting out spinach, as you saw in the home-movies *Miss Fane* took of her offspring, spraying his supper all over the front lawn.

The most difficult scenes in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" were those in which Dorothea Wieck got into his crib, and he got into her bathtub. They were taken at the very beginning of the picture, when Baby Le Roy and Miss Wieck were total strangers. He was expected to let this strange woman into his crib, and to love and kiss her, with no preliminaries. It was too much for Le Roy's sense of propriety. When they said "Kiss her," he preferred to slap her face.

Then they tried saying, "Kiss Mama," expecting his understanding of the script to tell him that this dark stranger was his mama. The result was that he obligingly tried to get out of the crib and kiss his own mama, Mrs. Gwenneth Weinbrener (a young widow still in her teens), who is always unobtrusively present on the set. Finally, when they wheedled, "Kiss the nice lady," he complied, though rather grudgingly. Later in the picture, when it was too late to do their art any good, he and Dorothea became devoted friends.

He Didn't Like the Ducking

THE other scene that made them tear their hair in frenzy was the one in which he toppled into the tub with Miss Wieck and they both slid under the water together. Baby Le Roy was terrified at first. He screamed with fright and rage, and the director screamed with despair, until finally his mother was called in to the rescue. Rachel began wildly pouring water over Mrs. Weinbrener and flicking drops into her face with a whisk broom, which so highly amused Le Roy that he let himself be ducked and came up still roaring with laughter. But it was a wet morning for the company before that scene was done.

When anecdotes like these are told in the baby's hearing, he listens attentively with a puckish smile of amusement, as if he understands perfectly and is chuckling over his joke on the grown-ups.

He is an affectionate little thing, and never fails to greet either of his past directors with a big hug and kiss. In the case of Norman Taurog, this is interpreted by his elders as having a great significance, though to the layman it looks exactly like the hug and kiss he gives to Director Al Hall.

"He just seems to know that Norman is responsible for giving him his start, and he's grateful," they solemnly say.

But though it's doubtful that Le Roy is capable of such highly specialized emotions, he has an extraordinary keenness. He knows, for instance, what work is. Or as Rachel puts it, "He knows it's something he ought not to be doing." It's uncanny for such a tiny boy to differentiate between things he does for work, and the same things when done just for fun—but he actually does. He will go through all his tricks and do anything you suggest, when you're just playing. But let him get on the set and he balks obstinately at having to do the same things.

Temperamental, Like a Star

HE objects to working. He doesn't want to do it, and for a half-hour after he gets on the set he yowls, refuses to do what he's told, and expresses himself in no uncertain manner. After that, his naturally sunny disposition and his incorrigible curiosity about what's going on around him get the upper hand, and he thinks it's fun, after all. In fact, he eats it up.

During the balky periods, they resort to a good, old-fashioned spanking, which usually brings him around. "We don't hurt him, of course," Rachel protests. "I often hit him just as hard when we're playing, and he laughs and loves it.' But when he's being naughty, he knows we're not joking and he reacts as well as if we hit him really hard."

The baby has his own gags for dodging work. He has already discovered one that children have used throughout the ages. If he gets bored with a scene, instead of raising his hand in the traditional manner, he leans forward and utters a plaintive and urgent whisper. He knows he's always rushed out in answer to that call. You may have seen Le Roy trying to pull this gag in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," if you watched closely when Alice Brady entered the kidnapers' cabin and found him sitting on the bench alone.

The quality of pathos in his scenes in the kidnapers' hideout, where he sat before the radio looking so troubled and forlorn, was remarkable. He took the mood from Rachel, who managed to look extremely sad and miserable, and talked to Le Roy in her most tragic tones, saying, "Poor Le Roy! How dreadful it is! Everything's simply awful! Poor little boy, you've been taken by these awful people!" With an immediate human instinct for feeling sorry for himself, Le Roy got the idea and gave a great performance.

But the preview audience who broke their hearts over the scene, later cut out, in which he held out both his little arms to the radio from which his mother's voice came, would probably resent the fact that Mr. Hall got that shot by standing in a hole cut in the wall behind the radio and holding out some checkers the baby had been playing with. First he made the mistake of offering just one checker, and the baby held out one arm to his long-lost mother, until Rachel explained that Al must hold a checker in each hand to get that Mama-where-are-you effect.

Too Wide-Awake for 'Em

BABY Le Roy's really big moment during the making of that picture was when he refused to go to sleep for the lullaby scene. That was one time when he managed to cost Paramount plenty of money and to frazzle the nerves of everyone concerned, including his own.

They tried bringing him on the set when it was time for his nap. They tried everything that a company with hordes of daughters and nieces and nephews at home could think of. But Baby Le Roy got brighter and more wide-awake every minute, as the overhead rose.

Frenzied hours ensued. It is illegal to keep him on the set after ten p.m., but if the scene couldn't be shot that night, more thousands of dollars would be lost. Still Baby Le Roy declined to slumber. At nine-thirty, in desperation, Al Hall picked the baby up in his arms. "He's got to sleep," he muttered, and paced the floor like any frantic father.

Someone must be watching over Paramount. At ten minutes of ten Baby Le Roy went to sleep in Al's arms. You could have heard a pin drop on that set. Tension was at the breaking point. Dorothea Wieck, who had to hold him in her arms and sing a lullaby, was a nervous wreck. But the gods were kind. At exactly ten o'clock the last shot of the sleeping babe was finished.

Though Le Roy is much quicker and easier to direct than the average infant, still there is great strain and struggle, grief and tears, involved in his work. This may strike some people as being harsh treatment for a little baby, and undoubtedly a happy childhood of peace and plenty would be any mother's choice for her child. But when the alternative is desperate poverty, and when by working for two hours a day Baby Le Roy can provide himself with a comfortable home, medical care, the certainty of a good education, and the friendship of people with means to help him in many ways, it seems silly to quibble over a few unhappy moments. Most of the time it's great fun.

How the Blind See the Movies

(*Continued from page 99*)

We blind people all develop the power of mental telepathy.

"Another thing—I can always tell, by an indefinable timbre in the voice of a player, if he is tired. I saw several of Gable's pictures about a year ago and I knew that he was in poor health, on the verge of a breakdown. Several weeks later I heard that he was in the hospital. Now, his voice is charged with vitality again.

Their Favorites Have Vitality

"WE blind people, living in a world of eternal darkness, place a high value on vitality and we choose our screen favorites from the stars whose voices reveal intensity. I've never known a blind person who likes Garbo or Dietrich. Their voices are musical enough, but they express coldness and lack of verve. We hear, behind their voices, nothing but a monotonous monotone of vague moods. It's all very involved, but perhaps you catch my thought."

Wallace Beery, according to all my sightless witnesses, is a universal favorite of the blind—perhaps because of his booming vitality. They like James Cagney, John Boles, Irene Dunne, Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Leslie Howard, Barbara Stanwyck. Marie Dressler, however, is their favorite of favorites, closely followed by Clark Gable.

I was interested in their criticism of radio. While they all regard it as a miraculous boon to the sightless, they also are agreed that it can never replace talking pictures. The voice, as reproduced by radio, they say, not only has a metallic, unnatural sound, but it also lacks a proper background of incidental sound and therefore seems unreal.

Furthermore—and here they groped eagerly for words—they miss in a radio program the "feel of the audience . . . the mass emotionalism that is felt in a theatre."

Like those of us who still retain the gift of sight, the blind like to feel that they are *part of the crowd.*

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"Hollywood Is Ruining Me as an Actress"—Gloria Stuart

(*Continued from page 32*)

had never been able to afford before. But pictures are ruining me as an actress. If I finish out my contract, which has three years more to run, I'll be ruined for anything. I won't have any ability or any desire to do anything. I'll be just a routine leading woman, whom the fans are sick and tired of seeing on the screen.

"I have told Mr. Laemmle that I want to do fewer and better pictures. If he won't agree to that, I'll refuse to work at all. I'll be better off doing nothing than doing the things I'm doing now.

"When you are given a rôle to play on the stage, you study it; you try to visualize the character you are to play and, particularly, your relation to the other members of the cast and the play, itself. When you are assigned a rôle in a picture, the script is thrown at you a few days before the picture begins. You have no time to study it. You are at the mercy of the director, the assistant director and the supervisor, and they have had the script for weeks and have had an opportunity to know what it's about. They tell you what to do, but you don't have a chance to figure out WHY you do it. You become a tool in the hands of a director. You aren't learning anything.

Things That Wreck Enthusiasm

"IN the morning when you go to the studio, you have all the physical things to go through—being made up, having fittings and getting dressed. You've done a half-day's work by the time you get onto the set. Then you rehearse a scene a couple of times and that is the end of it. Perhaps you make the last scene of the picture first. You don't know—or care—what you are doing half of the time. And at night, when you get home, you are so worn out that you can't study. You have no energy for anything.

"My life up to now has been swell. I've done everything I wanted to do. But now I'm stopped. My growth is being stunted and I resent it; resent it so fiercely that I'm willing to give it all up and go away—any place where I can do something, where I can improve myself.

"I feel that in two years I've had only two really good rôles. One was in 'The Kiss Before the Mirror' and the other was in 'Beloved.' They were believable. The rest of the time I've just been *there* in front of the camera, occupying space, smiling in love pictures, shrieking in mystery stories. It's not more money I'm fighting for," she declared, as she warmed to her subject. "It isn't *big* rôles I want. Just good ones.

"When I returned from a vacation in Carmel recently and was told that I was not to play in 'Glamour,' which had been promised to me, I almost died—I was so disappointed. It is a wonderful part and I had looked forward to it for months. It is a story about real people, people that you could believe in. Now I'm promised that I can play in 'The Left Bank' under Lowell Sherman's direction, but that won't be until next July. I don't want to sit for months and twiddle my thumbs while they make up their minds whether or not to take that away from me.

"I'm suddenly awake. I'm not progressing. I realize that I'm wasting time. Hollywood is just a razzle-dazzle—a career here is transient glory. I hate all the bickering, the politics, the pettiness. Certainly, I know there are bickering and politics in the theatre, too, but I'm willing to fight for something I love, as I do love the theatre.

"And another thing," she continued. "I'm being ruined not only as an actress, but as a woman. I don't want to be miserable, and I *am* miserable."

Feels She's Missing Something

AS she sat on a wide divan in her comfortable living room, I studied her face. I've known Gloria ever since she came to Hollywood and I cannot doubt her sincerity. I may be wrong, but I don't think it's an act she's putting on, as cynical reporters have tried to intimate. I knew when she came here that a girl who majored in philosophy at college had no business in pictures. Her suffering is very real, however hard the situation is to understand. Here is a girl who, apparently, has everything to make her happy. The studio has recently announced that she is to be starred; she lives comfortably, but without pretense; she is the idol of her family and she idolizes them in return. And she says she is miserable!

"I want to safeguard my private life," she went on, her soft voice ringing like low bells in the quiet room. "I want to surround myself with the best things—the finest pictures, the best books, the most worth-while people—and I'm not doing it. There are so many fine plays I could be working in while I'm wasting my time learning to walk a chalk line to keep within the range of the camera; learning to keep my face full to the camera; learning the best angle for a kiss. That's not acting.

"If you identify yourself with the fine things of life, if you work hard, if you are sincere and have some measure of ability, you can't help succeeding, I've always thought. Well, I've worked hard and I'm sincere, but I'm standing still. I'm not growing."

Proving her sincerity (although she is not doing it to prove anything, but merely because she loves it), Gloria is spending her evenings rehearsing plays with a small group of people who feel the same about the theatre as she does. Onslow Stevens and Morris Ankrum are members of this group and at present they are rehearsing Ibsen's "The Master Builder" and Tchekov's "Three Sisters," with the intention of presenting them to the Hollywood public within a few months.

Doesn't Rate Success by Money

"WE asked several people who, we thought, were really interested in the theatre as we are, to join us, but they only asked: 'What for?' They said they couldn't give up their evenings to rehearsals; that they had to be seen places. They think that if they have money for nice clothes and automobiles and get around to all the nightclubs, they are doing well in life. They don't speak my language, that's all," she added firmly as she sewed away on a patchwork quilt.

She had remarked recently to a newspaperman that she wished he would give her some of his old neckties to put in her patchwork quilt. He wrote it in his column as a news item and since then Gloria has been swamped with packages of neckties from her fans all over the United States. "It's going to be a plain, old-fashioned patchwork quilt," she told me.

She lives quietly in a big house on a Hollywood hill with her cocker spaniel—named, in true California spirit, Doña Isabella Santiago Martinez—and one servant. While we were talking, she went out for kindling and wood and built a fire in the grate.

A few doors away lives her artist-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, but Gloria is vehetion for his race. . . . And Arliss' last picture, "The Affairs of Voltaire," has been temporarily banned in France—because it tells of corruption in high places in the old days. Recent high government officials have been accused of abusing public confidence and, until the storm blows over, "The Affairs of Voltaire" must stay on the other side of the French frontier. Who ever thought that George Arliss would some day be in the "banned" class?

Star Turns Press-Agent

RUTH ROLAND, looking exactly the same as when she hung from railroad trestles by her fingers and was captured by the Red Menace in early serials, has opened a publicity office in Hollywood to make other stars famous. Ruth has just returned from a personal appearance tour in England. She could have signed a two-year picture contract over there, but couldn't bear to be away from husband Ben Bard so long. Ben is teaching in a dramatic school and is very successful with the children. Dave Arlan, a publicity man of long standing, is associated with her in her new project.

Mae's Romance Looks Serious

MAE CLARKE and Sidney Blackmer (Lenore Ulric's "ex") look as though they might be going to step off to Yuma or Las Vegas and get married. Mae, to date, has had hard luck with her romances. Her marriage to Lew Brice, Fannie's brother, broke up spectacularly. Then came the crack-up of her engagement to John McCormick, former husband of Colleen Moore, though she and John are quietly good friends now. Mae is one of the pluckiest girls in Hollywood, and everybody hopes there is happiness ahead in this year's horoscope for her. She's in "This Side of Heaven" with Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter (the latest Broadway star to hie Westward).

Barbara Rejoins the Bennetts

BARBARA BENNETT, the brunette sister of blonde Connie and Joan and daughter of Richard, has come West for the Winter, and is seeking—a bit perfunctorily—a screen career for herself. She and her two children (one her own, and one adopted) are settled in Beverly Hills, but her only real interest in life seems to be her husband, Morton Downey. It is a true love match, this of the middle Bennett daughter. After five years, their faces still light up when they speak of each other.

Meet Miss Melinda

THE entire Bennett clan gathered to await the birth of Joan Bennett's baby—who was born on Joan's own twenty-fourth birthday, was a girl, and was promptly named Melinda Markey. Adrienne Morrison, mother of the three Bennett girls and divorced wife of Richard Bennett, was present; so were Gene Markey's mother, Joan's father and her stepmother, Sister Barbara Bennett Downey and her two children, and several other relatives. Sister Constance was always within calling distance. This is Joan's second child. She has a five-year-old daughter, Adrienne, by her first husband, John Martin Fox.

Stork a Busy Bird

THE Merian Coopers (Dorothy Jordan) went to Honolulu to welcome the stork—as did the Dr. Franklyn Thorpes (Mary Astor) a couple of years ago. But the stork won't have to commute to deliver the offspring of several other "expectant" couples. Among these, if the rumors are correct, are Joel McCrea and Frances Dee; Sally Eilers and director Harry Joe Brown; Eleanor Holm and Arthur Jarrett; George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill.

What a different Hollywood from that of the old days, when an actress felt that she was renouncing her career if she became a mother! Now, it's the fathers whose careers are imperiled. Bing Crosby's fans, we hear, don't exactly welcome the idea of a second child in the Crosby-Dixie Lee household. (And one is on the way.)

"Honeymoon Hotel"-ing

WHEN Merna Kennedy became Mrs. Busby Berkeley, the wedding guests looked up the stairs as the bride descended for an accompanying chorus of Busby Berkeley girls doing a spectacular "Lohengrin" number. None appeared, however. Merna looked stunning in a white veil and an ice-green satin frock. ("Ice-green," by the way, is the newest tint, guaranteed to make anyone less gorgeous than a Hollywood beauty look wan and sallow.) It was a great relief to Hollywood to have a real wedding once more, with wedding photographs, invitations, music, a cake and all the trimmings. Perhaps this will break the jinx of secret marriages.

Kay's New Fella?

NOW the gossip is that Kay Francis (who recently won a divorce from Kenneth MacKenna on the grounds that he "nagged" her) and Maurice Chevalier are beginning to get That Way. Perhaps the gossip was inspired by their appearance together at "Autumn Crocus" and the deep absorption they showed in each other on that occasion. And perhaps by the fact that they have been noticed dining together recently.

Zasu Had a Secret

ZASU PITTS was able to get away with being Mrs. Edward Woodall (he's a former tennis champ) for four months before she let the news slip, as she and her bridegroom started on a belated honeymoon trip to New York. Kane Richmond and Marion Burns kept their matrimonial secret even longer. Their romance had its inception during a location trip to the wilds of Indo-China to film "Devil Tiger." Marion—once called the Honeymoonless Bride of Bruce MacFarlane, because movies demanded her presence so soon after her marriage—was the heroine of the film, and Kane the hero. The jungles of Indo-China are lonely places, where a girl needs a whole lot of protecting and even a certain amount of gallant rescuing. The director, after his trip, was heard to mutter that hereafter he would never attempt to take a white woman into the jungle, but, instead, would make his pictures with native casts.

Sad Note

WE hear the shocking news that beautiful Edwina Booth is at death's door with the mysterious malady that she contracted on the ill-fated African trip for "Trader Horn." We hear, too, that her whole family is in great distress, without money for necessities. Her younger sister, another blonde, is trying to get work on the screen. Meanwhile, Hollywood's unhappier side is glimpsed for a moment. Two years ago—on her way to stardom; now—unable to lift her head from her pillow, a martyr to the movies.

When Edwina got the chance to play the "Trader Horn" rôle, she knew that she would undergo certain risks in going into tropical jungles—and signed acceptance of all conditions that might be met. W. S. Van Dyke, the director, took all possible precautions. For example, he had the tall grass of the jungle cut down where the players were to walk or stand, and had the ground sprayed to kill noxious insects or fever germs. Edwina was especially susceptible to the rays of the sun. Her blonde beauty was of the thin-skinned type, and as an "extra" girl she had once fainted in the strong sunshine. Hollywood has seldom seen a greater beauty than this same girl who is so ill now.

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Think what that means—no soap particles, no alkali, no harsh effect on hair or scalp! Little wonder Marchand's new Castile Shampoo leaves the hair so exquisitely, so lustrously beautiful.

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Best for children's tender scalps and for men with dandruff. Low price—and the quality in it makes a little go a long way. 35c at druggists.

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OR GET BY MAIL
Send 35c (coins or stamps) to C. Marchand Co. 251 W. 19th St. N.Y.C. for regular size bottle.

35c enclosed—Please send me your shampoo (A)
Name. . . . .
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Movies in the Making

(*Continued from page 67*)

were taken on the stage of Hollywood's most famous theatre set, first used in Lon Chaney's "Phantom of the Opera." See if you can recognize it. "Uncertain Lady" is a marital farce featuring Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin as a business man and his business wife, with Renee Gadd, a new import from England, and Paul Cavanagh as their lights of love. It will also serve to mark the screen début of that fine stage actress, Mary Nash.

Margaret Sullavan, the elusive, and Douglass Montgomery are in rehearsal for "Little Man, What Now?", based on Hans Fallada's novel of a depression-hit young married couple. Frank Borzage is directing. Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, Universal's horror twins, are together for the first time, rehearsing "The Black Cat," based on the Edgar Allen Poe hair-raiser.

A Close Call for Joe E.

AT Warner Brothers-First National, six pictures occupy the stages and one is on location at the winter quarters of the Al G. Barnes circus. This is "Sawdust," with Joe E. Brown, Patricia Ellis and Dorothy Burgess heading a cast that boasts such famous circus names as Poodles Hanneford and Alfredo Codona. There is one scene that you should watch closely. This is the one where Joe E., having been playing with a tame lion, gets into the cage with a "wild" one by mistake. The lion actually bit him—tearing a deep gash near his left temple—and the shot is in the picture.

A less-serious accident occurred when Pat O'Brien was really knocked out in the prize-fight sequence of "One-Man Woman." He forgot to move his head back with the blow and suffered as neat a K. O. as you have ever seen. Watch for this. It follows the moment when the cocky fighter turns to look at his girl, Glenda Farrell, in the audience.

In "Return of the Terror," a mystery play adapted from one of the late Edgar Wallace's thrillers, Lyle Talbot plays a doctor who, when his confrere, John Halliday, is falsely accused of murder, sets out to solve the mystery. Kay Francis also is playing a doctor again in "Dr. Monica," with Jean Muir and Veree Teasdale supporting her.

The cast of "The Happy Family," believe it or not, appear throughout the entire picture without make-up of any sort. This is a mad farce concerning the doings of a scrappy—not happy—communistic family. The combination of Aline MacMahon, Allen Jenkins, Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert should guarantee plenty of fun.

James Cagney and Joan Blondell are to be reunited in "Without Honor," but it will be a change of pace for both of them. The story is not a comedy, but a heavy drama concerning a crook fleeing the police, who finds a girl from his gang about to marry an honest man. His arrival causes complications, of course. Victor Jory, on loan from Fox, is the other man.

"Tarzan's" Troubles Almost Over

AT M-G-M, "Tarzan and his Mate," starring Johnny Weissmuller, seems about to finish, after eleven months in production. They've been experiencing animal trouble. Take, for example, the week that was wasted because a herd of elephants insisted upon flapping their ears and thereby drowning out the dialogue. Then, too, several illnesses in the cast, including Maureen O'Sullivan's appendicitis operation, delayed matters. Watch for the sequence that takes place in "the elephants' graveyard." It's a set you will remember. It was so realistic that it fooled the elephants that were supposed to stampede through it; they refused to run past the supposed bones of their fellows. Only by allowing the leaders of the herd to roam the valley for nearly three weeks, in order to become familiar with the setting, was the scene finally filmed. Now do you realize why "Tarzan and His Mate" has been so long in production?

The title of "Riptide," once changed to "Lady Mary's Lover," has returned to "Riptide." It stars Norma Shearer, as an American girl married to an English lord. When another man comes into her life, the husband remembers the indiscretion that he, himself, shared before marriage, and suspicions result. The men are Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery.

"Operator 13," co-starring Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, is a Civil War spy story. Many of the characters are historic personages, although in most cases there have been slight name changes—to forestall protests from descendants. "Star-Spangled Banquet" (formerly called "Hollywood Party") is a revue in which practically the whole roster of M-G-M's stars appear briefly. This promises to be something of a surprise to Hollywood, for very few members of the cast have let it be known what specialties they have done.

Joan and Franchot Again

JOAN CRAWFORD is making "Sadie McKee," from the Viña Delmar story, with Franchot Tone, as her leading man again. (He must bicycle between this part and the one at Fox in "The World Moves On.") It has long been a problem to handle musical interludes so that there will be no interruption to a story's development, but director Clarence Brown has solved this very cleverly in a cabaret sequence with Joan, Franchot and Edward Arnold, millionaire playboy. Brown has Arnold summon the entertainers to the table and so keeps the camera trained on the scene played silently by Joan and Franchot, while Gene Austin sings behind them.

In "Murder at the Vanities," at Paramount, two murders are committed and the mystery solved during a performance of "Earl Carroll's Vanities." The original solution of the murders, incidentally, has been changed, so that even if you saw the play on Broadway, you are likely to be mystified. The cast was kept in ignorance of the murderer. If anyone acts guilty, maybe it won't be acting. Perhaps everyone felt guilty. Anyhow, it was fun. The stars are Carl Brisson, Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle.

"We're Not Dressing" is based upon Barrie's desert-island comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," once made by De Mille under the title "Male and Female." Seven song numbers now adorn it. With all this singing by Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman (remember her "Eadie Was a Lady?"), it was once feared that there would be less than fifteen minutes of story. But director Norman Taurog took care of that—and his large cast, which also includes Carole Lombard, Leon Errol and Burns and Allen.

"Come On, Marines" has been a title on the Paramount program for two years. But no story was found to fit it until a yarn titled "Pink Chemise" was purchased. Oddly enough, the "Marines" label fits like—well, say a glove. So they put Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns and Monte Blue in to take care of the Marine end and Ida Lupino, Grace Bradley, Toby Wing and Lona Andre to wear the lingerie. We are promised a rollicking comedy with plenty of action.

Raft as a Matador

"THE Trumpet Blows" makes George Raft a bull-fighter. That he might learn the proper technique, Pepe Ortiz, the most popular matador in Mexico, was brought to Hollywood. Later Eduard Castro took over the job of instruction. It is Castro's cape, through which he was once gored, that Raft carries in the picture. Look for the hole in it.

"Scarlet Empress," once called "Catherine of Russia" and once thought finished until von Sternberg decided to make added scenes, is nearing completion for the second time. This Marlene Dietrich set has been barred to visitors, anxious to compare it with the English picture, "Catherine, the Great." But even from a barred set stories occasionally leak. One says that Von ordered two hundred new statues for the throne room, one of which an exasperated artist fashioned in caricature of the director, who didn't notice it. See if you can pick it out.

The von Sternberg influence seems to have swept over the back fence to the neighboring RKO lot. Two of their sets had "No Admittance" signs hung out. These were "Stingaree," the tale of an Australian bandit and a concert singer, played by Richard Dix and Irene Dunne; and "Of Human Bondage," based on Somerset Maugham's great novel and starring Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. A third picture in production is "The Dover Road," co-starring Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard, both of "Cavalcade" fame. This, also is an English story.

Fredric and Connie as Co-Stars

AT 20th Century, "The Firebrand" is in production, with Fredric March, Constance Bennett, Frank Morgan and Fay Wray. In rehearsal were George Arliss in "Head of the Family" and Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." The March-Bennett picture is based upon the life of that reckless Italian voluptuary, Benvenuto Cellini, who knew his dueling.

"The World Moves On," at Fox, has Franchot Tone also doing a dueling scene, which ends the first sequence, a sort of prologue laid in 1830. When the story carries on to modern times, many of the problems that concerned their ancestors face members of the family again. "The World Moves On" is notable as the first American appearance of Madeleine Carroll, England's highest-paid star. (You saw her, perhaps, in "I Was a Spy.")

There is an incident in "The World Moves On" stranger than fiction. In writing the original story, Reginald Berkeley, noted as the adapter of "Cavalcade," conceived a dramatic highlight in the sinking by a U-boat of an Atlantic liner with two members of the submarine commander's family on board. Ferdinand Schumann-Heink was cast as the commander and, upon reading his part, described an absolutely parallel personal experience. When in the American army, his transport was sunk by a German submarine commanded by his brother, August. Berkeley had no idea that the fiction he wrote was true.

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are reunited as a team in "The World Is Ours." The story begins when they graduate from college and, with Ginger Rogers and James Dunn, former classmates, face the world together. Janet has a more sophisticated rôle than usual and it should be a nice change of pace for her. This picture has just started. More about it later!

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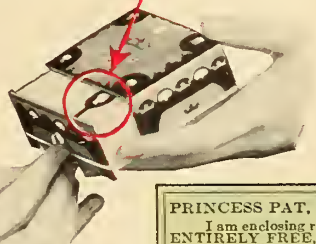

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"Those of us who have to walk along city streets also know real nerve strain. Trolleys — traffic whistles — trucks and taxis bearing down on you — it's enough to make nerves jump. I enjoy a smoke any time and smoke steadily. My cigarette? Camels. They're milder — and they don't interfere with healthy nerves."

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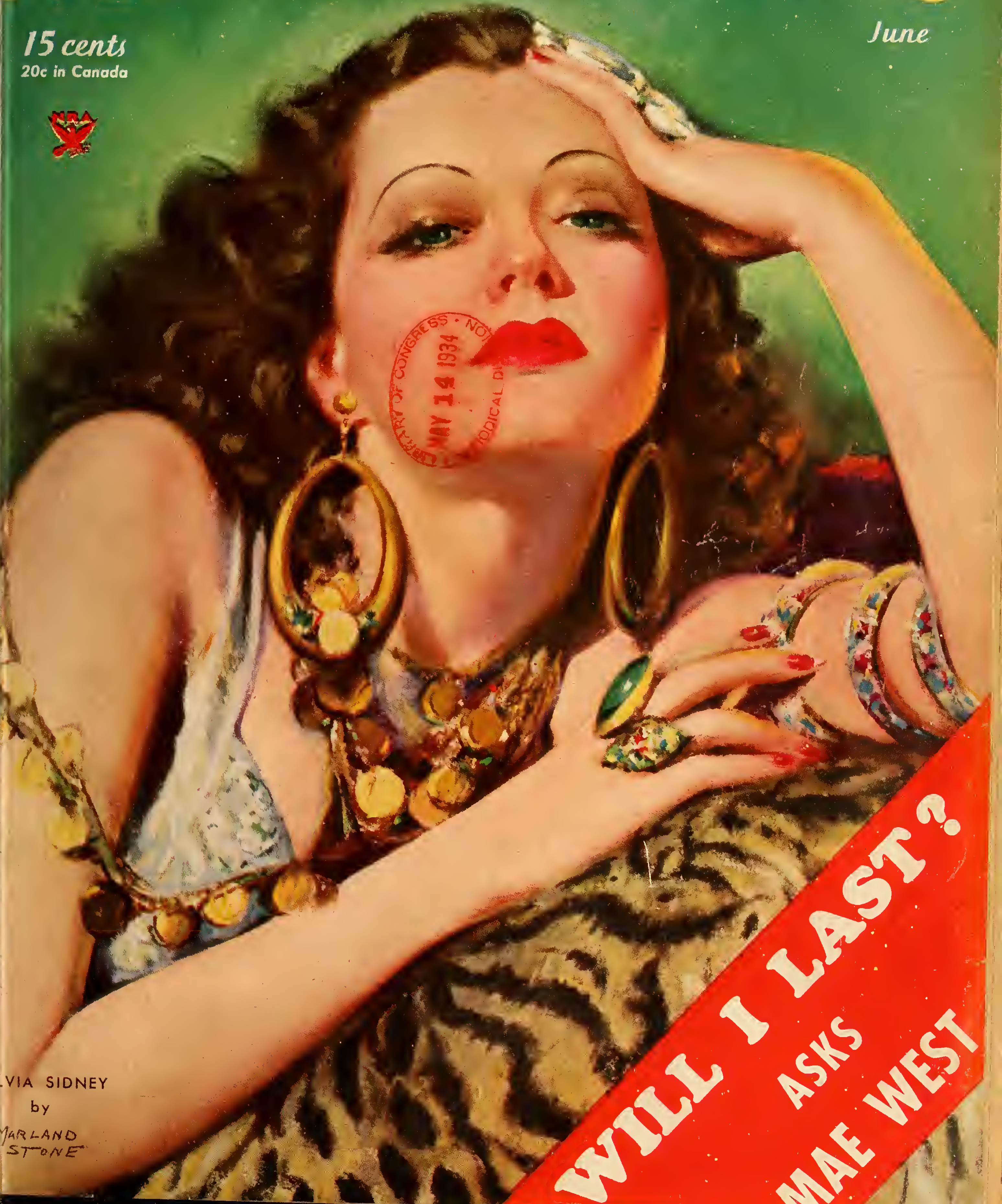

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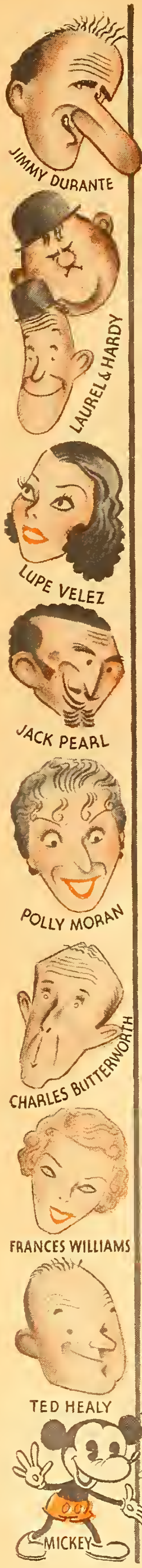
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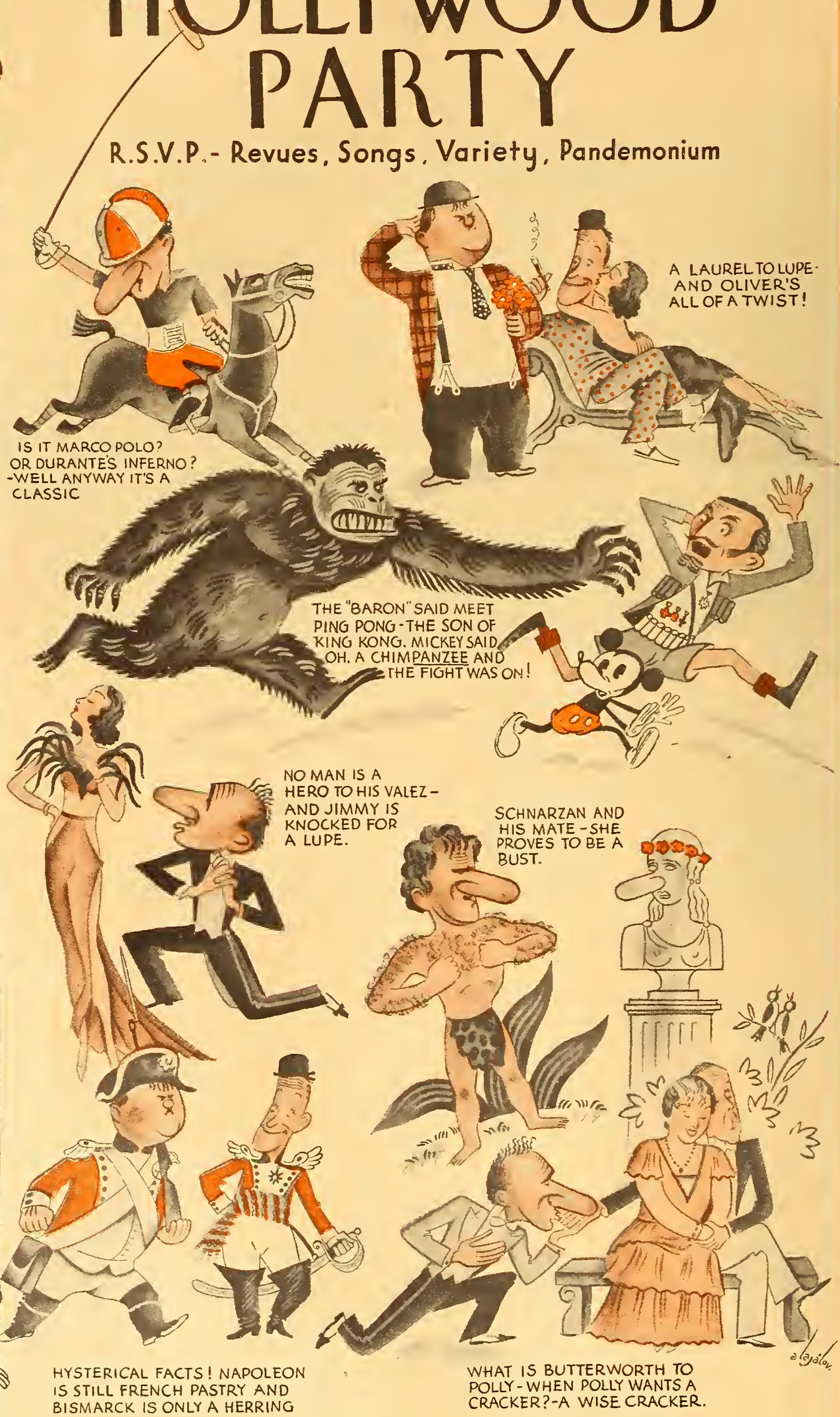
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NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ-AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE.
SCHNARZAN AND HIS MATE-SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.
HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING
WHAT IS BUTTERWORTH TO POLLY-WHEN POLLY WANTS A CRACKER?-A WISE CRACKER.
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MOTION PICTURE

JUNE
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVII, No. 5

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood

Here's How SYLVIA Would Look As *Salome*

On the cover, Marland Stone gives you a colorful impression of Sylvia Sidney as the beautiful daughter of Herod. (And did you know that make-up experts recently picked Sylvia as having the most perfectly formed face in Hollywood?) She gives you an impression of the Biblical princess who was a temptress—just to show you that she *could* play such a rôle, and put glamour and fire and reality into it.

But she is a young modern at heart, and she'll continue to glorify young moderns—as she does in "Thirty-Day Princess"!

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HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director* DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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INSIDE News FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

To Hollywood and you, Carl Brisson (left) is a new screen name. But to Jean Hersholt, he is an old friend—and to their native Denmark, he is a star

Bing's Kidnap Scare

THE latest Hollywood victim of a kidnap scare is Bing Crosby. A good citizen of Los Angeles reported to the police that he had heard two men plotting in a Pacific Electric station to kidnap "the Crosby kid" and hold him for a big ransom, while "Bertha" took care of him. Despite some improbabilities, Bing took it seriously enough to hire additional protection for his home and to cancel a vacation sailing trip. And the report didn't do any good to the nerves of Dixie Lee Crosby, who is shopping for new ribbons for the Crosby bassinet.

Mrs. Raft "Surprises" George

GEORGE RAFT denies that he plans to marry Virginia Peine Lehmann, recently divorced wife of Edward Lehmann, Jr., Chicago millionaire, and new screen "find." (On the screen, she will be known as Virginia Pine.) As things stand at present, George isn't free to marry anyone.

Press-agents, building him up as a Great Lover, let the impression get around that George was a bachelor—until he finally rebelled at the pretense and admitted that he had a wife in his past and a young son. No one seemed to know their whereabouts and George didn't elucidate. But now his wife has come forth—much to George's surprise (so he says)—to sue him for more alimony. In her suit, Grace Mulrooney Raft says that she married George in 1923, that they separated in 1928, and that a separation agreement gave her fifty dollars a week or ten per cent of his weekly earnings at that time. She now asks for ten per cent of his present earnings and accuses George of being "cruel and inhuman to me by constantly associating in public with other women."

As soon as he comes to an understanding and agreement with his wife, so his friends say, he will probably become a Reno resident.

Why Katharine's Trip to Paris?

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S recent trip to Europe was probably one of the shortest on record. She arrived in France on Monday (wearing trousers) and sailed back on the same ship on Thursday. In two days, a girl can't begin to buy all the Paris clothes she would like to buy. So Katie apparently wasn't there on a shopping tour. And why *was* she there? Was she finding out, by any chance, just what one would have to do to get a Paris divorce? For at a party in New York, just a few days before she boarded the ship, the news leaked out from a source beyond question that Katharine and Ludlow Ogden Smith have decided to live apart permanently.

In "Madame Butterfly," you saw Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant separated forever. But lo! by movie magic, they are now together again in "Thirty-Day Princess"

As a screen gangster, George Raft has met a few "bulls" of the detective variety. But in "The Trumpet Blows," he meets the real article. He's a matador

Sally's Best Performance?

SALLY EILERS not only stood by hubby Harry Joe Brown when he was recently sued for breach of promise by Marjorie Gay, actress; she was constantly cheerful, acting unperturbed. And Sally is soon expecting the stork . . .

(*Continued on page 8*)

Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Lippman

You will remember Lilyan Tashman as you have seen her in pictures—witty, brilliant, "the best-dressed woman on the screen." This is how her friends will remember her—as the beautiful girl who loved life, who smiled in the face of death, who was the wife, sweetheart and pal of Edmund Lowe. This was their last portrait together

(*Continued from page 6*)

Had Premonition of Death

HOLLYWOOD was shocked, as this hard-boiled town is seldom shocked, by the news that Lilyan Tashman—gallant, gay, brilliant "Lil"—had died at 34 in a New York hospital, following an emergency operation. Even her best friends did not know what she and her devoted husband, Edmund Lowe, must have suspected for a year—that it might so soon be "curtains" for her.

Lilyan, herself, expected to die at the time of her appendicitis operation nearly two years ago. She had a horror of operations. All the way to the hospital in the ambulance, she kept saying, "I'm going to die—I know it!" When she opened her eyes after the operation, the first thing she saw was her dressing case with her initials in gold, a gift from Eddie. She later related, "I thought, 'Well, I must be alive. I couldn't have taken that bag to Heaven with me. I've been reprieved!'" She accepted the remaining time given to her as a reprieve. She entertained more lavishly, she laughed more gaily, she dressed more attractively than ever.

"It's wonderful to have Lil back," Eddie told this writer. "She's her old self these days, laughing, full of excitement"—but his eyes were sombre above his confident smile. He arranged his life so that he could spend as much time with her as possible. He gave up all thought of a tour he had planned. When Lilyan worked, he lunched with her; when he was on a picture, she went to his studio for lunch. A week before she entered the hospital, she told New York friends that she was "all right," but was worried about Ed; he had the flu. He refused several picture offers so that he could be with her in New York, where she was to make her first starring picture, "Wine, Women and Song." And he was at her bedside when she died.

Wouldn't Give Up Again

WHEN Lilyan Tashman dropped out of the cast of "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" last year, she was ill, as the studio said; but Hollywood called it "temperament." That hurt her. The last day of her career, she worked on "Frankie and Johnnie" from seven a.m. until midnight—driving herself on to finish the picture, refusing even to rest. She did not live to taste the triumph, so long denied her, of seeing her name above the title of a picture on a Broadway theatre marquee. And she did not live to have her heart broken by the news that her Big Scene had been cut out of "Riptide" at the last moment, because the picture was too long.

"Poor Lil," director Edmund Goulding said to this writer on the night of the preview of this picture. "She was so proud of that scene. And now—the best work of her career is only a strip of celluloid on the cutting-room floor! It will break her heart. Irving Thalberg is writing her tonight to try to explain and comfort her, but it will hurt her—awfully. Lil is sick, you know. She won't give in to it, but I'm worried about her. She came clear back from New York to play this part, worked like a slave on the fittings—and then to see the rôle reduced to a 'bit'! Hard! But

(*Continued on page 10*)

Russell Ball

It's *adios* to Hollywood for at least a year for Ramon Novarro. He is heading for South America and all way-stations (where he's the star of stars), on a singing tour

Let Warner Bros.' musical stars bring you the laugh-crammed lowdown on radio!

★ 4 MILLS BROS.

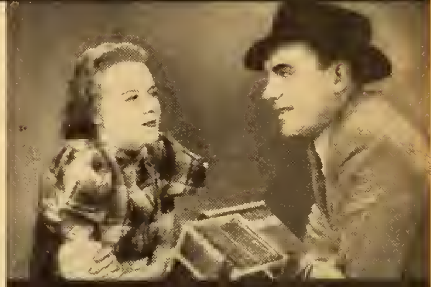
★ DICK POWELL ★ GINGER ROGERS ★

Funniest and fastest of all the great Warner Bros. musicals! Produced with all the smartness and variety of "Wonder Bar" and "Gold Diggers"—but entirely and sensationally different! Your chance to see a host of famous radio acts in action, in an uproarious inside story of the ether studios! Don't miss . . . . . .

"20 MILLION SWEETHEARTS"

With all the great personalities pictured here, plus Three Radio Rogues, Muzzy Marcellino, The Three Debutantes, Joseph Cawthorn, Grant Mitchell.

A First National Picture directed by Ray Enright



★ PAT O'BRIEN

★ ALLEN JENKINS

★ TED FIORITO & HIS BAND

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

(*Continued from page 8*)

Lil is a trouper. She knows the game. She'll understand! (Parenthetically, it might be revealed that her favorite nickname for her husband was "Ye Olde Trouper." He finds that ironic after the way she lived up to the stage code, "The show must go on.") Neither the heart-breaking news nor the kindly letter from Thalberg reached her before she died . . .

Made Ziegfeld Come to Her

LILYAN TASHMAN started out to be a school-teacher. She had finished her third year at Hunter College in New York, when Florenz Ziegfeld saw her in a restaurant and asked a fellow-diner to bring the girl to his table. When she was told that "Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to speak to her," she thought she was being kidded; she replied that if Mr. Ziegfeld wanted to speak to her, he might come to her table. He did—and she became a "Follies" girl.

"She has the most beautiful features in America," a famous English photographer said of her not long ago. Famed as "the best-dressed movie star," Lilyan Tashman had another side—that of loyal friend. Girls who knew her in her "Follies" days were still sure of a welcome with her. Many beautiful eyes in Hollywood shed tears when the news of her death flashed over the wires. And, suddenly, Hollywood remembered how Edmund Lowe had so loved this beautiful Jewish girl that he had risked the displeasure of his own church to marry her. Here was one movie marriage that did not end via Reno, but lasted "until death do us part" . . .

C. S. Bull

Kent Taylor finds Evelyn Venable in an amusing spot between scenes of "Double Door." Sitting down would wrinkle her gown; so she "rests" on this contraption

She rests in a cemetery in Brooklyn, where she was born—not Hollywood, where she found fame. Edmund Lowe, too broken by his tragedy to face the thought of taking her in death all the way across the continent, with a great Hollywood funeral at the end of the journey, decided on a quiet ceremony in New York. But even there, the crowds at her funeral were so crushing that New York police could not keep them under control.

A girl in the moonlight who will soon be in the spotlight is Billie Seward. She has looks, charm and talent—and all she needs to go places is screen experience. She's getting that fast. You'll see her in "Voice in the Night"

The Losers Won the Applause

THE acting awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were not especially popular this year. Nine hundred guests at the awards dinner, who roared with delight over toastmaster Will Rogers' sallies (see page 60—Ed.), "sat on their hands" when the names of the winning actor (Charles Laughton) and actress (Katharine Hepburn) were announced. May Robson (second in the feminine balloting) and Leslie Howard (third in the vote) would have been the popular awards, judging from the applause they received on taking their bows.

Talk about streamline waistlines—Ginger Rogers has the smallest in Hollywood. It's only a score of inches around. She keeps it that way, swinging Indian clubs

Esther Reliving Her Girlhood

ESTHER RALSTON, lately divorced from George Webb, is going places with Earl Oxford. He is the good-looking youngster who has a rôle (with Esther) in "Sadie McKee." With these two go Jean Parker and her boy-friend, Francis Lucus. (You'll learn the details about this romance, reading the story on page 39.—Ed.) A bit juvenile for Esther, but, after all, she worked all during her girlhood and is making up for lost time. One of her former-step-daughters eloped a few weeks ago—in Esther's car. This romantic younger generation apparently has an appeal for Esther, who isn't so old, herself, when you look up the records.

(*Continued on page 13*)

★★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

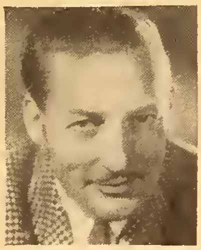
Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE

★★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.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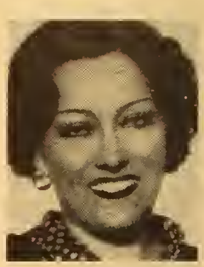
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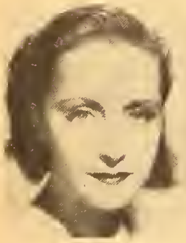
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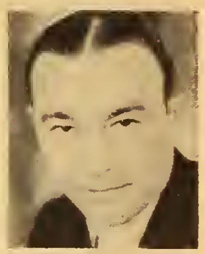
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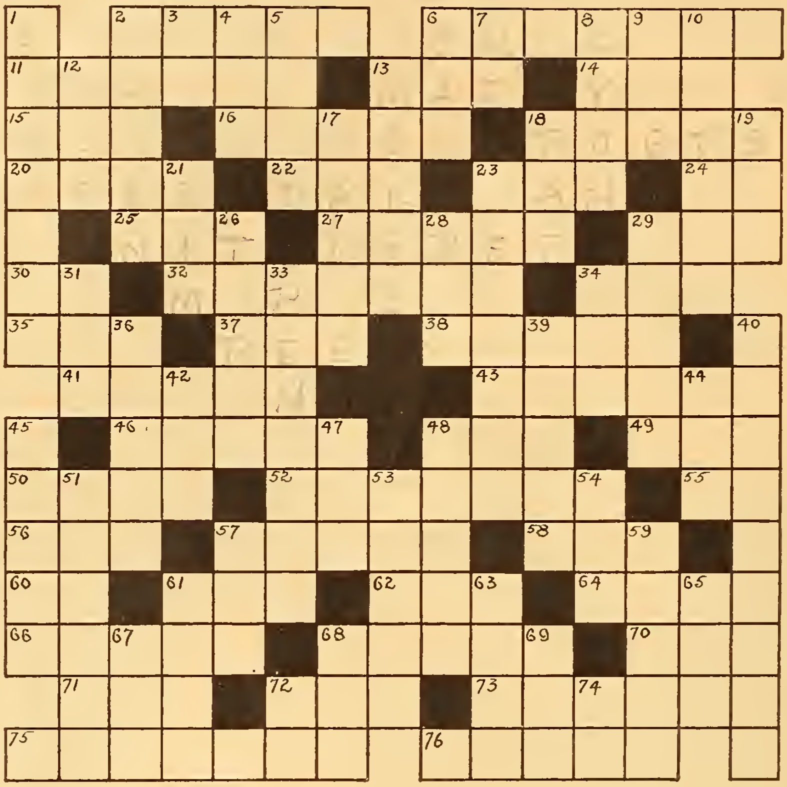


HORIZONTAL

2. Comedian Jenkins' first name
6. He's an Irishman named Pat
11. See illustration above
13. She played *Satin* in "Nana"
14. "She Had to Say ——"
15. "—— of Me"
16. See illustration above
18. What Byron, Shelley and Keats were
20. There's always a —— for good screen stories
22. Abbreviation for Dakota
23. Clive Brook's rôle in "Gallant Lady"
24. "Four Frightened People" was filmed there (init.)
25. Insect egg
27. To wager again
29. ——Bard was *Sharlie* in "Meet the Baron"
30. Officer of the Day (abbr.)
32. Whose husband is director Charles Vidor?
34. To make a mistake
35. The *Caterpillar* in "Alice In Wonderland"
37. A popular player is kept as busy as a ——
38. Slang for "some more"
41. Phonetic spelling of movie stars' favorite fur
43. Lionel Barrymore's rôle in "Dinner at Eight"
46. The record of a year
48. What ever became of ——ta Page?
49. Remember "——er the Great"?
50. She was *Dizzy* in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"
52. The baby-faced comedian
55. The best-known actor-director (init.)
56. Devoured
57. His last name is Maxwell; he usually plays "heavies"
58. Tallulah's uncle is a —— (abbr.)
60. Point of the compass
61. Carrillo's first name.
62. Director Mervyn LeRoy recently ——Doris Warner to the altar
64. Whatever became of Geraldine ——ar?
66. A giant is also a ——
68. Stone is his name
70. Garbo likes ——lation
71. Cover
72. First part of name of movie city
73. The wife in "As Husbands Go"
75. Her first name is Ethel
76. The hero of "Death Takes a Holiday"

VERTICAL

1. See illustration above
2. Hero of "Come On, Marines"
3. Lyda's initials
4. *Jules Clark* in "Sitting Pretty"
5. Her last name is Bennett; no relation to Connie
6. The tree that Jack took his name from
7. "—— and My Gal"
8. Bebe Daniels' married name
9. Star of "Advice to the Lovelorn"
10. Just divorced and just returned to screen
12. Favorite brew of Clive Brook's native land
13. Joan Crawford's new picture is "Sadie ——"
17. His last name is Foxe
18. He's in "20 Million Sweethearts"
19. Mae West's new picture is "It Ain't No ——"
21. Love scenes are best in ——light
23. Girl impersonator who appeared in "Mr. Skitch"
26. Robinson's wife in "Dark Hazard"
28. A bridge term (pl.)
29. A royal commission
31. She is Joel McCrea's wife
33. His first name is Duncan
34. A submarine needs a p——scope
36. Frances —— is a dancer
39. Medleys
40. See illustration above
42. Manufacturers of New England (abbr.)
44. Cockneys called it "——— Divers"
45. Connie Bennett's second husband
47. "Counsellor at ——"
48. Former screen actor named Robert; now a band leader
51. *Col. Andre Muffat* in "Nana"
53. His last name is Welch
54. A villain is ——arious
57. Even (poetic)
59. J. Carrol —— is a suave screen gangster
61. "—— for a Day"
63. A prima donna
65. Railway Station Office (abbr).
67. Movie stars often watch races at —— Juana
68. Most famous of all screen character actors (deceased)
69. Standing's title
72. Olivier's initials
74. Sidney Blackmer calls this his home state (abbr.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

A	N	T	O	N	I	O		B	A	R	B	A	R	A
L	■	E	W	E	N	■	A	■	D	O	O	N	■	R
B	E	N	■	D	E	M	P	S	E	Y	■	M	G	M
E	L	■	■	■	N	A	T	A	L	■	■	■	E	E
N	I	P	■	P	E	N	■	N	E	O	■	P	A	T
N	A	I	S	B	■	N	E	I	■	S	P	O	R	T
I	■	D	W	A	N	■	L	■	N	O	E	L	■	A
	A	G	E	■	A	R	L	E	N	■	O	L	D	
C	■	E	E	N	Y	■	I	■	E	O	N	A	■	O
H	O	O	T	S	■	A	S	P	■	A	Y	N	E	S
A	N	N	■	S	E	N	■	A	G	R	■	D	A	B
R	L	■	■	■	A	N	I	T	A	■	■	■	S	O
L	Y	A	■	C	R	A	S	H	E	D	■	I	E	R
E	■	V	A	I	L	■	M	■	L	O	I	S	■	N
S	N	E	A	N	E	R		E	S	T	E	L	L	E

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

Inside News Flashes From Filmland

(*Continued from page 10*)

Gary and Lupe Meet

HOLLYWOOD saw something the other night that it never expected to see—Gary Cooper and his new bride (Sandra Shaw), with Lupe Velez and her new husband (Johnny Weissmuller), posing for a smiling group-of-four picture at a dinner dance at the Little Club. Of course, they had to meet sometime—what with Hollywood being just a village; but no one expected them to become downright chummy.

And remember how everybody felt sorry for Bobbe Arnst, who took it so hard when her marriage with Johnny Weissmuller had a head-on collision with his movie career? Her heart is all mended now. Robert A. Cavanaugh, young Chicago attorney, supplied the balm—and a new ring for the proper finger.

Merry in the Movies

WHEN a writer brought Miss Merry (intriguing name, that!) Fahrney, much-headlined Chicago society girl, multi-millionairess and twice-a-divorcee (at 22), onto the set of "Cleopatra," she was introduced to director Cecil B. DeMille. C. B. instantly offered her a part in his newest spectacle. So now the young lady who has brought so much publicity on herself is helping to put over "Cleopatra." The six-o'clock call on her first day worked such a hardship on her that, in order to be on time, she had to stay up all night!

Braved Stares of the Curious

"RIPTIDE" made such a favorable impression at the preview that Irving Thalberg decided that same evening that Herbert Marshall should play the romantic lead opposite Norma Shearer (Mrs. Thalberg) in "Marie Antoinette." And, aside from the picture, Hollywood insiders felt that they were seeing drama that evening.

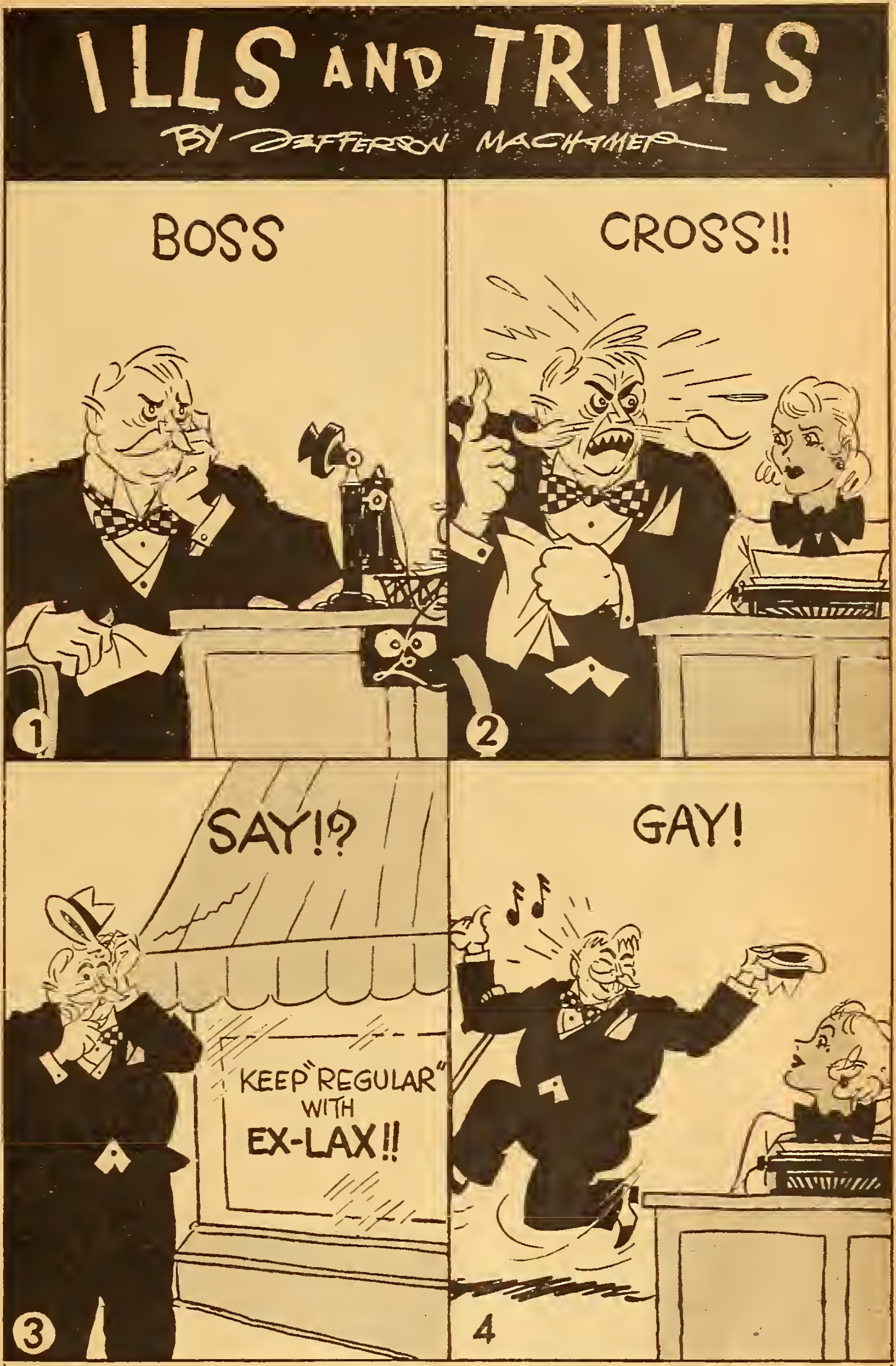
For Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, made their entrance together at the supper party that followed and stood in the doorway several moments, where everyone could see them. Edna Best's face was unsmiling and mask-like as they made the rounds of the room afterward. Some time later, she left—alone. And when she drove away, this reporter saw her put her hand to her eyes . . .

Once called one of the happiest couples in the profession, they were—or Edna, at least, was—trying to squelch the ever more and more insistent rumors of separation. Three years ago, she ran away from Hollywood and movie fame because she was lonely for her husband who was in New York. Only recently, she went to Honolulu to be with him in the jungle during the making of "Four Frightened People," and then traveled to England to bring back their baby, preparatory to settling permanently in Hollywood. When she came back, it had happened. The columnists were prophesying separation, talking of a triangle situation . . .

Under Doctors' Care

WITH Edna Best apparently so heartbroken at their imminent break-up that she has been under a doctor's care ever since, the set of "The Key" (her first American picture) has resembled a hospital ward. William Powell was so ill during the entire shooting of the picture that he had a doctor with him on the set continually. Bill, by the way, is sharing the smiles of Kay Francis with Maurice Chevalier these days.

(*More news of players? Turn to page 36! More news of pictures? Turn to page 64!*)



MANY a morning grouch could be avoided by changing to that little chocolate tablet the night before.

It's called Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative. And it helps to keep you "regular"—without "punishing" yourself.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. So mild that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence. So effective that those who formerly thought they had to take "something strong" found that it wasn't at all necessary.

So—when Nature forgets, remember Ex-Lax. Get a box at your druggists today—10c and 25c.

KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Reader Believes Films Need Not Be in Current Style to Be Successes

Fredric March in a scene from "Death Takes a Holiday." The girl in his arms is Katherine Alexander

First Prize

Fredric March did the greatest work of his entire career in "Death Takes a Holiday," writes Charles S., of Denver, Colo.:

"Fredric March's work in 'Death Takes A Holiday' is the finest he has ever done, and is sufficient to place him among the few really great actors of the profession. The rôle of Death would seem to be one of the most difficult assignments possible to give an actor and a great many stars would scarcely have had the courage to attempt such an unusual and difficult rôle.

"March exacted from the part every ounce of emotion and power possible. He did not make death—in human guise—a mysterious, furtive figure, but a living, understandable character, honestly seeking a reason for man's fear of him. He made the rôle pathetic—in his search for love, a soul, and understanding.

"The producers of 'Death Takes a Holiday' deserve praise for their courage in screening such an original and delicate theme. This proves that a film does not have to be made in the current style, nor does it have to be of a commercial type in order for it to be a financial as well as an artistic success."

Second Prize

Colbert and Gable make a fine team in "It Happened One Night," writes Mrs. Charles Toles, of Colorado Springs, Colo.:

"'It Happened One Night' is superlative entertainment—with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert teamed for the first time—and what a team!

"It's a big jump from the rôle of the bewildered school teacher in 'Four Frightened People' to that of the spoiled society 'brat' but Claudette does it beautifully, ably assisted by Gable. In fact, he carries a good share of the plot on his own and displays a fine flair for comedy. I hadn't laughed so much in weeks as I did over the 'hitch-hiking' sequence with Clark using his thumb in the most approved manner and failing and Claudette, with a method all her own, succeeding. It may not sound funny, but just wait until you see it, fans!"

Third Prize

"Garbo and Hepburn equally capable of rendering performances that command attention," is what Albert Manski, of Boston, Mass., has to say:

"Fans cannot make comparisons between Greta Garbo and Katharine Hepburn because these two are artists in their own individual category.

"I saw 'Queen Christina' and 'Spitfire' the same day. Garbo was magnetic in her rôle of Sweden's beloved queen and has added another laurel to her career that is already filled with a long list of superb portrayals. Hepburn, one of the screen's most versatile actresses, was very effective in the part of *Trigger Hicks*, a rôle that was entirely different from anything she has essayed in the past.

"Garbo and Hepburn both possess a deep understanding of life that makes their characterizations live in the minds of the motion picture fans."

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

A plea for more of Halloway's inimitable humor is made here by Frank Eugene Ford, of New Orleans, La.:

"Every picture you go to see, no matter whether comedy, tragedy or history, he pops up from somewhere and bleats his own inimitable humor. So often has he not disappointed us, that we have come to expect him sort of, and are really quite disappointed if he has not shown up if only for the smallest moment. I speak of none other than Sterling Halloway, who brings to the comic screen a most exquisite bit of humor, in a most original and delightful way. Do let's have more of him in shorts, or at least as a comic lead in a full length picture. He's really worth it!"

Charles W. Norris, of Chicago, Ill., calls Jean Parker a charming actress and hopes she will not lose her lovely, natural simplicity:

"The most charming actress in Hollywood today and the one most typical of the American girl is, without a doubt, Jean Parker. As an example of an unaffected character, independent of the quaint sensuality that marks the performances of so many of her sister-stars, Jean deserves a place on a pedestal high above all of them.

"I trust that after a longer sojourn in the movie world, Jean Parker will not be attracted to the starched ways of the celebrities around her, but rather that they will forget their own imagined importance to imitate her lovely, natural simplicity. The girl for whom I have waited so long is here, to pale every artificial screen goddess into a dim perspective."

Ralph J. Satterlee, of Muncie, Ind., expresses his sentiments in verse:

"A tidal wave of musicals,
Have taken us by storm,
Every star must sing and dance,
Or curve a wicked form.

"Romantic stars and tough guys
Sing madly about the moon,
The Big Bad Wolf and Mickey Mouse
Are trying to learn to croon.

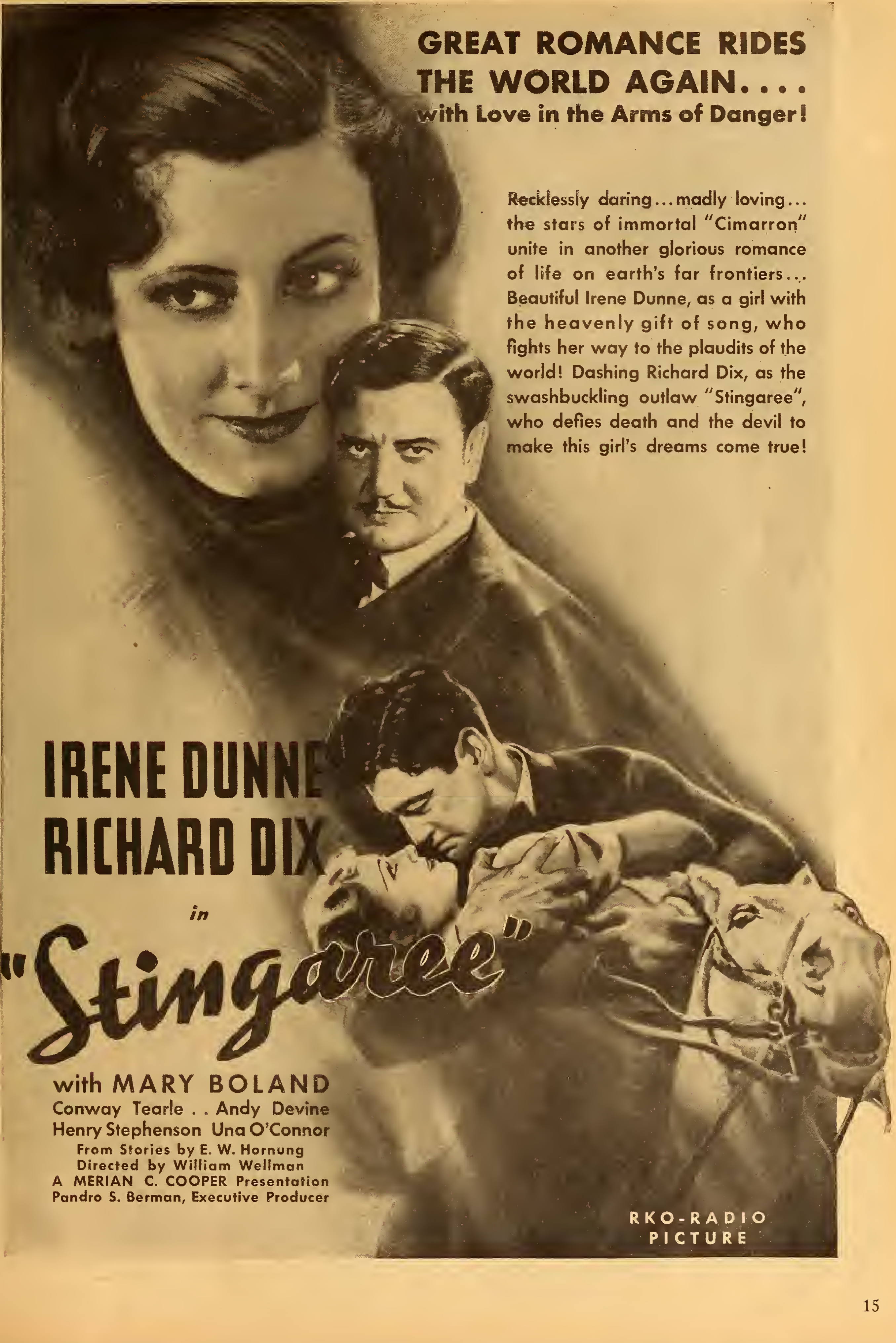
"Let's have a real good story,
Chuck music for a while,
You'll fill the theaters to the brim,
Come on, give it a trial."

Jazz and nudity not essential to good entertainment, writes Evelyn McLean, of Cheney, Wash.:

"Doesn't the reception of pictures like 'Little Women' by the public prove that we are all real people at heart, not just puppets who need to be lavishly entertained with jazz, nudity, and slap-stick, in order to enjoy something thoroughly? It seems a good time to unearth all the fine old stories that have meant so much to our people for so many generations."

Margaret A. Cadaret, of Lawrence, Mass., calls attention to a "movie boner":

"In the picture 'Convention City,' where the train is pulling into Atlantic City, my eyes caught sight of a palm tree in the background and I'm quite positive palm trees don't grow in our Atlantic City of the East. Slight error on someone's part, but still ridiculous."



GREAT ROMANCE RIDES THE WORLD AGAIN....

with Love in the Arms of Danger!

Recklessly daring...madly loving...the stars of immortal "Cimarron" unite in another glorious romance of life on earth's far frontiers... Beautiful Irene Dunne, as a girl with the heavenly gift of song, who fights her way to the plaudits of the world! Dashing Richard Dix, as the swashbuckling outlaw "Stingaree", who defies death and the devil to make this girl's dreams come true!

IRENE DUNNE
RICHARD DIX

in

"Stingaree"

with MARY BOLAND
Conway Tearle . . Andy Devine
Henry Stephenson Una O'Connor
From Stories by E. W. Hornung
Directed by William Wellman
A MERIAN C. COOPER Presentation
Pandro S. Berman, Executive Producer

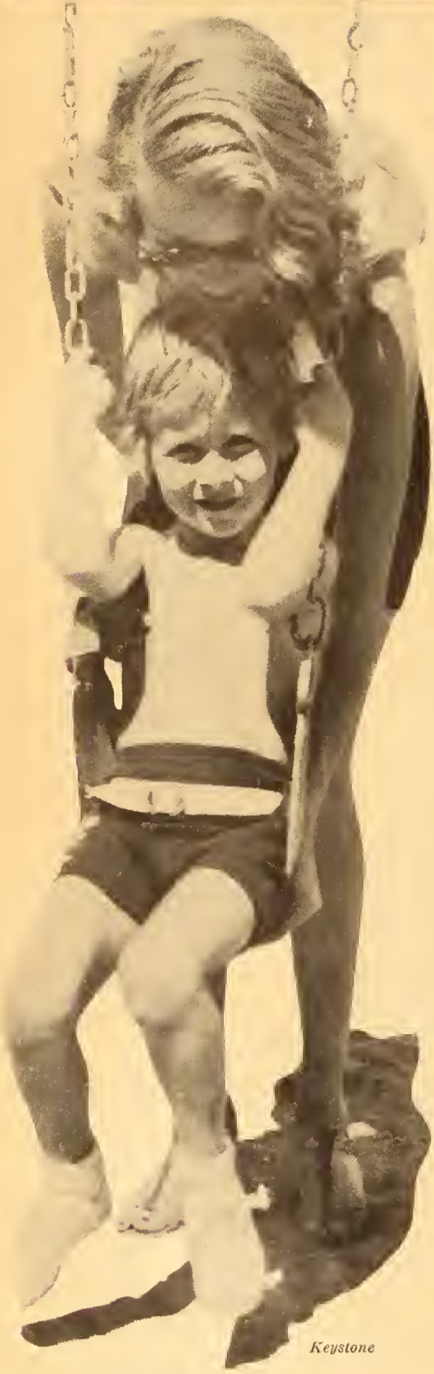
RKO-RADIO
PICTURE

WHO IS THIS MOVIE STAR about to take her son "for a ride"?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE



Keystone

2. The death of what well-known screen star recently shocked the movie world?

3. During the filming of what picture was the star's voice insured by the producing company for $100,000?

4. Who are the two motion picture celebrities who have at last admitted their often-rumored marital rift?

5. How many of the thirteen girls who were selected as the Wampas Baby Stars of 1934 can you name?

6. Why did Miriam Jordan's divorce from her husband make Hollywood sit up and take notice?

7. Against what movie comedian did a dance director recently file a $125,000 slander suit?

8. By what name will Doris Kenyon be known now that she has divorced her husband, Arthur E. Hopkins?

9. Who are the ten Hollywood beauties picked by Willy Pogany, noted artist, as having the most beautiful shoulders?

10. Why do the film city folks suspect that Isabel Jewell is already Mrs. Lee Tracy?

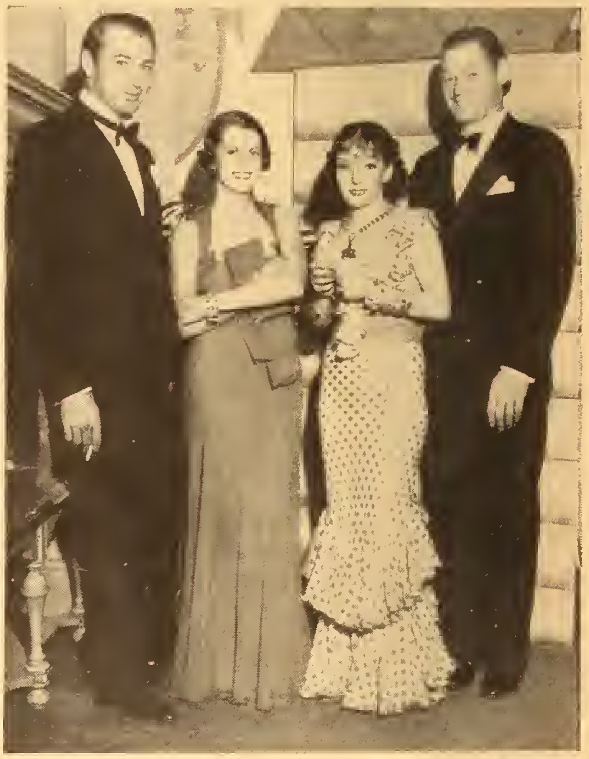
11. Whose $3,500 fur coat was attached and taken from her dressing-room by a sheriff while making personal appearances?

12. What screen star's husband, a film director, was sued for $100,000 heart balm?

13. Why is Dorothea Wieck being literally driven out of Hollywood?

14. Do you know the popular screen comedian who has everybody guessing whether or not he has already married his "girl-friend"?

15. Can you name the film star whose fourth marriage is nearing the well-known rocks?



Wide World

16. Why is it surprising to see these two Hollywood couples pictured together and what was the occasion of the get-together of this foursome?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 102*)

Together again

The most *Glorious* sweethearts of the Screen

Janet
GAYNOR
Charles
FARRELL

Just as they captured your hearts in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunny Side Up", they'll win you again in this lovable romance of young hearts, young love—

CHANGE OF HEART

with
JAMES DUNN
GINGER ROGERS

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN
Directed by John C. Blystone. From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris

FOX

"It Could Happen to Any Woman!"

1

"We were breaking up, Ned and I, after two years. It was his decision to end our engagement, not mine. I simply couldn't understand it."

2

"Heartsick and worn out, I packed my bags for a stay at the seashore. New places, new faces would help me to forget."

3

"There were loads of attractive people there—two men and a stunning girl particularly. But they didn't ask me to make it a foursome. I looked too sad, I guess."

4

"Later they did invite me to play golf. They actually left me standing on the 18th green while they stalked off to the club for refreshments. I put it down to bad manners."

5

"That night I went to the hotel dance, determined to have a good time and forget Ned. But not one of the men asked me to dance. It was pretty galling."

6

"Hurt and humiliated, I flounced off to bed and tried to knit myself off to sleep. But sleep wouldn't come. My nerves were on edge."

7

"In desperation I got up and dressed. Perhaps a walk under the cool stars would soothe my ruffled feelings. The night was simply gorgeous."

8

"I sat on a little knoll near the water. Then I overheard this: 'Oh, the Crane girl is attractive enough. Lots of fun—but her breath is enough to make you shudder...'"

9

"Mortified and ashamed I hurried back to my apartment and gargled Listerine that very night. (Incidentally, there has never been a day since that I haven't used it.)"

10

"And what a difference it made! The following week at the hotel was one of the gayest I have ever had in my whole life. Dates? I had them to burn!"

11

"When I got home I pocketed my pride and called Ned up. 'If you want to know how changed a girl can be,' I said, 'come up and see me sometime.' He did."

12

"We took up where we left off and it wasn't long before Ned's ring was back on my finger. I'm getting my trousseau next week."

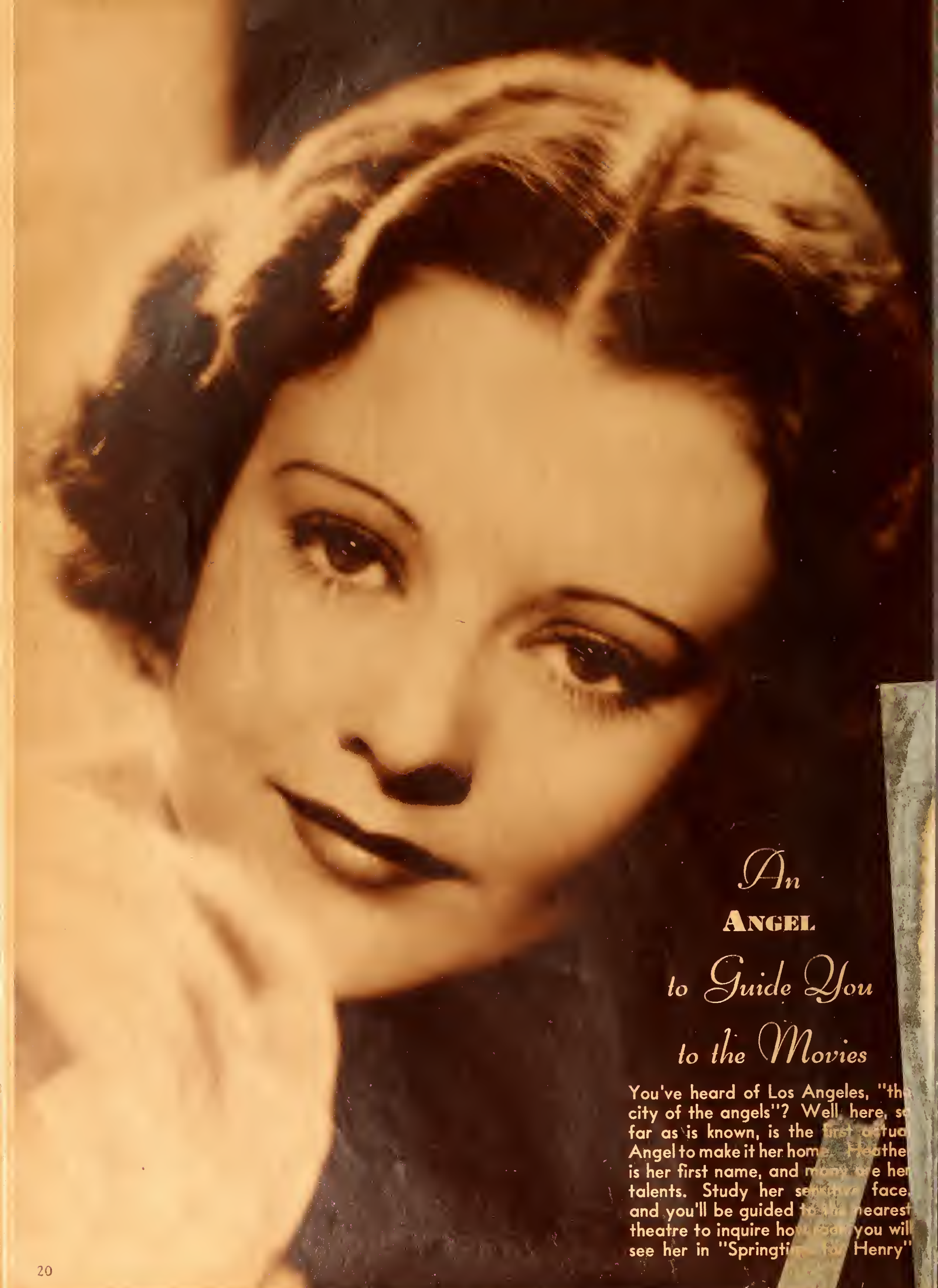
"Don't Offend Others!" Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis [*Bad Breath*]

Quit taking it for granted that your breath is always agreeable. It really isn't, you know. Anyone is likely to have halitosis at some time or other — without knowing it. Halitosis is principally caused, says a leading dental authority, by the fermentation of food particles that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, pleasant, safe way to combat this condition is to rinse the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and overcomes its odors. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Portrait by Russell Ball

Life Begins Anew for
ESTHER RALSTON

When talkies came in, Esther went out—and Hollywood shut the door, as it did on many silent favorites. But Esther pried it open again—by breaking vaudeville records, by making a hit in English pictures. She's back, she's in the spotlight, and her career looks more promising than ever before. More mature now, more sophisticated, she has a more vivid personality, will play more colorful rôles. The Esther who always used to be a sweet young thing will now have a chance to act. As a beginning, she will be a torch singer to the life in "Sadie McKee"



An ANGEL to Guide You to the Movies

You've heard of Los Angeles, "the city of the angels"? Well here, so far as is known, is the first actual Angel to make it her home. Heather is her first name, and many are her talents. Study her sensitive face, and you'll be guided to the nearest theatre to inquire how soon you will see her in "Springtime for Henry"

JOHN BARRYMORE.

Man of Irony

He has never received the Academy award for the best screen acting of any year; and that's ironic. For the American stage has not seen a greater actor in this generation. Maybe it is just taken for granted that he can play any kind of rôle, and make it real. In "Twentieth Century," he etches an ironical portrait of a man who knows actor

Jimmy Cagney in jodhpurs? Well, this IS a surprise! Not only that—he's able to sit down; so he must know his horsemanship. And just because you don't see any horse, don't pass any cracks that maybe he is master of hounds for the breakfast hunt. The only reason he's humming "Sittin' on a Log" is that all the nags are rented out to movie queens. Just when Jimmy needs to get bow-legged for "Hey, Sailor"!

Girls who wear stylish bridle costumes aren't called "horseback riders"; they're "equestriennes"—like Jeanette MacDonald (above) and Verree Teasdale (left). Jeanette, who is happy about doing "T[illegible] Merry Widow" with Maurice Chev[illegible] dresses in the style of the hunt and [illegible] side-saddle. Verree, who is in "Dr. Mo[illegible] wears checks—like Adolphe Menjou, [illegible] whom she will soon go down a bridal [illegible]

So you thought that only society women and movie cowgirls ever rode horseback any more? "Neigh, neigh!" whimpers Helen Mack's white mount, emitting a horse chuckle at your error. For Helen sits a saddle lightly and, moreover, dresses to ride, not to be seen. And if they would just hand her some more rôles like the one she had in "All of Me," how she would be galloping to stardom!

They All Belong to THE HORSEY SET

Beauty and the beast are pals these days. At least, Elizabeth Allan—the dramatic nurse in "Men in White" — and her horse, "Sandy," put their heads together every morning and plot a tour of the Beverly Hills bridle paths, just for some healthy exercise and fun

The CHALLENGING Mr. March

Fredric March
piquing your
agination th
days. In "De
Takes a H
day," he pers
fied the D
Prince. Now
"The Firebran
he plays Benve
to Cellini,
lived in the X
Century, cou
the Muses, ad
ture and fair
men—and due
his way out
difficulties. C
stance Benn
is his co-sta
this mad com

Portrait by Hewitt

Marjorie finds Fun in Life for she has a lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

1 "Men were always pleasant and courteous to me. But it ended there. My life was dull, and so was my skin. Then I tried Camay. Almost at once my skin improved. Now I'm a prettier and more popular girl."

2 "Now it no longer makes me unhappy to look at myself in my mirror. I'm mighty proud of my complexion."

Do you get the fun and favors in life—or only the grief and troubles? It's the girl with a lovely fresh Camay Complexion who gets admiration and praise.

LIFE IS A LONG BEAUTY CONTEST

Like Marjorie, the girl above, you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest. It may be at a party, or at some informal gathering of friends that your beauty and your skin will be judged. And you are competing with other women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin that is fresh as a flower's petals. Then the eyes of everyone you meet will look at you approvingly.

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CAMAY
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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

"WILL I LAST?" asks MAE WEST

By MAUDE LATHEM

Her answer isn't "Maybe." Her answer is "Yes—as long as Mae West *wants* to last." She's as sure of it as she is that "love is not going out of style"!

AFTER more red tape than it takes to see the President of the United States, I finally landed in Mae West's dressing-room. Between the interruptions from director, photographer, make-up man, maids and managers, I somehow managed to question her for fifteen minutes about what she thinks the future holds for her.

I explained to her that columnist O. O. McIntyre, as well as eminent divines over the country, were expressing doubt as to her chances of continuing on the screen; that the favorite topic of conversation of critics and dinner parties has become: "What do you think about Mae West? Is she going to last or is she merely a flash in the pan?"

"And now you ask me what *I* think about all this talk. Will I be able to go on indefinitely? Or will I perhaps be able to hold the interest through one more picture and then . . . ?" She was smiling languidly.

But, suddenly, she straightened and made the most vitalizing comment I have ever heard any star utter: "*The popularity of Mae West will continue just as long as Mae West, herself, wants it to continue.* Only she can let it down. When I lose my stamina, when I am no longer determined to please, I will be through with pictures, and not until then!

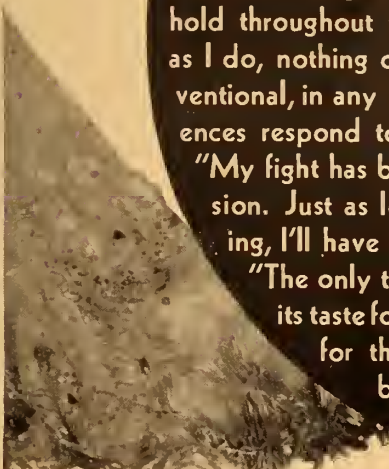
"I expect to be giving you finer pictures next year than I could even think of now. I expect to do this for many years, though of course there is an age limit to certain kinds of parts. You know my rule: 'I give 'em what they want.' I never let anything stop me, once I set my heart on it. That's why I say I'll be a drawing card in pictures just as long as Mae West *wants* to be. I don't have to define that word 'want' for you, do I? I'm not talking about any wishy-washy longing, like people saying: 'Gee, I wish *I* could do so-and-so.' If they really wished it, they would get busy and do it. I've never had a wishbone where my backbone should be."

She's Several Women in One

TO analyze Mae West is just about as simple as explaining the Russian Five-Year Plan. The trouble is, there are so many Mae Wests. There is the one who says that she always thinks about herself first; who would have you believe that any object, animate or inanimate, is ruthlessly pushed aside if it impedes her progress. Then there is the absolutely improvident Mae, so big-hearted that she can never turn a deaf ear to any one in need. There is still another Mae of stage and picture fame who always "gets her man." ("But I use my voice, my eyes and the movements of my body to captivate, instead of physical contact," says Mae.)

There is no one with whom we can compare Mae. It's absurd to compare her with Katharine Hepburn, Garbo or any other actress. They all have something different to offer. They all, too, are dependent on their stories, directors and other conditions. Even the great Hepburn ran into difficulties in the stage play, "The Lake." Mae has a supreme advantage in that she writes all her own stories and dialogue; and she puts on the screen what no other actress has even remotely attempted.

"To get back to those who intimate that I have done a little skiing, I'm afraid they haven't followed my box-office receipts," she continued. "They tell the story. They might say everything lovely about me and my pictures, but if the masses didn't



Some of

MAE'S ANSWERS:

"The popularity of Mae West will last just as long as Mae West, herself, wants it to continue.

"I expect to be giving you finer pictures next year than now. I expect to do this for many years.

"Those who intimate that I have done a little skiing . . . haven't followed my box-office receipts. They tell the story.

"Love is not going out of style. I've studied the right subject to hold throughout the years • • • I study my public. Just as long as I do, nothing can stop Mae West • • • If I ever become conventional, in any language, I'm through • • • The reason why audiences respond to me is because the women I play are honest.

"My fight has been against depression, repression and suppression. Just as long as I can make people feel the joy of living, I'll have friends enough to keep me making pictures.

"The only thing in the world the public hasn't changed its taste for is sex. Since its popularity hasn't waned for thousands of years, I guess I needn't be afraid it will go out of style overnight."

(*Continued on page 92*)

They Take the GAFF While Others Take the GLORY

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

CARY GRANT

A FEW months ago Franchot Tone was being talked of as the film find of the year. All of the big women stars wanted him for leading man. Some of them got him. Now they are not talking about Franchot so much; the hubbub has died down; something has happened to him. Something is happening right now to an entire group of stalwart, handsome, clever, young men with sufficient personality and ability to attain stardom. But will they ever reach it?

The shadow of oblivion is already on some of them. Hollywood cynically reads their fate in the history of those countless other eager and handsome boys who have gone before them—ruined by the screen kisses of glamourous and silken women stars, sacrificed because they were becoming to some publicized beauty of the films.

These young actors are cursed by good looks, pleasing voices, winning smiles and fine physiques. Women stars scramble for them; shout for them—even fight for them as their leading men, because of their physical charm and their eager willingness to submerge their own personalities while the film queens march onward to greater heights of glory.

These are the forgotten men of Hollywood, potential stars whose screen careers are shortened and whose potential earning powers are lessened because some adored and petted darlings of the films, anxious to have leading men who look well in evening clothes, or in practically no clothes at all, demand them as their screen lovers.

Like puppets, these young actors are pushed into picture after picture where the genius of the best writers, the skill of famous directors, and every photographic and lighting trick of the cleverest cameramen in the world are concentrated upon making an expensive woman star more glamourous—regardless of what happens to the leading man. Cinematic crumbs are his fare. It is his fate to wait patiently until the story demands that the lovely lady shall be held in masculine arms or shall shed high-priced tears on a masculine shoulder.

To-day, besides the talented Mr. Tone, this group numbers Joel McCrea, Robert Young, Cary Grant and even Robert Montgomery, who is technically a star—being listed above the title of the picture, though usually below the lady star (if there is one) and usually in smaller-sized type.

Why do these young actors allow themselves to be exploited to build up the fame of some woman star? The answer is simple. They can do little to help themselves.

The newcomer to Hollywood is anxious for a start. A producer gives him a chance, then a contract. The world looks rosy, the future promising, and when he suddenly finds several women stars on the lot demanding him for their leading man, he naturally is flattered. To him, it looks like a real "break."

And then a picture starts, and the young actor gets his first touch of the inferiority complex that finally makes of him nothing but a fine-appearing automaton dancing attendance on selfish women; dancing himself into gradual oblivion and lasting

Women stars fight over these five boys—who are all good-looking, good actors and good sports. And that is the boys' hard luck. Because they have to submerge their own personalities and let the stars do all the shining. Read how the system works—and what it does to actors' careers!

By HAL HALL

FRANCHOT TONE

bitterness. The first twinges of inferiority come with the discovery that it is the back of his neck that the star expects to appear in their mutual close-ups; that the part that seemed so big when he read the script has been cut to nothing so that he may not distract attention from a head of blonde hair and a famous figure; and that the actress he is hired to kiss wanted him in the picture only because he made a handsome foil for her.

Stars Get All the Gravy

THE other day, Corinne Griffith walked out of her "comeback" picture because she thought that Otto Kruger (recently one of Broadway's brightest stars) was getting too large a share of the story. Formerly one of the great stars of the screen, Corinne intimated to the director that she was not used to sharing the camera and close-ups, and finally, rather than depart from her star-status, she flung aside this chance to get back on the screen, postponing her return. Figure out for yourself what opportunities an unknown young man may hope for in a picture with a star who is accustomed to the studio-toadying that goes with box-office popularity.

ROBERT YOUNG

JOEL MCCREA

"When a cameraman photographs a 'star picture,'" explains George Folsey, one of Hollywood's finest cameramen, "he naturally has to concentrate upon the player who makes the money for the studio. If she is difficult to light, the others in the picture must be sacrificed to bring out her special points and hide her defects.

"Suppose that in a close-up she looks best under a soft, diffused light. And then suppose, as often is the case, that the leading man who appears in the close-up with her looks badly under that same lighting. Well, it's just too bad for the leading man! The lighting must be soft and diffused. If it is too unbecoming to him, a little more of his face is turned away from the camera."

The studio photographers who are getting the big money in Hollywood are those who make certain women stars look the best. It is only natural that they take care of their own futures by forgetting the comparatively unimportant leading man and making the all-powerful woman star look as gorgeous as possible. And when the young leading man discovers this, that old inferiority complex grows still bigger.

"When we build a picture around a star," explains a famous director, who has made

(*Continued on page 86*)

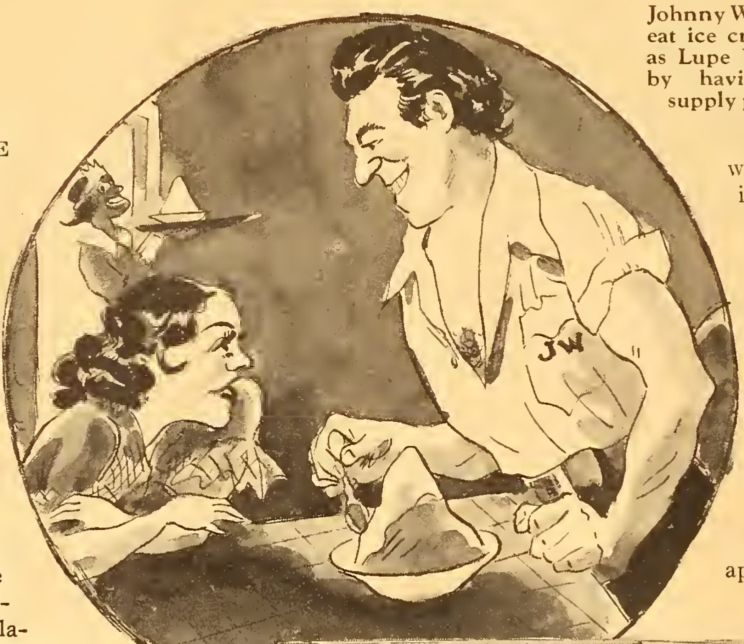
"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!!" —JEAN HARLOW

You'd think Jean Harlow would like delicate salads, but she prefers spare ribs and sauerkraut any time. Jimmy Durante's passion is pie-crust, and Garbo munches crackers in bed. Don't fail to read this amusing lowdown on an appetizing subject—the food fads of the famous!

By SONIA LEE

Illustrations by

GEORGE SHELLHASE



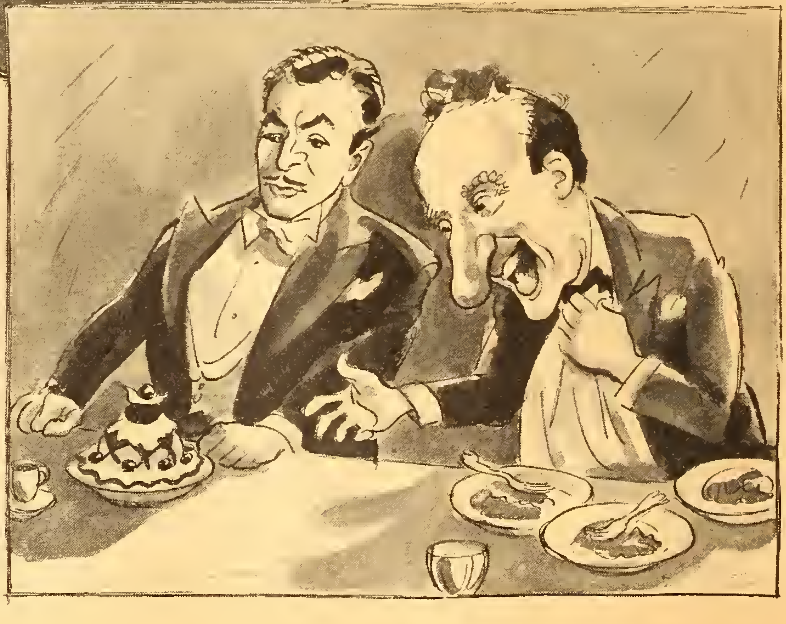
Johnny Weissmuller could eat ice cream endlessly—as Lupe Velez discovered by having an endless supply put before him

THE cameras stopped grinding. A frantic director paced the set—and the assistant hastily re-arranged the shooting schedule. No more love scenes that day! Miriam Jordan had eaten an apple for lunch.

This isn't a cross-word puzzle. It isn't even a test of your intelligence. Idle cameras and a luncheon apple may seem to have no relation to each other on the surface, but they do when Warner Baxter's leading lady is unaware of his curious sensitiveness to certain foods—and their odors!

If you lunch with Warner Baxter, don't order fruit salad. As graciously as possible, he will excuse himself and find another table, if you do. He will look at you with pity if you go in for vegetables. And if he is your dinner guest, the perfect menu for him is onion soup, a steak, rare and very thick—a few French fried potatoes on the side, sour French bread, and home-made chocolate cake.

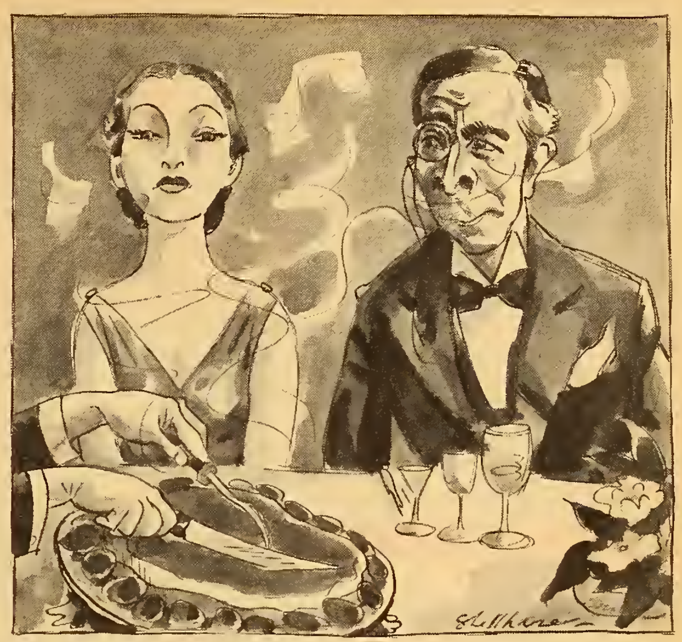
His life has been studded with many amusing incidents because of his food idiosyncrasies. His romance with Winifred Bryson, for example, almost suffered an untimely death because she appeared at the theatre where he was rehearsing, chewing a fruit-flavored gum. The romance was almost washed-up then and there. For the first time he doubted his wisdom in the choice of his future wife. Love took a somersault and very nearly landed flat.



Warner Baxter hates fruit—and he's suspicious of any dessert smothered in whipped cream. Jimmy Durante doesn't like pie filling, but goes for crust—including his neighbor's

He Leads a "Fruitless" Life

WARNER BAXTER hates all fruit; he can't stand the aroma of apples or bananas or oranges



If Evelyn Venable and George Arliss would turn up their noses at anything, it would be a nice juicy steak. They're both vegetarians

or pears. And dire things happen when he tastes them by accident. During a dinner scene in a stage production some years ago, he sat down to the first course, presumably a shrimp cocktail. A prop man with a sense of humor made a bed of bananas and saturated it with cocktail sauce. Warner took one bite and dashed off the stage, leaving his co-players to ad-lib an excuse for his precipitate exit. Not even the trouping spirit was enough to make him swallow the mouthful.

When he dines out, he can usually spot even camouflaged vegetables and fruit aspics. Occasionally, desserts smothered in whipped cream and fancy sauces have him fooled. And then he is very cautious. He approaches disguised dishes with care and with trepidation, and waits for his neighbor to sample the course, and then whispers, "What's that thing?" He prefers to pass a course by, rather than to break up a dinner party by an unannounced departure from the table.

Warner's concentration on a meat diet upsets the best theories about the balancing of food being essential to health. He is never ill—and rarely feels below par.

There are other stars who have strange food dislikes. Sylvia Sidney, for one, never eats butter. As a child she was a scrawny morsel, and her mother put large gobs of butter on her bread. And one day Sylvia decided to make a meal of butter. She crammed spoonfuls of it into her mouth—and expected nice, beguiling curves to appear instantly. They didn't appear; and Sylvia's zest for butter was reduced in exact ratio with the amount she had eaten. From that day to this, Sylvia has never been able to recover her enthusiasm for it. She refuses to eat bread and butter—and vegetables sautéd in butter are passed up by her with considerable firmness.

The cabbage family is taboo as far as Otto Kruger is concerned. But give him a nice mushroom soup, a bit of fried chicken, a little salad and he's content.

As a matter of fact, most of the lovers of the screen have working-man appetites, with a laboring-man's devotion to meat and spuds and pie and cake. However, there are certain classic exceptions. The best known is George Arliss, who is an ardent vegetarian. He hasn't eaten meat for years—since he once saw animals being driven to slaughter.

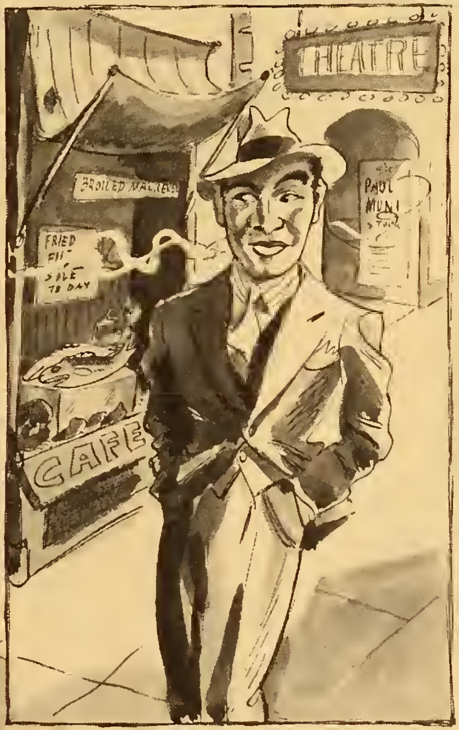
Evelyn Venable, who became important overnight with her sensitive performance in "Death Takes a Holiday," has never even tasted meat. She has no conception of its flavors—nor of its difference from fruits and vegetables. She will eat nothing that has been cooked with meat or its byproducts.

Another meat-avoider is Robert Montgomery. Occasionally, he will eat it in deference to a hostess. But he makes faces about it. His favorite menu is a salad of asparagus tips with a small mound of fruit in jelly, and a three-decker sandwich with raisin, Jack cheese and deviled egg fillings.

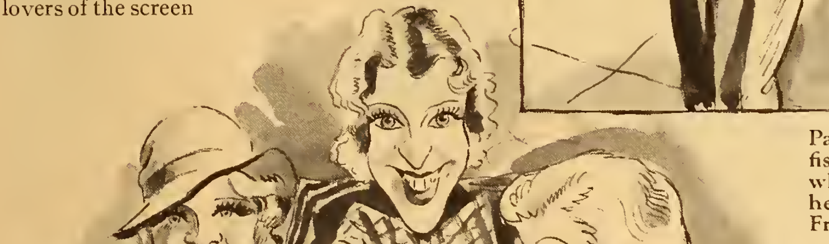
But to please Lionel Barrymore, bring on the "blood-red" roast beef, with a combination salad and top it off with a sweet—cake or ice-cream or a frozen pudding. Meat that is the color of shoe-leather is his special abhorrence. And he won't eat it—neither at home nor when he is on his company manners.

You might think that Ramon Novarro would go for tamales. As it happens, it's his special dislike—even though Mexico is his home country. Conscientious admirers who send him unusual recipes for the delicacy might just as well save postage. And hostesses who would impress him must never say, "I know the most divine place for tamales.

(*Continued on page 87*)



Paul Muni can't stand fish—or its smell, rather, which reminds him how he used to know it was Friday in his road-show days in "tank" towns



Glenda Farrell has a passion for raw vegetables—if they're crisp and cold. Jeanette MacDonald will take her vegetables in soup. (But no parsnips, please!) And Jean Harlow, who doesn't have to watch her diet, can have a good time if you just set a plateful of spare ribs and sauerkraut before her

Why GARBO and DIETRICH Lead Solitary Lives

If Garbo has a confidant, that confidant is Garbo-in-the-Looking-Glass. For she seeks few friendships—does not seem to need them

GARBO is in love! DIETRICH is in love! No, not with Rouben Mamoulian or Josef von Sternberg or Rudolf Sieber or John Gilbert or any of the gentlemen, transitory and otherwise, who have figured in the headlines concerning these two most famous and isolated foreigners. They are in love with—themselves!

Garbo's Great Love is—*Garbo*. Dietrich's Great Love is—*Dietrich*. Other fancies may come and go, other attractions may attract for a brief time, but none ever takes Greta or Marlene out of herself. Each continues on her solitary way. And solitude is sometimes the cause of a self-centered attitude toward life—and sometimes the result of such an attitude.

In *their* solitude, Garbo and Dietrich are seemingly lost, Narcissus-like, in their own reflections; other images are no more than shadows that touch the surface of their lives lightly and non-essentially. Their mirrors tell them all that the other images might like to tell them.

Consult M. Sigmund Freud, the father of modern psychology and he would tell you, I am sure, that when an individual becomes an eccentric, deviating from the herd and the habits and manners and customs of the herd, it is because that individual is an exhibitionist; it is because that individual profoundly and passionately believes his own individualism to be superior to and set apart from that of others.

Anyone has to be an exhibitionist to be an actor. But to be an eccentric is to be an exhibitionist of the first string. It is to cry aloud, "Look at me! Watch me! I am different! I am in the spotlight! I am separate from the rest of you. I do not do things as others do. I do not think as others think. I am curiouser and curiouser! I have detached myself from my fellow-men the better for you to see me, hear me, notice me!"

So much for the eccentric. The intrinsically modest and conservative individual, on the other hand, makes himself as inconspicuous as possible. And he does this by conforming to the herd in every way possible. He knows that if he adopts and wears the protective coloration of his fellow-men, he will go unremarked.

Not Like Other Stars

GARBO and Dietrich have, consistently, even passionately deviated from the herd. They have both been in Hollywood several years now, but never, self-consciously, of it. They do not do as the Norma Shearers, Mary Pickfords, Joan Crawfords, and Miriam Hopkinses do. They remain away from all social contacts with their fellow-players.

When you go in for the solitary life, you are either self-centered in the first place or you get that way. That's what psychology says, anyway. What about it, Greta and Marlene?

If you want to solve the "mystery" of Marlene Dietrich, look in her mirror. For her mirror is what has made her smilingly remote

No première ever is graced by Garbo; seldom by Dietrich. No social function is blessed by either great presence. Few persons have ever been vouchsafed a glimpse of Garbo, even on the M-G-M lot. When Dietrich is seen on the Paramount lot, she is attired so fantastically or so sumptuously that to say she is the cynosure of all eyes is to understate the matter pitiably. They entertain no one except a small, almost unknown group of friends who are, really, nothing but extensions of their own personalities.

They wear, in but slightly differing ways, the provocative mantle of mystery and elusiveness—the most provocative, the most publicity-stimulating garment in the world.

Garbo lives in her well-known and widely-publicized isolation. And by so doing she seats herself in the very center of the spotlight. If the curious happen to find out where she is living, what high walls and massive shrubbery surround the Swedish jewel—and they *do* find out, of course, as small children have a way of finding hidden Christmas gifts—she immediately moves to another hideaway and the hunters are again in pursuit.

Garbo will not grant interviews to the Garbo-starved members of the press. The result is that she is besieged as she would never be if she courteously accorded stories in the normal run of things. As it is, she has evolved the greatest publicity value of any star in pictures. She attracts more attention, more reporters and photographers, more hopeful snoopers and would-be scoopers than she could ever manage to achieve if she stood on a high hill and delivered a valedictory.

Garbo's Refusal to Talk

PHOTOGRAPHERS crawl under bushes in attempts to record her at her sun-bathing. When she is in New York, reporters trap her in elevators, try to bribe chambermaids to admit them to her suite, pursue her in taxicabs, and weigh down the gang-planks of outgoing ships—playing a game with her, seeing if they can make her talk. This frenzied avoidance of contact with intermediaries between herself and her public—this is exhibitionism in a mask, any psychologist would tell you. The reverse of it would be the mild amusement of one who finds that people want to talk to her and casually gives out such stories as are reasonable.

Off the screen, Garbo dresses, as everyone knows, with such marked dishabille and disregard of all feminine fripperies and modes as to be instantly, constantly *marked*. She wears a mannish overcoat and an old beret or slouch hat. She uses no make-up. She goes about with limply uncurled hair. And these, friends—and foes, if any—these, too, are signs and portents of a great self-love. Psychology says so.

It used to be thought that women who spend hours in front of their mirrors, beautifying their faces, fussing with their hair, trying on one gown and then another, laboring with permanent waves and marcels and all the what-nots of women—it used to be thought that these were the vain ones, the conceited sisters. Psychology has disproved that.

The ones who titivate and primp are, actually, the modest ones, the ones who suffer from inferiority. They are not satisfied with themselves; they are doing all in their pathetic power to improve on what doesn't please them; what they fear will please no one else. It is those of us who clap on an old hat, eschew the beauty shoppes, and boycott the dressmaker who are supremely self-pleased, blandly unconscious of the fact that we may not be pleasing to others. Or so deeply entrenched in our own egotism that we don't even *care* whether we please or not.

Garbo does not need companionship; she does not need the commonplace and comfortable rubbing of elbows with her fellow-mortals. She knows of no one she enjoys being with any more than she enjoys being with herself. She is self-sufficient.

Garbo reads all of the screen magazines, reads every word printed about herself. This much has been pretty well ascertained. And how intoxicating must be the knowledge that her neighbors, her discharged servants, her remotest acquaintances out of the past are

(*Continued on page 84*)

By GLADYS HALL

INTIMATE

News and Gossip From Hollywood

Freulich

Lee Tracy is plenty happy these days. His "exile" is ended, he's back on the screen by public demand in "I'll Tell the World," and his girl-friend, Isabel Jewell, stayed by him in trouble

GLOOM STREET

Recognize the girl hanging onto the wolfhound (below)? It's Jean Arthur, back from Broadway, in "Whirlpool"

Lippman

What's the news about Pat Paterson, who chased gloom in "Bottoms Up"? She's with her hubby—Charles Boyer—in "By Royal Command"

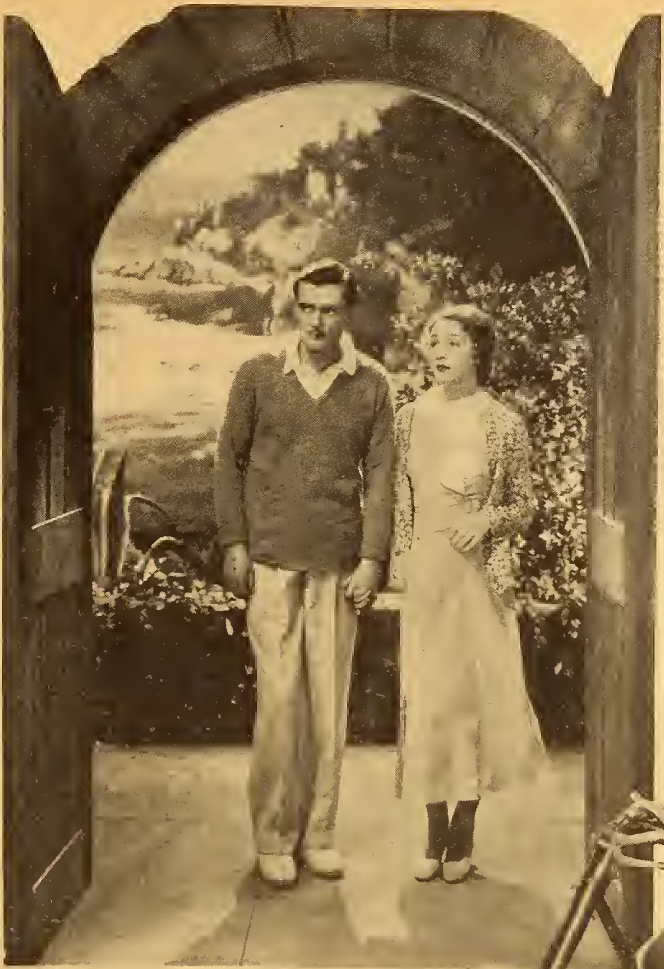
Ruth and George "Couldn't Agree"

WHENEVER Ruth Chatterton heads East for a vacation minus her husband, it's apparently a sign that the minus state is likely to be permanent. In the Summer of 1932, she went East without Ralph Forbes—and a divorce soon followed. A few weeks ago, after holidaying with George Brent at Palm Springs, she went East without him— and announcements of a separation followed pronto.

In New York, Ruth's secretary explained: "They found that two dominant personalities, engaged in motion picture work, could not agree in one family. The separation is amicable." All of which sounded reasonable enough to Hollywood. Then followed some strangely familiar words: "Neither Miss Chatterton nor Mr. Brent is thinking even of a legal separation, much less a divorce." The skeptics began offering bets, with few takers.

Exit the Husband Again

THUS ends one of the strangest domestic situations—if not *the* strangest—in Hollywood history. When Ruth was Mrs. Forbes, George was a welcome guest of both husband and wife; and when Ruth


Helen Twelvetrees, as a favor to producers, helped newcomer Hugh Williams try a screen test. And presto! the doors to big new careers opened for both of them in "All Men Are Enemies"

became Mrs. Brent, Ralph was a welcome guest of both husband and wife. They explained that they were all "civilized" and, therefore, friends. Though it is strongly denied, Hollywood cannot rid itself of the ironical fancy that perhaps the mutual friendship of the ex-husband has gradually made an ex-husband of the mutual friend.

Ruth, who is planning a temporary return to the Broadway stage, is in seclusion at the Westchester home of Frances Starr. George, whose quarrel with Warner Brothers about a rôle he didn't want to play is all patched up, is scheduled for the picture, "Roadhouse."

Gloria Stuart, tired of playing "ladies," rides a bicycle in "I'll Tell the World." And she knows how. She used to be a tomboy!

Freulich

Warren William, pointing out that Gloria Stuart looks comfortable, is keeping cool, himself—and getting an Egyptian tan for "Cleopatra"

Babes in the Hollywood

JUST what does it mean for a girl to be elected a Wampas Baby Star? Well, there was a time when it meant a great deal. It meant much ballyhoo, pictures in the papers, and genial nods from producers. Now, it means only ballyhoo and pictures in the papers. The producers aren't nodding at any beginners until they find out if they can act. And, anyway, the Wampas (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) aren't picking producers' favorites any more; this year, they served notice that they were going to give "recognition" to young lasses who are practically "unknowns."

If you know five out of the thirteen new baby starlets, you know more than most Hollywood insiders. How many of their monikers sound familiar to you? Here they are: Judith Arlen (no, not Judith Allen, who is already a featured player), Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Ann Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Jacqueline Wells, Katherine Williams. Alternates elected were: Jean Chatburn, Dorothy Granger, Naomi Judge, Leonore Keefe, Mary Kornman and Irene Ware.

Jogging Your Memory

OF the thirteen official Baby Stars, the only ones who have had much ballyhoo up to now are Helene Cohan, who is the daughter of George M. Cohan; Lucille Lund, who won the "All-American Girl" contest among college girls last year; and Jacqueline Wells, who has appeared in several horse operas (Westerns, to you).

Three of the six alternates—or half of them—are better known. Dorothy Granger, who grew up on a Maine farm, was the realistic city girl of "As the Earth Turns"; Irene

Fay Wray, who used to have to look horrified, is now looking glorified. In "The Countess of Monte Cristo," for example, she wore the kind of negligée other girls dream about

Freulich

Ware has played leading lady in several minor pictures; and Mary Kornman is the former sweetheart of "Our Gang," now grown up to be a young lady.

Gloria Dodging Divorce?

GOSSIP still insists that Gloria Swanson's marriage to Michael Farmer is on the well-known rocks and that her interest is elsewhere. Gloria and Michael still insist that it isn't —yet. And insiders opine that it won't be, publicly, until Gloria has re-established herself on the screen; it's good business to avoid divorce headlines right now—especially when the headlines would be the fourth of the same variety for Gloria. So don't be *too* surprised if she remains "happily married" for the next year or so, at least—even if she "can't live without work," and even if her young husband can't abide being in Hollywood when she is working. For several weeks, he has been abroad, where their young daughter, Bridget Michele Farmer, is safe from kidnap threats.

Heading Away from Round-Ups

ONE more Western star has left the fast-thinning ranks of the hard-ridin', straight-shootin' boys. Tom Keene, who started life as George Duryea, has taken off his chaps for the last time to play the dramatic lead in King Vidor's saga of the depression, "Our Daily Bread," for which he took off twenty-two pounds in a month and spent a preparatory period with a stock company. For the last five years, Tom Keene has received twice as many fan letters a week at RKO-Radio as Connie Bennett. And, though few knew of the pictures he was making, he was the big box-office bet of his lot.

The Girl Who "Knew" Leslie

LESLIE HOWARD, sitting on a stool at the RKO lunch counter, was amazed to hear the two "extra" girls next to him talking about the Howards.

"Oh, yes," one of them was saying, "Leslie and Ruth are very dear and old friends of mine. Why, I'm at their house often for the week-end."

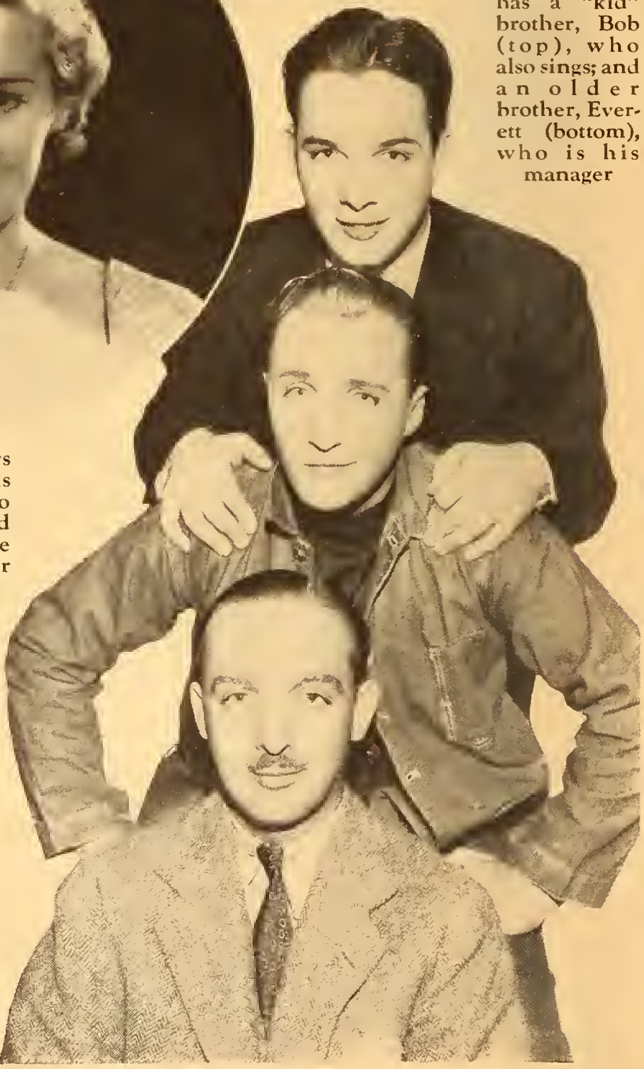
Impressed, the other girl uttered sounds of admiration that died away in a gasp as she suddenly nudged her friend, pointing to their neighbor. Smallish, freckled, wearing big horn-rimmed glasses, Leslie Howard is not always recognized, but the hapless girl who "knew him so well" knew who he was, all right. Her face registered horror, which changed to relief as he leaned forward genially, nodded and said matter-of-factly, without a trace of facetious irony:

"Yes, indeed. But haven't you been neglecting us lately? Haven't seen you out at the house for some time!"

(*Continued on page 103*)

Lazarnick

The next girl who will be news to American moviegoers is Madeline Carroll (above). To obtain her for "The World Moves On," Fox had to promise England the loan of Warner Baxter for one picture



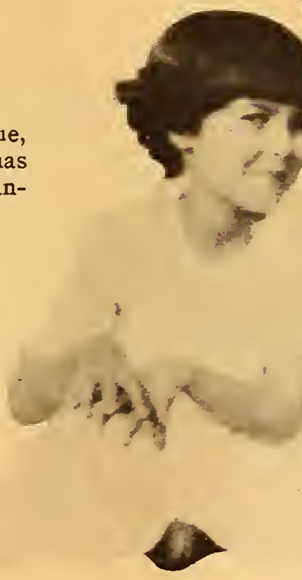
So you thought Bing was the one and only Crosby? He has a "kid" brother, Bob (top), who also sings; and an older brother, Everett (bottom), who is his manager

Don’t Laugh at DREAMS! JEAN PARKER Didn’t!

This is the dramatic true story of a girl who once had nothing, and now has "everything"—because she believed in her dreams!

By JERRY LANE

C. S. Bull



Jean Parker to-day is the young idol of a nation—who has everything a young girl's heart could desire. But her childhood was lonely, unhappy. Left, when she was two; below, when she was seven. Even at those ages she didn't know what happiness was!

THIS is one of those true, throbbing human dramas that reach beyond the fantasy of fiction, that should give any girl fresh hope during those dismal it-never-can-happen-to-me moods. "Anything can happen," says Jean Parker, "if you'll just keep on dreaming . . ."

She should know, this slender, blue-eyed young thing. She ran a sixteen-year endurance race with *hardship*—and won. Through dreams. They were her escape from a sordid reality almost too ugly to imagine.

Three is an age that should be filled with golden first impressions for a baby. For Jean, they were filled with shadows. She hid in them during heated family quarrels that hurt her more than they frightened her. She began to understand things not good for children to understand—the passions and fears and pettiness of grown-ups. There was the tall, dark man who was her father, so much older than the pretty mother who had been barely sixteen when Jean was born. Somehow, Jean felt it was up to her to protect that child-mother.

The feeling grew during the black days following her parents' divorce. There was an infant sister to look after, too. And precious little money. And then, strangely, there was a person she was told to call "papa." A rugged, friendly person who took her on his knee and peered into the small, serious face. She adored him. *He* understood. They would stand hand in hand, silently watching the blue lights on the mountains. She could tell him about the books she wanted to write, the pictures she wanted to paint. . . .

(*Continued on page 90*)

Do Radio Stars Stand a Chance in the Movies?

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Some say yes, like Lanny Ross; and others say no. A few have made hits in Hollywood; but more have been disappointments. And why? Is it all accidental—or have the movies been taking revenge on the radio?

IS Lanny Ross, radio's newest singing pride, disregarding danger signals in entering the movies? Other radio stars—such as Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Kate Smith, the Two Black Crows and Donald Novis—have found that Hollywood can be Heart-Break Town; they went there with high hopes of adding to their popularity and left with worries. But Lanny doesn't think that is going to happen to him. In fact, he is sure of it!

"When I accepted this screen offer," explains Lanny, "my sponsors in New York came to me with long faces. 'Lanny,' they said, 'you're going out to make a film in Hollywood. That means you are going to give up your broadcast for us and that we probably won't see you any more.'

"From their fears for my safety, you would have thought that I was going into the wilds of Africa to hunt lions with a pea-shooter. I told them, however, that I didn't intend to stay in Hollywood and that I wanted to come back East and continue with my broadcasting.

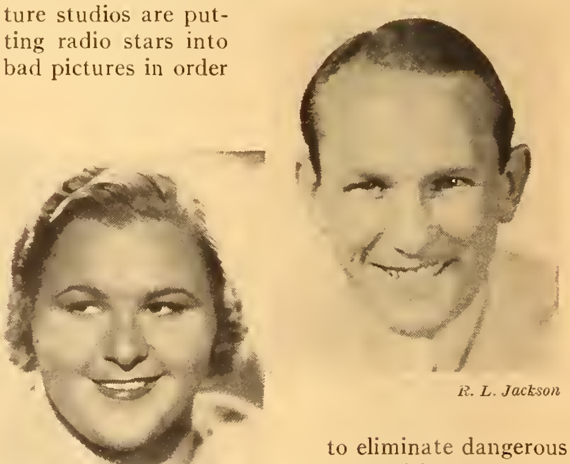
"'But supposing pictures do the same thing to you that they've done to so many other radio stars?' they asked. My personal friends added their appeal. They said: 'Don't go to Hollywood, Lanny; they'll "kill" you out there.'

"But I want to remark, right now, that if the pictures 'kill' me, they will do it by hard work; certainly not because they intentionally set about to do it. Personally, I think the rumor that the picture studios are putting radio stars into bad pictures in order to eliminate dangerous competition ought to be stamped out.

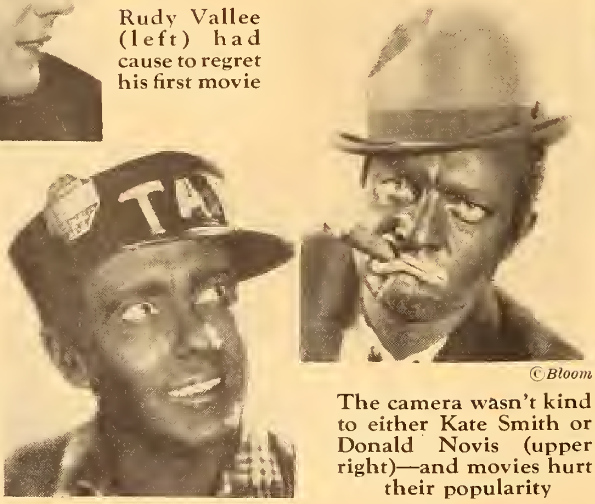
The Treatment He Received

"THIS studio has treated me wonderfully. When I got out here, they said the place was mine. They even wrapped me up in cotton padding, so to speak. They wrote me a good story and gave me everything I could possibly want. I couldn't ask for finer treatment. They made it possible for me to continue with my broadcasting

Rudy Vallee (left) had cause to regret his first movie


R. L. Jackson

The camera wasn't kind to either Kate Smith or Donald Novis (upper right)—and movies hurt their popularity


©*Bloom*

People were staying home from the movies to listen to Amos (near right) 'n' Andy (second at right)—until they made a picture. Then the furore died down. Did Hollywood expect that to happen?

from here, too, and they have shown me every consideration. I can't see how the picture, 'Melody in Spring,' can be anything but a boost for me.

"Of course, Rudy Vallee told me he didn't get the breaks he should have had in his first film—that he didn't have a chance. Naturally, I've heard other stories of studios hurting radio stars—but I can't believe an air favorite could be 'killed' by one picture.

"It was too bad that pictures hurt Kate Smith, because she is a grand person. I think her voice is perfect for the air—and her tremendous popularity should return. It was different with Jack Pearl. His unusual appeal was so great that it simply could not continue at that height. For eight weeks everybody listened to Pearl—and his popularity was simply too unusual to continue to that extent.

"Then there is another side to the question. Not all radio stars have film personalities. Many stars are popular on the air because of some little trick or little characteristic. When put in a picture with other attractions and a lot of plot, their little characteristic or catch-line or trick gets lost in the shuffle. I am not preparing an alibi, and I want to say now that if I don't make good in pictures, it will be my own fault, not that of the studio, the director, the cameraman, the cutter, or motion pictures at large.

Walling

Lanny Ross (above), newest star to come to the screen from radio, doesn't think movies are going to hurt his popularity. But neither did Ed Wynn (near left), radio's comical *Fire Chief*, nor Jack Pearl (far left), the provocative *Baron Munchausen* of the air waves. Both were sadly disillusioned

Moran and Mack (right), as The Two Black Crows, were sensations on the air. On the screen, they seemed less funny, somehow. Their popularity suffered

Sees Big Future for Singers

"MUSIC is in pictures to stay, and when one sees what a great box-office attraction Bing Crosby is, and what a future there is in pictures for singers, it's hard to believe that studios would intentionally kill off such box-office attractions—even if radio programs do hurt theatre attendance and if most of the big radio stars are on the air just at the time of evening when movie theatres should draw their largest patronage."

So there's no doubt about it—this enthusiastic young man, who sent himself through Yale (Rudy Vallee's alma mater) by taking laundry orders, believes in pictures. And he regards his five-year film contract as little short of a gold mine, instead of potential dynamite that may, conceivably, blow his career to bits, as such movie contracts have had a strange way of doing for radio stars.

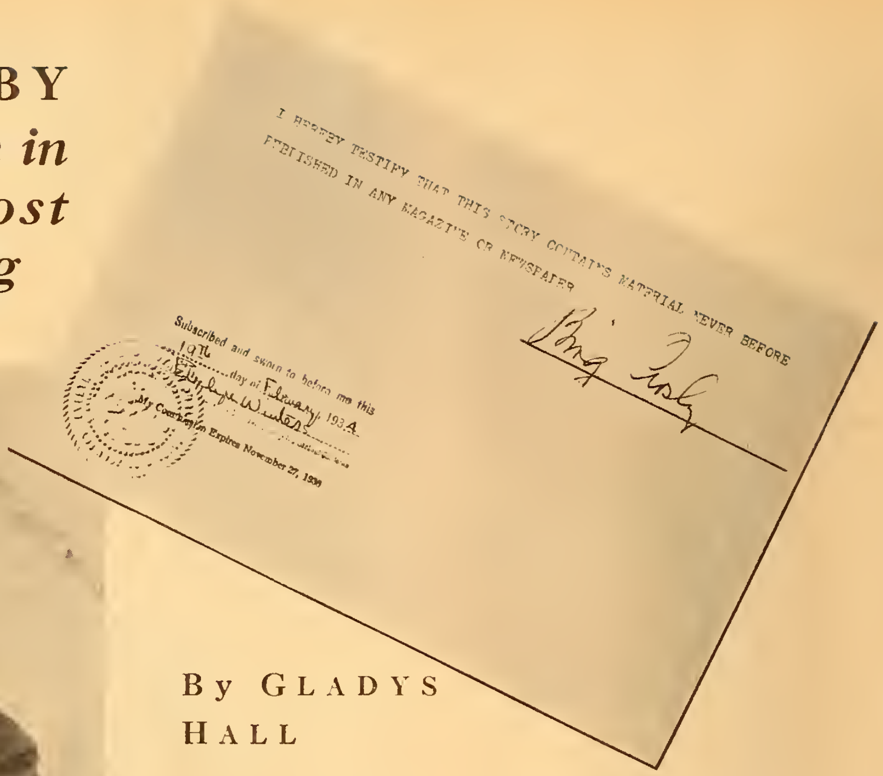
Lanny went to Hollywood without misgivings and without fears. And well he might, say those who know him, for Lanny could take with him youth, confidence, ability, popularity, and family traditions; for his father was a Shakespearean actor and his mother a fine musician—Pavlowa's accompanist, in fact. His success on Yale's track team is ample proof that he has the stamina and "heart" to carry on, and ample promise that he will give the best he has in him.

But the quiet half-hour I spent with Lanny Ross in the sunshine of Paramount's lot brings to mind another scene and

(*Continued on page 96*)

6. BING CROSBY

reveals a romance in his life that almost had a tragic ending



I HEREBY TESTIFY THAT THIS STORY CONTAINS MATERIAL NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN ANY MAGAZINE OR NEWSPAPER

Bing Crosby

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 19th day of February, 1934

My Commission Expires November 27, 1936

By GLADYS HALL

UNTOLD *Secrets* *of the* STARS

This dramatic, never-told-before true story—this new glimpse of Bing Crosby—is the sixth and last, for the time being, of "Untold Secrets of the Stars." And, like the secrets that Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett and Sylvia Sidney have revealed for the first time in MOTION PICTURE, the experience that Bing relates is one that he will never forget, one that you will long remember.—*Editor.*

BING CROSBY told me, "When a girl is in love with a flesh-and-blood man, that's normal and there are apt to be normal consequences. When a girl is in love with a voice, disembodied, that's abnormal and there are apt to be abnormal consequences. I KNOW. I've had such an experience. It went on for *five years* and though the girl and I never met during the whole five years—never met at all until a few months ago—I'm here to tell you that it nearly wrecked her life and caused me more sleepless nights than any ordinary love worry ever did.

"It began with a fan letter, or letters. I always swore I'd never talk about it. I'd keep it a secret. I should, perhaps. On the other hand, it may do some good—check and double-check other girls who let themselves go off on these feverish flights of fancy to the detriment of their own *real* lives.

"I can't tell you the girl's name, of course. We'll call her Frances; that's near enough. It all began about five years ago, when I was just beginning to be known a bit on the air and my fan mail was beginning to come in. At first I didn't take Frances' letters very seriously. When she asked for an autographed picture, I sent her one. It was all routine. When she made requests for special songs—'I Surrender,' 'The Thrill Is Gone' and 'Just One More Chance' were her favorites—I sang them for her when I could, in the routine fashion. I had more time, in those days, to pay personal attention to fan mail, or

(*Continued on page 78*)

Portrait by Richee

Sweet and Sensitive— and a Movie PHENOMENON

Evelyn Venable baffles Hollywood. She doesn't flaunt youthful sex appeal on the screen, and off the screen she has a chaperon! Yet no girl has a career more promising. What other ingénue could have given such reality to the sensitive rôles she played in "Cradle Song" and "Death Takes a Holiday"? Through "Double Door," she now steps into melodrama and mystery

HAROLD'S SPECS *Are the Same, But his* GIRL *is Different*

Ever since "Movie Crazy," Harold Lloyd has been toying with the idea of leaving off his horn-rimmed specs and changing his screen character of a wistful, comically desperate go-getter. But in "The Cat's-Paw" he's still looking at the world—a bit bewilderedly—through tortoise-shell glasses. (After all, those glasses are his trade-mark.) This time, though, the screen's foremost exponent of good, clean hilarity isn't a Grandma's Boy type; he's the son of a missionary in China, where adventure has a habit of happening. And for the first time he has a well-known comédienne for his leading lady—namely, Una Merkel, to whom the rôle is a great big lily for stealing so many pictures

Longworth

Edward G. Robinson is scheduled to play the Little Corporal who dreamed of conquering the world. Hollywood says that he demanded the rôle, that he has a Napoleonic complex. But he says he's one of the few people who don't have one. Are YOU listening?

IS LITTLE CAESAR Turning into NAPOLEON?

BY FAITH SERVICE

EDWARD G. ROBINSON told me, "I'm sorry to disappoint Hollywood, but the fact is that I have *not* got a Napoleonic complex. I never have had. I've never even thought about it. I'm entirely too lazy for anything so strenuous. I'm even too lazy to make up a good lie about it and pretend to have one.

"It wasn't I who suggested that I play the part of *Bonaparte*. Even if I had thought about it, or if Gladys, my wife, had thought about it for me, as she thinks of so many things—even then I doubt that I would have suggested it at the studio. It would have looked like too much exertion.

"The Warner Brothers thought about it for me. And I'm like that—if anyone lays a script in my lap and says, 'Here it is, go to it!' my mind starts to work on it—and I'm off. I'm not mentally lazy, I [illegible] physically.

"Gladys has often suggested, for instance, that I play *Beethoven*. I've no doubt that this is a very good idea and if it ever gets beyond the idea stage, I shall probably do it. But the motivation will not come from me.

"I've told you before that part of my life has been dedicated to the planning of as lazy a life physically as I can manage for myself. I have told you that I once thought of becoming a school-teacher so that I could have week-ends to myself and long summer vacations. And that the screen appealed to me more than the stage because I'd have longer lay-offs, I hoped, between pictures and no steady night work to do.

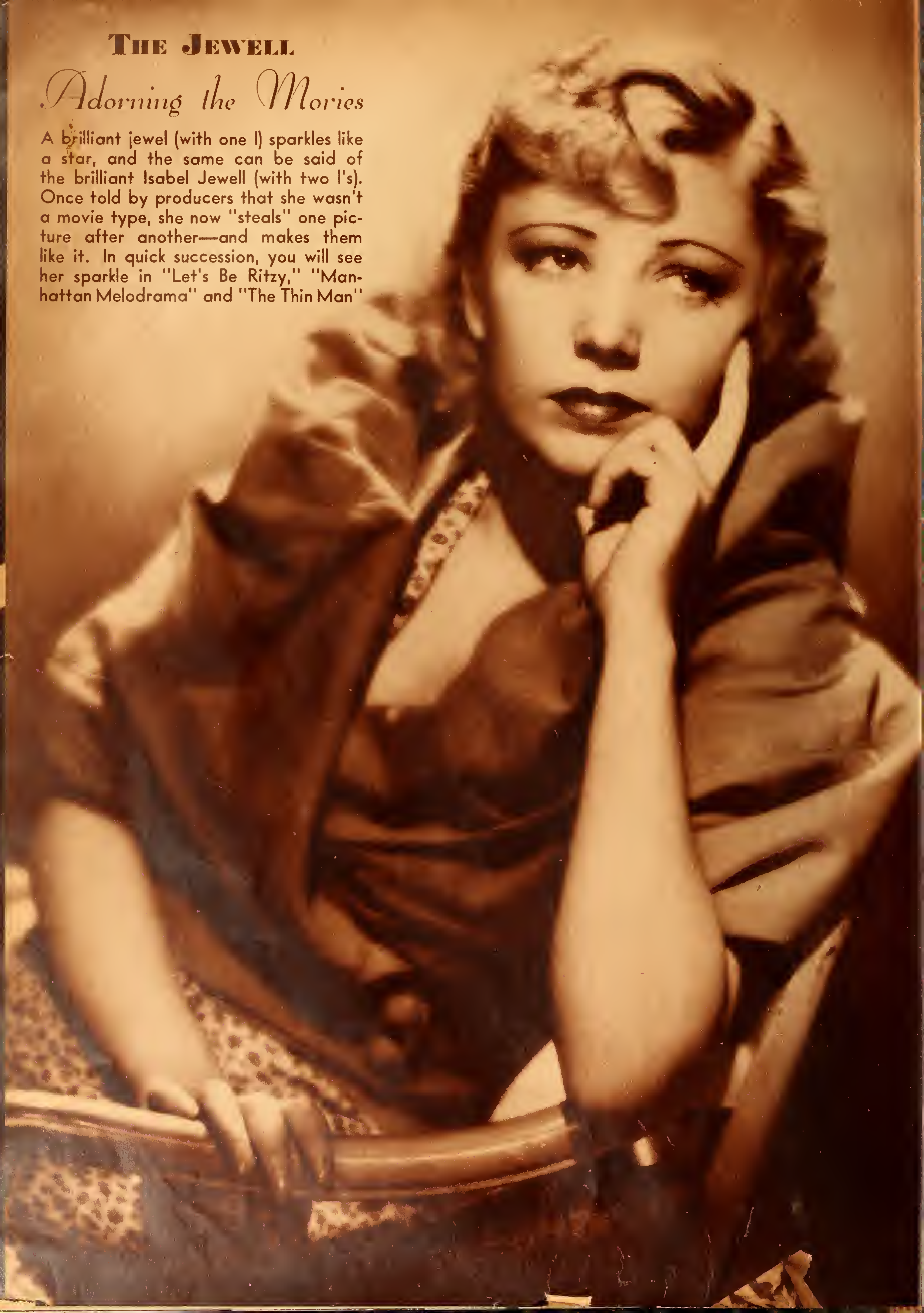
"No, I'm sorry. I haven't wanted to play *Napoleon*. I never even turned the idea over in my mind. I have never wanted to

(*Continued on page* 88)

THE JEWELL

Adorning the Movies

A brilliant jewel (with one l) sparkles like a star, and the same can be said of the brilliant Isabel Jewell (with two l's). Once told by producers that she wasn't a movie type, she now "steals" one picture after another—and makes them like it. In quick succession, you will see her sparkle in "Let's Be Ritzy," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man"



Dick Powell beats even Chevalier to wearing the first straw hat of the season — which makes him a sartorial leader, besides a lad who leads lasses into romance with a song and a smile. He's heading for some airy heights, starring in both "Rhythm in the Air" and rhythm ON the air. And with Ruby Keeler in "Dames"

Two Boys Who ARE DOING WELL By Themselves

No actor leads Lyle Talbot in the number of leading rôles he played last year. Seventeen is the figure, and it's a record. When an actor can play that many rôles — all big ones, and all different —in one year, he has what it takes to be a star. He's zooming upward fast now in "Fog Over 'Frisco" and "Return of the Terror"

The Whitest House *in the World* —Jean Harlow's

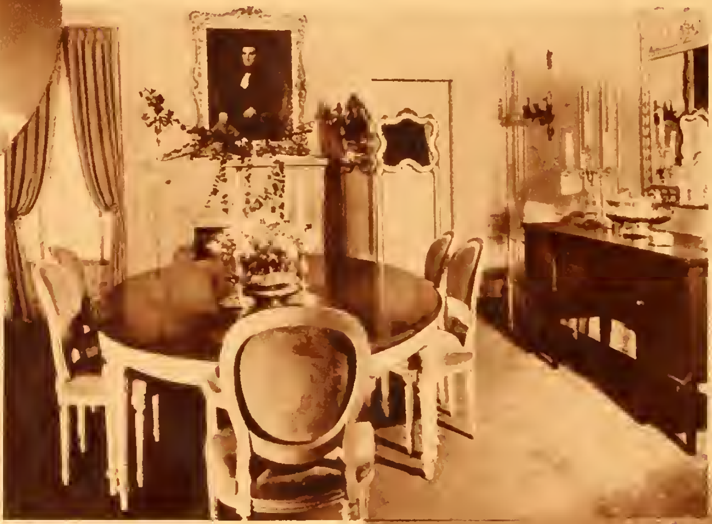
In every room in Jean's new home, white predominates in the color scheme—just as her white-gold hair predominates in her own personal appearance. Read about it and get some new ideas for brightening up your own home!

Jean Harlow

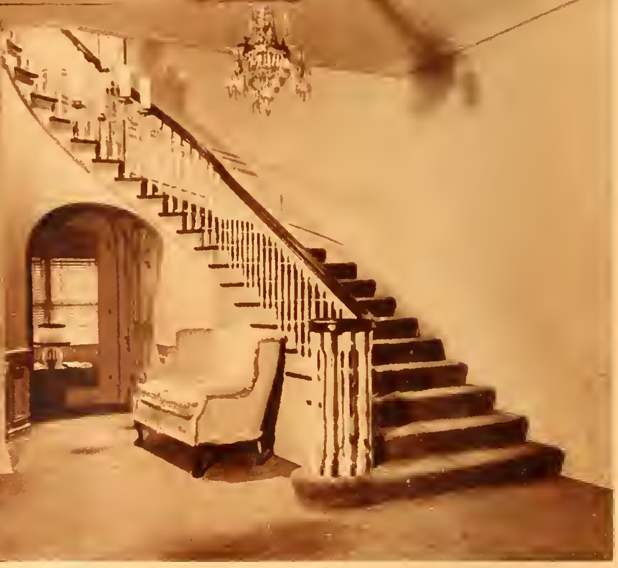
BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

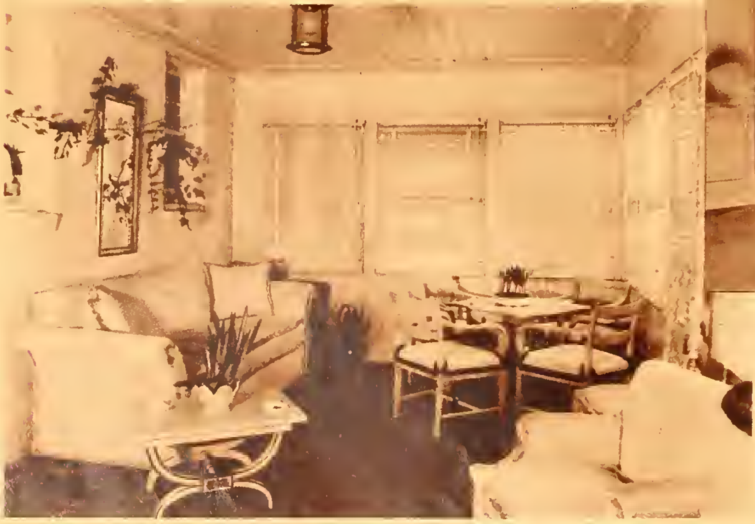
Wouldn't you like to live in the style that stars do? Follow the lead of MOTION PICTURE, which is taking you inside the homes of several stars, and you will find out how you can do it!

Last month, we told you about the new home of Carole Lombard. This month, we open the doors of Jean Harlow's new home—a house furnished in white throughout, to match her famous hair. But unusual as it is, you will find that some of its features might be adapted to your own surroundings. Read about it and get ideas!—Editor.



JEAN HARLOW'S platinum-blonde hair is one of the sights of Hollywood. Wherever Jean and her hair appear, heads turn, necks crane, people stare. Jean knows the value of this startling head of hair, and dresses to enhance it in white satins and furs. Even her polo coats and slacks are of white, and she drives a long, rakish white car. So, naturally,





Jean Harlow's hair is startling in its luxurious whiteness—and so is her new home, which harmonizes with it. In the dining room (top), for example, the chairs are white, upholstered in old rose velvet. (Soft pastel shades set off the white everywhere.) The wide entrance hall (above) features a curving white staircase and a bright glimpse of the white sun room beyond—which you see in close-up at the left when she built her own home, she planned a house in white, too—to harmonize. And in that house other blondes—and brunettes and redheads, as well—will find things they would like to adapt to their own surroundings.

In the old days, French marquises wore startling spun-white wigs to set off daringly their youth and beauty. Perhaps that is why, while Jean's new home is Georgian outside, it is coquettishly French within, reminiscent of a vanished era that was rich in romance and leisure—but modernized to match the personality of a girl who vividly mirrors the emotions of 1934.

As you step into the wide entrance hall, you face a gracious curving staircase and have a glimpse into a sun room beyond. On the right is the *salon.* Other actresses may have living rooms—or drawing rooms. But Jean Harlow (who was only twenty-three last March) has a *salon*, a beautifully proportioned room running from the front to the back of the house, with the further end an immense bow window, framing a view of green turf and flowers in an old-fashioned garden.

Jean usually prefers to keep the pearl-colored satin draperies drawn across this wide window to give the room subtle shadows without the intrusion of too much brilliant California sunshine. All the windows in the house, like those of Carole Lombard, have Venetian blinds, which shade a room without plunging it into semi-gloom. They would add a touch of luxury to any room. (Their cost isn't prohibitive, either, and they last a lifetime.)

The entire effect of this room is one of pale tints—so pale as to be almost white. You are surrounded by ice-green walls, you tread on velvet carpet of the faintest gray-green shade, you look upon white furniture upholstered in *café au lait* (the color of coffee with lots and lots of heavy cream, if you want the translation). A white bearskin rug lies before the carved marble mantel, between two love seats in brocaded damask, which hold just two people comfortably — and intimately—and face each other. The grand piano is painted a green so light as to be just off-white.

Photographs by Hurrell

Not so Expensive as It Looks

JEAN'S *salon* looks as costly as a room in the Petit Trianon. Oddly enough, it isn't. That is due to her mother's cleverness. For nearly a year the young and pretty Mrs. Bello went to auctions and explored antique shops and second-hand stores in search of the furnishings in the room—and every piece in the room testifies to her gift for period design and knowledge of color and lines. Though most of the carved cabinets, small enameled side tables and

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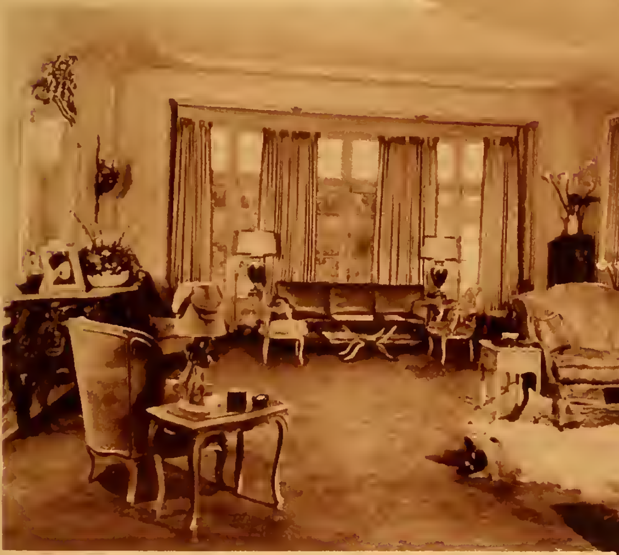
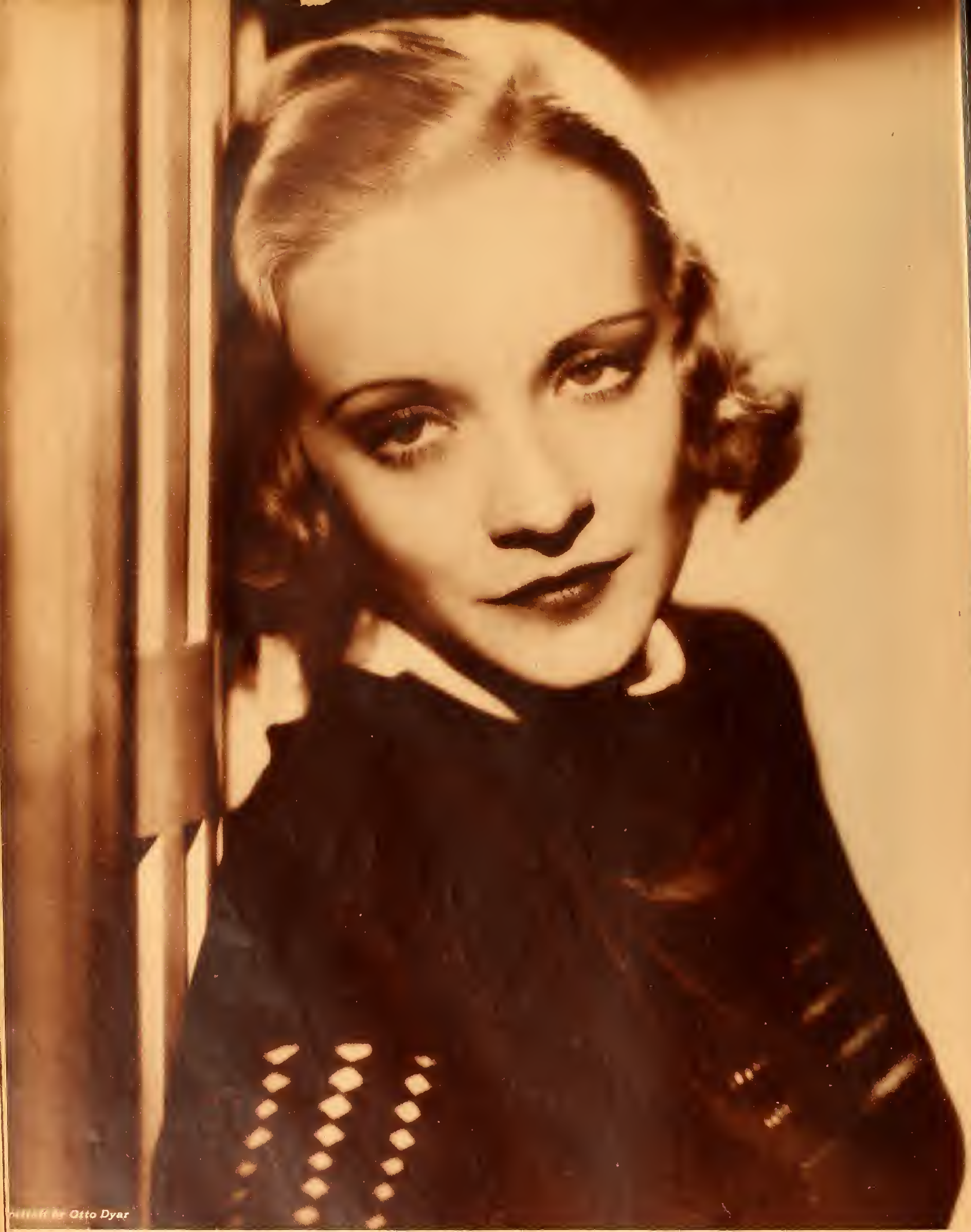


Top to bottom, you see one end of Jean's cosy study, where she does her writing; her dressing-room, which is almost clinical in its whiteness and efficient arrangement; her French *salon*, with a room-wide window overlooking her garden; and the piano corner. This room did not cost so much as you might suppose



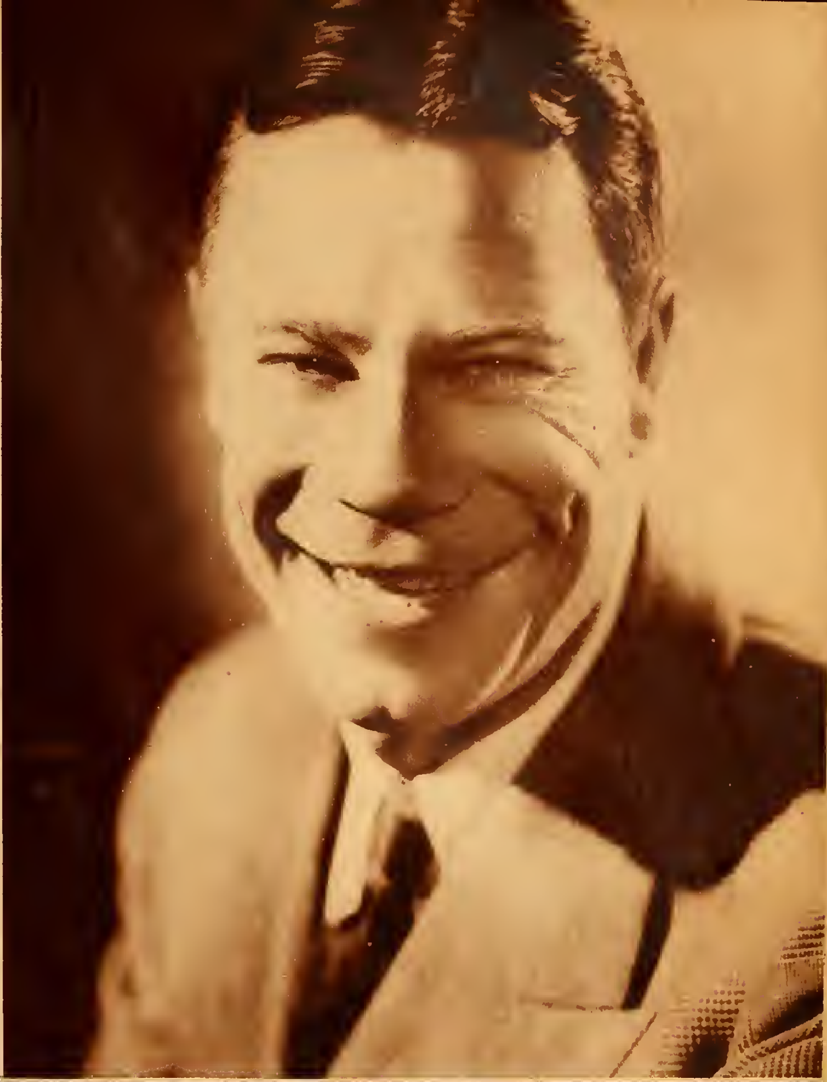
Portrait by Otto Dyar

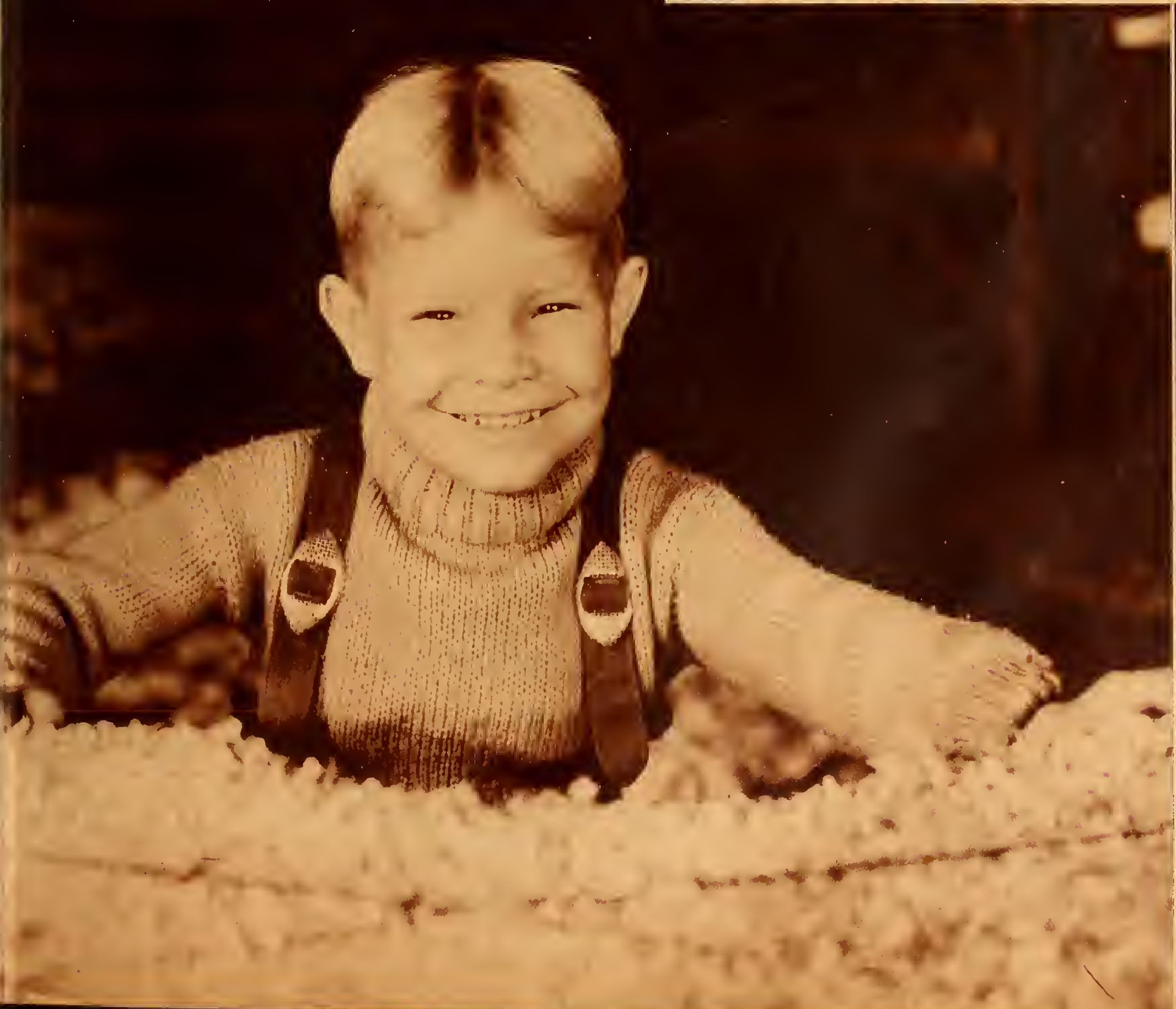
ROSEMARY AMES
—*Head and Shoulders Above the Crowd*

Without any tumult or shouting, she was brought to Hollywood —and personality has done for her what publicity sometimes does for newcomers; it has made her loom large on the movie horizon after only two pictures. Likened at first to both Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead, she proves her individuality, charm and dramatic talent in "I Believed in You" and "Too Many Women"

Did You Ever See **ANOTHER GRIN** like Joe E. Brown's?

Well, just look below. Four-year-old Gordon Evans looks more like the comic with the wondrous oral cavity than any of Joe E.'s own children do. His ears point at the same angle, and are similarly in danger of being engulfed by the same broad grin—which makes the same kind of crinkles around the same laughing, half-shut eyes. He even has the same part in his hair. And he was to play Joe as a young boy in "The Circus Clown"—but he got too excited to act!





By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

This is an open letter and a friendly warning to the star of "Catherine the Great," who is coming soon to Hollywood, which does strange things to unwary newcomers, no matter what their talents are!

Don't let Hollywood change you, Elizabeth Bergner!

I SAW you the other afternoon, Elizabeth Bergner. In a small, dark projection room at the United Artists Studio, I saw you play "Catherine the Great." Held spellbound by that esoteric dramatic wisdom that is yours, I learned why Hollywood had called to you. And I wondered what Hollywood would do to you. I wondered if you ought not to be warned of the dangers ahead of you.

Because you have that rare thing called genius, you have felt one of the tentacles of the octopus called Hollywood. And the tentacle was in the form of a flattering contract. For Hollywood is a clever octopus, and it never fails to recognize genius in any country. But what it does fail to do is to allow genius to BE genius. It always wants to change it in some way.

When Hollywood saw you play *Catherine*—"Little Catherine," *Peter* calls you—the shy, awkward German cousin who loves the mad Grand Duke and marries him and waits two long years for him to notice her, and then, when she does find love, must have her heart torn out of her by the necessity of choosing between her lover and her children, the people of Russia . . . when Hollywood, Little Catherine, saw that pure, omnipotent gesture of genius, it couldn't help calling you, offering you a fortune to cross the ocean, to come to the capital of the cinema world.

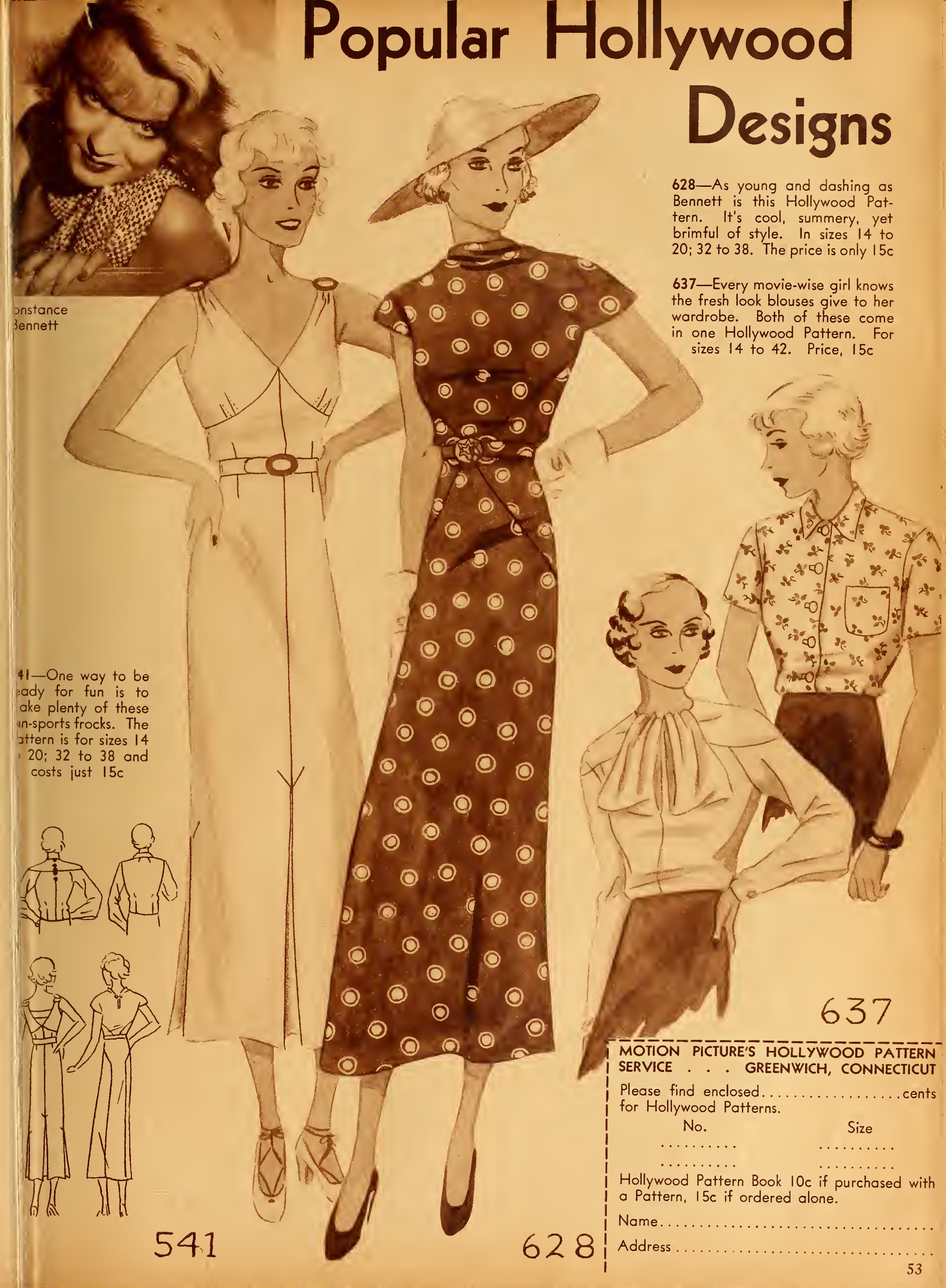
And Hollywood will bring you across the ocean and subject you to a microscopic, piercing scrutiny and then set about to change you, as it has changed—or attempted to change—all the foreign stars (and the domestic ones, too, for that matter) who have signed away life, love and liberty for the privilege of making motion pictures.

And so, Little Catherine, this is a warning—and a plea—to keep your individuality, to guard the integrity of your genius, and to refuse utterly to be imprisoned in the Hollywood mold.

Little Catherine, when you come to Hollywood, be careful of your SELF. Don't let them put you through the star-manufacturing machine and pull you out merely a carbon copy of every other star in this crazy town. Don't let

(*Continued on page* 76)

Popular Hollywood Designs



onstance
Bennett

628—As young and dashing as Bennett is this Hollywood Pattern. It's cool, summery, yet brimful of style. In sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. The price is only 15c

637—Every movie-wise girl knows the fresh look blouses give to her wardrobe. Both of these come in one Hollywood Pattern. For sizes 14 to 42. Price, 15c

41—One way to be eady for fun is to ake plenty of these n-sports frocks. The attern is for sizes 14 20; 32 to 38 and costs just 15c

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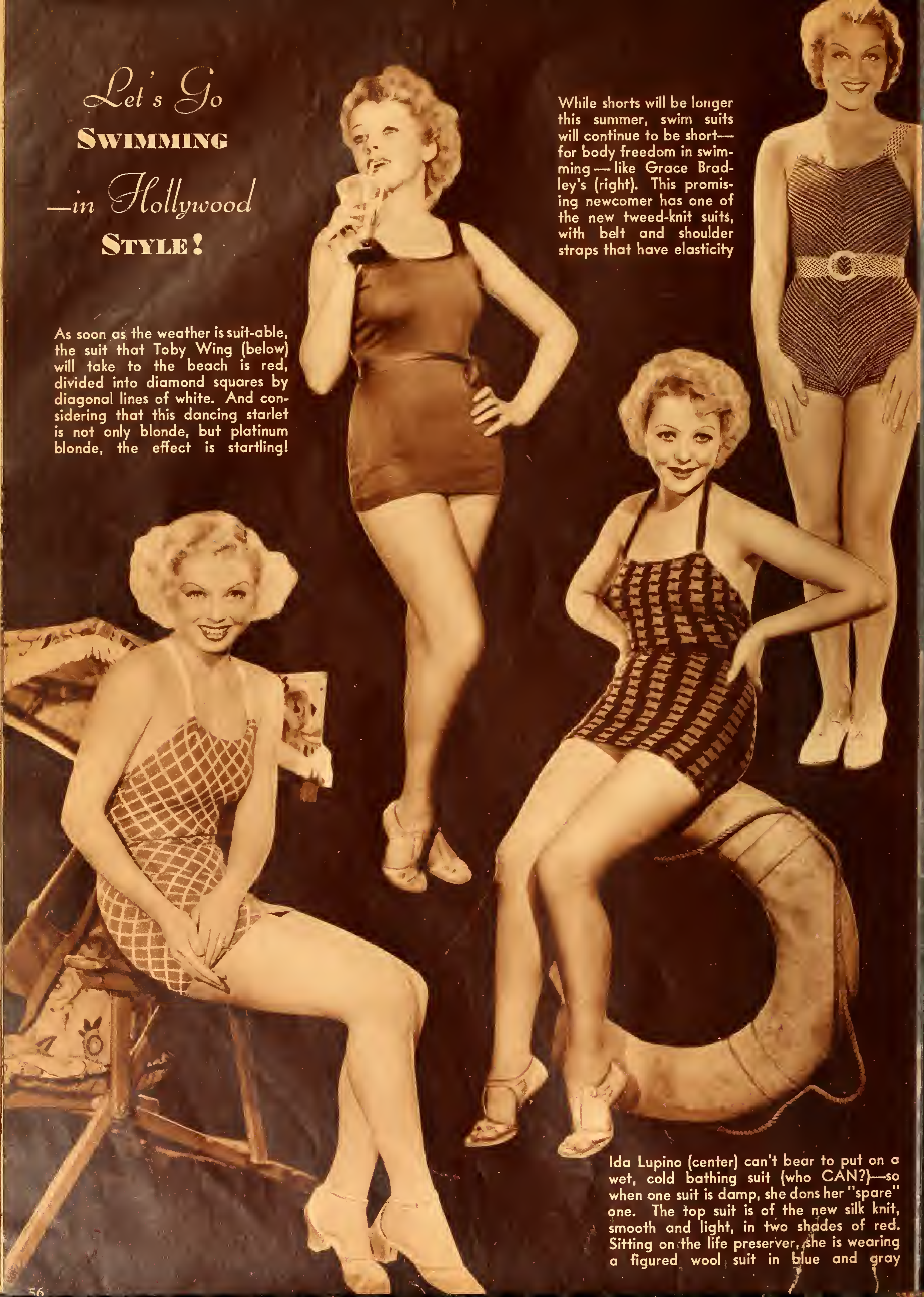
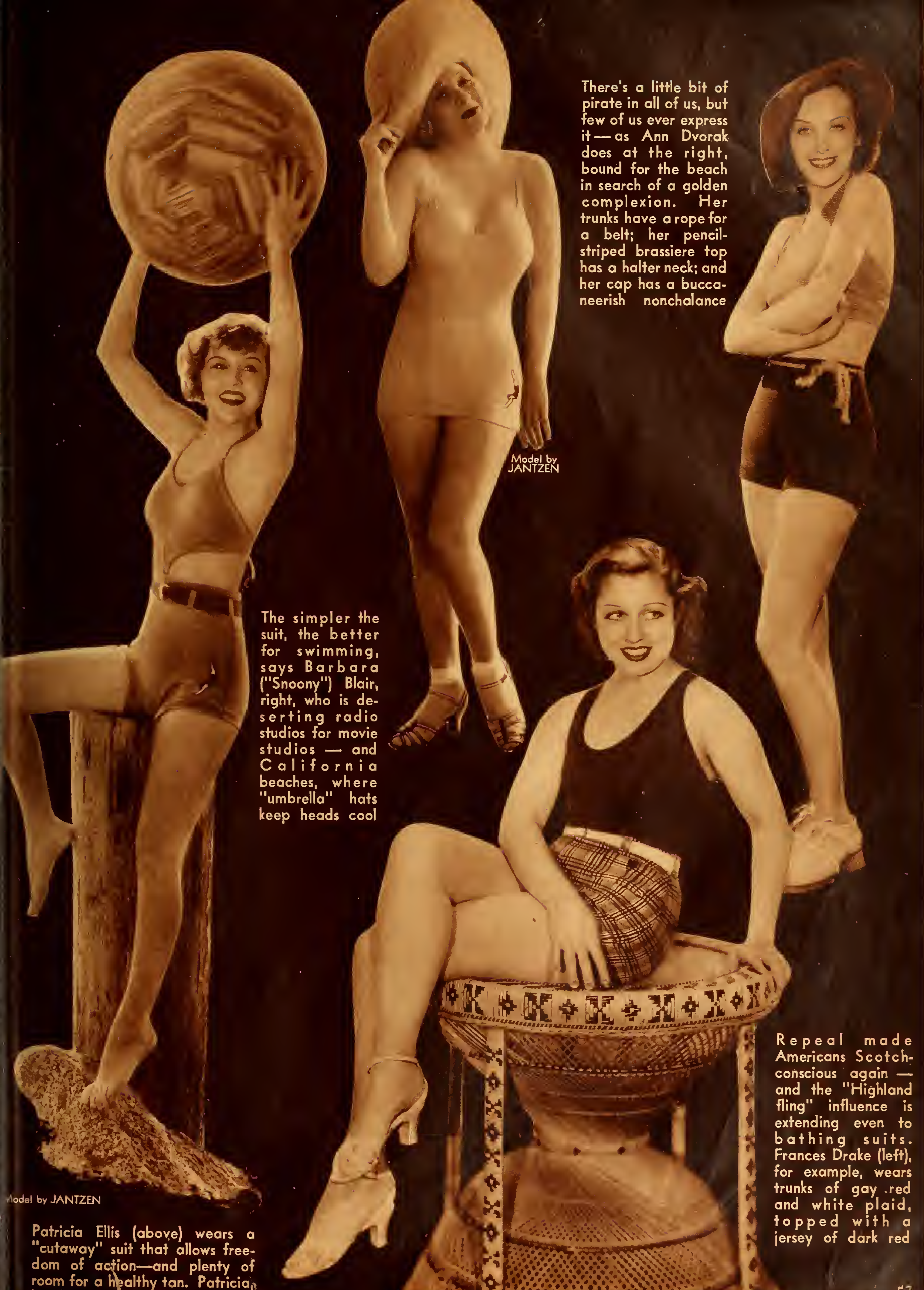


As soon as the weather is suit-able, the suit that Toby Wing (below) will take to the beach is red, divided into diamond squares by diagonal lines of white. And considering that this dancing starlet is not only blonde, but platinum blonde, the effect is startling!

While shorts will be longer this summer, swim suits will continue to be short—for body freedom in swimming—like Grace Bradley's (right). This promising newcomer has one of the new tweed-knit suits, with belt and shoulder straps that have elasticity

Ida Lupino (center) can't bear to put on a wet, cold bathing suit (who CAN?)—so when one suit is damp, she dons her "spare" one. The top suit is of the new silk knit, smooth and light, in two shades of red. Sitting on the life preserver, she is wearing a figured wool suit in blue and gray

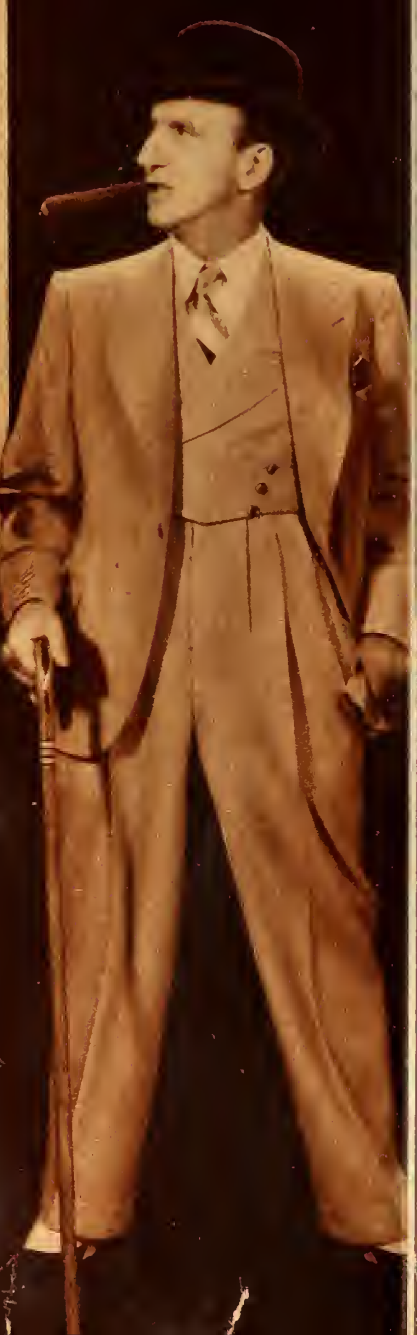


There's a little bit of pirate in all of us, but few of us ever express it — as Ann Dvorak does at the right, bound for the beach in search of a golden complexion. Her trunks have a rope for a belt; her pencil-striped brassiere top has a halter neck; and her cap has a buccaneerish nonchalance

The simpler the suit, the better for swimming, says Barbara ("Snoony") Blair, right, who is deserting radio studios for movie studios — and California beaches, where "umbrella" hats keep heads cool

Patricia Ellis (above) wears a "cutaway" suit that allows freedom of action—and plenty of room for a healthy tan. Patricia,

Repeal made Americans Scotch-conscious again — and the "Highland fling" influence is extending even to bathing suits. Frances Drake (left), for example, wears trunks of gay red and white plaid, topped with a jersey of dark red



JIMMY, *the Well-Dressed Man—and* **LUPE,** *the Much-Impressed Lady*

Menjou voted the best-dressed man of the screen? "It's injerstice; it's humbugmiliation!" opines Jimmy Durante. For when a Durante can dress up enough to take attention away from his Schnozzle—well, that's called snappy dressing. Lupe Velez says so. And Lupe ought to know, being closer to him these days than the lighted end of his cigar. In fact, it looks as if they're becoming a comedy team. They were together in "Palooka"; and they're together again in "The Hollywood Party" and "Strictly Dynamite." She'd almost rather "fight" with the comic-who-slaughters-ten-dollar-words than with Johnny Weissmuller

M. B. Paul, Gibson—Chicago

BEN BERNIE –the Old Maestro– Is Now a MOVIE STAR

(*He Hopes You'll Like Him!*)

Above, a close-up of Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro of melody, who says he went to Hollywood because the doctor ordered him to rest in some quiet place. Right, the "quiet" welcome he received

BY ROBERT FENDER

Yowzah! Ben Bernie and all the lads are now in Hollywood, where the Old Maestro utters a bit of a tweet-tweet about himself, these here movies, and Walter Winchell

"HOW did you happen to come out here, Ben?" I asked Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro" of radio, as we deserted his lads on "The Great Magoo" set for a little chat. "I thought you were headed for Florida again this trip."

Ben wangled his cigar into position 6432B and drawled, "I heard Winchell was in Florida. So I changed my plans and came here. Anyway, I'm under contract to Florida. I'm an orange-taster by trade, so they hired me to do a little sleuthing in California. My job is to taste the oranges here and then say, 'Oh boy, but you should eat a *Florida* orange.' I get good dough just for doing that."

"What's Winchell doing in Florida?"

"He's a spy, too. He represents the California Citrus Belt. I deal in oranges. He deals in lemons. That comes natural to him. He has been doing that ever since he started managing himself. His job in Florida is to plant germs in their grapefruit. Which reminds me. I just wrote Walter a post-card. I wrote, 'Having a fine time; wish you were dead.'

"I came out here for a couple of other reasons, too. I thought someone ought to accept Mae's invitation of 'Go West, young man.' Mae's a great gal, you

(*Continued on page 100*)

Mrs. Winchell's boy, Walter—Ben Bernie's stooge

THE WINNERS of 1933 —*as Described by* WILL ROGERS

(*The Kidder*)

Will's barbed wit had a field day when he was asked to hand out the awards for the best picture work of 1933. Hollywood took it on the chin —and liked it!

Right, Charles Laughton, best actor of 1933 —"he put sex appeal into a beard." Below, left to right, Franklyn Hansen of Paramount, winner of sound reproduction award; Frank Lloyd, best director (he took a ribbing from Rogers); and Charles Lang, best cameraman

By JACK GRANT

WILL ROGERS was in rare form on the evening of the annual awards banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. After he discovered that his remarks were not to be broadcast over the radio, he let loose barbed shafts of wit that no one except Will would have dared to utter. Rogers is a privileged character—he can speak his mind without offense by coating his remarks with inimitable humor. No personality in the national political world, from the President of the United States down, is safe from the Rogers witticisms. What is more amazing, however, to Hollywood is the fact that no one in the motion picture industry is sacred!

THE AWARDS

Best picture of 1933—"Cavalcade"

Best direction—Frank Lloyd, for "Cavalcade"

Best performance, actor—Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth"

Best performance, actress—Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory"

Best original story—Robert Lord, for "One-Way Passage"

Best adaptation—Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman, for "Little Women"

Best photographer—Charles Lang, with "A Farewell to Arms"

Best art direction—William Darling, for "Cavalcade"

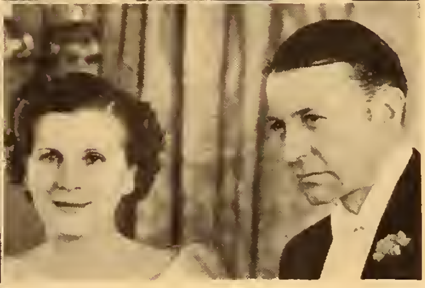
Best shorts—Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs," RKO'S "So This Is Harris" and Educational's "Krakatoa"

That Louis B. Mayer is president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Harry Cohn, president of Columbia; and Winfield Sheehan, vice-president and general manager of Fox Film and, incidentally, Rogers' own boss means no more to the comedian than does the name of Ohara, a Japanese gardener at Fox Studios. Rogers is more likely to poke fun at a movie executive than he is at Ohara.

The yearly awards of the pompous Academy are usually accompanied by much dull speech-making and many yawns. This year the awarding of the gold statuettes was accompanied by typical Rogers drolleries.

The ballot boxes for 1933 voting were not closed until after some nine hundred of the industry's most

Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" (right) was voted the best actress of 1933. In her absence, runners-up May Robson and Diana Wynyard stole the show at the Academy dinner



Will Rogers, wearing "the only comfortable suit in the house," handed out the Academy's gold statuettes. He urged Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman (right) to divide theirs while still happily married. He gave director Frank Capra (below) a lily. He gave kind words to Diana Wynyard—with Clive Brook (lower right). And kidded art director William Darling (bottom) for his sumptuous sets

prominent members had dined in the huge banquet hall at the Ambassador Hotel. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the president of the Academy, J. Theodore Reed, rose to announce that the auditors, a firm of accountants hired for the occasion, had completed their count.

"And it is now my pleasure to present the man who will officiate in awarding the statuettes," Reed continued. "You all know him. He is none other than America's Ambassador Extraordinary. . . . "

Whatever Reed said after that was completely drowned in the applause. the crowd needed no further identification and Will Rogers walked to the rostrum, chewing gum and hanging his head in characteristic bashfulness, grinning self-consciously.

"I've never been to one of these shindigs before," he began. "I was sorta scared away by the name—the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. It sounds mighty impressive for a business I have always considered just a racket at best . . . 'Arts and Sciences' sure sounds swell. But, somehow, I am reminded of the kind of feller who shouts 'I'm a gentleman.' That feller is always afraid you won't find it out for yourself, so he tells you right away.

"Then, again, I've sorta considered these affairs as simply Louis B. Mayer dinners. I like 'Louie B.' and they serve good food at his dinners. But being just a poor Democrat from Fox, I figured I'd feel like a gate-crasher . . . Funny how times change. Used to be all you saw was pictures of 'Louie B.' coming out of the White House. Pictures in the rotogravure, I mean. That's a word I learned from the popular song."

And Rogers sang

"You're sure
To be in the rotogravure."

(*Continued on page 80*)

The Picture

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall in "Riptide"

NO GREATER GLORY

A Miniature "All Quiet"

AN "All Quiet" on a miniature scale—this is recommendation indeed. It's no preachment against war, but it does tell a message in the manner in which Frank Borzage, the director, pours his juvenile characters into a mold that stands for cannon fodder. He paints the reactions of two rival gangs of German youngsters toward the warfare of their elders. His idea transcends the typical gang scraps.

To do this, he uses the simple story of the weakling who longs to be an "officer" in his gang's army, and who in the end dies for his loyalty, happy in the title of "captain" he has won.

The picture is done with sympathy and understanding. The heart appeal registers from the very moment when the pathetic little figure of George Breakston appears on the screen. The spectator senses with oppressiveness the tragedy in store for the youngster.

Highlights: The sick boy being honored by his comrades and his fever-born visions of the glory he must attain. (COLUMBIA)

YOU'RE TELLING ME

Fields Tries Hard, But - -

W. C. FIELDS—now a star—has to be mighty good to carry such a collection of antique jokes, worn but reliable situations and familiar gags as those that make up the story of "I'm Telling You." And W. C. Fields *is* good.

But hearty laughter becomes distressed toward the end during the interminable efforts of the silk-hatted Fields to extricate himself from a pie, tissue paper, hard-boiled eggs and other impedimenta before he knocks off the first ball on the town's new golf course. Larry Crabbe and Joan Marsh are personable as the lovers separated by the social dividing line of the railroad tracks. Adrienne Ames, as a democratic princess, wears some attractive costumes.

Highlights: A scene in which the inventor of the puncture-proof tire shoots out the tires of a police car which has been parked on the spot where he left his own car. An attempted suicide on a train. (PARAMOUNT)

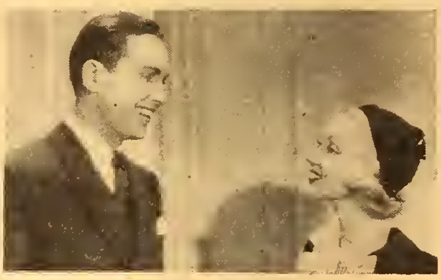
LET'S BE RITZY

Kidding Newlyweds in a New Way

THE human weakness that inspires men and women to try to seem what they are not is always good for a laugh, even if it is on ourselves. Into this simple little tale of a boy and a girl who fall in love and marry with no assets except their two small salaries, unbounded ambition and a pretty faculty for pretending, many onlookers will read their own story. They will sympathize with their desperate pretenses.

The cluttered plot offers few chances to Patricia Ellis as *Ruth* and Lew Ayres as *Jimmy*, her husband, to prove that they are anything except young and good to look at. Frank McHugh, as the well-intentioned, but meddlesome "Voice of the Great White Way," and Isabel Jewell, as his sweetheart who has been waiting for ten years for him to marry her, furnish most of the laughs.

Highlights: The party where all the social celebrities turn out to be crooks and underworld characters endeavoring to cheat the cheaters. (UNIVERSAL)



MELODY IN SPRING

Just a Setting for Lanny Ross

MOTIVATED entirely by musical comedy emotions, this singing story of young love against a background of apple blossoms is too light for a heavy analysis. But it does serve to introduce a new hero, recruited from the radio, whose voice is well-suited to screen love songs—Lanny Ross, personable, painstakingly pleasant and obviously embarrassed in his new medium. He has the personality; all he needs is screen practice—and a story.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, as the parents of his sweetheart (Ann Sothern), are amusing; and Ann, herself, is charming and piquant. But they all seem a trifle lost in a plot that relies on gags, scenic backgrounds and one really good song, "Melody in Spring," to get by.

Highlights: The moment when Ruggles, as *Blodgett*, manufacturer of Blodgett's Dog Biscuits and collector of antique souvenirs, is bested by his would-be son-in-law atop an Alpine Peak. (PARAMOUNT)

Parade

RIPTIDE

THREE STARS AT THEIR BEST—ENOUGH SAID!

SMOOTHLY and suavely played, impressively staged and directed without sentimentality, this story of conventions on a holiday, which come home dragging their tabloid tales behind them, gives Norma Shearer another chance at the brittle, well-groomed characterization that brought her stardom. Three highly civilized people (played by Norma, Herbert Marshall and Robert Montgomery) carry off a scandal in the modern manner, with primitive emotions threatening to break through the veneer at every moment.

The story asks: if a husband remembers a time when a flirtation didn't stop with a kiss, is he justified in suspecting his wife ever afterward? Norma (returning to the screen after a year-and-a-half absence) is poised and beautiful, if a trifle cold, as the wife with a past; Robert Montgomery is at his best in a carefree rôle; and Herbert Marshall steals the picture completely by his capacity to suffer as a gentleman.

Highlights: The final scene, which switches unexpectedly from tragedy to happiness, but not in time to save the mascara of the women in the audience. The two meetings between Marshall and Montgomery, fairly thunderous with unsaid things. The scene in which Norma, leaving her home forever, asks the nurse about her baby's birthday party. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

NORMA SHEARER, HERBERT MARSHALL and ROBERT MONTGOMERY in "Riptide"
RUTH CHATTERTON and ADOLPHE MENJOU in "Journal of a Crime"
JOHN BARRYMORE and CAROLE LOMBARD in "Twentieth Century"
WALLACE BEERY and HENRY WALTHALL in "Viva Villa"
ALINE MACMAHON and PAUL KELLY in "A Woman in Her Thirties"
OTTO KRUGER in "Crime Doctor"
GEORGE BREAKSTON in "No Greater Glory"

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

TWENTIETH CENTURY

See It—And Laugh Your Head Off

THIS is an epic of the artistic temperament. John Barrymore as *Oscar Jaffe*, volcanic and eccentric theatrical producer, gives a composite portrait of several actual stage maestros. He takes a completely dumb, but beautiful woman and by sheer creative agony makes her into a great actress, only to have her desert him when she attains success.

Carole Lombard, as the actress, matches the Barrymore outbursts and the frantic quarrelling and equally frantic making-up of this pair provide some of the most hysterically funny scenes ever screened.

Highlights: The scene at the beginning where the producer, quivering with ill-suppressed exasperation, draws chalk marks to show his dumb "discovery" where to put her feet in a scene. The episode at the end where the producer, still trembling with fury, draws chalk marks to show the now-famous star her place. (COLUMBIA)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME

Orchids to Ruth and Adolphe!

THIS is one of the best Ruth Chatterton pictures in several years—partly because it offers legitimate excuse for the curious, secretive brand of Chatterton emotionalism; partly because the dialogue has been more carefully contrived to suit the Chatterton personality than usual; and partly (a very large partly) because Adolphe Menjou is the Parisian husband who suspects his wife of the murder of his mistress.

Menjou does a splendid, well-sustained piece of character work, more subtle than suave. The battle of wits between the woman who has committed a murder with which the audience thoroughly sympathizes and the man who tries to trap her into confessing it in the years that follow is absorbing and authentic drama. The climax and ending are logical, and too brilliant to disclose.

Highlights: The moment when the husband traps his wife. The infinitely touching ending. (WARNER BROTHERS)

A WOMAN IN HER THIRTIES

Here's Life—and Great Acting

HERE is a story so simple, so quietly natural that it will not get the credit for being the skillful piece of acting that it is. Or perhaps we should say, "pieces of acting." The honors are evenly divided between Paul Kelly, as the sailor who quivers to the sound of a boat whistle in the harbor, and Aline MacMahon, as the wife who makes allowances for him and understands him even when he breaks her heart.

Without glamourous backgrounds or lovely clothes or violent action, this story of two human beings seeing it through is a really great little picture. Ann Dvorak and Helen Lowell do sincere work in their lesser rôles. Aline MacMahon proves that the average woman, not so young, not so beautiful, may still be the heroine of romance.

Highlights: Paul Kelly swaggering about his son. The look of incredulous joy on Aline MacMahon's face as he comes back to her. (WARNER BROTHERS)

CRIME DOCTOR

Something Tricky in Triangles

THIS is a cleverly-worked-out, but undeniably tricky picture. Otto Kruger makes a famous detective almost unbearably poignant; Nils Asther makes an innocent man, grilled as a murderer, a human being in agony; and Karen Morley makes the emotions of both men plausible.

The husband who has unravelled so many murder mysteries conceives of a "perfect crime" with his rival sure to be convicted. Otto Kruger's personality is so sympathetic that you hope desperately that the real criminal will never be found and draw a breath of relief at the twist in the ending that saves the man with the most sensitive mouth on the screen.

Highlights: The midnight scene in the wife's bedroom where she confesses her love for another man while the husband tries to realize the breaking up of his world. The execution of the "perfect crime," with grim fascination. The changing expressions of Otto Kruger's face. (RKO-RADIO)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 99!)

COMING PICTURES
That You Will See

Do you know what new pictures are coming—what they're about—what players are in them? We're tipping you off, taking you inside the studios, looking over all the pictures now in production!

By JACK GRANT

If you're interested in movies, you're anxious to know what pictures to be looking for. That's why we originated this department last month. We're out to give you the news of pictures in the making—tell you what players you will see in them and what the stories are about, and give you brief highlights of happenings during production.

Take this tour of the lots and you'll get an advance idea of pictures you might want to see. Then later, MOTION PICTURE'S frank reviews will tell you which ones are worth seeing, when completed. Follow both of these departments and you'll be up on your movies!—*Editor.*

Take a look at Warren William's trick haircut as *Julius Caesar* in "Cleopatra"—and then read how it almost caused a studio war

WE'LL start right where we left off last month. Remember? We promised to tell you about the Fox picture in which Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are reunited. Then the tentative shooting title was "The World is Ours." Now it is being called "Change of Heart."

Faced by the baffling Warner Oland, Ronald Colman has to think fast in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" (left)

Ginger Rogers and James Dunn have the other two important rôles in this story of four California college graduates whose marital ventures in New York become frightfully tangled.

There was a great deal of unfounded speculation as to whether or not Janet and Charlie would work together as well as they did before their professional separation. Made self-conscious by their knowledge of the gossip, they were under a slight, but noticeable strain during the first few days. Then came their big love scene. The tension vanished.

As played, this should be the highlight of the picture. It is a departure from ordinary scenes of the sort, inasmuch as it combines comedy with romance. Charlie speaks his love while Janet lathers his face and shaves him. It was a real beard

that Charlie grew, going unshaved for more than than a week. Director John G. Blystone insisted upon a stubble of whiskers — he wanted Charlie to wince when the razor pulled. He did.

Janet had never before handled a razor. She had to be taught while the subject-to-be-barbered lay in bed, regarding

Gary Cooper, who has hardly been out of uniforms for the past year, wears a Civil War outfit as Marion Davies' co-star in the spy story, "Operator 13" (below)

the process of instruction with wary eyes. Watch for this sequence. If it gives you half as much fun as it did the production crew while it was being filmed, it will be something to remember. It ended any tension Janet and Charlie may have felt.

Also shooting at Fox is a new Will Rogers picture, "Merry Andrew." This is a story about a business man whose family urge him to retire and then regret it. Opposite him, making her screen début, is Peggy Wood, the famous stage star. It is a début awaited impatiently by Hollywood, New York and London.

The day we visited the set, there was a heated debate going on—whether to tell or not to tell. It seems that a revision in the script called for Rogers to wear a leopard skin over pink silk tights for a masquerade ball. They hadn't broken the news to Will and feared his reaction. We'll have to wait for the picture, just as you will, to see if Rogers went through with the idea.

"Now I'll Tell" is Spencer Tracy's first starring picture. He is supported by Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye (playing her first dramatic rôle) and Hobart Cavanaugh. The plot was adapted by Edwin Burke from the story of

(*Continued on page 105*)

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor are together again—and James Dunn and Ginger Rogers are with them—in "Change of Heart" (above). Left, Franchot Tone bites his lip to think that Joan Crawford is married to Edward Arnold in "Sadie McKee"

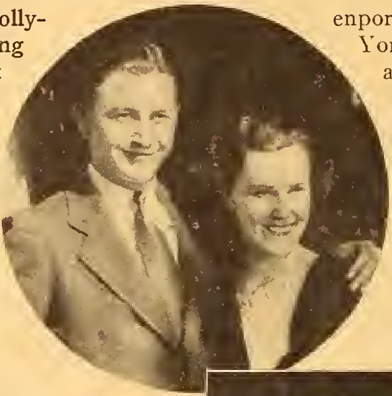
Below, Douglass Montgomery erases a tear from Margaret Sullavan's cheek in "Little Man, What Now?"

In "The Dark Tower," you will see Edward G. Robinson involved in a murder mystery. The woman in the case—she's rehearsing a song, above—is Mae Clarke. The others are John Eldredge, Margaret Dale and Arthur Byron

Revealing THE HIDDEN WIVES of Hollywood

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THERE is a group of women in Hollywood who live and have their being on the outskirts of the gaudiest fame in the world. So close are they to the charmed circle of the Spotlight that it pervades their very households, their social duties, their living routine. Yet for many reasons they are careful that the actual ray of glamour does not fall on their own attractive figures lest their devotion and the devotion they inspire should interfere with the theatre dreams of a million other women. They are the private-life wives of public-life mates—the "hidden" wives of Hollywood!



Meet Mrs. Robert Young (Elizabeth Henderson), above, who would rather have the camera point at Bob alone

Casual survey of their fate down the pages of Hollywood history has proved it inconspicuous, and in many cases, bitter. Back in the days of Francis X. Bushman, they were denied and even publicly renounced by the current Great Lovers, who feared for their hectic popularity if any hint leaked out about "the little woman," not to mention "the children." Though church or state had sanctified their unions, these hidden wives frequently found themselves leading lives as furtive as the most secreted mistresses of fiction.

Three wives who gave up careers of their own to be "silent partners" are Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd), left; Mrs. Robert Montgomery (Elizabeth Allen), above; and Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston), right

In the early flare of Wallace Reid's great popularity, before it was generally known that he was married, Wally and his wife (Dorothy Davenport) decided on a short vacation trip to New York. Mrs. Reid was advised that it would be a very smart thing to take a separate compartment from her husband's, and to sign her maiden name on hotel registers! The children of another marriage of that time were secreted in a private school because they might innocently jeopardize the career of a man who was Lover to the world and just a timid papa at home!

The years, and a more normal attitude of the public toward its screen idols eliminated the necessity for a great deal of such denial of marriages, wives and children. I do not know of a single biography now on studio files that does not honestly state the eligibility of even the Hottest Hero. But even so, the philosophy of the present day, as expressed by several publicity directors of various studios, is summed up thus: "Oh, sure, we admit the marriages of our male stars. But we just don't play them up, if you know what we mean? The hotter the hero rates, the less likely he is to be photographed at home with his wife by his side and the kiddies clambering into his lap."

And that apparently is all right by everybody, including their "hidden" wives, who must sit by silently while publicity

International

The public knows that there is a Mrs. Clark Gable—though it seldom sees her. And still Clark is the most popular actor on the screen. Which proves that a wife is no handicap to a hero!

Hollywood wives aren't as hidden as they used to be—when hero-husbands denied being married at all. But the wives are very much in the background, and seldom seen. Which is the way most of them PREFER to be!

Dolores Costello (left) gave up stardom to become Mrs. John Barrymore and mother of two little Barrymores—because a marriage would last a lifetime and a career wouldn't. Suzanne Kilbourne (right) became Mrs. Chester Morris with the same philosophy

Marcelite Dobbs married John Boles long before he was famous. She says her "life is interesting and colorful without borrowing the spotlight that belongs to John"

blasts—inspired by the disruption of such professional matches as those of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Carole Lombard and William Powell—turn cynical eyes toward all Hollywood marriages.

They might comment. "We private wives have, in nine cases out of ten, made a success of marriage in Hollywood. Why must we be counted in on the records of marriages wrecked because one home will not hold two careers? We are successful wives; we have conquered the Hollywood jinx!" They could say such a thing, but they don't. The "hidden" wives of movie actors do not often make statements for print!

Wilfully Dodge the Spotlight

HOLLYWOOD'S little-known wives can be grouped, generally, into two classifications. First, the women who have never craved stage or screen careers for themselves. Included in this group are Mrs. Clark Gable (the former Rita Langham), former Houston, Texas, divorcée whose entire interest is centered in her husband and her two children by a former marriage; and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess (Jessica Sargent), stunning New York socialite, whose marriage to the popular Dick six years ago created one of the most unpublicized and happy home lives of the colony—which stars Dick, Jessica, Dick's little girl, and Mrs. Barthelmess' son by a former marriage.

Also in this group are Mrs. Joe E. Brown (Kathryn McGraw), sixteen years wed to a "funny man," which is, as Mrs. Brown insists, "a career in itself"; Mrs. John Boles (Marcelite Dobbs of Texas), who married John fourteen years ago before their college days were over; and Mrs. Robert Young (Elizabeth Henderson of Los Angeles), who married her high-school beau one year ago and now insists she never wants to have her picture taken for publication. Of this group, Marcelite Boles is an interesting spokeswoman.

"I can't exactly say that I feel like a 'hidden wife of Hollywood,'" says the attractive Mrs. Boles. "Not as much, perhaps, *as I would like to be!* Modern publicity methods have made it necessary on several occasions to share an interview with John, or to be photographed informally at a première or social event. I try to dodge these things as much as possible. From the very beginning of John's stage career I have never felt I should have an active, publicized part. Why should I—or any other non-professional wife of a professional man?

"If John had been a realtor, instead of an actor, it would not be necessary for me to be in the foreground. If he were a doctor, my services would not be required on his cases. I feel that my husband's career as a motion picture actor is a business, or a profession, just as are those other two cases I cited. Another thing: I still have the idea that romantic actors should not be overly publicized as devoted family men.

(*Continued on page 94*)

SIXTY-FIVE, and *Still* *a Star*—MAY ROBSON

MAY ROBSON Says:

"Neither money nor fame nor success can mean to age what they mean to youth. Nothing can recompense for youth and for time *ahead* of you. But there is one panacea for old age—work.

"That's why Hollywood is heaven for those of us who are getting on. Because when we are old we are just as interesting, doing just as many things, mattering as much as we did when we were young.

"It is said that Hollywood is for the young. I don't think so. Age fares better than youth out here. It is the one place, I should say, where a woman doesn't have to fear old age.

"We are living, here in Hollywood. We are not just waiting to stop living.

"I've heard every actor and actress I've known announce that they would retire . . . have little farms, lead the simple life, raise ducks or chickens. But I have yet to eat the first duck or the first egg from any one of those farms."

She almost won the award for the best acting of 1933; only Katharine Hepburn topped her. And right there you can see that age is no handicap in Hollywood. In fact, the "grand old ladies of the screen" are more to be envied than the grand young ones. May says so, herself!

BY FAITH SERVICE

THE actress who won the second greatest number of votes in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as "the best actress of 1933" was May Robson for her performance in "Lady for a Day." Only Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory" received more votes than this grand old lady, who has been an actress for fifty years and is not through yet. In fact, she is leading a more glamourous, more satisfying life than most of Hollywood's envied young queens of glamour.

Will Rogers told her at the Academy dinner that she needn't feel discouraged about not winning *this* year; she'd probably win next year, or ten years from now. For hers was the kind of popularity that would not fade. And all eyes at that dinner were riveted on her; everyone present was trying for a word with her, a hand-clasp, a nod or a smile. Do you wonder that she says "Hollywood is Heaven—for the old"?

When you look into her bright brown eyes, it seems a bit absurd to think of her as "old." (She is, after all, only about sixty-five.) But she doesn't mind the term, doesn't object when writers stress the number of her years. However, she is not proud of the age she has attained. What she is proud of are the attainments of her age.

She told me, "There are no compensations for old age. Whoever says that there are is talking tosh or sentimentalizing or telling a downright whopper. After we have passed, or even as we are nearing, the three-score years and ten allotted us by the Bible and—sometimes—by biology, we are living on borrowed time. That's never a very comforting thought. It means that whatever we are doing, whatever we have is ours *only for to-day*. We are borrowing Tomorrow.

"No, there are no compensations for old age. Neither money nor fame nor success can mean to age what they mean to youth. Because they are only rented things. At any minute, and we know it, the Landlord may dispossess us. Nothing can recompense for youth and for time *ahead* of you. But there is one panacea for old age, and only one—work. And that's why Hollywood is heaven for those of us who are getting on. Because it gives us, not the illusion, but the fact of being in the swim still, of being important.

Can Live on Work, Not Memories

"WE are fêted and lauded and made much of. We are a part of life and of the activities of life. We are Somebodies and not only in a limited family or social circle but, thanks to the screen, to millions of people everywhere.

(*Continued on page 104*)

BLUE RIBBON IS BEST

NORTH, East, South, West—wherever you go, Pabst Blue Ribbon is acknowledged the finest of beers. Its precision brewing gives you the essence of choice malt brought to full strength with the appetizing savor of fragrant hops. If you want the perfect beer, order Blue Ribbon, and make sure you get it. It's the nation's standing order for beer at its best.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

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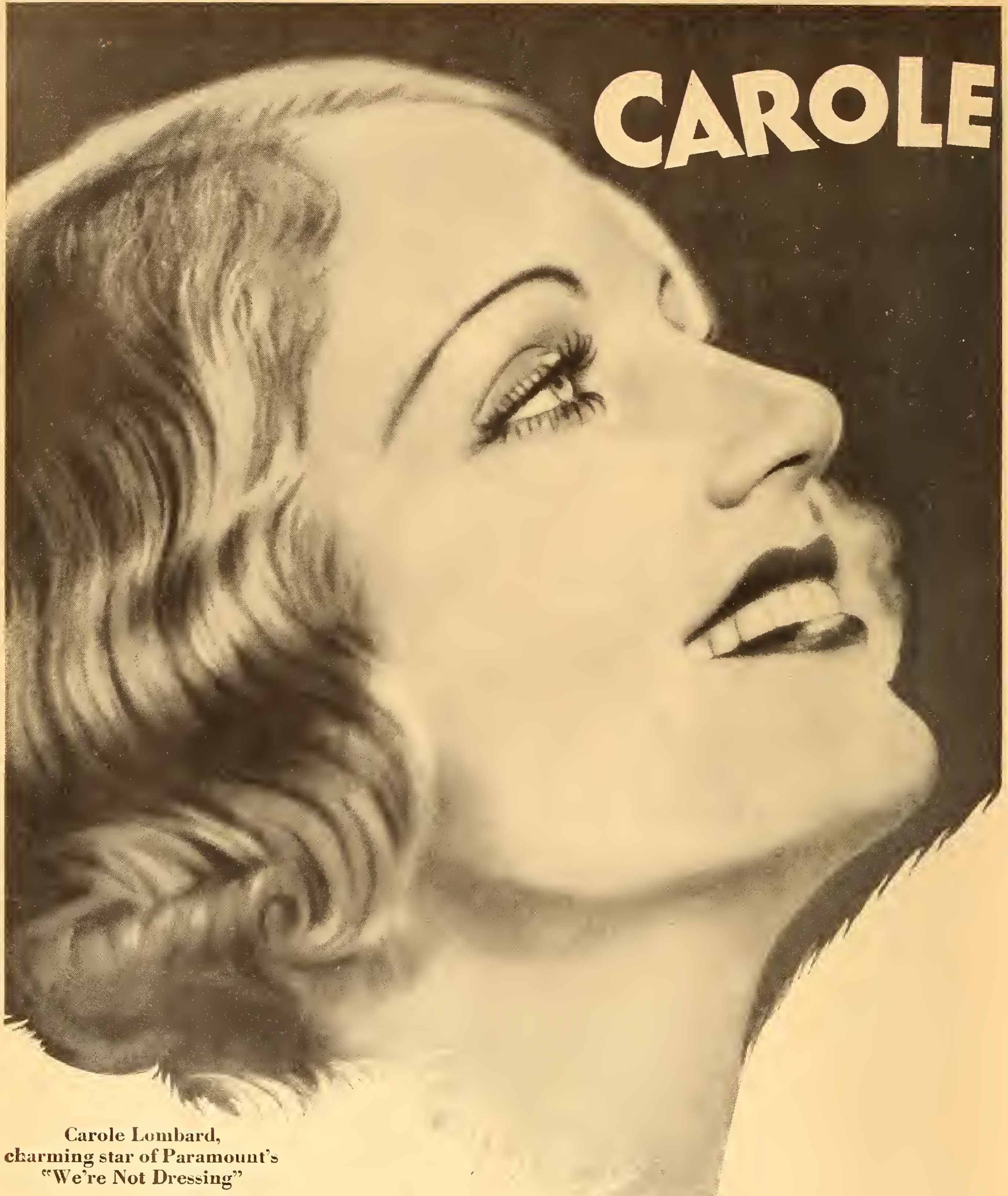


Carole Lombard,
charming star of Paramount's
"We're Not Dressing"

And how angelically smooth and fresh is *your* skin? If your complexion doesn't make hearts flutter, why not do what 9 out of 10 screen stars do—use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap? Cupid's prescription will work for you, too—give you a romantically lovely skin, and the love that goes with it.

LOMBARD AGREES WITH Cupid

CUPID: "Hello, angel face, you look as though you'd just washed in morning dew."

CAROLE: "I've just washed in something much nicer—and it's your own prescription, too."

CUPID: "When did I prescribe for you? You've turned men's hearts and heads so often that I can't remember when you needed my advice."

CAROLE: "Well, once upon a time you told me always to use Lux Toilet Soap—and I agree that 'it's a girl's best friend'—those were your words, Dan."

CUPID: "You're not the only girl I've seen surrounded with admirers after taking that same advice of mine. It's my favorite ally, that soap."

CAROLE: "Men certainly do fall for a lovely complexion, don't they, Dan? And I'm certainly much obliged for that tip you gave me years ago."

"MY GREATEST ALLY"
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Lux Toilet Soap

THUMBS UP *for* PAUL KELLY!

Once he was banned from the screen; to-day he has the respect of moviegoers everywhere. And here is the whole dramatic story of the screen's most courageous comeback!

BY HAL HALL

THE women of America (and they are the moviegoers who make or break stars) have replaced their stamp of approval upon Paul Kelly. Ordinarily, there would be little significance to that statement, but it was scarcely more than a brief year ago that they were figuratively clamoring for his scalp. They threatened to boycott his pictures if he were allowed on the screen and made themselves and their feelings felt so strongly that one company called off its plan to give Kelly the opportunity to come back and make a fresh start, if possible.

The shouting, the tumult and the excitement were because Kelly had paid the penalty for a mistake that might have happened to any of us. He accidentally killed a man with his fist. As a result, society demanded payment—and got it. When he was released and asked for the chance to make good, the women of America turned thumbs down.

Darryl Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century Pictures, knew Paul. He knew him as a man endowed with intestinal fortitude. So he decided that Paul should have his chance to play the lead in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Paul played it. How well he did his job is common knowledge to anyone who saw the picture. He will next be seen in the male lead opposite Aline MacMahon in "A Woman in Her Thirties."

Right now the women of America who wanted him barred are taking him back into their high esteem. Thousands of them from every section of the country are writing him daily, complimenting him upon his work, and congratulating him upon his remarkable comeback from a situation that would have finished most men.

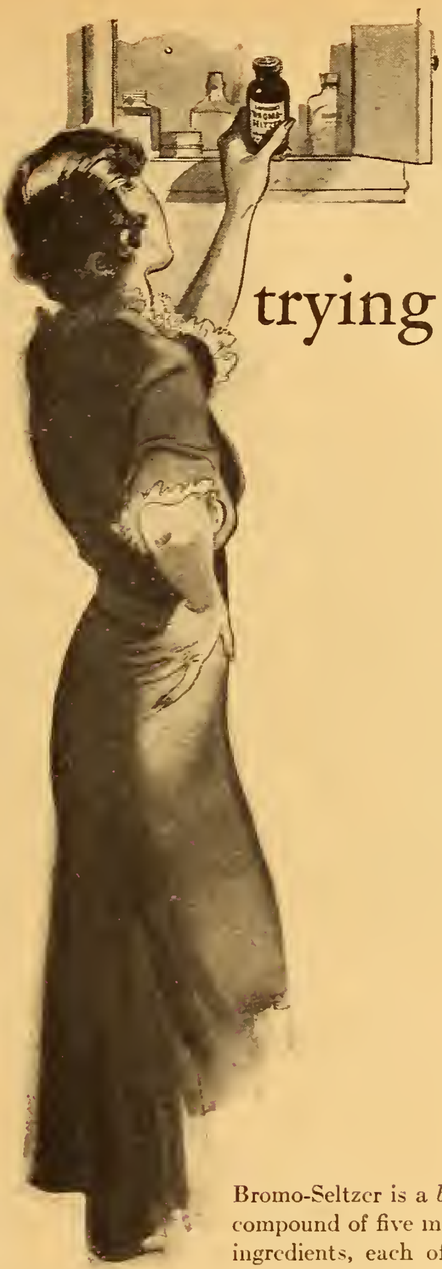
Proved He "Could Take It"

THEY are proclaiming him OKAY. He passed the acid test of feminine public opinion by playing a rôle that was not particularly sympathetic—that of a racketeer. No one in Hollywood to-day is happier than Paul Kelly, who proved he could take it—come back with his chin up and smiling.

Kelly is honest with himself and, likewise, with anyone who comes in contact with him. His honesty stands out in his gentlemanly deportment, his frankness—and his boy-like enthusiasm. He does not indulge in self-pity or martyrdom. He wants nothing better than to live and let live. He made his mistake, and paid for it, but instead of shrinking from the

(*Continued on page 74*)

Around the trying time of the month



And it *is* a trying time for many women. You feel weak, dizzy. Your head throbs with dull pain. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer . . . drink it as it effervesces in the glass of water. Welcome relief comes quickly!

As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one reason why it so promptly brings relief from gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache is quickly relieved. At the same time your nerves are calmed and soothed . . . you are gently steadied. And all the while, needed alkali is being supplied to the blood.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No wonder your head clears . . . pain goes . . . you feel like another person before you know it! Relief is quick!

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* compound of five medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose, each of which brings a needed benefit. No mere pain-killer gives the same effective results. Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is pleasant and dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby in many homes for over forty years.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. Keep the large, economical, family-size bottle at home. Ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia or other pains of nerve origin. Full directions are given on the bottle.

But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for more than forty years. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

ZiP
PERFUMED
DEPILATORY
CREAM

Just spread on ZiP Depilatory Cream, and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream, and by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Get your tube and you will marvel at this white, perfumed cream. Twice the size . . . . half the price.

TO DESTROY HAIR PERMANENTLY

ZIP IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT EPILATOR The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. *ZIP* leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for *face,* as well as arms, legs and body. Special *ZIP* Kit now $1.00.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST
562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (46th ST.)

ZiP *Spray Deodorant*
The quickest, easiest way to apply liquid deodorant. New formula in a beautiful atomizer bottle. Checks perspiration . . 50c

ZiP *Cream Deodorant*
This delightful cream acts immediately. Large containers, 35c-50c

Thumbs up for Paul Kelly!

(*Continued from page 72*)

world, he faces it with determination and courage.

To look at Kelly, you would never dream that you were gazing upon a man who carried his cross for six years. His experience has made a new man out of him. Six years ago he was just a good-looking, carousing playboy, bending the elbow on every possible occasion—and getting nowhere fast. To-day, he looks far younger than his thirty-six years. But for some tiny crow's-feet at the corners of his serious eyes you would take him to be in his middle twenties. He has placed an everlasting ban upon liquor and has come back to Hollywood with a depth of understanding and a broad, sympathetic view of life that he never knew in the old days. The change has been the making of him, for he turned adversity into an asset. It has made him a better actor.

How He Has Changed

"I HAVEN'T touched a drop of liquor since that night six years ago," he told me. "And the glorious thing is that I have never had even the slightest desire to taste it again. I often wonder what I saw in it in the past. I never really liked it. I drank for the excitement of the moment.

"I have not become a reformer, mind you. I do not try to tell other people what they should or should not do. That is their own business. But I cannot see anything to the partying that I once thought was so grand. My wife and I spend most of our spare time right at home. But, now and then, we do find ourselves out among people, who are trying to have a good time. I look at them in their cups and say to myself, 'What did you ever see in that?'

"The fun is all gone out of such evenings as far as I am concerned. Both Dorothy (Mrs. Kelly) and I find much more pleasure in going to the boxing bouts where the excitement is clean.

"Both Dorothy and I find the greatest happiness and contentment in our little home out in Beverly Hills. At the close of a day of hard work there is nothing more wonderful than to go home and spend the evening reading, with Dorothy sitting near me. Sometimes we just sit for hours without saying a single word."

"But why?" I asked, somewhat amazed.

"Oh, it is the mark of pure contentment," he replied. "The fact that Dorothy and I do that is pretty good evidence that ours is a near approach to perfect mating. We often go for long rides on Sundays, sometimes driving a hundred miles without saying six words. We do not have to talk to be happy. The mere fact that I can feel her beside me, see her close to me, know she is near me, can reach out and touch her hand—that is sufficient. It is the same with her. We love each other. We do not have to force conversation in order to be happy. If there is something important to say—well, we say it. There is a complete understanding between us that makes us happier than a million idly spoken words."

"How about her professional career? Is she going to resume acting either on the stage or screen?" I asked. (Mrs. Kelly was Dorothy Mackaye.)

"No," he replied. "Dorothy has left the profession completely. She has become a regular housewife, and a marvelous one. She won't act any more. She spends her time in making a happy home for me. But she may become a writer some day. She has written two screen stories already. She is constantly at it. Some day she may click."

Kelly is bubbling over with enthusiasm because the women who threatened to close his career are now accepting him.

He Appreciates Those Letters

"I DON'T think they *really* wanted me to be barred from the screen," he explained. "But whether they did or not, I am glad they liked me in my first picture. Just a few days after it was released, the first mail started. There were thirty-five letters that first day, and ever since the letters have been coming constantly and in greater numbers.

"It makes me glad. It makes a man proud of his efforts. It makes me want to go on and show these people that I appreciate their friendship.

"I hope I'm given the chance to play good, clean comedy. People like to laugh."

Whatever the future holds for him, Kelly wants it to be in Hollywood. He loves the feeling of permanence that one has in pictures, with the opportunity to settle down in a pleasant home to which he can go each evening when the day is done. He says he never again wants the excitement and rush of being on the road with a stage play, living in a hotel room, eating in restaurants and dining cars, leading an unnatural and abnormal existence. Hollywood, the scene of his triumphs and his tragedy, holds a charm for Kelly. He loves it.

"It's a great, old town," he declared. "And the people are so marvelous. They opened the door of hospitality to me on my return. It makes a fellow feel good.

"But isn't it funny how different a place can look? Take Hollywood for example. To-day it looks like heaven to me. The sunshine is beautiful, the flowers are breathtaking, the air is balmy. But that is because I am happy and things are going well. The same sun and sky and flowers looked terribly depressing to me once. A person is happy not because of where he is, but because of how he is. Any town is wonderful if you are doing well and the world is right.

Where He Has Found Happiness

"YOU hear people say that Boston is cold and the people give strangers the icy stare. I think it glorious because of the associations I formed while playing there. They wisecrack about Pittsburgh and its dirt and smoke. Pittsburgh is gorgeous to me. Why? Because of my experiences there. I blew into Pittsburgh while on the road with a show. I took the money I saved at a cheap hotel and went canoeing on the Monongahela River. Was Pittsburgh grand!

"Well, that's the way with Hollywood and the picture business. I love pictures. I was practically brought up in them, having played in stock with the old Vitagraph Company when I was a kid. And now to be back again and to be getting along—well, add to that a wife who is the dearest woman in the world, a home, a flower garden that is ablaze with blossoms, a dog that thinks I am the world's hero, a car, a job, a home that has the coziness I have always wanted . . . what more could a man ask of life?"

Paul Kelly has lived a whole lifetime in his few short years. He accepts the fact that what has happened must be faced, but faced with frankness and simple candor as a mistake that will be atoned for by a lifetime of clean living and faithful service. To his credit, he has proved he can take it. His future, he says, will have no mistakes.

"I knew I came back that night of my first stage show in New York," he exclaimed as his eyes sparkled enthusiastically. "Of course, I had been worried, but when the people came to the show and when the critics were so kind—well, the world looked different. And now that I have made my first picture and that has been received with the same kindness—the world looks simply marvelous."

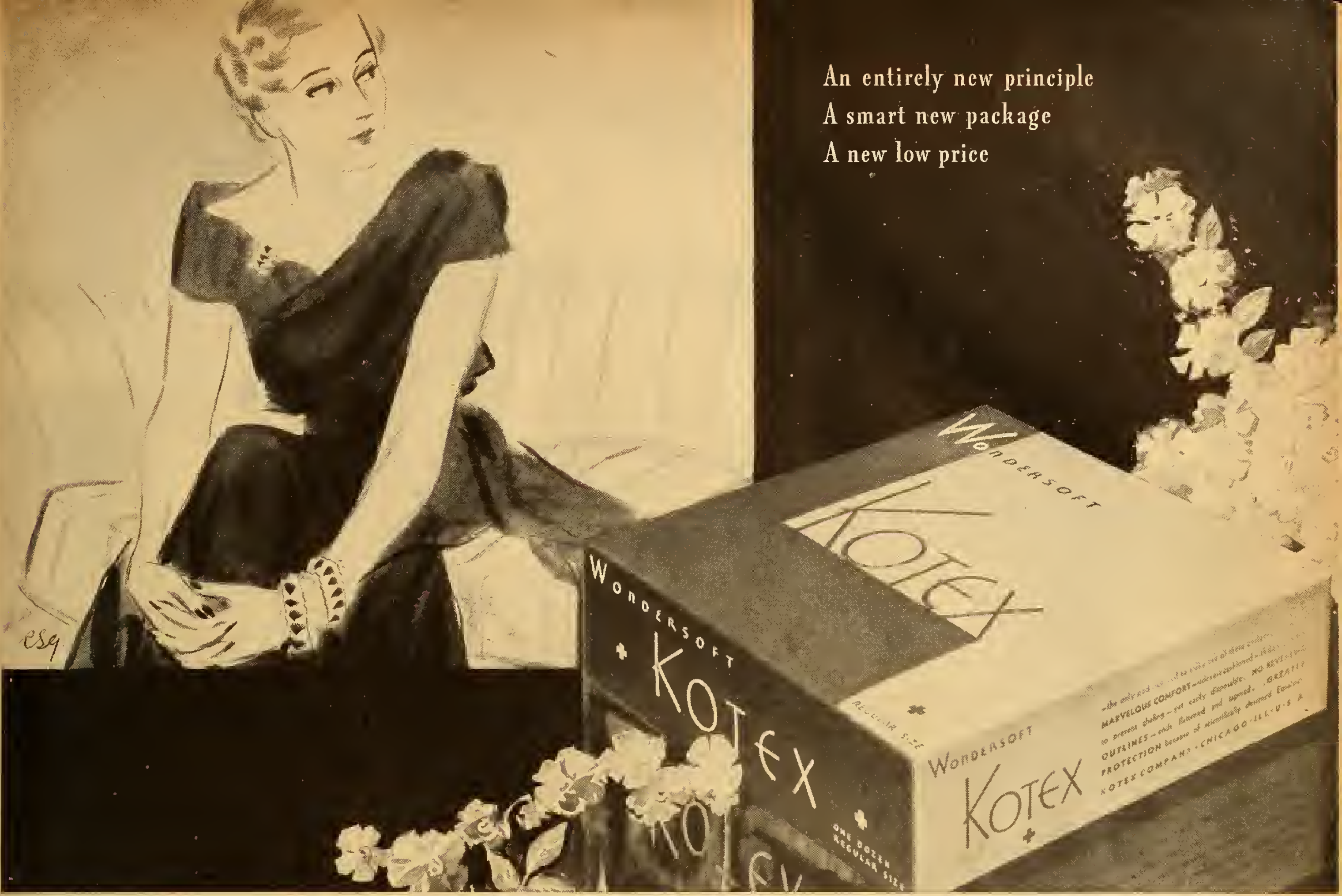


Illustration and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co

IN SIZE AND SHAPE THE KOTEX PACKAGE IS IDENTICAL TO THAT OF BOXES WIDELY USED FOR PACKING ORDINARY ARTICL

Discard old ways...welcome the new!

THE NEW 1934 WONDERSOFT KOTEX

brings a great change in the lives of women

HAVE you ever complained about the sanitary pads you have known? Have you ever suffered that ill-at-ease feeling with old-time pads? Then this is important news for you.

Carefully, painstakingly—for more than 2 years Kotex scientists have consulted with a great Consumer Testing Board of 600 typical American women—a project never before dreamed of. The result is now presented to all of womankind—the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex—an achievement that ranks with the highest of all scientific contributions to the health, happiness and comfort of women.

WONDERSOFT—*third exclusive Kotex patent*

Three times in two years—vital Kotex improvements have been honored with U. S. Patent protection. *First*—came ***flattened, tapered ends*** that made possible undetectable protection beneath the most clinging gowns, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. ***Second***—the ***famous Equalizer strip,*** increasing the security by lengthening the hours of protection, U. S. Patent No. 1,863,333. And now—***Third*** and most revolutionary of all Kotex improvements—the ***new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex***—U. S. Patent No. 1,946,626.

What WONDERSOFT *Kotex means to women*

The new 1934 Wondersoft Kotex is a scientific marvel of softness. A fluffy layer of soft cotton is applied to the edges—and *only* the edges. *This is important*—for chafing is prevented and the absorbent surface is left free to do its important work instantly. That—women told us—was the greatest single need in sanitary protection. Wondersoft remains gentle, marvelously soft for hours. Women by scores tell us that Wondersoft Kotex has utterly changed their lives. And—most important—this new wonder-softness has been achieved without sacrificing a single one of the priceless Kotex features you have always known. In width, thickness—in fact in all dimensions—the new Wondersoft remains the same.

A new package—new in color, shape and design for your protection

To make sure you get Wondersoft—and no other—we introduce it in a modern new package—totally different from the Kotex box you have known.

Familiarize yourself with it at once. No other pad is or can be like it. Ask for the New 1934 Wondersoft Kotex in regular or super-size at your dealers today. Both are priced alike—and, to introduce Wondersoft Kotex, we present it at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex! Obtainable in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Company.

"I used the new Wondersoft Kotex on a long 3-days-without-stop automobile trip. I never had such a feeling of absolute protection."

Home Girl

"Best of any pad I've ever tried. The side padding makes them softer than ever before."

Musician

"For the sake of my daughter I feel deeply grateful for the new Wondersoft Kotex. Nobody but a mother can know how important comfort and a feeling of security are to young girls."

Housewife

Don't Let Hollywood Change You, Elizabeth Bergner!

(*Continued from page 52*)

them teach you how to walk, act, talk and look like everyone else. Don't let them place their trade-mark of approval on your forehead: "Made in Hollywood." Don't let them touch a hair of your head, the tiniest little echo of your charming accent, or even your smallest thought. For you are a rarely perfect person as you are.

Hollywood can transmute the small, pointed face of you into its mold of cheap beauty; it can make you very rich; it can make you famous (it was one of your own countrywomen who said that no actress can be famous without a Hollywood success!). But as surely as you are a living, breathing woman it will also—unless you are warned—take something away from you, something very precious and wonderful . . . your very SELF.

I do not pretend to understand why, but Hollywood is never satisfied to let its new stars alone. It must start at once to experiment and change. It will send for you, offer you extravagant riches because you ARE "Little Catherine," and when you arrive, it will call in its army of make-up men and electricians and cameramen and costumers and proceed diligently to make you look like somebody else. It will try you with bleached hair and in dark wigs; it will outline your sensitive lips into a Crawford pout or a Cupid's-bow simper. It will add inches to your small stature and put you on a diet to achieve Mae West curves. It will try to change your accent, voice, walk, mannerisms. And it will—if it can—take away your changing, subtle expressions and give you a mask for a face.

What Happened to Others

LITTLE CATHERINE, when you come to Hollywood, read the handwriting on the wall—the handwriting of all those artists who have been poured into the common mold and emerged with new, identical personalities, losing their souls to satisfy the ego of those who are frightened by anything and everything that is different.

Consider for a moment the case of Marlene Dietrich. Remember her heavy, human seductiveness in "The Blue Angel"? When Hollywood saw that picture and sent for her, Dietrich was a bountiful, wholesome, lovable creature, with full red cheeks and a contagious happiness. And now? Now her face is a mask-like, ghastly-white, unbending, unpliable creation, beautiful and characterless, only her accent distinguishing her from the average Hollywood star.

There was Greta Garbo, too. Remember the Garbo of "The Torrent" and "The Flesh and the Devil"? She had a woman's curves and smiles. Hollywood put her on a diet that almost murdered her, and made her into the strange, unearthly, gaunt Garbo of to-day—beautiful, unreal, as tragic as a lost soul. Perhaps the creation of this exotic Garbo is one of Hollywood's greatest triumphs. It should be a terrible warning to you, Little Catherine, of what it can do to a woman.

And so I ask you to read the handwriting on the wall—and then take, as your examples of conduct in this strange land, Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn.

They tried to change Margaret Sullavan. They tried to make her over emotionally, spiritually and physically. The fight she waged to protect her SELF from Hollywood's meddling impudence was a classic one, and, with the exception of one tiny mole, she won on every count. What was the result? Her first picture, "Only Yesterday," was one of the greatest artistic and financial successes of last year. She refused to conform to the Hollywood criterion of sameness, and she refused to wear a mask on her face or on her soul.

What Hepburn Won by Fighting

KATHARINE HEPBURN also won a battle of sorts. They did manage to change her hair-dress, her manner of walking, her make-up, the superficialities of her style. But her SELF they never touched. She fought like a tigress when they approached, with gleaming, avaricious eyes, her essential mannerisms, her design for living, her ideals.

What was the result? She played a small part in "A Bill of Divorcement" and shook the critics' staid old typewriters. Then she made "Morning Glory," shook the nation, and was later acclaimed the best actress of 1933.

But turn the slate over, and consider for a moment the plight of Ruth Chatterton. For years one of the most scintillating, engaging and charming comédiennes on the New York stage, she is now stamped in celluloid as a darkly dramatic, sex-conscious, calculating tragédienne.

On the wrong side of the slate, also, is Lionel Atwill, who was famous on the stage as one of the most expert, important and gallant of the romantic actors. To-day he is—of all things—Hollywood's pet horror-mystery "fiend"!

It may seem to you, Little Catherine, inasmuch as it is the Hollywood gesture to hit the public in the eye, rather than in the heart or mind, that this is no place for a genius. And yet it may be that you will come just in time to help us make that transition from eye to heart. And you will not be a pioneer alone. Helen Hayes let out the first whimper, which was emphasized by Charles Laughton and strengthened still more by Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan.

Don't Fit into the Pattern

THE feminine stars of Hollywood have been in much the same position as the chorus girls were at the beginning of the big musical cycle, when the girls, in order to meet Hollywood's standard of beauty, were fitted into a human stencil, a heavy cardboard frame cut out in correct proportion and outlining the "perfect form."

Little Catherine, don't ever stand in the cardboard mold. Don't ever let the Hollywood yardstick limit your height. Your face may not be beautiful, but *you* are, and the contours of your greatness will never fit in the average mold. No make-up pencil could ever outline your moods, and no trick lighting could ever dim or brighten the electric vividness of your personality.

Don't be bewildered by the chaos of indecision, the vague scurryings, the shoutings and the general noisy blatancy of Hollywood. Bring with you the quietness and certainty of the inspired.

Don't be awed or frightened by the taut elegance, the flawless faces, the neat line-and-curve beauty of our stars. For you unconsciously know the source of all beauty.

And, above all, don't let Hollywood concentrate and limit and compress you into one woman. When you come, bring with you your myriad moods, your many women, your different visionings, and your great spirit.

For we need you, Little Catherine, and your vivid white face, in which pounds and beats and screams the ecstatic agony of creative genius.

Any camera plus Verichrome Film is the best combination yet for day-in and day-out picture-making . . . Verichrome works where ordinary films fail.

VERICHROME *gets the picture*

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KODAK VERICHROME FILM
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Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

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2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
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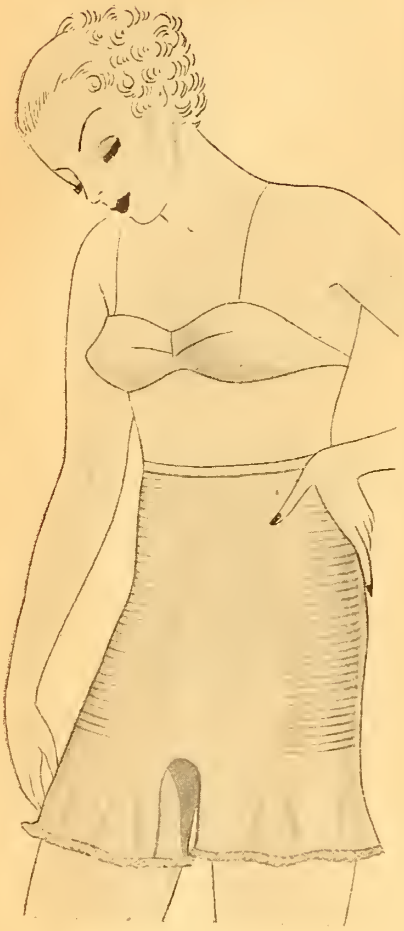
KODAK VERICHROME FILM

I'm sending the snapshot — did you really mean it when you asked for one?

★ How much a snapshot says to the one who waits for it! No longer is the separation real. This little square of paper brings them face to face. Hearing the whispers that cannot be written in a letter. Feeling the heartbeats . . . Always snapshots have been intimate and expressive, but now they are more so than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film wipes out the old limitations. People look natural, as you want them. Use Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Don't just write it—
Picture it—*with snapshots*

Here's THE COMBINATION FOR A SUCCESSFUL WARDROBE



Two Step

One Piece Combination

Girdle and Step-in by

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TWO STEP is not only one piece but it's seamless, too. There's not a hook or seam to break the lines of your most fitted clothes.

By a patented process the Lastex girdle portion is *knitted* to the cool fabric panties in one continuous piece. Garters are concealed. In Two Step you will enjoy the convenience of two garments and the lightness and comfort of one.

Two Step by Hickory launders beautifully. Comes in Small, Medium and Large sizes. 12 inch length is $3.00, 14 inch is $3.50.

You should find Two Step in your favorite Corset Department. If not, please send us your dealer's name, with your size and remittance, and we will send your girdle to you.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1145 W. CONGRESS ST., CHICAGO

Untold Secrets of the Stars

(*Continued from page 42*)

all that happened might never have been.

"She had told me, in one of her very first letters, that she had recently broken off her engagement to a chap who wanted nothing more exciting from life than a nice little home and a nice little family. She wanted more than this from life, much more. I blame myself that I didn't cut the whole thing short then and there. I should have been warned by this—but I wasn't.

Changed Her Whole Life

"THE letters came, first, from a small town in upstate New York. Then she wrote that she had gone to live in New York, to study design and theatrical costuming. She didn't think she had much talent for it and her course and her living away from home were a severe financial drain on her family. But she had decided that the only way she could ever meet me was to try for some sort of professional career.

"I wrote her a note at that time, I remember, and told her not to be silly; not to guide her life or form her plans because of a voice on the air. She wrote back that it was more than a voice on the air to her—it was the definite embodiment of all her dreams. It's hard, isn't it, to picture a girl like that?

"I figured that she was young and emotional and that, in time, this fantastic fancy would burn itself out. I thought I had been right when, about a year later, I had another letter from her, telling me that she was engaged to some chap in New York. Her letters became briefer and with longer intervals between them—much to my relief.

"But after a few months she began to write again, frequently. And I didn't like the tone of her letters. She told me that he was somewhat my type. She said that when she closed her eyes it was easy for her to dream that he was I! Can you imagine?

"Not more than two months later, she wrote that she had broken off her engagement. She said that she simply could not make the grade. She said that every time he tried to make love to her, my voice came between. What, she asked me, was she to do?

"I didn't know. And I was *scairt.* Up to then I had been thinking of her as one of hundreds of emotional girls who get crushes on radio and picture people and eventually get over them, with no harm done. But this fantastic infatuation was actually affecting this girl's whole life.

"I wrote her a very earnest letter. How could she be fantastic enough to allow a crooner's voice to prevent real love and real marriage? The more I wrote in this practical vein, the more her letters became calm and fatalistic, as though this thing had been predestined.

"She never asked me for anything: she never even suggested, in so many words, that we meet. But she had sent me one or two pictures of herself. A sweet-looking, *nice*-looking girl, with breeding and refinement. I understood it less than ever after I had seen the pictures. She didn't look like the type of girl who goes in for this sort of thing. She *wasn't*—that was the tragedy of it.

Lived for Him for Five Years

"IT would have been one thing if this correspondence had gone on for weeks or even months. But it went on for *years.* Time after time, in her letters, she mentioned meeting men who were interested in her and who might have been interesting to her—*if.* She spoke of things that might have filled her life, which she was deliberately renouncing because of—a voice on the air. It might have made me feel silly if it had not seemed so serious.

"Then came Dixie Lee, our romance and our engagement. And after that, very shortly after that, I had a horrible letter—from a girl named Agnes, who was, it appeared, Frances' best friend and worked in the art department of the same magazine. Frances had tried to commit suicide.

"Agnes wrote that Frances was fiercely resentful of being saved. She had given five years of her life, of her youth, trying to put her love onto paper, trying to span the distance between us with a really great love. She had gone on in the belief that the sheer greatness of it might evoke response. She had failed. And what was the use in going on? Agnes wrote that she wondered if I really knew what this had meant to Frances.

"Gosh, I didn't know what to do. I tried to shrug the whole thing off as no responsibility of mine. I couldn't. I felt guilty. The thing was preposterous, of course, but there it was. I'm a very normal, every-day sort of a chap and I didn't know what to do with so much emotion.

"Anyway, at that time I sent flowers to the hospital and wrote her a couple of cheerio notes and sang the songs she liked on my broadcasts when I could and did all the wrong things, of course. Agnes wrote again and told me I was doing the wrong things. The songs and the flowers excited and then depressed Frances.

Went Abroad to "Forget"

"I DIDN'T hear from Frances for several months after that. Agnes and another girl and Frances had gone abroad together and the other girls had constituted themselves as a double bodyguard to prevent Frances from writing to me or hearing of me. They were hoping she would 'forget.'

"When they came back to America, Dixie and I had been married for some little time. I had a note from Frances, telling me that neither all the sights of Europe nor the news of my marriage had been able to 'cure' her. She realized that I must consider her a psychopathic case if I considered her at all, and so she was, and she was going to try to stop writing to me so often.

"I began to feel badgered. Was this never going to cease? Dixie felt sorry for the girl. She said that she hated to admit it, but she could understand it. You see, it was the old voice on the air that brought Dixie back to me that time, soon after our marriage when we had an old-fashioned row and Dixie had gone to Caliente. So she could 'get' the feminine psychology of Frances. It was more than I could!

"I didn't hear from Frances after that for a very long while. And then I had, a few months ago, a short note from her, saying that she was coming to Hollywood! Her doctor—her *doctor,* mind you—had advised her to come out here, to meet me, whether married or not, to 'face the reality' as she put it and so try to lay the ghost, which was, after all, nothing to her but a ghost—who crooned!

"I was scared to death. I told Dixie about it and we decided to cooperate with the doctor.

Her Doctor Asked His Help

"SHORTLY before Frances' arrival, believe it or not, I had a letter from her doctor. He said she was a normal, sound and balanced individual with the single exception of this obsessional fancy, which was stultifying her normal tendencies and outlets. She had built up an image that had become distorted out of all semblance to reality. He figured that if she could meet me, spend a little time with me, see my

(*Continued on page 85*)

I THINK LUX IS SWELL FOR STOCKINGS

"Lucky for me when I heard about Lux! Before that, stocking runs nearly drove me wild. At first I didn't believe just washing stockings with Lux every night would make any difference . . . but honestly, since I've switched to Lux and cut out cake-soap rubbing, my stockings last ever so much longer. And they fit better, too. People tell me it's because Lux saves stocking elasticity. *I guess it does all right, for I know that Lux cuts down* my *runs. It will cut* yours *down, too!"*

says Sally Eilers—

Cut down *YOUR* runs the Hollywood way . . . When stockings go into runs almost without reason, it's apt to mean you've weakened their *elasticity.* Then, instead of *giving* under strain, threads tend to snap—runs start.

But Hollywood stars know that there's one easy way to *save* stocking elasticity. Just Lux stockings after *every* wearing. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many ordinary soaps have, and with Lux there's no need for injurious cake-soap rubbing. These are the things that ruin the precious elasticity that makes stockings *fit* and *wear.*

Why not try Lux for *your* stockings? Then keep a record and prove to yourself how Lux cuts stocking runs way down!

Sally Eilers

popular young Fox star, is a fan herself—when it comes to Lux! "Now I insist that my maid use Lux for all washable things," she says. "It's simply marvelous how absolutely new they look!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

"All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed because Lux is so safe," says Rita Kaufman, wardrobe supervisor in the Fox Studio. "It protects the colors and the materials, keeps costumes new longer! It works such magic that I'd have to have it if it cost five times as much!"

LUX
For all fine laundering
For washing dishes

Hollywood says—Don't Trust to Luck—Trust to LUX

The
UNKISSED
WIFE

Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly . . .

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes *part* of your lips, not a coating.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin-smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP64
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name______ (Please Print)
Address______
City______ State______

The Winners of 1933—as Described by Will Rogers

(*Continued from page 61*)

"Nowadays, it's different. All you see now is pictures of Jack Warner going to the White House. So maybe a poor Democrat is welcome at the Academy—if he can pay his five dollars for a banquet ticket. Anyhow, here I am, all dressed up in my blue serge suit. It's the only blue serge here tonight and the only really comfortable suit in the house.

"Still, even though I came, I doubt if I would have had nerve enough to talk at all of these here stiff bosoms if it hadn't been for something I read in the papers yesterday. All I ever know is what I read in the papers.

"Well, anyway, there was an item yesterday to the effect that Sam Goldwyn gave an address at Harvard University. After that I'll never be afraid to talk anywheres. The boys at good old Harvard liked Sammy's speech, too—liked it so well, they're sending out here for an English translation of it.

Voting "On the Level This Time"

"JUST before I came up here to the platform tonight, they shoved a piece of paper in my hand. I reckon it is the piece of paper you have been waiting to hear read. I'm not much at reading, but you asked for it. So here goes . . . They say the voting was on the level this time. I hope it don't hurt nobody's feelings."

The short subject field was quickly disposed of, with awards going to RKO for the Lou Brock production of "So This Is Harris" as the best comedy and "Krakatoa," made by Joe Rock for Educational release, as the best novelty. Walt Disney won in the cartoon class, with the largest vote recorded by any winner (and the biggest hand from the crowd) for "The Three Little Pigs."

"When you make 'Six Little Pigs,' we'll give you two of these things, Walt," said Rogers, handing over the gold statuette. During the balance of the evening, he continued to call the awe-inspiring figurines by no other name than "these things."

Moving to the feature production class, Will passed over one of the "things" to Franklyn Hansen, a representative of the Paramount sound department, for the best sound reproduction of the year, the picture cited being "A Farewell to Arms." Will commented that there is "no possible definition for a guy who cans voices."

William Darling of Fox won the art direction award for "Cavalcade." In introducing Darling, Rogers characterized an art director as the "feller who loved to take a simple little living room, paint it white and make it look like the Grand Central Terminal.

"Photographers have used so many dollies, cranes and devices for traveling shots this year that somebody, deciding to be different, finally filmed a scene in a standing shot. But they didn't know what to do with it after it was taken. So they had to send it to the still department to be developed," grinned Will as he handed a statuette to Charles Lang of Paramount for his photography of "A Farewell to Arms."

Suggests Couple Split Prize Now

SARAH Y. Mason and her husband, Victor Heerman, won the writers' adaptation award for "Little Women," with second place being taken by Robert Riskin for "Lady for a Day" and third by Sonya Levien and Paul Green for "State Fair."

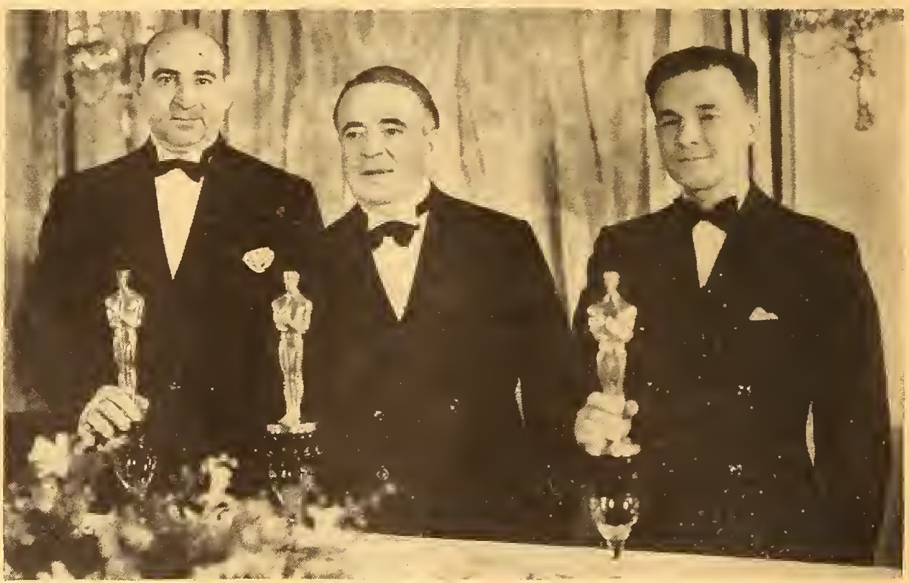
"Adapters," cracked Rogers, "are people who are engaged by studios to disguise an original story as much as possible. That is, the studios call it a disguise. The author of the story more often calls it just plain murder."

Before handing the statuette to the Victor Heermans, he said, "Now, I understand you folks are happily married. I've known a lot of happily married couples in Hollywood and I've seen a lot of things happen to 'em. It's none of my business, Miss Mason, but I'd suggest that you choose your half of this thing right here and now."

For the original story award, Robert Lord, writer of "One-Way Passage," placed above Frances Marion for her "Prizefighter and the Lady" and Charles MacArthur for "Rasputin and the Empress." Rogers said, "There isn't much choice in this classification.

"Charles Laughton deserves to win the prize for the best actor," Rogers drawled, "if for no other reason than because he put sex appeal into a beard in 'Henry the

(*Continued on page 82*)



Three movie-makers who were handed gold statuettes at the Academy dinner were: left to right, B. H. Kahane, president of Radio Pictures, who acted as proxy for the absent Katharine Hepburn, Winfield Sheehan, general manager of Fox Films, who made "Cavalcade"; and Robert Lord, who wrote "One-Way Passage"

A Page of Lovely Women

GARBO'S DOUBLE, Miss Geraldine Dvorak looks so much like the great Greta that when she pauses on the New York streets, small crowds invariably gather. Miss Dvorak was under salary as Miss Garbo's double until she came to New York.

REGARDLESS OF how pretty they are, few women photograph well under any and all conditions. Miss Bobby Miller does. She is absolutely "fool proof" and therefore the answer to the Photographer's prayer. Her blonde beauty resulted in her being invited to Paris to display French style creations.

WITH BRIGHT college years behind, the next important step is to find a job. Miss Edith Reinhardt of Barnard College was lucky in three talents. She is beautiful, a talented dancer, a promising singer. Her face brought her work in the studios. Teaching dancing is her job. Her ambition is for light opera stage.

BOREDOM with social activities and curiosity about photography resulted in a pleasant and profitable career for pretty Miss Katherine Armes, of Greenwich, Conn. Not yet nineteen, she has become one of the most successful young women in the field of advertising photography. Rumor has it that she is headed for Hollywood.

THE CHANCE remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led Miss Lenore Pettit to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling, which in turn led to the stage. Miss Pettit is now abroad, posing for a well-known artist.

DON'T ENVY THEIR TEETH

Make yours like them

Why not begin today to make your teeth more attractive? Why not use a dentifrice that gently but swiftly erases tobacco stains, tartar and unsightly discolorations?

Within the past three years more than 2,000,000 women, including famous New York models, have discarded old favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste made by the makers of Listerine. They have found, as you will find after a few days' trial, that Listerine Tooth Paste produces brilliant results. They have found that dentifrices costing twice and three times as much can do no more.

Why not get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and try it? Note how much cleaner your teeth appear after you have used it a few days. See how they sparkle and gleam. Observe how the tooth paste permeates the hard-to-reach crevices between the teeth removing deposits and checking decay.

Observe how much firmer and healthier your gums are. Look for that delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that you associate with Listerine itself.

LARGE TUBE 25¢
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
NEW DOUBLE SIZE, 40¢

Recall also that Listerine makes your breath sweeter, and then reflect that all these benefits cost you approximately one-half of what you would ordinarily pay.

This remarkable modern dentifrice at 25¢ the large tube saves you roughly $3.00 a year as compared to dentifrices costing twice as much. Get a tube at your druggist's. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

EYES SAY MORE than lips ever can.

—How to beautify your eyes in 40 seconds.

LOVELY eyes depend on long, lovely lashes. You, too, can beautify them in 40 seconds! You'll be delighted at your utterly changed appearance—so will *others.*

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.

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Cake or Liquid

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City .... State ....

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

The Winners of 1933—as Described by Will Rogers

(*Continued from page 80*)

Eighth'." In Laughton's absence, the two runners-up—Paul Muni (for "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang") and Leslie Howard (for "Berkeley Square")—were introduced and each given a rose by Rogers as consolation prize. Howard's appearance on the platform, by the way, was greeted by more prolonged applause than the announcement of Laughton's award.

Runners-Up Won More Applause

KATHARINE Hepburn was another absentee who drew small demonstration from the banquet crowd. Her "Morning Glory" performance brought her the "best actress" citation, but the applause was all for May Robson, second-place winner for her memorable "Lady for a Day," and Diana Wynyard third for "Cavalcade." Both were brought to the rostrum and Rogers made his most gracious remark of the evening when he said, "I felt kinda sad about this prize. I was hoping to give it to May here, but now I don't feel at all bad about May not getting it this year, for I fully expect I'll be giving it to her ten years from now."

Diana Wynyard, who shared her applause with Clive Brook, her co-star in "Cavalcade," matched Will's graciousness by saying, "It was honor enough to be one of three in the nominations. I could not wish for more."

Starting to announce the result of the vote for the best picture of the year, Rogers was stopped by Academy officials, who thought he had overlooked the directorial credit. "Who's running this show?" he demanded in a loud stage whisper. "I know what I'm doing. 'Cavalcade,' produced by Fox, is the winner. Hey, Winnie (to Winifield Sheehan), come up and get one of these things!"

The second picture in the competition was Paramount's "A Farewell to Arms" and third, RKO's "Little Women."

What Will had in mind in switching the order of the announcements became apparent a moment later when he called Frank Lloyd's name for the director's award. He and Lloyd are good friends and Rogers proceeded to take full advantage of the friendship to rib Lloyd more unmercifully than he had any of the others.

"You directed 'Cavalcade' and I'm supposed to give you one of these things. But you got one once before, so you know what it looks like. You shouldn't be as impatient as the others to get your hands on it and I've got a little piece of paper over here about you."

Lloyd seemed to sense what was coming and writhed in embarrassment as Will uncovered a brief biography, putting on eyeglasses to read.

Reveals Director Is an Ex-Actor

"FRANK was born in 'Glass-cey,' Scotland," began Rogers in a very bad Scottish dialect, peering over his spectacles in the manner of a school-teacher, at the end of each sentence. "Went to public schools. Imagine wasting education on a director! . . . First stage job in musical comedy." Will emphasized this with a coy glance. "Then in grand opera . . . And then—listen to this—a stock engagement. Now that's going backwards. Most people start in stock . . . Came to Hollywood as an actor. Then took up directing. That just proves it. I've always said directors was disappointed actors."

There was a lot more in the same vein as Frank Lloyd flushed redder and redder. Finally, Rogers passed over the statuette with the remark, "Sorry I can't give you a female one. You've already got a male. These things is all men. At least, that's what I judge 'em to be, 'cause they got a sword in their hands. Took a bit of studying to make sure they was meant to be human beings at all. Can't see why they has to be from nudist colonies, though."

Finishing with Lloyd eventually, to that gentleman's obvious relief, Will called for Frank Capra, director of "Lady for a Day," and George Cukor, director of "Little Women," winners of second and third places.

Of Capra, Rogers said, "This little feller is an Eyetalian. He was born there, but left Italy after he discovered the country didn't need two directors. I don't know Frank awful well, but one thing I've got to say for him—he's a real hero. Why, he's been with Harry Cohn at Columbia for seven years. And I *do* know Cohn, having a shouting acquaintance with him. Staying with Harry as long as Frank Capra has deserves a special award." And pulling a lily from the floral display behind him, Will presented it.

Altogether, Rogers spoke for more than an hour. Laughter was so continuous that no one noticed the passage of time. And at an Academy banquet, that is something!

ACADEMY AWARDS FOR OTHER YEARS

Best Pictures of the Year

1933	"Cavalcade" (Fox)
1932	"Grand Hotel" (M-G-M)
1931	"Cimarron" (RKO-Radio)
1930	"All Quiet on the Western Front" (Universal)
1929	"The Broadway Melody" (M-G-M)
1928	"Wings" (Paramount)—"Sunrise" (Fox)

Best Actresses of the Year

1933	Katharine Hepburn in "Morning Glory"
1932	Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"
1931	Marie Dressler in "Min and Bill"
1930	Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"
1929	Mary Pickford in "Coquette"
1928	Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven" and "Sunrise"

Best Actors of the Year

1933	Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth"
1932	Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Extra Award—Wallace Beery in "The Champ")
1931	Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul"
1930	George Arliss in "Disraeli"
1929	Warner Baxter in "In Old Arizona"
1928	Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" and "The Last Command"

Best Directors of the Year

1933	Frank Lloyd for "Cavalcade"
1932	Frank Borzage for "Bad Girl"
1931	Norman Taurog for "Skippy"
1930	Lewis Milestone for "All Quiet on the Western Front"
1929	Frank Lloyd for "Weary River," "Divine Lady," "Drag"
1928	Frank Borzage for "Seventh Heaven"—Lewis Milestone for "Two Arabian Nights"

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● *The loveliest, most alluring skin* is healthy! To remain healthy it needs to be protected. Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams afford unique protection. They have, *within themselves*, the power to *stay safe, germ-free* as long as they last.

Two delightful Beauty Creams that STAY GERM-FREE! That the most sensitive skins can enjoy, safely! That help to keep normal skins in top-notch health and vigor! That Skin Specialists have *proved* bring swifter, surer, finer beauty to every type of skin!

Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams contain a new, exclusive element, just recently discovered, which no other creams possess. This element eliminates the risk of bacteria infecting these creams after the lid of the jar has been removed! Keeps them pure, germ-free until the last dab has been used!

Every skin that uses them is doubly guarded from blemish. But thin, dry skins, easily infected, especially need this sure protection.

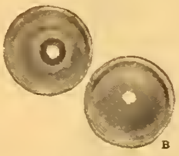
Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream is unique in its power to combat skin dryness. And now, as leading authorities confirm, the germ-free quality in both the Cold and Facial Creams makes them unmatched in the world of beauty aids.

109 LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS APPROVE WOODBURY'S CREAMS

93.5% report them to be free of the risks of spreading infection to which ordinary creams are subject.

One says: "After carefully trying Woodbury's Creams, I am satisfied that they are of superior quality." Another: "They're the best on the market! I shall take great pleasure in recommending them to my patients."

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "I welcome with great satisfaction Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."



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These agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs, tell the story. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The germ-destroyer has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cold cream, shows no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy the germs surrounding it.

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Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
15¢ for TWENTY

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Why Garbo and Dietrich Lead Solitary Lives

(*Continued from page 35*)

waylaid and urged to speak of the Hermit of Hollywood.

There have been stories written about Garbo, the Goddess; about My Neighbor, Greta Garbo; about the possibility of her nursing a broken heart; about the possibility of Garbo's being dead—dozens and dozens of stories, some sensational, some silly, all of them unnecessary if Garbo ever gave authenticated stories to the press at reasonable intervals about reasonable matters. But no! To give casual stories in the normal way would be to kill dozens of other stories, not normal at all. Subtle and devious are the ways of ego!

Marlene Censors Own Interviews

MARLENE DIETRICH modifies some of the Garbo ways to a certain extent. She came here after Garbo. It would not be clever of the individualist to copy a predecessor. Dietrich will, sparingly and reluctantly, grant interviews to those of the press she can manage to tolerate. But the interviews must, when written, be submitted to her for reading and approval or, as often happens, disapproval.

She will not say, as Norma Shearer might, "I have thought over the idea you want me to talk about very carefully. Here is what I think. Do the best you can with it and for me"—and let it go at that. No, the Dietrich words are pearls that drop from the Dietrich lips and as such they must be polished and protected as the gems of great price they are. Not very long ago Dietrich tore a perfectly well-intentioned story into shreds before a writer's eyes and deposited the pieces in the nearest waste-basket.

She will not talk about *this;* she will not discuss *that.* She is scornful of the public's interest in the love-life, the home-life, or the political opinions of the stars. Not a syllable, then, must escape into print that does not perfectly accord with this particular brand of self-obsession. No man, no woman at the helm of a nation could be more choosey, more cautious about his or her publicity.

Self-obsession, you see, can never say, or think, "What does it matter?" To the self-obsessed, everything that touches the Self matters poignantly, passionately and absorbingly.

Dietrich's masculine attire is another manifestation of exhibitionism. Nothing but. Let no one tell us that she wears men's clothing because it is more comfortable. It might be at the North or South Pole or in a frigid climate. Not in sunny, sub-tropical California. Anyone who has to wear heavy trousers, shirts, coats here knows better. The woman who chooses to wear male attire does so because it is one of the short-cuts to the center of the spotlight! It proves itself. Reams of copy, tons of photographs, pages and pages of discussion *pro* and *con* have gone over the presses because of the curvacious Marlene's exotic deviation from the herd.

Modeling Child After Herself

MARLENE loves her small daughter, Maria, with, I am certain, even more than the usual maternal passion. Yet the child's face and form also mirror Narcissa. Marlene dresses the little girl in mannish attire, as she dresses herself. Marlene is willing for the child to follow in her screen footsteps. Marlene is encouraging the child to copy her own mannerisms, points of view and attitudes toward life.

A little bird tells me that Marlene's dressing-room is crammed with photographs of Marlene. With each new sitting she orders hundreds of pictures. Not to mail out to admirers. All photographs to fans are sent out by the studio. The stacks of pictures ordered by Marlene are for her personal use only. What she does with them is just one of the minor mysteries of Marlene. This same dressing-room is wall-lined with mirrors, so that no matter in what direction Marlene turns her beautiful head a reflection will be seen. She does not need to kneel, like Narcissus, on the slippery edge of a pool.

Unlike Garbo, Marlene graces the studio commissary frequently. Observers have noted that the only times she does not lunch there, beholden of all eyes, are the times when her costume is not particularly striking or during sequences of her pictures when she is not at her most sumptuous. Usually, Marlene waits until one o'clock or after to enter the lunchroom, waits until everyone is sure to be seated. And then, wearing mannish attire or one of her more magnificent costumes, she strolls in, accompanied invariably by director von Sternberg and certain, very certain, that every eye is riveted upon her. Garbo strikes the imagination a left-handed blow by not being visible at all. Dietrich strikes more directly by being visible only when she must evoke startled admiration. Both methods stimulate the imagination to fever pitch.

It has been said that Marlene's friendship for and with director von Sternberg is but another manifestation of self-consciousness (with the accent on the "self"). Her director and discoverer admires Marlene inordinately; he believes in her as one believes in a divinity. In his eyes, Narcissa sees her image reflected in its most delicious aspects.

Perhaps Garbo and Deitrich are right—who knows? There are plenty of human beings in the world; plenty of grubs who paint their faces and rub elbows and love their neighbors as themselves and go to parties and are self-deprecatory. Maybe the world needs two rebels in high places.

These two great women of Hollywood, Garbo and Dietrich, have deviated from the herd. Abnormality is always more interesting than normality. A veiled lady is infinitely more provocative than a nude. If you have to pay ten cents extra and walk through a couple of curtains at a side-show, you are proportionately more eager and more curious. Suppressed editions are always more sought after than ordinary best-sellers obtainable at any book stall. This is exhibitionism—and of all show-women now alive Garbo and Dietrich must make Barnum shiver in his grave to think that he died too soon. . . .

Did You Know That--

The only man who can say that he has directed both Garbo and Dietrich is Rouben Mamoulian—who is on friendly terms with both of them?

He is now directing Anna Sten—who looks like the most dangerous rival of both of them—in "Resurrection"?

The latest pictures of both Garbo and Dietrich feature them as queens—Greta as *Queen Christina* and Marlene as *Catherine the Great* in "Scarlet Empress"?

Untold Secrets of the Stars

(Continued from page 78)

wife and child and my home, it might work wonders. Would I be so kind? I would be!

"Frances arrived. She was a girl of about twenty-four. Tall, dark, rather quiet. Extremely intelligent, with a fine sense of humor, fine enough and poised enough to be able to laugh at herself—to *me*. She was a bit constrained just at first, didn't know what to say. I made a few strained remarks, myself, and took her around the studio lot. Before very long the ice was broken and we were talking like old friends.

"She admitted to me, frankly, that she really was an 'interesting case.' She thought so, herself. She couldn't account for it. It was as though a spell had got hold of her and though her intelligence and her common sense rejected the potency of it—there it was, actually.

"Well, I took her out to the house for dinner. My brother Ev drove us out. On the way we talked about the business aspects of my 'career.' We told her about secretaries who do nothing but answer the mail I am unable to attend to. We emphasized the fact that every letter is answered. We explained their job of sending out thousands of photographs. We told her how the songs most often requested are listed for my programs.

The Result of Their Meeting

"WE arrived at the house and Dixie met us, wearing a little house dress of some sort. She was cordial and friendly. She rushed us both right up to the nursery to see the baby. I crooned to him and he took his cue perfectly and let out a howl. I donned some dusty bedroom slippers. I smoked a not-very-fragrant pipe. It was warm and I asked to remove my coat.

"We had dinner and Dixie and I talked about the house, and the fact that we would have to change cooks, and what the nurse had done about the baby's diet that day. We said we hoped we were going to have four or five children and I spoke of the time when this vogue that I shall never really understand will have passed, and how I shall then settle down to become a comfortable business man.

"Well, Dixie and I drove Frances back to her hotel that night. She was going up to San Francisco the next day to stay with an aunt for a time, but intended to come down to Hollywood again afterward. *She didn't come back.* She wrote us a letter from San Francisco—wrote US a letter. She knew what we had intended to do.

"We had intended to let her see that we were really nice, normal American people, living a nice, normal American life. I had intended her to know that I was nothing more or less than the average well-intentioned citizen—with a break in my voice! Well, we had succeeded better, though perhaps differently, than we knew. She thought that her 'obsessional fancy,' as her doctor had called it, was cured. But it was more than that. She had based her whole life on a sort of contemptuous superiority of all things practical and humdrum and everydayish, and we had shown her how 'lovely' such things can be. She hoped we would be friends for all of our lives.

"My last letter from her, a few days ago, is written from New York. She is seeing something of the chap she turned down a year or two ago. I gather that she will be seeing him for the rest of their lives!

"Now, I have told you this secret in the modest hope that it will serve to show other girls all over the country that most of us out here are just normal men with a certain cast of feature or—with a crack in our voices!"

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They Take the Gaff While Others Take the Glory

(*Continued from page 31*)

scores of star pictures, "we naturally see to it that no one overshadows her. That is just good business. The story has been written for her. She must be the center of attention. No matter what wonderful things the story might be able to do for the leading man, the heroine must be made the shining light. We can always get other leading men. But a popular star is not found so easily.

"If making the leading man an unsympathetic fellow is to the advantage of the star, we naturally make him unsympathetic. If it kills him with the public, we cannot help it. Better kill him than kill a star. Of course, it is plain murder, and I often feel sorry for some promising young fellow, but that is the system in the movies to-day.

"For example, would you expect a leading man to get a break in a Mae West picture? Mae's stories are her own ideas, and she wouldn't be the clever business woman she is if they didn't feature Mae West. If the leading man is a cypher throughout the picture, that doesn't bother Mae or anyone else. A leading man for her is a stooge. She doesn't want a good-looking leading man stealing the show by witty lines or dramatic business. She wants the audience to be looking at her undulating figure.

"Do you think for one moment that producers would ever take a chance on cutting down the popularity of a Joan Crawford simply to give a new leading man a big break? You're silly if you do. They have built Joan to be one of the biggest box-office bets on the screen. Everyone in her pictures must help to keep her where she is.

"The same goes for any other woman star. Look at what 'Red Dust' did to Clark Gable. It almost ruined him with his public—making him a foil for still another woman star. But it put Jean Harlow over at a time when the studio was worried about her. And take Franchot Tone in 'Moulin Rouge.' Can you imagine fattening his part and so detracting from Connie Bennett's brilliance?

What It Does to the Boys

"I HAVE seen big women stars go into tantrums right on the set because they thought the cameraman was giving too much attention to their leading men. Can you imagine the embarrassment of an ambitious young fellow under those circumstances? Murder! It's worse than murder to those fellows. It does something to them. *It breaks their spirit.*"

That's what the young actor who has just been given a contract runs up against. He doesn't dare complain too loudly, for he is not important enough to anybody on the lot to get a hearing. They would only point out that he is lucky to have a contract at a fair salary with promises of more from time to time. He can't leave because he has bought himself a home. He is financially at the mercy of the studio.

So he accepts the situation, as a rule, and goes on until the women on his lot find another young actor whose way of wearing a dinner coat they prefer. Then it is too late. He finds himself just another Hollywood actor, generally a "free-lance" hopping about from studio to studio, glad to get anything. He has been overcome by the star complex.

"Where am I now?" asked Joel McCrea bitterly the other day, in talking about this situation. "Not so long ago I thought I was headed somewhere. But now I'm not so sure.

"I thought it a marvelous break when I was cast opposite Constance Bennett. But what did it do for *me*? I played opposite a dozen of the most beautiful and famous women stars in the business. Now, the studios only think of me in terms of how I will look opposite a woman star who will get all the breaks. And there is nothing I can do about it."

The producers even stripped Joel of his clothes and put him opposite Dolores Del Rio in "The Bird of Paradise" because his nearly-nude body would look better than any other beside that of the glamourous Dolores in those scenes that were designed to be sexy. After that, Joel was classed as a "stripper." The women he supported were glad to have him look ornamental, athletic, handsome. But—they preferred to do the *acting*, themselves.

Some Successful Rebellions

SOME of the young actors have the courage to rebel at this system. George Raft was fortunate enough to have sufficient strength to back him up when he refused to play opposite Mae West in her latest picture. He knew what it would do to him.

Clark Gable, after "Red Dust," managed to snap out of the "second-fiddle" rut and yell loudly enough to get a better break. And he had enough strength among his fans to make the studio listen to him.

Charles Farrell, who was technically a co-star with Janet Gaynor, felt that her rôles were doing more for her than his were doing for him—and that he was expected to be the same in picture after picture. All of which was great for his pocketbook, but not so good for his self-respect as an actor. He asked for his release from his contract. For months he was idle, waiting for "different" rôles. Three finally came. Only then, having established his individuality, was he willing to have a reunion with Janet in "Change of Heart"—knowing that audiences would be wondering what sort of rôle he would play.

Douglass Montgomery quit Hollywood cold and went to New York with no job in view, rather than accept a big contract and stay under the thumb of such a system. He would not be a sacrifice on the altar of women stars. Now he has come back with a certain standing that will get him somewhere.

You hardly hear now of Robert Young's chances for stardom. His good fortune in being picked as leading man by Katharine Hepburn, Janet Gaynor, Joan Crawford, Ann Harding, Norma Shearer and Helen Hayes did the trick. Robert Montgomery has walked through pictures with Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford and Garbo, along with others. He takes his check and the leavings of glory, when there are any leavings.

And now comes Franchot Tone, who was hailed as Broadway's most promising young actor before he departed for Hollywood. In "Stranger's Return" with charming Miriam Hopkins, he was promising. But in "Dancing Lady" you could see the shadow of oblivion on him. In "Moulin Rouge" the shadow was darker. Will it get Franchot, too, this system? Will an inferiority complex beat him down so that eventually he is just another adequate leading man who wears his clothes well and is considerate about camera angles? Will he join the ranks of the sacrificial lads who allow themselves to be cinematically murdered so that pretty women may find glory?

"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!!"—Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page 33*)

I must point it out to you some day!"

Raspberries, loganberries, dewberries, and any other small fruits with tiny seeds in them get the cold shoulder from Richard Dix. That special dislike goes back to the day when Dix was cutting his wisdom teeth and a couple of the pesky seeds got lodged in painful places. From then on he has been diligently avoiding seed-filled berries.

Jeanette's Pet Aversion

IT takes parsnips to send Jeanette MacDonald into a dither. Fried, candied, roasted, mashed—they're still parsnips to her, and she will arise in all her dignity and remove herself from their vicinity. But she is not difficult to please. Any hostess is safe if she will only serve the exquisite MacDonald bowls and bowls and bowls of thick vegetable soup—minus parsnips.

Those rich, luscious desserts are anathema to Jean Harlow, the platinum Venus. Not because she is afraid of getting fat—nothing puts an ounce on Jean—but because she simply doesn't like them. Nor candy. Nor candied fruit. But put a platter of spare ribs and sauerkraut in front of her, top it off with a couple of slices of raw onions, and your standing with her will immediately rise a couple of notches. She isn't averse to juicy steaks, either. But they must be soaked in olive oil and garlic an hour or two before broiling.

The husky Johnny Weissmuller—*Tarzan*, himself—won't put a fork to pie or cake. But put a freezer of ice cream right in front of him, and in almost no time at all the freezer can be removed with the contents only a memory. Lupe Velez early learned of Johnny's passionate devotion to ice cream, and then she and her serving-maid devised a system of signals. Lupe would talk to Johnny brightly, and while his attention was engaged, the maid would whisk away Johnny's empty dish, and replace it with another helping and Johnny would go on eating from an inexhaustible dish, never the wiser. It became a game—but no one has ever kept score on Johnny's ice-cream consumption.

Ice Cream? She'll Scream!

ON the other hand, just mention ice cream to diminutive Sidney Fox and you'll completely spoil the day for her. Sidney's friends never have ice cream on the dinner menu when she's a guest. And it all goes back to the time when Sidney was ten. Her tonsils had just been left in a doctor's office, and for days the youngster was fed ice cream. Once recovered, she never wanted even to see ice cream again.

If you really want to get Ken Maynard a bit wroth, just wave a ketchup bottle in front of him. It's a passionate aversion with him—and it harks back to his circus days when circus cooks camouflaged bad meat with potent sauces. He becomes very suspicious of restaurants when the waitress says brightly, "You'd like some ketchup, wouldn't you?" He would not!

Both Ruth Chatterton and Muriel Kirkland take their food unseasoned. No salt—no pepper—just *a la* natural. Glenda Farrell goes a step further. With vegetables, that is. She'll take them raw—nice and crisp, just out of the icebox. Oh, she'll bear with cooked vegetables for the sake of good manners—but she'll swap you fancy-named dishes for an option on a vegetable patch any old day.

Dynamic Mae Clarke turns thumbs down on squash. Her complaint is that squash lacks personality, and she demands it of her vegetables. Even spinach has something

(*Continued on page 89*)

New Hair Styles . . .
Created by Hollywood

But *not for hair* too DRY *or* too OILY

(*below*) Another star, who likes simplicity, uses a satiny swirl from right to left in back. For this style the hair should *not look plastered down*, and that means it cannot be oily and stringy. Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment (below) helps to correct over-oily hair.

(*above*) A lovely Hollywood blonde goes in for a "Helen-of-Troy" hairdress with romantic curls at the back. Ideal for evening if your hair is soft and silky, but merely untidy if your hair is dry and harsh. To help dry hair, use the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment below.

Help for DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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PINE TAR SHAMPOO *for* OILY *hair*

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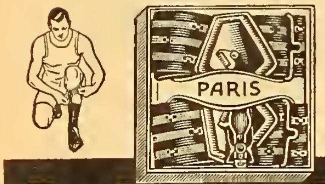

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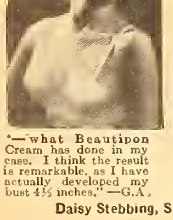

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Daisy Stebbing, Suite 16, Forest Hills, New York

Is Little Caesar Turning into Napoleon?

(*Continued from page 45*)

portray the *Christ.* I never yearned to do *Hamlet.* I never aspired to do *Abraham Lincoln.* I've never wanted to play any particular rôle.

Objected to Gangster Rôles

"HOWEVER"—at this juncture Edward G. paused for a moment or two while he pretended to be asleep and snoring for the amusement of nearby Little Caesar, Jr., who indubitably regards Edward G. as a comic and who promptly imitated the Robinson snoring act to perfection. "However, I may have had a little something to do with the projected plan for my playing *Napoleon.* Not because I spoke of any rôles I wanted to play, but because I did kick a bit about parts I *didn't* want to play. I did tell the producers that I wanted to stop doing gangster parts—all of the time, at any rate. I'm tired of them. I'm being stamped with them.

"And besides, characters you play do influence you to a certain extent while you're playing them. When I play the part of an old man, for instance, I find myself walking and talking and even thinking, a bit wearily, as an old man does. When I play a young, upstanding fellow, by the same token, I feel and act young, active, enthusiastic. By the same process of cause and effect I might be—well, unpleasant—if I played nothing but gangster rôles much longer. I'm too lazy, no doubt, to shrug off the garment of the man I am portraying.

"So I did say that I wanted to do other kinds of things. And they started planning to cast me as *Napoleon.* At that, they may be one up on me. Come to think of it, what was Napoleon but a gangster de luxe—a Corsican who went into France and made France his territory and the army his gang? And what are gangsters but men who fancy themselves as world-conquerors? They have their machine-gun Austerlitzes now and then. They also have their Waterloos—inevitably. They spend their last days, nine times out of ten, in the St. Helena of some penitentiary. And so, I may just have been promoted, that's all . . .

"There is another thing—it's rather a poor idea, I've always thought, for an actor to play a rôle like the *Christ* or *Hamlet* or *Lincoln.* It does things to us. Look at the men who have played these parts—they have been identified with them forever after. They've never got away, never been able to break the mold. Frank McGlyn has never been anything but *Abraham Lincoln* since he first played the part on the stage. Ever since H. B. Warner played the *Christ* he has gone on playing him, no matter what character he is supposed to be playing. John Barrymore has never quite lived down his *Hamlet* and never will, I suppose. Certain parts have been known to kill the people who played them—professionally, I mean. The little girl—what was her name?—who played *Peter Pan* in pictures; that was almost the end of her, professionally. Like *Peter,* she stopped growing up.

"So it goes. The rôles either draw the actor up into them and absorb him or else we try to live up, forever afterwards, to the highest notch we have struck, professionally.

Everyone Is Napoleon-Conscious

"AND if and when the picture is made, I shall have to work very hard with *Napoleon*—very hard. You see, everyone is Napoleon-conscious. Almost everyone has read books about him, studied about him in school. We shall have to do a job of research and a very thorough and authentic characterization and production throughout.

"We have, every last one of us, something of the Napoleonic complex, of course. If we analyze ourselves we can find it, whether we ever thought about it or not. It's a rare human being who doesn't dream of world-conquest in one form or another. A writer dreams that his pen will mold the dreams and deeds of men nearer to the heart's desire. An actor envisions himself holding international audiences spell-bound while his fiery declamations transmute the base metal of humanity into gold. A statesman sees himself as the law-maker, the welder of nations. A great doctor conceives in his own mind the possibility of a clinical altar to which will come the halt and the blind of the whole world that he may make them whole.

"I am, perhaps, pretty much alone in that I have never dreamed of world-conquest—in any way. It may be because I have something of the fatalistic philosophy: I know that the mortal always destroys his own dream. The man is, inevitably, less than his idea or his ideal. He cannot reach to the heights; he cannot maintain the heights he can imagine. Sooner or later he brings his ideal down to the level of his own fallible flesh. Or if he doesn't appear to do so, himself, some posthumous biographer does it for him!

"Even Napoleon brought his dream of world-empire down to the level of a small and lonely island. His dream, his ideal has lived on, is living on to-day. It is probable that only a United States of Europe can save the world from its present perilous position. This was Napoleon's dream—a united world under his supreme dictatorship. But he could not keep his mortal deeds on the high plane of his ideal.

What's Napoleonic about Him?

"WHICH is why, perhaps, I have not entertained the Napoleonic complex. I am too fond of the creature comforts to relish a sojourn on some symbolic island. I am too lazy to keep booting my physical activities on to a par with vast dreams."

I ventured, "You said that if we analyze ourselves, however, we shall all find that we have a streak of the Napoleonic complex. Can't you analyze yourself and, perhaps, dredge up a few similarities?"

He said, "Well, I, too, waited a long while for a son. And I did want him to be—a son. I also wanted him named after myself. There may be a similarity there. Also the fact that I am deeply in love with my wife—even as Emil Ludwig and other biographers and some historians tell us Napoleon was deeply in love with Josephine. She, too, was not of his nationality. And she had one or two grown children when he married her. Napoleon was a Corsican, who left his native land for conquests and ambitions in France. He married Josephine there. I am a Rumanian who have left my native land for conquests and ambitions, such as they are, here in America. My wife is an American. She has a daughter, Jean, aged seventeen.

"I am a small man. Bonaparte was a small man. It is said that small men are liable to delusions of world power—much more liable than are men of large stature. It may be possible that, had I been a six-footer, I should have remained in my native land and lived there in a comfortable and unambitious mediocrity for all of my life. I suppose there may be something to this—it is the theory of compensation, no doubt. The urge to impress yourself and your manhood largely upon the world, if not in one way, then in another. He was the 'Little Corporal'; I've been 'Little Caesar'—well, well, we are getting along fine, aren't we?

Little Man, Big Ambition

"AND it is true, of course, that a man of small stature must work harder and matter more in order to make the impression, gain the attention that a large man makes by the mere fact of being. It is like the plain women who must be possessed of a double artistry in order to get in the theatre what their more beautiful sisters have handed to them, without effort. And as the most talented and permanent women of the screen and the theatre—Minnie Maddern Fiske, Eva Le Gallienne, Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn—have not been beauties in the Ziegfeld sense of the word, so many of the men of prominence on stage and screen have been men of less than average size or stature—Chaplin, for an instance; and Leslie Howard, James Cagney, Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Lionel Barrymore. All are men well under six feet.

"Napoleon was a great and omnivorous reader. You can see with your own eyes that I am surrounded by books. He loved music, I understand. So do I; many of my most intimate friends, are musicians. Napoleon was a great family man, with a virile desire for offspring. Ditto. He loved collecting things, paintings, books, tapestries, objects of art. I, too. He was considerable of a philosopher—the Napoleonic Code proves that. I enjoy philosophizing, too, for my own benefit and interest.

"I'm afraid the similarities cease here. For Napoleon was a man of terrific physical energy. I am the reverse. Napoleon believed, no doubt, that his deed and his dream could be one. I know that we can only dream. . . ."

"Umm! Do I Like Sauerkraut!!"—Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page 87*)

intriguing about it—but squash is completely colorless. Even when it takes on fancy dress with marshmallows and cheese, Mae finds it completely minus enticement.

Ronnie's Off Rice for Life

WHEN Ronald Colman first came to New York from London, his steady diet was soup and rice pudding. Those were the days when his nickels had to do double duty—long before he became the tangible hero for a million women. Quick-and-dirty restaurants seemed to specialize in soup and rice pudding at five cents a throw. And so to-day he won't touch soups—not even subtle and fancy ones. And he will run a mile to escape rice pudding.

Tapioca pudding is Richard Barthelmess' pet aversion; and fish is Paul Muni's, because when he was on the road with an itinerant play troupe Fridays were defined by the smell of fish in restaurants. Joan Crawford hasn't tasted bread or potatoes in years, but that's for her figure's sake. However, she adores mustard on crackers and will frequently make a lunch out of it.

As strange as the food dislikes of the stars are their likes. John Barrymore is mad over water-cress, and Garbo likes crackers when she can eat them in bed. Norma Shearer can't be trusted with a mess of molasses cookies, and Constance Bennett goes for chocolate eclairs. Jimmy Durante turns up his schnozzle at the insides of pies, but he will eat every crumb of the crust, and go around collecting odd bits of crust from the plates of his friends.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., adores spaghetti and cheese-cake and peanut-brittle and eats them all together. Which isn't so good for his insides, but it makes him happy. Loretta Young dotes on hamburger sandwiches—"with onions, please."

There are some stars in Hollywood who are almost no problem at all to their hostesses. But there are others who make entertaining somewhat complicated. On the whole, if you're having a Hollywood star to dinner, you'd better call up the glamourous one's cook and inquire, "What *won't* the creature eat?"

I loved him . . .
I lost him . . .
I got him

By removing the 7 kinds of stains that gradually discolor teeth, Lois found a new beauty that made her life rich and full.

"WHEN I first danced with Jerry I knew he was the one man for me.

"One glorious dance! But when it ended, I was wretched. He didn't ask for another.

"I wondered why, as I watched him dance with other girls. And probably I would never have known why had it not been for something I overheard in the dressing room about *me!*

"'What a lovely dress Lois is wearing tonight!' I heard one voice say.

"'Lois *always* looks lovely—'til she smiles,' another voice replied. 'And then she ruins it all with those teeth of hers. She ought to use Colgate's and get those stains off!'

"It hurt terribly. But I realize now how true it was. For I had let my teeth get dull—unattractive.

"These stains had built up so gradually I was not aware of them. And the toothpaste I was using wasn't getting them off.

"Then I started using Colgate's. And very soon, my teeth were white and lustrous again.

"And then, one heavenly night, Jerry said: 'Honey, I want to see that dazzling smile of yours every morning.' And now he's mine forever!"

Let Colgate's add to your loveliness, by removing the 7 stains

White, sparkling, beautiful teeth are a woman's greatest single beauty asset. The secret lies in removing, *completely*, all the seven kinds of stains left on teeth by everything we eat, drink and smoke.

And Colgate's does this...where most toothpastes fail. Because Colgate's has *two* cleansing actions—not one alone. The first washes away many of the stains . . . the second gently polishes away all stains that remain.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Then see how white, lustrous and beautiful your teeth are. Note how Colgate's sweetens your breath, too. At 20¢ for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty-aids.

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DENTAL
CREAM
Large tube now
20¢
GIANT TUBE (Double Quantity) 35¢

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Don't Laugh at Dreams! Jean Parker Didn't!

(*Continued from page 39*)

Then, one gray, rain-lashed day, they told her he was dying. She stood by his bed, wiping away the death sweat, wishing with all her loyal young heart that she could die, too. . . .

Her Childhood Ended at Nine

THE passing of her step-father, John Colvard, spelled the end of childhood for Jean. And she was only nine. It meant the end of the one bright period she was to know as a little girl.

"I'm leaving," Jean's mother told her one day. "You'll have to watch out for your little sister and brother while I try to find work." Jean nodded. It was the last time she saw her despairing mother for years. The children were left with a landlady on the East side of Los Angeles. Jean had to forget play—taking full charge of the younger ones, getting up at dawn to wash their clothes, seeing that they got to school, doing chores around the house to pay for their keep, and getting to school, herself. . . .

A singular incident occurred that first day at school. The teacher, with a swarm of sunny faces in front of her, remarked something about "you dear little innocent children." Jean smiled knowingly at her companions. Innocent? Was there anything more to know about living than she knew already? When the class was over, the teacher, Miss Phillips, asked what she had meant by that smile. Jean explained.

Unconsciously, she painted the bleak, warped picture of her own young life. That was the beginning of a friendship that was to mean everything to the child.

She took the child to art exhibits, bought lovely clays for her sculpturing, opened shining new vistas for her. Once she read to her the story of "Armand and Antoinette."

"I'm *'Toinette*," said Jean afterwards, "and I'm going to find *Armand!*" Queerly enough, she has. But that, of course, was later. Much later.

Lost Her Teacher-Friend

IN the meantime, her own father discovered her whereabouts and came after her. She had been picturing him in wonderful guise—someone whom she could worship, who would make everything beautiful. The man who drove up to school that afternoon was hardly the man she had pictured. Jean threw herself in Miss Phillips' lap and cried her heart out. "I don't want to go away! I don't want to leave you!" But her father grew impatient. "Anyway," she told Olive Phillips, *"the next time I see you, I'll be somebody!"*

Hollywood—and all it stands for—is just thirteen miles from Pasadena. To Jean, in her stepmother's steamy kitchen, it might as well have been a million. Besides, she never thought of acting. You have to be really beautiful to do that! So she concentrated on school. It was her whole life. There was nothing outside of it. No parties. No pretty dresses such as other girls had. That's why nothing could have been more of a tragedy to her than when her stepmother refused to let her accept honorary offices in Junior High. No explanations were given. She simply would not be allowed to. That was all.

But she forgot all that when she was at her drawing board. She had to have money for paints, though. That stumped Jean for a few days. Then—she taught herself to play an ancient ukulele and joined a Hawaiian orchestra. Her "salary" from the orchestra helped buy the paints.

Saw Only Dark Future

"GUESS we'll go wanderin' up North this summer," her father announced at dinner one night. Jean knew what that meant. He was a gypsy, not content to settle in any place for long. They wouldn't be coming back.

That trip was a nightmare to the girl. Hot, dusty camps, double work, fretful children to tend. Somehow, she *had* to get back to Pasadena. She had made a name for herself in school there. It was the only spot where she *was* somebody.

She had nothing to go on—except will power. But Jean ran away, back to Pasadena. She made arrangements with the Spickards, who were both working, to care for their house, look after their two children and cook the meals in return for her board and room. Then, in great excitement, she went down to High School to register. And standing at the curb, talking to a boy she knew, was *Armand. . . .*

There could be no mistake. He was the image of the boy she had been idealizing for three years. His real name was Francis Lucus. And he *would* be the most popular person in High, drive a powerful car and have a millionaire father! That was all in the story . . . Jean sighed that evening as she plunged her arms into the soapsuds.

Jean Parker LOOKS like a girl who wouldn't let fame change her. And she hasn't. Her old high-school beau is still her boy-friend. His name is Francis Lucus

They met only casually along the corridors. She would sit in silent adoration in the front row while he delivered pep talks and practised school cheers—but when they talked together, she was as cool as a January morning. Her other companions considered her aloof, too. She never invited them to her home. What they didn't know, of course, was that Jean lived in two very separate worlds. In her school world, she was a *personage*, the girl who won all the art prizes and did whimsical solo dances. At the Spickards', in spite of their kindness, she was just the girl who worked there. . . .

How She Got Into the Movies

AND so things stood two weeks before Christmas, 1932. Someone asked her, "Are you going to enter a poster in this contest?" She shook her head. It was too large a contest. But there were extra credits to be gained, if she submitted a poster. Two rainy afternoons did it. She brought the "elf" who is part of her to life. The little fellow she had so often talked to during lonely hours. "I've drawn you. Now let's see what *you* do for *me!*" she laughed at him. What he did was to put Jean in the movies.

Because if the "elf" poster hadn't won the contest, Jean Parker would not have been asked to help with the Olympic poster art. And if she hadn't helped with that, Miss Ida Koverman of M-G-M never would have seen her picture in the paper and there would have been no screen test.

For a week Jean treated the test as a lark. But right in the middle of it the thought came to her, "Maybe this is the very thing I've been looking for, waiting for . . ." She set to work then and *made a test!* M-G-M officials will tell you that it's one of the best tests ever made by a newcomer. Not for a minute did she doubt that they would sign her to a contract. Dreams, you see, have always been realities to Jean—more real than the life she has lived.

Not a single soul at school knew she was in the movies, not even after she was assigned that important part in "Rasputin and the Empress." For in Hollywood she was known as Jean Parker, but in Pasadena she was Mae Green. She was desperately afraid that they might be different toward her. And she wanted nothing to change.

But things do change. Francis Lucus' father had lost all his money, had died heart-broken. It was *Armand* who was on the bottom now and Jean didn't want it so.

And Then Came Love

SHE was a little scared at that Spring dance in the High School auditorium—the first she had ever attended. But she trusted in those good-luck slippers of hers, the pink satin ones she had worn as the little Russian Countess in the picture. They beat an eager tattoo when *Armand* asked her to dance. *Armand* thrilled her with words that always have been and always will be sweeter than music. She hadn't been alone in her devotion. He had followed her step by step since that first day at school—feeling her remoteness, yet loving her so . . .

"I can't keep it back any longer, Jean."

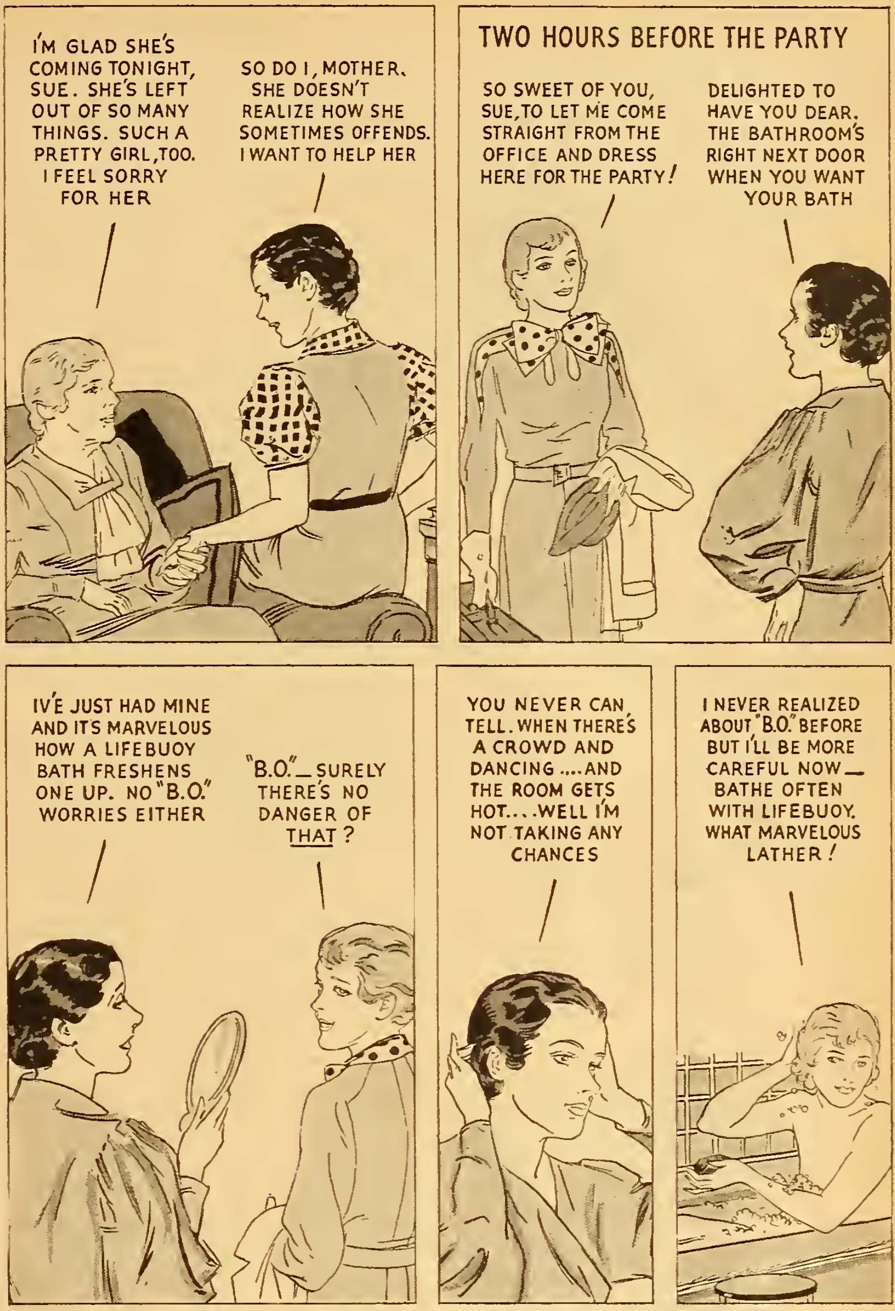
"I don't want you to, darling. Not ever."

But she wouldn't plan to see him again or tell him what was keeping her away from school so much. Neither did she confess that she had done two years' work in one so that she could graduate with him! It had not been easy, especially during these hectic months at the studio. But Jean managed. Finally, on a soft April night, she made her first date with him—and pretended to break it. She had his best friends kidnap him and bring him to the home of Mrs. Spickard's aunt in Beverly Hills "because it had a balcony." It was Jean who untied his wrists, who took the bandage from his eyes, and stood there radiant, waiting. . . .

They plan to be married in four years—when *Armand* has established himself. Jean arranged for M-G-M to give him a job, but he prefers to go his independent way. Didn't *she?* Shouldn't he do as much? Oh, he is a proud young prince, this Francis Lucus. And not all the screen's heroes can take Jean away from him. They have tried, Heaven knows! She could be the most popular person in this popular town. But she just shakes her head and smiles.

And so the little girl-who-had-nothing to-day has everything. You can see why she says, "*Anything* can happen. It can happen to *any girl—if she will only believe her dreams.* It never occurred to me that I wouldn't find *Armand*, or that I wouldn't be able to keep my promise to Miss Phillips—even though I've barely started to do that. . . . You have to live in the possession of your dreams!"

That is Jean Parker's secret. Jean, who is Hollywood's newest success story!


I'M GLAD SHE'S COMING TONIGHT, SUE. SHE'S LEFT OUT OF SO MANY THINGS. SUCH A PRETTY GIRL, TOO. I FEEL SORRY FOR HER
SO DO I, MOTHER. SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDS. I WANT TO HELP HER
TWO HOURS BEFORE THE PARTY
SO SWEET OF YOU, SUE, TO LET ME COME STRAIGHT FROM THE OFFICE AND DRESS HERE FOR THE PARTY!
DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU DEAR. THE BATHROOM'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR WHEN YOU WANT YOUR BATH
I'VE JUST HAD MINE AND ITS MARVELOUS HOW A LIFEBUOY BATH FRESHENS ONE UP. NO "B.O." WORRIES EITHER
"B.O."—SURELY THERE'S NO DANGER OF THAT?
YOU NEVER CAN TELL. WHEN THERE'S A CROWD AND DANCING ....AND THE ROOM GETS HOT....WELL I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES
I NEVER REALIZED ABOUT "B.O." BEFORE BUT I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL NOW—BATHE OFTEN WITH LIFEBUOY. WHAT MARVELOUS LATHER!

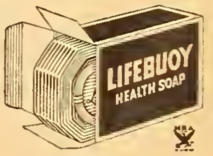
NO "B.O." TO SPOIL *THIS* PARTY!
SUE, I'VE HAD A MARVELOUS TIME! BILL'S WAITING TO TAKE ME HOME. HE'S MADE A DATE FOR TOMORROW. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING — EVERYTHING!

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS THE PRETTIER COMPLEXION!
NO DIFFERENCE! WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY SECRET—LIFEBUOY

HAVE *you* discovered yet what a wonderful complexion soap Lifebuoy is—how mild its lather—how kind to the skin? Yet it cleanses thoroughly—deeply—washes away clogged impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.

Summer warning

Warmer weather means more perspiration—more danger of "B.O." (*body odor*). Lifebuoy's abundant lather—its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tell you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection against this unforgivable fault. Play safe—use Lifebuoy.


LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Let me tell you how to improve Your skin, as I did Mine

It is so embarrassing to have your skin clouded with blackheads, coarsened by clogged pores or roughened by pimply spots and blotches. Cosmetics will not hide them, and you feel conscious of unspoken criticism, ill at ease, unable to appear at your best.

Why endure this mental distress—and perhaps physical discomfort—when the Resinol treatment provides a safe, simple way to help nature relieve complexion ills and make the skin clearer and smoother?

Bathe first with Resinol Soap. You will find it ideally refreshing and cleansing, and, because, it has no excess of free alkali, it can be used safely on sensitive, tender skin—where harsher soap might irritate. Then apply Resinol Ointment to the sore pimply spots. Its special Resinol medication is particularly effective in giving quick relief and promoting healing. Try this treatment a week and watch your skin improve.

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"Will I Last?" Asks Mae West

(*Continued from page 29*)

want to see them, enough to put down their hard-earned money for theatre tickets, it would be just too bad. So, I'm not particularly upset by the remarks about my 'sliding' or about the predictions that I cannot last. And isn't it funny to think of any career doing a teeter-totter after only two pictures, unless the actress has nothing to offer in the first place? I guess you couldn't say that about the two I've made—when they have played some theatres on eight and nine return engagements."

Her Popularity No Accident

WITHOUT any more movement of her body than the lowering of her long eyelashes, she proceeded: "Some people say I cannot last, because they will not believe that I actually exist in the first place. There hasn't been anybody else for them to compare me with, so they just *know* that the facts and figures lie somewhere and my last two pictures were accidents. If so, I must have made a lot of accidents on the stage, breaking records time after time.

"They believe that I merely walked onto a picture set and exposed portions of my body at the right time, and wiggled in a different manner, and it somehow hit the public fancy. Of course, the success of that first picture couldn't have been due to any of my planning! It couldn't possibly have been the result of my years of study of the psychology of human nature. Oh, no, it just couldn't be that; it was just an accident pure and simple. Therefore, don't expect it to be repeated.

"I'm not bragging until the proper time, but for your information, I'm expecting my present picture, 'It Ain't No Sin,' to go over better than anything I've done yet.

"Of course, it's beastly hard to top yourself all the time, which is just what I'm expected to do. And I don't have time to feed my mind. I hardly have time to feed my body. And there's no time to play, which is the time when you sometimes get your finest inspirations and your wittiest dialogue. I'm always writing my next story.

Dodging the Pitfalls

"BUT about my future, or the future of my pictures. Let's see what causes a man or a woman on the screen to become passé. I mean real stars. Some actresses dissipate their energies, their time, their talents, and their emotions. Naturally, they have to pay the penalty—a shorter life on the screen. Other actresses become drunk with power, with position, success and money, and that form of intoxication is just as certain to ruin their careers as the intoxication that produces delirium tremens. Other actresses become afflicted with mental strabismus. They lose their perspective. You call it 'going Hollywood.' It means oblivion, no matter what you call it.

"These things, with bad stories and direction, sometimes force really fine actresses off the screen. I don't suffer from any of these afflictions, and I'm going to be vaccinated against every one of them.

"Then let's admit that the public gets tired of the same characterization. Is that what people thought mine would be—just the same thing over and over?

"Well, variety isn't half my answer. What I give them is romance in a franker presentation—love in its broader implications. Now, love is not going out of style. You've got to have it in every picture to make it a success. Some kind of love. Maybe only love of man for a dog, father for a son, mother for her child, or the most exciting of all, love between the sexes. Yes, I know about pictures like 'The Lost Battalion' and others of that type. Even there the picture succeeded because of the loyalty—which is another name for love—that those men had for each other. So, as I was saying, I've studied the right subject to hold throughout the years.

"I'm just crazy enough to believe that when I have been studying human nature so many years, I will know how to change the love scenes to suit the changing tastes. You think because I served you filet mignon, with mushroom sauce, in the first two pictures that I can't cook steak in any other way? Be yourself. I know a hundred!"

Suddenly, Mae turned to me with the question: "Do you believe that all I have to offer is a Bowery toddle, an upholstered hip and a bulging waistline?"

My astonishment must have satisfied her, for she went right on: "If that were true, then I *would* pass out of the picture. But I study my public. When I made 'She Done Him Wrong,' I studied a long time about what I could play that would interest both old and young. You see, our grandmothers and our mothers could remember back to that period, and I figured they would reminisce and get a kick out of those costumes; then the young people would thoroughly understand the attitude toward sex, as it was played strictly in a modern trend, so the combination pleased the entire group. The studio pooh-poohed the idea of my doing a costume picture, but I had to think about my public. I've got to keep thinking about them. Just as long as I do, nothing can stop Mae West.

"Just as long as you present enough mystery to make men want to solve it, you keep them interested. When you fail to stimulate a man's imagination; when you act like his sister or his wife, and he knows exactly what to expect from you, you might just as well step down and let someone with new ideas do the entertaining, see? *If I ever become conventional, in any language,* I'm through.

Letting You in on a Secret

"BUT don't get me wrong. A woman can't hold her place before the public by appealing to men only or by being entertaining to women only. I'll let you in on a secret. You might appeal to a thousand women and it would not cause a ripple of excitement among the men. But just you attract and hold the attention of one thousand men and you have five thousand women clamoring to know what it's all about. They must know how you charm a man and they will go any distance and pay any amount of money to learn.

"I make sex natural. Know what I mean?" continued Mae. "When I play a love scene, you don't have to be a mind reader to know what it's all about. The reason why audiences respond to me is because the women I play are honest. They don't say 'no' and mean 'yes.'

"Some people say I have brought sex too much into the open. I agree that I have given a little more honest presentation than is usually given. I've been studying for many a year to be able to do just that in the same manner that a painter works at his art for twenty-five years in order to paint a masterpiece in twenty-five days. For I have come to one conclusion: The worst thing about the whole business of sex is the hypocrisy. If only people would treat it a little more casually! In Europe, at least, sex is treated as a matter of fact, but here we are ashamed of it, though it is the most beautiful thing Nature has given us. We can no more eliminate the primary emotion of sex-hunger (the biological urge) from our birthright than we can remove our hearts.

"The very best thing that I have done for the public during this depression has been the humorous manner—even ribald sometimes—in which I have treated sex. My fight has been against depression, repression and suppression. You know 'A Farewell to Arms,' a great picture, was a story of sex, but it was tragic and awfully depressing. Men saw it and were afraid ever to fall in love again. They didn't even want to take a pretty girl around the corner and give her a kiss. I don't want to leave that sort of a feeling with them. I want to treat sex and love lightly—enough to make both men and women feel that life is worth living; that it still holds heaps of fun, no matter what the conditions. I fight always to keep people from feeling depressed by sex. It's not right that they should be. It makes them feel cheated when love is presented tragically.

"I like to excite the imagination of people and I try to do things in a startling way. You know it was Plato who said, 'Good people dream about the things that bad people do'."

Mae receives thousands of letters from fans, of every age and size, that express appreciation that she has relieved their inhibitions; that she has kept some of them from suicide; that she has saved hundreds from the divorce court; that she has made them all feel more the joy of living. "Just as long as I can do that, I'll have friends enough to keep me making pictures," said Mae. "That's what I m striving for.

Everyone Has Creative Instinct

"THE biggest mistake that most people make is in thinking of sex as only something physical. The truth is, sex includes all the creative instincts of the race. We would have no writers, painters, musicians, no artists of any sort, but for the sex urge. I don't mind telling you, I'm about as fed up on this pseudo-frigidity in women as a lot of men are. It all started a few hundred years ago with some religious fanatics who decided that because the religious leaders had been supernaturally conceived, it naturally followed that any expression of sex through the human body must be sinful. Bosh!

"Anyway, don't say I have made sex cheap. If you follow my pictures, you will observe that I never make a woman too easy to get. A cheaply immoral woman is as uninteresting as the hurdy-gurdy players outside a side-show. And any woman who gets anywhere has to have sense. You have to know when to weaken and when not to; otherwise you will be given tickets to a nickelodeon when you might just as well be wearing diamonds.

"Sex-appeal is a promise of love—nothing more, nothing less. All the little tricks and accomplishments to attract are not to be despised. In fact, they are respectable tools with which to ensnare a man. But they are only the window dressing for the thing that really matters. The thing that matters is love. The whole art of fascinating man is the art of promising love and then making good on your promise.

"Young and old are all thinking about love, wondering about it, trying to express it. They're all praying for a future that will satisfy that ever-present love-hunger—and nobody quite succeeds. Nor will they in any generation. The more you love, the more you want it. And you don't have to get used to it—like avocadoes. You just naturally can't live without it.

"But what has all this to do with my staying in the picture business? Just this. The only thing in the world the public has not changed its taste for is sex. It's the only thing that makes the world go around, no matter what anybody tells you. Since its popularity hasn't waned for thousands of years, I guess I needn't be afraid it will go out of style overnight. Anyway, I'm gambler enough to bet my future on it."

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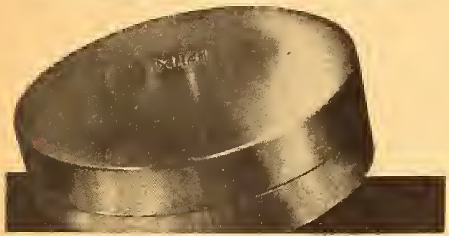

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Revealing the Hidden Wives of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 67*)

When I was in school, I used to be something of a hero-worshiper, myself. Nothing irritated me so much as to learn the intimate sock-darning details of my idol's domestic life. Far worse than idols with feet of clay are idols with socks that need darning!

Life Full Without Fame

"MY life, as the private wife of a movie actor, is interesting and colorful without borrowing the glare of the spotlight that belongs to John. I sometimes think it is hardly fair that we should have all the fun of reflected Hollywood fame with none of its disadvantages. I have my own circle of friends in Hollywood, my home, my children and my husband; and they are sufficient interest for any woman!"

Hollywood's second group of "hidden wives" includes a larger number—women formerly of the stage or screen who gave up interesting careers of their own when they married Hollywood's handsome heroes. Check on this list such interesting and pretty women as Mrs. Robert Montgomery (Elizabeth Allen), who met Bob six years ago on the stage of an Eastern stock company and married him three weeks later; Mrs. Wallace Beery (Arita Gilman), nine years married to one of the most lovable men on the screen, following a courtship that began on Douglas Fairbanks' "Robin Hood" set, where Arita was playing a "court lady"; Mrs. John Barrymore, who was, until five years ago, the very popular Dolores Costello, Warner Brothers star; Mrs. Lionel Barrymore (Irene Fenwick), famous stage actress before she was forced into retirement by ill health; Mrs. Warner Baxter (Winifred Bryson), who married Warner sixteen years ago in New York and continued her career in Hollywood until ill health forced her to give it up.

Then there are Mrs. Chester Morris (Suzanne Kilbourne), a former Paramount stock school player until she married "Chet" seven years ago and decided to devote her time to home, husband, and two small children; Mrs. James Cagney (Frances Vernon), who met Jimmy in the stage play "Pitter Patter," but decided that she got more of a kick out of his career than her own; Mrs. Edward G. Robinson (Gladys Lloyd), who, after ten years of successful matrimony, occasionally plays a "bit" in Eddie's pictures—just for fun; Mrs. Clive Brook (Mildred Evelyn), who married Clive in England twelve years ago; and Mrs. Richard Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) who completely, totally and definitely abandoned a career as Harold Lloyd's leading lady when she married Dick seven years ago.

"Hidden" wives of Hollywood they all may be—but they seem to have accumulated most of its hidden marital happiness!

Dolores Looked Far Ahead

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE, who gave up stardom for marriage, has this to say: "It has been figured that the average length of the career of a woman star is from five to eight years. When I was married, I merely came to the conclusion that I wanted the best years of my life devoted to something more lasting and worth while—my husband, the children and our home!"

Mrs. Robert Montgomery bitterly resents the assertions made by a couple of writers that Bob has "attempted" to keep her in the background. Though she does not care to give dignity to the subject by being quoted, she feels that the charge is absurd and terribly unfair to Bob. When he first was signed by the movies, he was a young actor who still had to make his way to the top. He was advised by men who had his greatest professional interests at heart to "go easy" on his domestic life. This philosophy was perfectly agreeable to Bob—but for an entirely different reason.

Once, when I asked him about his home-life, he said: "Actors are called upon to share everything with the public—their loves, their emotions and their heart-aches. I suppose that is all right; it's the price you pay for the prize you get. But I think even an actor is entitled to the refuge of four walls that mean 'home'!" And the pretty little Betty Montgomery agrees with him perfectly!

Richard Barthelmess' second wife—Jessica Sargent—is not an actress and has no desire for the spotlight. She can concentrate on being Dick's pal!

The sentiment of all of these ladies is pertinently expressed by Jobyna Ralston Arlen: "I gave up my career because my marriage was more important to me. I don't mean to appear cynical about it, and there are several cases where two stars have been able to make a 'go' of one marriage, but they are the exceptions and not the rule. I don't think it fair for any marriage to be expected to stand up under two sets of tired nerves.

"If I had been a Katharine Hepburn, or a Garbo, perhaps everything would have been different. I would have felt, then, that my career must rightly come before anything else in life. But when we were married, I had a very short talk with myself and I was not long in coming to the conclusion that Dick's career and future were more interesting than mine would be. That was the answer!"

One Rumor-Free Marriage

HAROLD LLOYD'S wife (Mildred Davis) is another Lloyd leading lady who decided that she preferred a happy marriage to a bright career, refusing to try to mix the two; and this is one marriage that no divorce rumor has ever toyed with. Other actresses who have given up their careers and have gone into hiding, more or less, under their husbands' names are Mrs. Bing Crosby (Dixie Lee), Mrs. Morton Downey (Barbara Bennett), Mrs. Charles Farrell (Virginia Valli), Mrs. Gary Cooper

(Sandra Shaw)—and, to a lesser extent, Mrs. Bill Boyd (Dorothy Sebastian) and Mrs. Stuart Erwin (June Collyer).

But there are some wives who are, strangely enough, better known away from Hollywood than in the film city, itself. One is Mrs. Charles Laughton (Elsa Lanchester), who did one of the best bits of acting in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," starring her husband; probably Hollywood will give her a chance now. Another is Mrs. Walter Huston (Nan Sunderland), who is now playing with her husband in his Broadway hit, "Dodsworth." Another is Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge), who has appeared in a few pictures, but would be in constant demand on Broadway if she did not prefer to be with Freddie in Hollywood. Still another is Mrs. Gregory Ratoff—who is Eugenie Leontovich, a star, to Broadway. Another is Mrs. Jack Haley—who is Florence McFadden to vaudeville.

Probably the least hidden of Hollywood wives is Eddie Cantor's Ida (née Ida Tobias). He mentions her—and the five daughters—on the slightest provocation. On the other hand, who in the audience knows even the first name of Mrs. Will Rogers, that comedian's dearest and severest critic, for lo, these twenty years? Her maiden name, according to the records, is Betty Blake. Roland Young has a mother-in-law whose name is known by practically everyone, though few by comparison are aware of his wife's name. Clare Kummer made Roland famous with the plays she wrote for him, and he fell in love with her little girl, Marjorie, and married her when she grew up.

They're Married, Too

ON the screen, John Miljan never seems to win the girl; and Guy Kibbee always seems to pretend he is fancy-free. Maybe you don't think of them as married. But they are, very much so and very proudly so—John, to Victoria Lowe; Guy, to Brownie Reed. And in case you didn't know Jimmy Durante was kidding when he said Garbo wanted him for her leading man, just remember that there is a Mrs. Jimmy (Jean Olsen), who has a great sense of humor, herself.

When Paul Muni recently went abroad, he was photographed with his wife—which was the first that many people knew of a Mrs. Muni (Bella Finkle). And there are other wives of other heroes who hide from—or, at least, avoid—the spotlight. For example, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown (Cornelia Foster); Mrs. Warren William (Helen Nelson); Mrs. Pat O'Brien (Eloise Taylor); Mrs. Ralph Bellamy (Catherine Willard); Mrs. Monte Blue (Tove Jensen); Mrs. Paul Lukas (Gizella Benes); Mrs. Victor McLaglen (Enid Lamonte); Mrs. Phil Harris (Marcia Ralston); Mrs. William Gargan (Pat Kenny); Mrs. Neil Hamilton (Elsa Whitmer); Mrs. Henry Garat (Betty Rowe); Mrs. Richard "Skeets" Gallagher (Pauline Mason); Mrs. Victor Jory (Jean Inness); Mrs. Reginald Denny (Isabel Steifel); Mrs. Larry "Buster" Crabbe (Adah Virginia Held); and Mrs. Ricardo Cortez (Christine Lee).

For years Ronald Colman was believed a bachelor, until someone-who-knew-him-when revealed that he was married to an English actress named Thelma Raye, from whom he had been separated, but never—so far as known—divorced. George Raft was similarly publicized as a very eligible bachelor, until George, himself, tired of the pretense and revealed that he, too, had been married and had a son twelve years old. The fact that these wives were "hidden" by press-agents may have boosted the stock of the boys; and, again, it may have had little to do with their rise. Does the public object to its heroes' marrying?—

If only they'll stay married? . . .

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Do Radio Stars Stand a Chance in the Movies?

(*Continued from page 41*)

another radio star. That scene was laid in New York, some four years ago, when I was almost trampled under-foot by the rush of reporters, publicity men, radio followers and what-not who joined in the mad scramble to get Rudy Vallee aboard the train, Hollywood-bound—with high hopes.

Rudy and Amos 'n' Andy were then the great menaces to pictures—or, at least, to box-office receipts. Picture executives held many a long conference, figuring how to offset radio's inroads in their popularity. Then they hit upon an idea. They would—they said—turn this menace into an asset. They would bring them to the screen. And in doing so, they assured some of radio's most successful stars that they would give them a chance to double their popularity and make some real money at the same time.

What Rudy Had to Learn

BUT, according to Rudy, they did something entirely different. "They wouldn't let me do things the way I knew how to do them," Rudy later confided to me, "and made me do them in a way to appear ridiculous. I didn't know anything about lighting or camera angles or close-ups then. They put me through scenes that I felt were ridiculous and unnatural, and I didn't understand picture technique or tempo."

Whether the resultant disappointing picture was intentionally or unintentionally that way, the effect was the same. For two years afterward, his radio popularity was hardly a menace to the movies. But now, with a variety program—on which he often introduces screen stars to radio audiences, by the way—his weekly broadcast once more keeps many moviegoers home one night a week. And, once more, the screen has beckoned him. But in "George White's Scandals" he made sure he had material to fit him. Meanwhile, he has also added to his knowledge of screen technique by playing in a number of short screen comedies. Neither Rudy nor the movies have lost anything by their latest get-together.

It has been freely hinted, off and on, that the studios have taken advantage of lighting effects and camera angles and close-ups, in the case of the less glamourous radio personalities, to make radio stars look ridiculous. And Hollywood has retorted that what gets across on the air just hasn't got across on the screen, with radio personalities unfamiliar not only with camera technique, but often with acting, also. They claim that no one has had more reason to regret the disappointing screen appearances of so many radio stars than producers, who have invested minor fortunes in their pictures, expecting to capitalize on their radio popularity. They claim that the public apparently has built up images of its radio favorites that led to disillusionment when it actually saw them—and who could anticipate that?

Amos 'n' Andy in Cartoons Now

REMEMBER when Amos 'n' Andy were at the height of their popularity and showmen, in many sections of the country, had to promise people that they wouldn't miss the blackface comedians by going to the movies; that the pictures would be turned off and stage radios turned on at the proper time? Amos 'n' Andy made a movie—and showmen no longer have to offer those desperate promises, though Amos 'n' Andy are still on the air. The public was disappointed in the boys on the screen. Now Hollywood is trying a new experiment—offering their famous voices, but with their figures in cartoon shape, in short comedies.

Ed Wynn is a splendid comedian; and as the *Fire Chief*, he is one of radio's greatest entertainment assets. But something happened to him in his recent transition to the screen; his picture was dull, pathetically unfunny. And when Wynn saw it, he left Hollywood with his face as red as his *Chief's* helmet—making the comment that it was the first "flop" he had ever appeared in, leaving the inference that it was strange how his nonsense, which has made Broadway hysterical for years, could fall so flat on the screen without a little outside help.

And Jack Pearl—who certainly had proved on both stage and radio, time and again, that he was funny and entertaining—why should his *Baron Munchausen* fail to make movie audiences roll in the aisles? What was wrong? Didn't the studio know that the humor in the scenario was palsied—or did it have such faith in Pearl's comic ability that it thought he could make a trite script hilarious? And why did the camera fail to do justice to even the physical appearance of Donald Novis, romantic radio singer? For the camera has done all right by those other radio Romeos, Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo.

The fact remains that several of the most dismally disappointing pictures of recent years have been those in which radio stars have been featured, with great advance ballyhoo. And they have been made by companies that pride themselves on their ability to make good pictures. Since they know their pictures, the conclusion would seem to be that they don't know their radio stars—or how to carry their radio glamour over into pictures. "What about Bing Crosby and Eddie Cantor?" asks Hollywood. The studios point to Crosby and Cantor as proof that radio stars *can* make good in films. Yet Crosby was a screen comedian before he became a menace on the air, and snatched himself a healthy movie following before the big studios spotted him; and Eddie Cantor is a veteran of Broadway musical comedies, wise to all the tricks of the game and always smart enough to have considerable control over any picture in which he plays.

What Are the Explanations?

PERHAPS it is true that radio stars very often have nothing to bring to pictures and that their little characteristics or catchlines, which go well for a few minutes on the air, very quickly tire an audience sitting through a long hour of visual entertainment. Still the skeptics ask: "Then why sign them? Who should be able to know their failings better than the movie producers? And if a radio star hasn't the stuff to carry through a picture, isn't it a little strange to star him or to assign him big parts? If that is done merely in an effort to cash in on the name of the radio star, then who is left holding the bag—the radio performer, who suffers from his disappointing performance, or the public, which is enticed to spend money on poor entertainment—or both?"

"Radio stars, themselves, are responsible for being starred in full-length pictures," asserts George Burns, of the successful radio-and-screen comedy team of Burns and Allen. "In smaller screen parts they would be successful, but a movie audience wants to look at romantic faces for the leading rôles—and even his best friend couldn't call Ed Wynn romantic-looking. It's a radio performer's own fault if he asks for screen stardom—or even allows himself to be starred on the screen. The studios may fairly point out that a radio performer usually doesn't need coaxing to come to Hollywood."

"If radio stars feel that motion picture studios put them in poor pictures," the studios may answer, "or if they suspect that we prevent them from giving their best performances, why do they grab at our offers? Why are their managers perpetually after us to give them a chance?"

"Mostly because of misplaced optimism," explains a well-known agent. "Because of that, and conceit, and an appetite for publicity and a jerky desire to get into big money quickly. Often fear has something to do with it—fear that some other radio favorite will make a big picture and beat them to it; fear of the shortness of their air popularity.

"Then many of them are gullible. They believe anything anybody tells them, and flock out here like sheep to slaughter. They ought to make sure that the studios mean to develop them into screen successes, not just cash in on their radio popularity. But, as a usual thing, the magic name of the movies, a long-term contract and more money in a month than their air work could give them in a year are too much for them to resist. The fact that the contract usually binds only them, and not the studio, doesn't seem to make any difference at all."

Perhaps the popularity of musical films will change all this and give us movie stars from the air, and the picture producers will decide that no air entertainer will appear in films unless he is actually qualified to entertain movie patrons.

So let's hope Lanny Ross is right in feeling that the studio has done everything in its power to make sure his appearance in pictures is not another let-down for the fellow who pays the bills, Mr. General Public. And let's hope that Hollywood in general will follow with productions that put a stop, once and for all, to the rumor that radio stars are intentionally—or even unintentionally—hurt by the pictures they make.

The Whitest House in the World —Jean Harlow's

(*Continued from page 49*)

petit-point chairs in Jean's *salon* are genuine antiques, you will find that the furniture shops in the big cities have copies of French pieces of the Louis Quinze and Quatorze epoch for surprisingly moderate prices. And you may buy petit-point patterns, copied from very old embroideries and already stamped on canvas at most department stores, together with the wools for the embroidery. (Jean, herself, has made several chair seats for her house.) Another beautiful thing about petit-point is that it wears like armor-plate.

The heavy carved and gilded screen at the entrance of the *salon* would be beyond the purse of any twenty-three-year-old except a picture star, as would the gold Cupid clock and ornate gold and ivory candlesticks on the marble mantel. But a screen with French wallpaper, real or imitation, would be a simple substitute for a French drawing room, if you wished to model your new house after Jean Harlow's.

In this setting of exquisite formality and artifice, of faint pastel tones, and velvet and satin surfaces, the platinum-haired mistress of the house is natural and unaffected, sauntering about her exquisite domain in slacks and a childish sweater, famous hair flying. Aside from the *café au lait* upholstery and the pearl window drapes, the color note is

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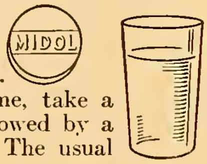

Watch the calendar. Just before your time, take a tablet of Midol, followed by a large glass of water. The usual pains may not start at all. But if you feel one twinge, take a second tablet.

That's all! Relief is complete, and lasts several hours. Two tablets will see you through your worst day. Menstruating becomes merely an incident. No need to "favor" yourself, or "keep off your feet." Keep your dates, and keep active.

Midol is not a narcotic. Don't be afraid of the speed with which it takes hold. Don't hesitate to try it, for it has helped thousands of desperate cases. Just ask the druggist for Midol—today, so you'll be prepared.

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uck by an apple-green velvet couch inst the huge windows at the farther , and several green velvet and damask rs. (If you're interested, corduroy would less expensive—and longer-wearing— itute, and with darker green fringe an's would look very luxurious.)

ss the hall is the dining room, with furniture of the Empire period. The e upholstered in peach velvet. The are of heavy emerald green satin. he same faint gray-green as in the rs the floor; there is the same ice- o the walls. It is ready at a mo- ce for the most elaborate dinner ould wish to give—though, as a ct, Jean Harlow seldom enter- hen she does, never elaborately. , however, is spacious and dazz- e, with tiled walls and ample pace.

Vhere Jean Writes

the dining room, toward the s Jean's study, a room that has being lived in. It is white pan- the windows are hung with a ed chintz with pearl background, reen foliage is the predominant carpet is dark green. Set into cases on the walls are the bright ooks, some of them distinctly h reading. The wide, flat-topped desk set against the window also narks of hard work, for it is here writes her novels (she's working cond one now) and studies her son, which a teacher will drop in the late afternoon.

the bookcases cunningly swings hinges, revealing a bar behind. the modern touch for you!) Plaster s around the edges of the ceiling e formal French touch. There are aments; there is none of the flippant ess associated with the homes of beau- screen stars. On the mantel shelf, two white porcelain vases hold growing ivy, which sprays across the walls.

The sun room at the rear of the hall has a brick floor covered with grass-green rug, and huge couches and chairs in heavy white upholstery of several weaves and materials, some wool, some cotton. (You don't need to be in the movies to afford a sun room.) Nothing looks so cool or summery or smart as white coverings for chairs. Contrasting tomato-red fringe adds a gay accent. Low white tables bear bowls of bulbs and magazines with gay smart covers. (Magazines, by the way, play an important part in color notes for decoration these days.) In one corner a bridge set stands invitingly. Through windows hung with white Venetian blinds you see Jean's swimming pool and play house and the breath-taking view of city and far-distant sea, which alone is worth the steep climb to Jean's house.

Not in Debt, Either

"AND it's all paid for, every cent. House, grounds, furniture—everything," Jean says with a deep sigh. "We did it as we could afford to, and waited to furnish a room until we had the cash in hand. That's why my own bedroom upstairs still lacks several pieces. But I'll get them out of next week's salary!"

Few girls could afford to copy that bedroom of Jean's, for it, too, is all in white. It has pinkish-white walls, creamy white carpet (which may be cleaned on the floor when spots appear), white satin hangings, white furniture. The chaise lounge, puffy with great pillows, is really two chairs, facing, one longer than the other. There is even a white enameled radio—a hint for everyone. This bedroom radio of Jean's cost only fifteen dollars, and is so small as to be inconspicuous.

The easy chairs are of varied shapes, small and low. Many of them are old chairs, relics of former homes of the Bellos, which have been reupholstered with the same damask so that they become homogeneous with their setting. But the bed is what gives indisputable evidence that the occupant of the room is a gorgeous screen star. For the bed, which has no footboard, has its headboard upholstered completely in the shimmering white loveliness of—*ermine.* Get a mental vision of platinum-haired Jean asleep against this silvery shimmer . . .

Next to Jean's room is her upstairs sitting room, all white enamel, white chintz-covered chairs and a couch splashed with vivid fruits and flowers, peach-shaded rug, writing table painted with gay landscapes, a huge screen covered with large French prints—and several dozen signed photographs of Jean's favorite stars! She is one of the most ardent movie fans in Hollywood.

It is a sunny, lived-in room, which could be duplicated by any of Jean's admirers for a very reasonable sum, complete with the drum table, the ladder back chairs and the painted bookcases that hold Jean's most beloved books. This silver-haired beauty, surprisingly enough, is a great reader. Her home bursts with books and magazines on every hand.

Contrasts in Prints

THE chintz curtains in the upstairs sitting room are of a different pattern from the chintz used in the slip covers of the furniture. The best decorators these days try to harmonize fabrics used in a room, instead of repeating the same patterns and materials—something to remember when you are planning your own home. Sometimes as many as three separate cretonnes, chintzes or printed linens are used in one large room.

It would be a grave omission to leave Jean's home without a peep into her dressing-room, the workshop of Beauty. Jean's is not cluttered up with unnecessary furnishings. It has a built-in dressing table the width of the room, a comfortable chair before it, and a small, puffy chair that is easy to move about for the chance visitor. The closets that line the walls are all mirror-doored. A dozen small drawers for all the really useful, but not so ornamental tools of the toilette are within reach at either side of the dressing table. Glass mirror tops to the table prevent the smears of lipstick, dabs of rouge and greasy cold cream streaks of a satin-and-lace-type table. Lights from crystal lamps are arranged at all heights on the sides of the dressing mirror. Only in the ornaments—elaborately wrought gold boxes and etched crystal bottles—is there a feminine departure from the almost clinical efficiency of Jean Harlow's dressing-room.

There are other features of the house we mustn't forget. There is a dumb waiter from the butler's pantry to the upper hall, just in case of midnight hunger. There are three electric refrigerators, one large enough to walk into, and strung with enough turkeys and geese for a dozen Christmas dinners. There is a barbecue in the play house at the head of the pool. To any housewife the three refrigerators will spell more luxury than all the white carpets and Louis Seize cabinets on earth!

And Jean has given this house and all its furnishings to her mother, whose photograph, framed in gold, is the chief ornament of the pearl-and-ivory *salon.* That, and the fact that all this beauty and charm is paid for to the last fat gold Cupid makes Jean Harlow's house one of the most unique in the movie colony.

*Next month—*MOTION PICTURE *will tell you the "inside" story of another star's home and point out how you might adapt some of its highlights to your own home!*

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page 63*)

VIVA VILLA

Beery Makes Him "Vivid Villa"

THIS overwhelming picture leaves the spectator stunned by noise, violent movement and the display of primitive emotions. It reeks of sweat, dust, tobacco and blood. Emphatically not historical as to fact, its creators and Wallace Berry have given the screen a living, breathing hero, as childlike in his cruelty as in his loyalties, a gay, sentimental bandit whose personality explains why simple peons were content to leave their fields to follow him to death with a shrill cheer.

Unforgetable episodes, showing Villa's attitudes toward women, toward his idol, the saint-like Madero, toward his men, toward Johnny, the American reporter, and toward his enemies are scattered through thundering charges of ragged men, wholesale executions, processions and massings of troops. Continual anti-climaxes mar the sweep of the story. But Berry's performance is beyond criticism, and Henry Walthall as the tired, pitiful idealist, *Madero*, paints a memorable portrait. Lesser rôles are equally well done. Stuart Erwin, pinch-hitting for Lee Tracy as the reporter, is likable. Katherine DeMille, as one of Villa's numerous wives (of whom he stands in awe), is strikingly beautiful.

Highlights (a few of many): The ghastly humor of Villa's "trial" with dead peons as the jury, his speech at the banquet in Mexico City. The death scene in the butcher shop, in which Villa's eyes close as he murmurs with childish bewilderment, "But Johnee what have—I ever done—that was bad?" (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

GLAMOUR

Backstage Stuff—But Different

THIS is a story—more dramatic in irony than in suspense—about theatrical ups-and-downs, about the eternal war between marriage and career. Under the nervous strain of holding her position as great musical comedy star, Constance Cummings tires of her first husband (Paul Lukas), who is responsible for her success. But when she, herself, marries a young café singer (Philip Reed) she has made famous, she is, in her turn, thrown aside.

Paul Lukas is, as always, sympathetic and warmly human. Constance Cummings never looked better and her work is growing in sincerity and sureness, though she sometimes strains for effect. Philip Reed will bear watching.

Highlights: The two amusing scenes in which first Constance Cummings and later Philip Reed are interviewed, fitted for costumes acclaimed. (UNIVERSAL)

FINISHING SCHOOL

Won't These Girls Ever Learn?

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Highlights: The very touching love scene in the boathouse, with the snow beyond the window gradually obliterating the lovers' footprints. (RKO-RADIO)

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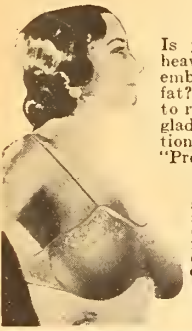

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Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States

Ben Bernie—the Old Maestro—Is Now a Movie Star

(*Continued from page 59*)

know. She's the race-drivers' idea of heaven. All inside curves. Very few know it, but I'm Mae's brother. My real name is Ben West." (Heah, Heah, Bernie!)

"No, that's wrong. My *real* name is Ben Burbank. I'm the plant-wizardist guy you ever met. I really came to California to try to create a blond tomato. It's going to be tough, but I think I can do it. If I do, I'm gonna name it 'Flowering Winchell' in honor of the biggest tomato in history."

"Then that's why you really came to California?"

"Of course not," Ben continued, flicking the ash from his cigar down some chorine's back. "The real reason I came here was because the doctor said I had been working too hard and had to go some place where it was quiet. 'You'll have to go either to Philadelphia or Hollywood,' he told me.

"'*Philadelphia?*' I chirped. 'Am I *that* sick, doctor?'

"I thought the doctor was all wrong when he suggested Hollywood as a quiet place. I had this town down as a pretty naughty spot, but now that I've been here a few days I agree with the doc. It's so darned quiet that I sit by my open window evenings to listen for the street-car that comes past every twenty minutes. If that car ever breaks down, I'll catch the next train out. It's the only thing I've been able to find here that moves, so help me."

By this time we were in the restaurant on the lot, attacking luncheon. I noticed that Ben ate little and asked him why.

Dieting for Humanity's Sake

"OH, it's that darn doctor again," he lamented. "He told me I was getting to look more like Winchell every day and that the only thing I could do to prevent it was to adopt a stiff diet. He warned me that the diet might cure or kill me, but I assured him it was worth the chance. Better death than inflict another mug like his on the world."

Suddenly it dawned on me. This guy Bernie didn't seem to like Walter Winchell.

"Like him?" he snapped. "I can't wish that guy bad enough luck. I don't like him or the stuff he writes, even if he wrote it himself. I keep awake nights thinking of awful things I'd like to see happen to him."

"Such as——?"

"Well, the worst torture I've been able to imagine is to make him read his own stuff. That ought to learn him. Why, it's guys like Winchell who slay guys like me. But I've got the dope on him. Why, I've got enough on that guy to send him up—up, up and up on the end of a rope.

"Single-handed (this is old single-handed Bernie speaking, folks) I dug up his fambly tree. I traced his ancestors back beyond the horizon. I traced them clean back to Rome in the olden times. And what do you think I found? I found that the first and original Winchell lived in Rome, 'way back in something B.C. and that his name was Octavius Romulus Winchellus and he had a bad, a verra, verra bad record. The book shows they strung old Octie up the nearest telephone pole one day for giving bum tips on chariot races."

"No!" I gasped.

Has Some Big Picture Plans

"ACTUALLY," Ben reiterated. "Jest so. Jest as yo' ol' pappy Bernie is tellin' yo'. Dat's exactly whut dey did, sonny, strike yo' ol' pappy dead, didn't dey." (I suddenly realized that Ben had gone old

Southern darky on me.) "In dem days, sonny," continued Pappy Bernie, "even in dem days de Romans had a word for it—like de Greeks. De book shows dat de word dey used to describe Winchell was ——— " (deleted by the editor).

"What kind of picture are you going to make here, Ben?"

"Oh, it's going to be wonderful. It's going to be stupendous. It's going to be superb, tremendous, COLOSSAL! It may," he finished weakly, "even be good. I don't know yet. I haven't read the script. RKO thought they were pretty hot, putting 'Flying Down to Rio' up in the clouds. Busby Berkeley thinks his under-water epics are some stuff. But wait till the Old Maestro gets hot. I've got a few ideas on movies. Yowzah!

"I haven't definitely decided yet just how I'll shoot my movie, but I'm considering doing part of it in the clouds, some more under the water, still more in an elevator, then move it to the eighty-third floor of the Empire State Building, then take it to Egypt, Paris, Berlin (that's in Germany), London, the Wyoming plains and wind it up near Lexington Avenue and 44th Street, New Yawk. Warners thought they had something when they made '42nd Street.' Nothing! Pooh! Nothing at all. I may name mine '242nd Street' so it will be two hundred times better. They can't stop the Old Maestro when he gets hot."

"How about all the lads, Ben? Going to give them much to do?"

"I'll give 'em some, but not too much," Ben answered, "because it has been my observation that a lot of Hollywood boys with walk-on, walk-off parts have been walking on and walking off with the picture. That's bad. Real bad."

In Favor of Just One More War

"BEN," I said, finishing luncheon, "it's good to see you. You haven't been in California for about five years, have you?"

"Oh, longer than that," Ben returned. "I haven't been in California for—oh—gosh! I don't think I've been in California since Winchell had a new gag!"

I groaned. We were back on Winchell.

Desperately, I tried to change the subject. "They tell me you had quite a War record, Ben. Is that true?"

"That's right," he affirmed. "I was in vaudeville at the time. I followed the Germans."

"In vaudeville? Followed the Germans? I don't understand. How could you do both?"

"Easy, my lad, easy. My act on the bill followed some German tumblers."

I took my beating, asked him to skip it and asked, "You aren't in favor of any more wars, are you, Ben?"

"Just one," he snapped. "I'd favor a war to end Winchell. But seriously, if we have a war, they ought to make that guy a general in the poison gas division. He wouldn't have to change a bit; just keep talking the way he always does. He wouldn't even need a uniform."

We finished and moved back toward the set. Ben became serious. "You know," he said, "this is a funny business I'm in. We're all overpaid. When a guy asks me how long I'll stay in it, I always answer, 'Until the cops catch up with me.' The dough they pay us mug entertainers is criminal. I'll never be able to understand it."

"Well, Ben," I asked, "if you consider yourself overpaid, what do you think about Winchell?"

"*Winchell!*" Ben hissed. "They aren't *paying* that guy, are they?"

And so the Old Maestro with this parting crack at Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, wishes you a bit of a tweet-tweet, a toodle-oo, and pleasant dre-a-ums.

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(Continued from page 16)

1. Something you seldom see off the screen is a picture of a movie siren in the rôle of doting mother. This is especially true of Constance Bennett, who wants her son, Peter, to grow up free from publicity. Peter is Connie's adopted son, although rumors have been circulated from time to time hinting that he is her own son and that Phil Plant, from whom Constance is divorced, is his father. The picture on page 16 shows Constance Bennett as she swings little Peter and seems to be saying, "Hold on, sonny, here we go!"

2. When Lilyan Tashman, wife of Edmund Lowe, also of the movies, passed away following an operation for a tumorous condition on March 21st, the whole movie world was shocked. Few knew she had been ailing. Lilyan Tashman, who earned for herself the reputation of being Hollywood's "best-dressed star," was a great trouper to the end, working long hours in agony to complete her rôle in "Frankie and Johnnie."

3. Irene Dunne's lyric-soprano voice was insured for $100,000 while she was working on "Stingaree," RKO-Radio's musical drama, in which she is co-starred with Richard Dix. Producers take no chances.

4. Ruth Chatterton, film star and her husband, George Brent, also of the screen, who have been denying for months rumors that they would soon separate, now have admitted that they have separated and will be divorced. There have been rumors (and the usual denials) that Ruth would remarry her former husband, Ralph Forbes, from whom she was divorced the day before she married Brent. Ruth called it a "civilized divorce" and the three, Ruth, George and Ralph, chummed around together.

5. The thirteen girls picked by the Wampas as the most likely to attain stardom during 1934 are: Judith Arlen, Jean Carmen, Helene Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hovey, Lucille Lund, Lu Ann Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Katherine Williams, Jacqueline Wells and Betty Bryson.

6. When Miriam Jordan filed suit for divorce from her husband, Joseph Davis, it came as a surprise to everybody as no one knew Miriam had ever been married. Miriam and Davis were married in London on April 14, 1925, and separated in October, 1929. When Miriam won a beauty contest and was crowned queen of the Wembley Exposition, she came to the United States and started on a stage career which led to her movie career. Miriam's suit charged non-support and she was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce.

7. Marty Martyn, a studio dance director, brought suit against Jack Oakie, motion picture comedian, for $125,000, because, according to the dance director, Jack made several insulting remarks to Martyn in the presence of many screen notables and important members of the movie industry. Jack is said to have called Martyn a "chiseler" among other "nasty" names.

8. After her divorce from Arthur E. Hopkins, wealthy New York realtor, Doris Kenyon dropped the name of Hopkins and again goes under the name of Doris Kenyon Sills. Doris is the widow of the late Milton Sills of the screen and resumed the name of Sills for the sake of her boy, Kenyon Sills.

9. Dolores Del Rio, Ann Harding, Kay Francis, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Joan Blondell, Loretta Young, Ginger Rogers and Victoria Vinton were picked by Willy Pogany, designer of motion picture sets and portrait artist, as possessing the most S. A. And S. A. in this case stands for Shoulder Appeal.

10. If Isabel Jewell wants people to believe that she and Lee Tracy are not married yet, she had better stop signing her checks, when she dines at one of the popular Hollywood restaurants, with the name Mrs. Lee Tracy. At least that's what rumors claim she has been doing. Isabel and Lee were going around together for some time before his trouble in Mexico, but on his return from Mexico, when Isabel stood by him with help and advice, it was generally suspected that they were married. This they deny.

11. Despite all her raving and ranting, Fifi D'Orsay, the motion picture actress now making personal appearances, was unable to restrain the sheriff from entering her dressing room and taking possession of her $3,500 mink coat to satisfy a judgment of $420, in lieu of the amount which Fifi is said to owe a certain law firm. Fifi said she was "nevaire so humeeliated."

12. Sally Eilers' husband, Harry Joe Brown, movie director, was sued for $100,000, by Marjorie Gay, film actress, charging breach of promise. Miss Gay, who is Marjorie Whiteis off the screen, claims she was engaged to Brown, who had asked her to marry him, but that on September 24, 1933, while on location, she learned that he had married Sally. Brown, who admitted they were good friends, denied he promised to marry Miss Gay. Sally, who is to be a mother soon, testified for her husband.

13. Finis is being written to the Hollywood screen career of Dorothea Wieck, who was brought to the film city because of her fine work in "Maedchen in Uniform" in the rôle of the school teacher. Since coming to this country from Germany, she has appeared in "Cradle Song" and "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." Miss Wieck's pictures are being boycotted by the Jews in America because of circulated reports that accuse Dorothea of being a Nazi. These rumors started when it was discovered that her husband, Baron Ernst von der Decken, worked on a German newspaper. Dorothea, who feels very badly about these accusations, insists she has no Nazi or political connections and that her only interest is her screen career.

14. Charlie Chaplin won't admit a thing, but they do say that he and Paulette Goddard were married aboard Chaplin's yacht by the captain of his boat, with the crew and a few friends, who won't tell, as witnesses.

15. Gloria Swanson just can't seem to stay married. Gloria and Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, are about ready to call it quits any day now. At present, Farmer is in Europe while Gloria is making personal appearances prior to starting on her picture, "Three Weeks." Gloria, herself, recently admitted that she was "destined for divorce."

16. The screen capital's newlyweds who make the happy foursome on page 16 are, left to right, Gary Cooper and his society bride, the former Veronica Balfe, known to movie fans as Sandra Shaw, Lupe Velez, and her spouse, Johnny Weissmuller, former swimming champ who turned Tarzan for the films. They are pictured together as they attended the Little Club's dinner-dance. It is surprising to see these two couples together and so friendly, because, if you recall, Cooper was Lupe's "Garee" at one time.

Intimate News and Gossip from Hollywood

(*Continued from page 38*)

Later, on the set, the girl came to Leslie and, with tears in her eyes, apologized and thanked him for not letting her down.

Nazis Peeved at Marlene

WHEN a Nazi official in Berlin recently announced that Marlene Dietrich had contributed "a considerable sum" to the Nazi cause, was he extending the olive branch to Germany's most famous daughter or was he trying to hurt her with her American public? Hollywood is trying to figure it out. Marlene promptly denied giving aid to the Nazis. She said she sent a five-hundred-dollar check to a fund for poor children in Germany, at the same time contributing a like amount to the Los Angeles Community Chest. A few days later, her picture, "The Song of Songs" was banned from Germany.

Three other pictures have recently been banned from the land where Hitler rules. "Catherine the Great," because its talented star, Elizabeth Bergner, was an exile from Germany; "The House of Rothschild," because it glorified the rise of the Jews during the Napoleonic era after centuries of persecution; and "The Prizefighter and the Lady" because its hero, Max Baer, has Jewish blood. Maxie, himself, thought the ban was because he had kayoed the German heavyweight, Max Schmeling—and added, "Too bad they won't get a chance to see the world's greatest lover and the world's greatest fighter in action." Modest Maxie!—whose sense of humor baffles some people.

He's Still One Lady's Man

FRANCIS LEDERER may not be engaged to Steffi Duna (charming name), but he did feel enough interest in the young lady to close his show, "Autumn Crocus," for one night just to attend the première of the "Tingel Tangel," Freddie Hollander's new Continental variety show in which Steffi is headliner. And is she good!

All Starting Little Theatres

THESE small specialty shows are beginning to be regarded seriously by the movie producers. Every night there are several in the audience at the Tingel Tangel. And the Community Playhouse in Pasadena is the back door to the movies. Now, Ann Harding is said to be sponsoring a plan to reopen the Carthay Circle Theatre in Beverly Hills as a stock company theatre, in which the best literary type of play will be presented by actors drawn from the movies. Gloria Stuart, Onslow Stevens and others are forming a Little Theatre company to act when they're not working at the studios. And Joan Crawford is building a complete professional theatre in her own backyard, which will hold thirty in the audience.

Embarrassing Moment

SUCH an embarrassing meeting at Palm Springs in a swimming pool the other day! Connie Bennett was there, escorted by Gilbert Roland; and Clara Bow—formerly Gilbert's fiancée—escorted by husband Rex Bell; and Connie Talmadge, sister of Norma, who was certainly very much interested in the dark and dashing Roland once. Gilbert and Clara happened to dive into the pool from different ends at the same moment. They came up gasping in the middle of the pool, clutching each other. After they had shaken the water out of their eyes, however, they let go their hold on each other precipitately and swam away from each other as rapidly as possible.

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BUT TOO BAD **ON** THE BRUNETTE

Make Unsightly Hair Invisible with MARCHAND'S

DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has, is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage coarse re-growth. Does not irritate or harden the skin. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get genuine

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask your Druggist or get by Mail

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C. MARCHAND CO., MPU-6-34
251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Your Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Sixty-Five, and Still a Star—May Robson

(*Continued from page 68*)

Our Present is as important as our Past. We do not have to go about saying wistfully, 'When I was young, my dear . . . ' Because, when we are old we are just as interesting, doing just as many things, mattering as much as we did when we were young. It is often said that Hollywood is for the young. I don't think so. Age fares better than youth out here. It is the one place, I should say, where a woman doesn't have to fear old age.

"So many old people are not important any longer. That is, usually, the tragedy of old age. They are relegated, so many old folks, to the home of a son or a daughter, to Homes for the Aged. They are not only unimportant; they are, also, apologetic; they are burdens, of one sort or another, to their families.

"They have had to abdicate their thrones. They no longer have the reins in their hands. They are no longer the heads of their families. I can still be—I still am—the head of my family. Just as I always was. I can do little things for them. I do not need them to do anything for me. I can send them little gifts, give them trips and presents. If they should ever be in any difficulty or trouble, they can look to me for advice or for help.

Still in on the Parties

"WE are *living*, here in Hollywood. We are not just waiting to stop living. When we go to parties, or are given parties, we do not have to sit in some corner, relegated to the position of onlooker. We are the cynosure of all eyes, the center of attention, very often the reason for the party. If anything can make you forget that you are living on borrowed time, it is the knowledge that you still have your fingers on the pulse of things.

"They do *not*, as has been said, work elderly people too hard in pictures. Quite the contrary. We are, or we could be if we wanted to be, cared for as though we were in some Home for the Aged. Look at Marie Dressler, for instance. Ever since she has not been so well, her contract has called for her to work only three—or is it four?—hours a day. Not one minute over-time. And if they make the mistake of keeping her that one minute over-time, Mr. Louis B. Mayer has the whole studio in an uproar.

"I haven't any such clause in my contract—only because I don't want it. I don't need it. I don't care how hard or how long I work. My mother lived to be ninety-three and to the day she died she resented it roundly if anyone so much as offered to assist her across the street at any time. She simply was not age-conscious or age-minded. And that's where Hollywood is Heaven, too. It doesn't let you become age-conscious.

"Here we are, here *I* am, one of the crowd—along with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable and Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy, doing my work as they are doing theirs, on call as they are on call, drawing up contracts, having important conferences, reading scripts, studying lines, being interviewed and photographed—just one of the lot of 'em, all the young 'uns who are at the active beginnings of their lives. I get the attention they get, the notice both personal and public, the flattery and, most of all, the *work*——"

No Dieting for May

MAY, as she talked, was lunching. I was fascinated by the midday meal she was nonchalantly tucking away. Clam chowder, a soup tureen of it. Hungarian goulash, a whopping order with all the fixings. Several man-sized cups of coffee. A salad of mixed, very mixed, ingredients. A wedge of pie with an accompanying wedge of cheese that would have put a longshoreman hard to it.

May—"Muzzie May" to so many hundreds of men and women, boys and girls all over the world, in every walk of life—said, "Don't look surprised or alarmed. I always eat like this. I always have. I eat what I want and how much I want. It has never bothered me. I've never had indigestion in my life. In all my years on the stage I've never missed one single performance. Just once I was in the hospital for a minor operation and that was only over the week-end. I was back in the theatre, as hale as ever, on the Monday night. I've never had time for or any interest in thinking about calories or what my diet should be or should not be. I let my appetite be my guide.

"I am conceited—yes, conceited is the word—about just two things: my eyes and my teeth. My teeth are as sound as they were when I was eighteen, and not a vacant place among 'em. And my eyes are as good as they were the day I first stepped on the stage, in Brooklyn, in 'Tilly'—and that was in 1883.

"Not long ago, in a picture, I had to walk up and down a long flight of stairs about thirty or forty times. Up and down, up and down. They were having some difficulty in getting just what they wanted with one of the other characters. They were worried for fear I would be exhausted. But I could have kept going even after the fortieth take!

Never Will Quit Voluntarily

"WE love our work, of course; all of us do. That's why we're in it. That's why we went into it in the first place. That's why we hope to keep on doing it until we die, right on the stage or on the set. I have never known a real actor or an actress who went on the stage with the fixed objective of making money. Or for the sake of 'a job.' We go on because we *want* to, let the consequences be what they may. And we stay on for as long as we can totter or find a place for ourselves.

"In my time, I've heard every actor and actress I've known announce that they would retire at such and such a time—next week, next month, next year. They usually said that they would 'go back to the land.' They would have little farms, lead the simple life, raise ducks or chickens. But I have yet to eat the first duck or the first egg from any one of these farms.

"When those among us, for reasons of health or finance, have to go to some Actors' Home, they usually don't last very long. They are like the business men who, retiring from active work because it is too strenuous for them and they can't stand it, die because nothing is more strenuous than idleness and being out of it all.

"We can, and we do, have our homes out here. I have *two*. We can and we do have cars and servants and all the clothes we want and a good many luxuries. It is fun and it is being in the midst of young life to have to go to hairdressers and manicurists and dressmakers; to know that it is still vitally important for us to look our best, dress our best.

"We are among our own people. We can talk shop, as we always have done. Marie Dressler and I usually play cribbage together two or three nights a week. We have many a laugh together over old times and—over the new.

"There are no compensations for old age. I mean that. I repeat it. But if there is any place where we can *forget* that there are none, that place is Hollywood, where we *live* because we *work*——"

Coming Pictures That You Will See

(*Continued from page 65*)

the life of Arnold Rothstein written by Mrs. Rothstein, widow of the famous gambler.

Otto Kruger moved over to Fox from M-G-M to do "Springtime for Henry." Nancy Carroll returns after a long—too long—absence to play opposite Kruger. Heather Angel, Nigel Bruce and Herbert Mundin are others in this comedy.

In "Call It Luck," Mundin gets his biggest rôle since he came from England for "Cavalcade"; the leading lady is Pat Paterson (the studio's excited about this girl). This is the tale of a London cabby who wins undreamed-of wealth.

Peggy Happy at Last

AT Universal, Margaret Sullavan hasn't run away from Hollywood once since starting "Little Man, What Now?" under the direction of Frank Borzage. And the director of "Seventh Heaven" has a favorite theme in this story of love in a garret. Douglass Montgomery is the boy.

In "The Humbug," by Max Marcin, Nils Asther plays a hypnotist. When he attempts to make love under the spell of his hypnotic power to Erin O'Brien-Moore, playing the wife of Alan Dinehart, the husband plots a perfect crime, aided by his brother, played by Paul Kelly. Gloria Stuart is the reason Kelly joins the plot.

Casting for "The Black Cat," based on Edgar Allan Poe's horror story, brought Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi, the terror twins, together for the first time.

"Half a Sinner," once made as "Alias the Deacon" in silent days, is now a talkie with Berton Churchill, who created the title character on the stage. The story concerns a gambler in religious guise.

At Warner Brothers-First National, another gambling story serves as the final vehicle for Richard Barthelmess there. The title is "The Old Doll's House" from the story by Damon Runyon. Ann Dvorak and Helen Chandler are Dick's leading ladies, with Helen Lowell as the "old doll."

"The Dark Tower," with Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez, gives you a backstage murder mystery.

At 20th Century, we discovered another mystery picture in the making. This is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," which stars Ronald Colman. Loretta Young plays opposite.

George Arliss spends much time in rehearsing, so "Head of the Family" has just started shooting. In the cast are Charlotte Henry, Edna May Oliver and Ralph Morgan.

All Playing Rôles They've Lived

AT Columbia, an unusual situation exists. The actors in "One Night of Love" are, without exception, playing rôles that they have actually lived in real life. Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati portray opera singers. Lyle Talbot is a Mid-West boy. Luis Alberni is a music teacher.

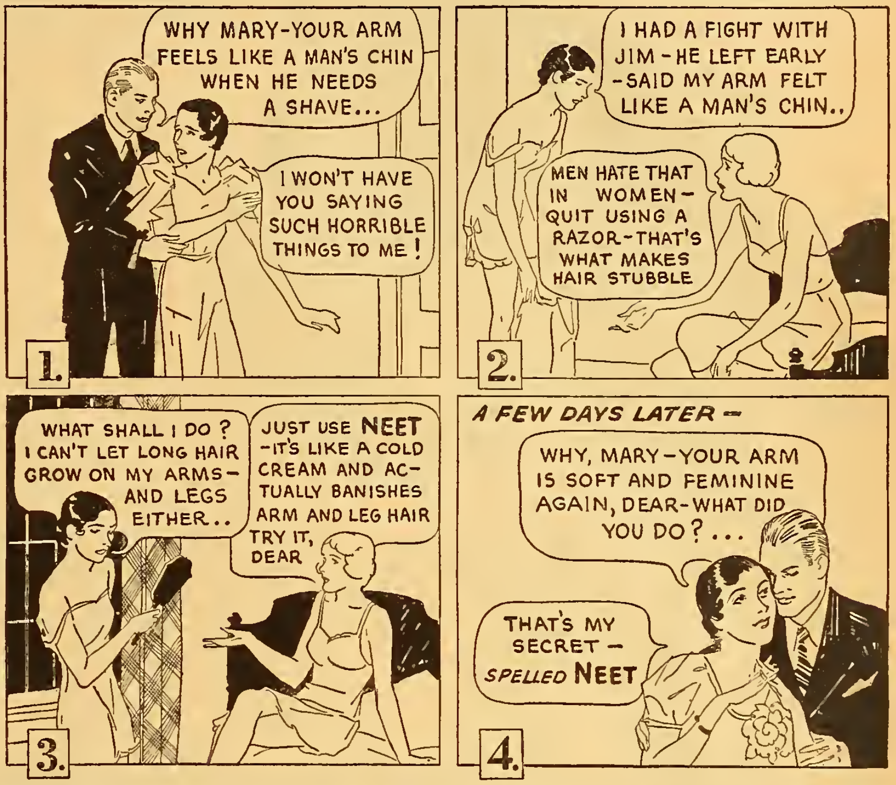
"Most Precious Thing in Life" is reminiscent of the "Madame X" school, and is based on the magazine story, "Biddy." Jean Arthur has a dual rôle, playing both the young girl and the old scrub-woman mother; Richard Cromwell is the son.

At M-G-M, "Operator 13," the Civil War spy story, starring Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, has resumed production after a halt for rewrite of story.

"Sadie McKee" is still shooting—with Joan Crawford again a dancer whose ambition almost closes her eyes to real love. Gene Raymond was signed for the much-sought crooner rôle, and Franchot Tone is again her leading man. (He'll win her this time.) Edward Arnold also has a big rôle.

"Manhattan Melodrama" has Clark Gable and William Powell together for the first

WHAT MARY DID WHEN JIM SHRUNK FROM HAIR STUBBLE ON HER ARM....


1.
WHY MARY-YOUR ARM FEELS LIKE A MAN'S CHIN WHEN HE NEEDS A SHAVE...
I WON'T HAVE YOU SAYING SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS TO ME!
2.
I HAD A FIGHT WITH JIM - HE LEFT EARLY -SAID MY ARM FELT LIKE A MAN'S CHIN..
MEN HATE THAT IN WOMEN - QUIT USING A RAZOR - THAT'S WHAT MAKES HAIR STUBBLE
3.
WHAT SHALL I DO ? I CAN'T LET LONG HAIR GROW ON MY ARMS - AND LEGS EITHER..
JUST USE NEET -IT'S LIKE A COLD CREAM AND ACTUALLY BANISHES ARM AND LEG HAIR TRY IT, DEAR
A FEW DAYS LATER —
WHY, MARY - YOUR ARM IS SOFT AND FEMININE AGAIN, DEAR - WHAT DID YOU DO ?...
THAT'S MY SECRET - SPELLED NEET
4.

NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble — No Stiff Re-growth

Now one can actually *get rid* of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble."*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Neet
Neet
Cream

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

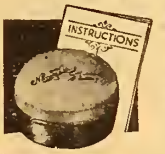
Are You Flat-Chested?

BUST DEVELOPED

Is your bust small and unattractive? Does it sag formlessly, instead of standing out firm and round? It is SO EASY to develop a full, shapely bust. Let me send you my easy instructions and a large container of lubricating

MIRACLE CREAM

No drugs or appliances, nothing harmful. Just a few minutes a day required. Accept my wonderful offer below and see how easy it is to fill out your breasts to the beautiful cup-like form. Money-Back Guarantee.



FREE

My illustrated book on bust development. Big Bargain Offer Now: Send name, address and only $1.00 for the Nancy Lee treatment, including large container of MIRACLE CREAM and Instructions, with Free Book. Send $1.00 NOW!

Formerly $5.00
NOW ONLY $1.00

NANCY LEE, Dept. K-6
816 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Gone GRAY HAIR

Gray or Faded Hair IS taken as a sign of old age; age is judged by your hair.

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair? USE B. PAUL'S HENNA •COMPOUND•

Quickly colors your gray streaked or faded hair **IN ONE BRIEF APPLICATION** giving it a lovely radiance and youthful allurement. Do not hesitate to try this marvelous preparation. Used 19 years by millions of fastidious women. Absolutey uniform and dependable. Will not stain scalp, rub or wash off. Not affected by sea or Turkish baths, sun, waving, or previous dyes. Easily applied at home.

14 Shades, Black to Blonde. Price $1.25 P. P.
B. PAUL'S WHITE PASTE (*Formerly Called*) **"White Henna" for lightening blonde hair grown dark. Price $2.35 P. P.** Free Advice and Booklet.

B. PAUL, Inc., Dept. 4-E, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

The SAFE way to relieve periodic pain

No narcotics — No unpleasant after-effects

Chocolate Coated

Take these Tablets in time and you can probably escape the usual pain altogether because this medicine treats the cause of your trouble. Clinical tests prove that persistent use brings permanent relief.

Small Size . . . 50 cents

LEARN TO DANCE

LEARN THE LATEST BROADWAY STEPS **AT HOME** LEAD AND FOLLOW Correctly, Gracefully

This new, simple method teaches you quickly and easily. 20 DIFFERENT STEPS FOR ALL MODERN DANCES. TANGO, WALTZ. The modern FOX TROT. The dreamy WALTZ. THE LATEST TANGO will make you HAPPIER, HEALTHIER, MORE POPULAR. YOU'LL ENJOY DANCING. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days trial. Don't be a wallflower. GET SOME ENJOYMENT OUT OF LIFE! Write for full particulars, without obligation to

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"Now I Can Keep My Real Age A Secret"

NO LONGER AM I TROUBLED WITH

GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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If you have talent here's your chance to get into Broadcasting. New Floyd Gibbons method trains you for the job you want. You learn at home in spare time. Fascinating course fully explained in Free Booklet. "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." Send for your copy today. Give age.

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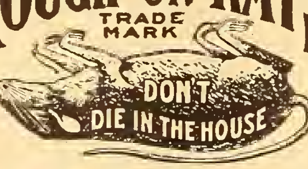
ROUGH ON RATS

TRADE MARK



THE OLD RELIABLE EXTERMINATOR

Used the World over, for many generations, to kill rats, mice and noxious animals. A sure way to do away with dangerous pests. Sold by general stores and druggists. 25c, 50c a box.

Manufactured by E. S. WELLS, Chemist

Consult Yogi Alpha

Big Reading Only 25c

What will be your lucky days? Will you win in love? What occupation should you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a big 1000 word Life Reading for only 25c. Covers marriage, love, health, partnership, lucky days, etc. You can follow this guide day by day throughout your lifetime and consult it before making any important changes in home, social or business affairs. Send only 25c in coin or stamps with name, address and exact birthdate. 300 word Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satisfied **YOGI ALPHA**, Box 1411, Dept. 41-E, San Diego, Calif.

If you have a friend who wishes reading, send 50c for the TWO readings.

FREE

300 WORD NUMEROLOGY READING with order for Astrological Reading.

time, with Myrna Loy the feminine interest.

Norma Shearer will have one of the biggest rôles of her entire career in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—dramatizing the poetic romance of Robert Browning and the invalid Elizabeth Barrett. Fredric March has the *Browning* rôle and Charles Laughton will play her subtly cruel father.

At Paramount, they were bathing on two sets the day we called. No, it wasn't Claudette Colbert in the title rôle of "Cleopatra" who was performing the ablutions, but a group of men—Romans plotting the death of their Emperor, in a steam room as modern gangsters meet in a Turkish bath. Harry Wicoxon, newcomer from England, plays *Marc Antony*, and Warren William, *Julius Caesar*. Note particularly Warren's haircut. Shearing his locks nearly caused a civil war in Hollywood. Warners loaned him to Paramount for the picture, then wanted him briefly for retakes. When he reported, it was with this haircut.

In Sylvia Sidney's (and Cary Grant's) "Thirty-Day Princess," Edward Arnold and Henry Stephenson take a mud bath. The story of "Thirty-Day Princess" concerns an actress impersonating an ill princess.

"Half-Way Decent" reveals a race-track bookmaker who accepts a four-year-old girl as security for a bet and then has to raise the child. Adolphe Menjou, playing his first rôle entirely in old clothes, is the bookie and Shirley Temple is the child. Others are Dorothy Dell and Charles Bickford.

Mae West Back in Bustles

"IT AIN'T NO SIN" takes Mae West back to the Gay Nineties. She is a burlesque queen and her boy-friend is a prize-fighter. Wait till you see the "beef-trust" chorus and the ladies who frequent the "Sensation House"—a gambling resort.

And "The Witching Hour," also has a gambling house in it. That makes six. It *must* be a cycle. Tom Brown, Judith Allen, John Halliday and Sir Guy Standing are featured. The plot concerns a murder and a hypnotist and a cat's-eye ring.

"Thank Your Stars," once called "Many Happy Returns," gives George Burns and Gracie Allen the chance to deliver another large helping of nonsense. In this they are practically the whole show. Instead of comedy relief. The picture opens with the tearing down of a department store. It may interest you to know that it requires a much more solid set than usual for such a scene. In other words, in order to tear down, it must be built extremely well.

"Private Scandal" features Zasu Pitts, Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and Lew Cody. Cody commits suicide in his office and the whole staff is suspected of murder.

At RKO-Radio, only one picture was in production—"Of Human Bondage" with Leslie Howard and Bette Davis. We told you about it last month, so we won't repeat. In preparation is "The Great American Harem." The title sounds intriguing. Watch for our report next issue.

For the information of those readers who would like to write to any of the players mentioned this month, the addresses of the various studios are as follows:

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.
Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, Cal.
Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.
20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.
Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.
Columbia Pictures Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

• • •

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that Hexin—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, Hexin gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse Hexin with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. Hexin relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don t take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of Hexin.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 Hexin tablets with water. Let Hexin relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. Hexin is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake? Hexin will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

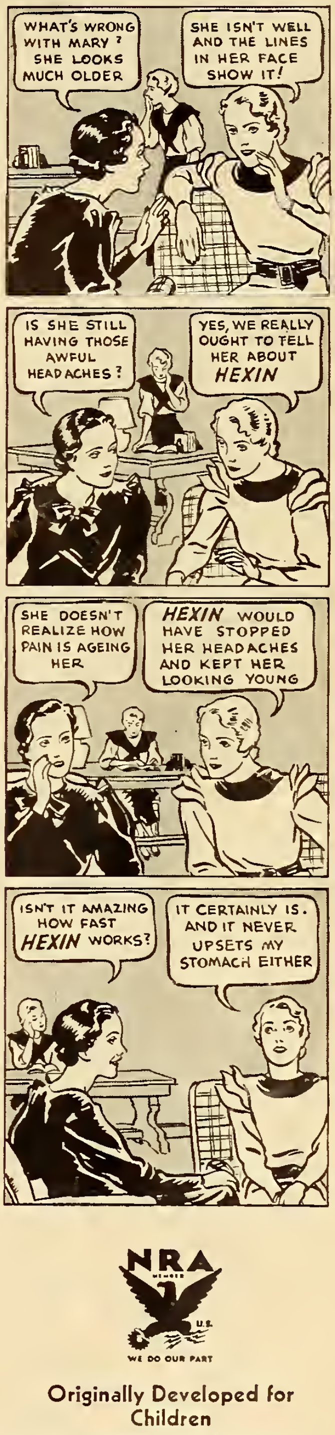
HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. Hexin relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. Hexin is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 Hexin tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 Hexin tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once Hexin starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try Hexin. Insist on Hexin today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.


WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARY ? SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER
SHE ISN'T WELL AND THE LINES IN HER FACE SHOW IT!
IS SHE STILL HAVING THOSE AWFUL HEADACHES ?
YES, WE REALLY OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT HEXIN
SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW PAIN IS AGEING HER
HEXIN WOULD HAVE STOPPED HER HEADACHES AND KEPT HER LOOKING YOUNG
ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW FAST HEXIN WORKS?
IT CERTAINLY IS. AND IT NEVER UPSETS MY STOMACH EITHER

HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
100 TABLETS 5 GRAINS
HEXIN Much Quicker Relief

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Buy a box of HEXIN today If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

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Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—*an alkaline formula*—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe What's mild enough for your child is better for you But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKIES ARE ALL-WAYS KIND TO YOUR THROAT

"It's toasted"

NOT the top leaves—*they're under-developed—they are harsh!*

Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves

The Cream of the Crop

They Taste Better

NOT the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality—coarse and sandy!*

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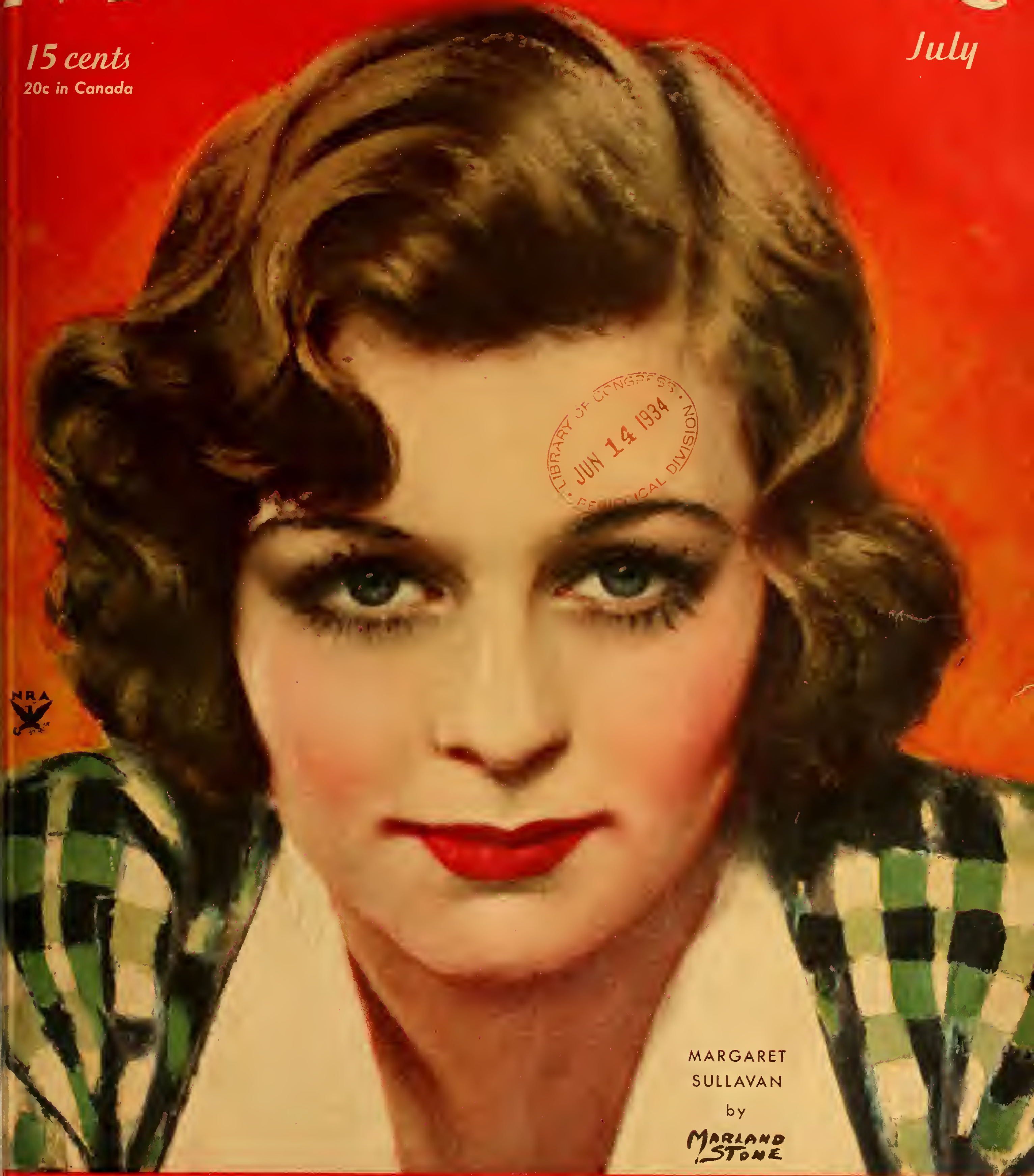
MOTION PICTURE

15 cents
20c in Canada

July



MARGARET
SULLAVAN
by
MARLAND
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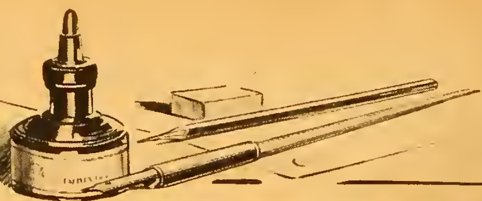
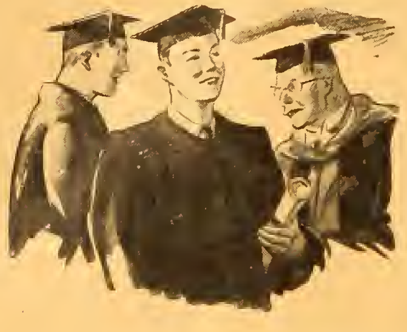
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 14 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

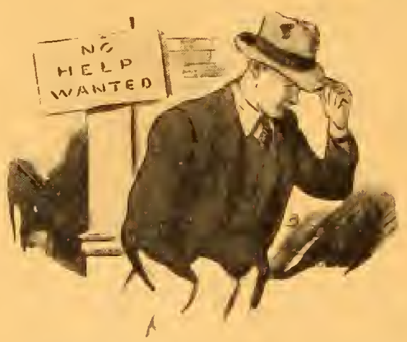
JOAN CRAWFORD PLANS TO GO ON THE STAGE

"One little fault *nearly ruined my career*"

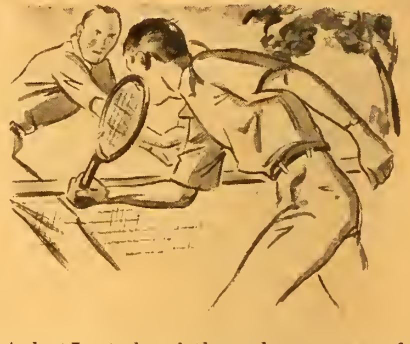




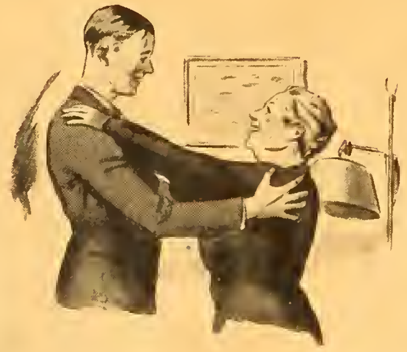
After 4 years of college and art courses, I wound up as one of those thousands of misinformed youngsters who thought that special training, plus college, would guarantee a job.



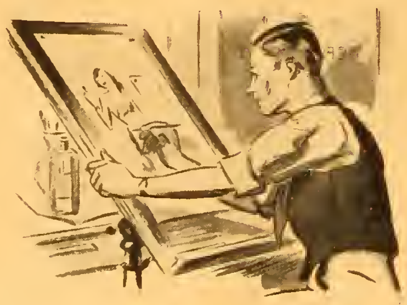
I must have walked a thousand miles before I learned otherwise. From June until the following May I tried to connect, but everywhere I got the same old story. "We've got artists to burn."



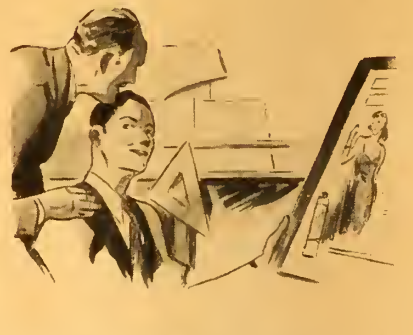
At last I got a break through a man named Kelsey—a tennis bug. After I'd trimmed him regularly, he said to me one day: "Kid, if you draw pictures as well as you play tennis, you've got a job, but I expect you to help me with my game."



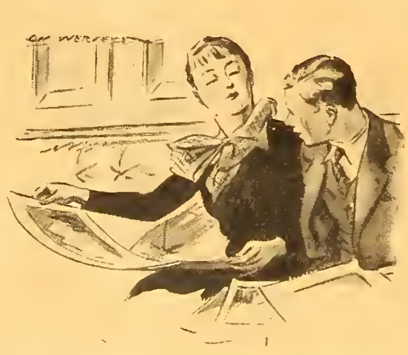
So I went to work. Not much of a job to be sure—but a job at the thing I could do best. Was Mother tickled! And was I delighted!



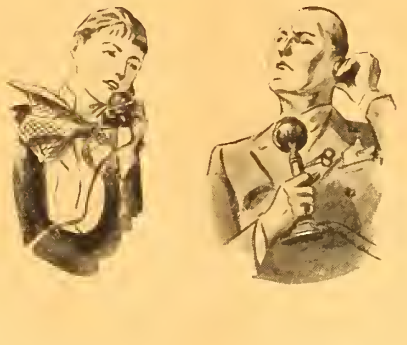
For $12 a week, I began drawing pictures—all kinds—for Mr. Kelsey's clients—and helped Mr. Kelsey with his tennis after hours.



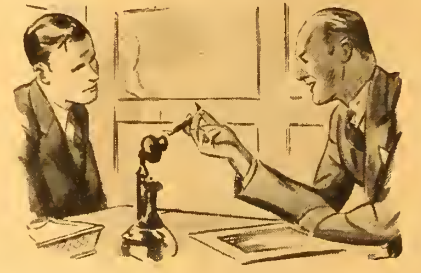
I pride myself that I made good. In six months I was getting $45 a week. My fashion drawings made a hit with Miss Lane, Mr. Kelsey's best—and *meanest*—client.



I got along fine with her for a while, until one day after I had delivered my drawings as usual, she gave me a dirty look. "You're a very ill-mannered young man," she said, "the sooner you leave the better."



I didn't know what I had done to offend her, but I wasn't long in finding out. She called Mr. Kelsey and told him she wanted me fired. Nice girl!



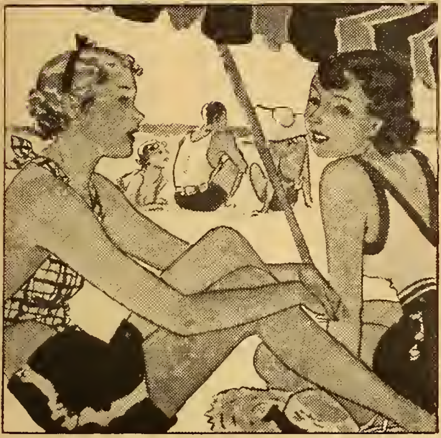
Mr. Kelsey did it in a nice way. "I don't entirely blame her," he said. "Halitosis has no place in business, so take that hint. Use a little Listerine once in a while, and come back in two weeks and I'll hire you over again." That's all there is to the story, but I shudder to think what might have happened. I'm back on the job again.

It is simply unpardonable. Halitosis (bad breath) is as much a handicap in business as it is in social life. Many firms recognize this and suggest that employees who represent them to the public take precautions that their breath does not offend. Why take the risk of offending others needlessly, when it is so easy to put your breath beyond reproach? Simply use Listerine every morning and night. If you wish to be particularly careful, rinse the mouth before important social and business engagements. Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth, credited with being the major cause of odors, and overcomes the odors themselves. Your druggist now has Listerine at new low prices. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

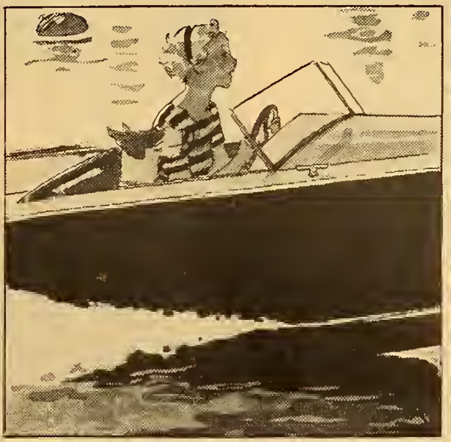
Use LISTERINE to check Halitosis (Bad Breath)

Isn't It A Shame!

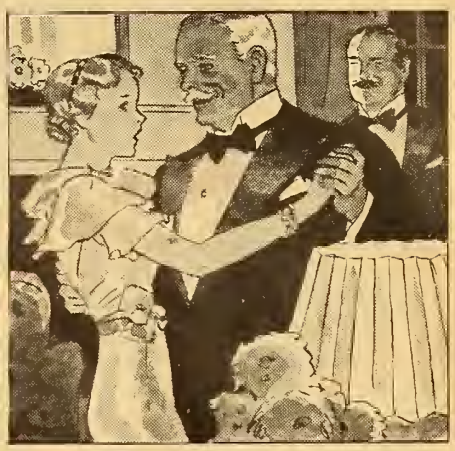
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



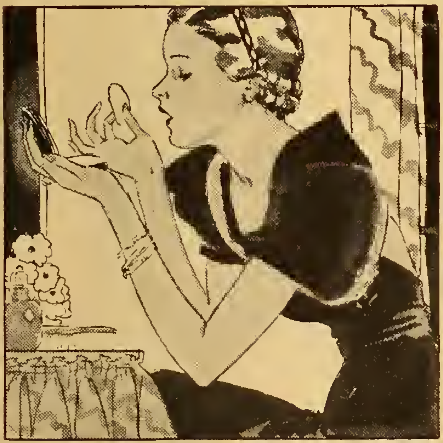
When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



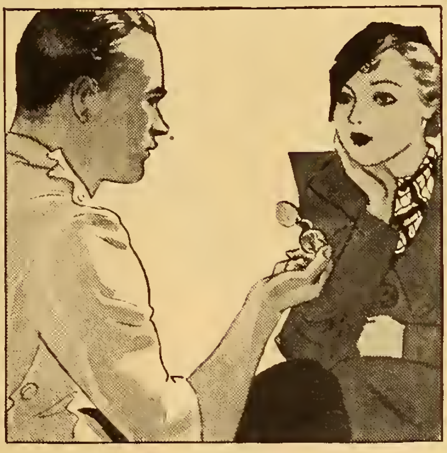
Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



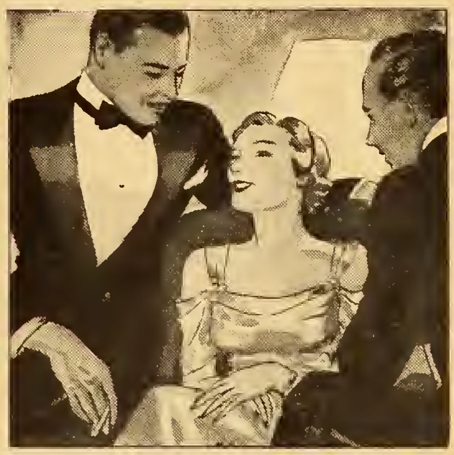
The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young *men? The "but" about Ellen is her* teeth!



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'll tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

OLDER men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive gums.

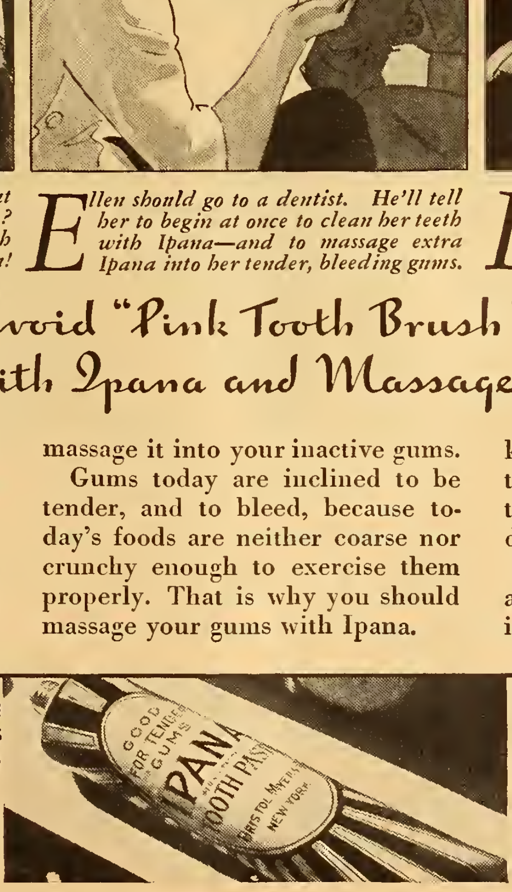
Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

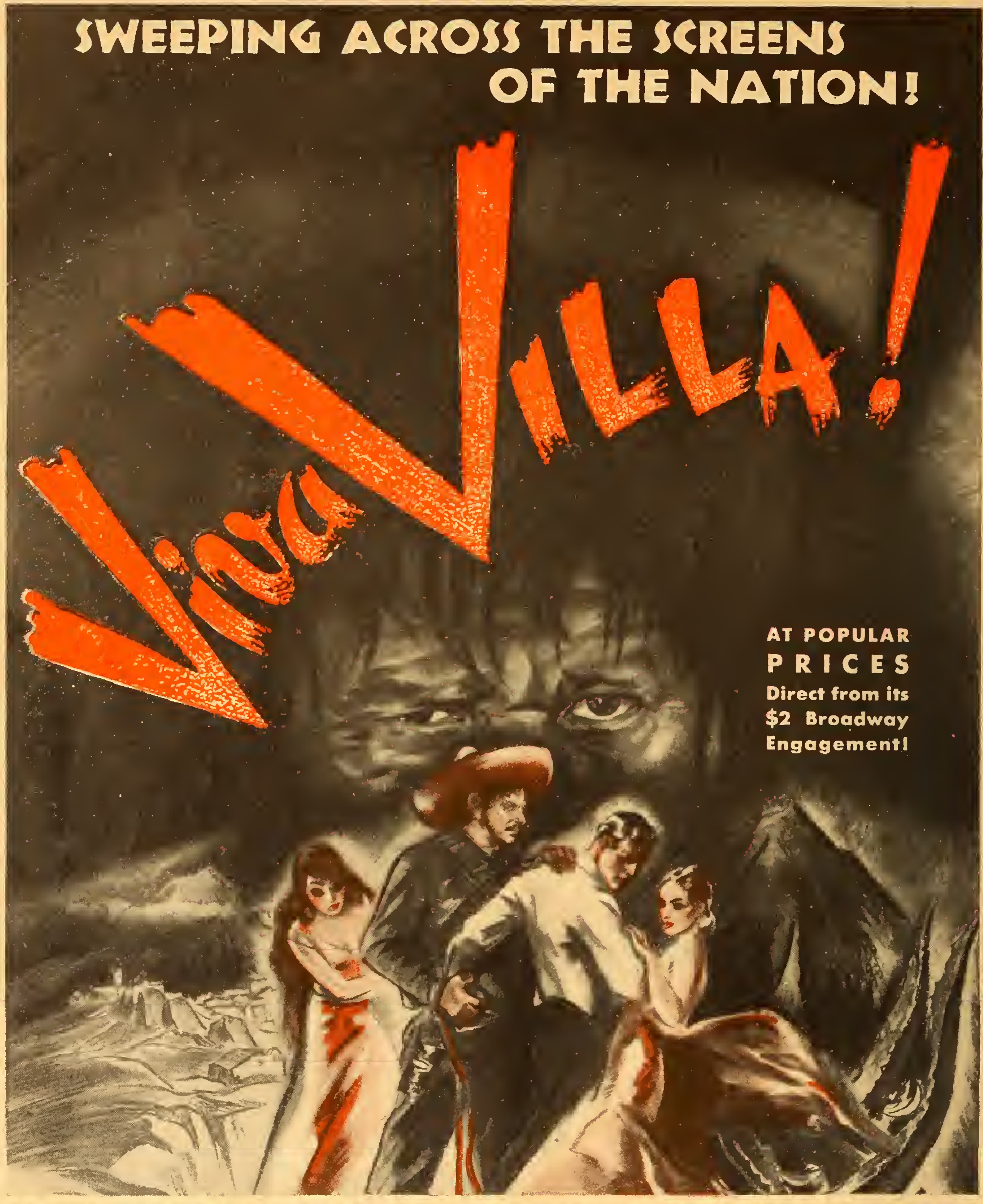
Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934


SWEEPING ACROSS THE SCREENS OF THE NATION!
Viva Villa!
AT POPULAR PRICES
Direct from its $2 Broadway Engagement!

10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

Starring **WALLACE BEERY**

with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcumb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

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JUN 13 1934

MOTION PICTURE

JULY
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVII, No. 6

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood

Is JOAN CRAWFORD Planning to Leave the Screen?

Joan is going on the stage. She says she has always dreamed of doing dramatic acting behind Broadway footlights—and now she is determined to make her dream come true. Franchot Tone, who knows his Theatre, is right on hand to encourage and help her. Perhaps he supplied the incentive for Joan's decision. Perhaps he didn't. Anyway, the decision has been made.

A few pages farther on, Joan, herself, tells you all about it—and answers that big question: *Will she desert the screen entirely—or will she return often?*

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Cover Design of Margaret Sullavan Painted by MARLAND STONE

* * *

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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INSIDE News FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

BY GLEN DALE

The Observing Reporter Who Gets **All** the News

International

Director Josef von Sternberg may take his lunches to the studio and eat alone, but he and Marlene Dietrich are still "inseparables." At least, the director and star of "Scarlet Empress" were very much together at the recent dinner given by film companies to visiting theatre owners. (P. S. Marlene was *not* in trousers)

Lanny's Stock Goes Up

LANNY ROSS apparently was right. He told MOTION PICTURE last month that Hollywood was not going to stunt the growth of *his* career—no matter if it had done just that to the careers of other radio stars, after showing them on the screen. And here's the evidence in Lanny's case:

He recently made a personal appearance on a New York stage at a salary of $2,500 for the week—and that was a raise of $1,000 over his last previous personal appearance revenue. In other words, Lanny gained in a big way by becoming a movie star in "Melody in Spring." He's now back in Hollywood, starting his second picture, "Her Master's Voice." That's the comedy in which Roland Young has been making a big Broadway hit, and which he is now taking to London. Like "Annie," in the w.-k. song, Roland doesn't live here any more.

Bing Setting Dizzy Pace

BUT Lanny—or any other radio Romeo—will have to step fast to catch up with Bing Crosby. Bing is standing 'em up at the box office, women stars are crying for him as a co-star, and Paramount is giving him a big push—like the one that M-G-M gave Clark Gable when the susceptible sex first began to be Gable-conscious.

The story is that Bing was just a bit peeved at the number of songs he was asked to put across in "We're Not Dressing"; he thought it might be overworking the audience's ears. But Bing, apparently, was slightly mistaken. The picture—which no one would ever suspect from the title was once Barrie's comedy, "The Admirable Crichton"—has "wowed" 'em. He is now playing a bewildered Princeton youth in "She Loves Me Not," harboring Miriam Hopkins in a dormitory room. Next, Marion Davies would like to borrow him again for "Movie Queen." If she can't get him, maybe she'll take Chevalier.

Bing and Mae Both Protected

BING recently was tipped off that he was the apple of the eye of some would-be kidnapers. (Fame isn't all pleasant!) Taking no chances, he has hired guards for his family, as well as himself—his family including year-old Gary Evan Crosby and Dixie Lee Crosby, who is due for a second round of "baby showers."

Mae West, because she had the nerve to go to court and identify a gangster as the man who robbed her of some jewels, has had death threats. And Mae isn't wisecracking about them. She's riding around in an armored limousine, said to have cost about $13,000. And meanwhile tryin' to concentrate on her next screen project—the title rôle of "The

(*Continued on page 8*)

Bing Crosby finds himself in a new predicament in "She Loves Me Not." He's a Princeton boy who has to hide Miriam Hopkins, a fugitive from a night-club

MAE WEST

"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

"HELLO
Dirty Face"
Use FREE Coupon Below

● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to *surface* dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt *under* the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's *new* skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) *Look* at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes *hidden* dirt—*neutralizes* alkali—*reduces* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

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If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., MPU-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES

(*Continued from page 6*)

Queen of Sheba." She's now shopping for beads and a man wise enough to play *Solomon.*

Gloria Shakes Hubby No. 4

"WELL, one never knows whether one is married or divorced when one is wed to a film star."

With *those* words, Michael Farmer received, in Paris, the news that Gloria Swanson, in New York, had announced that she would seek a divorce. Only seventeen days before, she had told reporters, "All rumors of marital trouble between my husband and myself are absolutely unfounded." Verily, "one never knows when stars are kidding."

Gloria, who is about to resume her career in "Three Weeks," denies any plans to marry again. But after her other denials, the columnists are skeptical. They innocently inquire: "How-come she would take the 'risk' of a fourth divorce announcement, on the eve of a comeback, unless she wanted to be free to marry again? Farmer, after all, was abroad; he wasn't making marriage unbearable by getting in her way." Gloria explains that they were "incompatible." He wanted to play, and she wanted to work—*had* to work, she says. And that, it would seem, is that.

Joan SAID "Nix"

JOAN CRAWFORD was another star who took the precaution of denying any plans to marry again, before her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became final the other day. But Franchot Tone, who admitted having asked Joan to marry him, wasn't exactly moping after Joan's announcement, Hollywood noticed. The way Joan put it was: "An actress should never marry; I am convinced of that. It is better to say now that I shall not marry, and cause a small hurt, than to say 'yes' and cause a great hurt later on. It is simply the oft-told tale that career and marriage do not mix." (P. S. The George Arlisses have been married only about twenty-five years or so—and George has always

RUBY KEELER

Longworth

Ruby Keeler—relaxing from "Dames"—finds solid comfort, sitting in a boat and letting the offshore breeze do all the work. The floats have a rudder, of course

International

Douglas Fairbanks, who is due to return to America very shortly, is returning meanwhile to swashbuckling adventures in "The Private Life of Don Juan." And he has four leading ladies—left to right, Joan Gardner, Elsa Lanchester (she is Mrs. Charles Laughton), Benita Hume and Merle Oberon taken his career seriously, too. More seriously, probably, than any other star in Hollywood to-day.) Joan wished Doug "happiness" in marrying Gertrude Lawrence, with whom he is now co-starring in a London play.

Whatever became of Conchita Montenegro? She has been making foreign versions of films. But *you* will see the Spanish beauty again in Will Rogers' "Handy Andy"

Married a "Different" Way

RAQUEL TORRES and Stephen Ames found a romantic and "different" way to get married. Whereas the bride and groom usually do the "fadeout" act, Raquel and Stephen made the *guests* run away. They were married on board a liner about to sail for Hawaii, while the ship's chimes tolled eight bells (four o'clock, to you); and after the ceremony, the guests had to leave in a hurry—while the bridal couple stayed right where they were and sailed away to Honolulu. (And Raquel said, optimistically, "This is one marriage that is going to last forever.")

The guests who had to depart in haste were such stars as Al Jolson, Claudette Colbert, Norman Foster, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Fredric March, Paul Lukas, Monte Blue, Don Alvarado and Nancy Carroll; and such producers as Louis B. Meyer, Jack Warner, Charles R. Rogers and Walter Morosco.

When Adrienne Ames divorced him [illegible] year and married Bruce Cabot the next day, Stephen Ames was in a frame of mind that didn't encourage any thoughts of a second marriage. But then he met the little Mexican girl, who stepped out of a convent five years ago into the movies in "White Shadows of the South Seas"; she changed his mind. One of his presents to her was a twenty-two-thousand-dollar car (imported); and he talked of building her a gorgeous home in the movie colony, where they will settle down. Raquel said "No." She had a bedroom and an additional bath built onto her Malibu Beach cottage, and there the honeymooners will live for a while—within a stone's throw of the cottage that the Bruce Cabots are sharing with the Johnny Weissmullers (Lupe Velez).

Sally Gets the Sympathy

HOW does Hollywood feel about the jury's verdict in the breach-of-promise suit against director Harry Joe Brown, husband of Sally Eilers, by Marjorie Whiteis, actress? Miss Whiteis asked $100,000 damages, was awarded $5,000 by the jury. Sympathy is divided between the principals, with Sally—who probably doesn't want it—getting the "sympathy" of everyone; temporarily off the screen, awaiting a blessed event, she was at her husband's side throughout the trial and briefly testified for him.

Gifts of jewelry (and even hats), big loans of money, letters, telegrams, photographs of them together—these constituted the evidence in Miss Whiteis' case. Harry Joe discounted them all as merely evidence of "friendship," Holly-

Francis Lederer is all spoken for, girls—by Steffi Duna, seen with him backstage at Hollywood's Tingel-Tangel Theatre, where she stars in the popular revue

Who discovered EX-LAX?

WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with EX-LAX THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!

Brings A Clear Lightness Unknown Before!

An almost magical way has been found to *increase* and *intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and *fascination* of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to *restore* its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a *golden magnet* of *feminine appeal.*

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—*not a dye.* Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color,* golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!

TRUBLOND
BLONDE SHAMPOO
by Jo-cur'
Makes hair shades lighter . . . Keeps blonde and light hair from fading and darkening . . . Gives a Rich, Natural Golden Glow.

In Boston

HOTEL KENMORE

Commonwealth Avenue at
Kenmore Square

400 Rooms—400 Baths
Each with Tub and Shower

Bar and Grill Room
Choicest of Wines and Liquors

Rates from $3.00

Ample Parking Space
Colyar P. Dodson, *President*

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

wood brand. But the fact that he fought the case, despite the plaintiff's evidence, is a symptom of the movie colony's new determination to fight lawsuits, instead of settling out of court. And Harry Joe probably saved money by doing so. Meanwhile, his bride more or less had to participate in a sordid drama. And Hollywood is wondering what it will do to their marriage.

Parents vs. Daughter

THE most unusual Hollywood lawsuit in some time is the suit for permanent support brought against Mary Astor by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otto L. Langhanke. They claimed to be penniless and living on the bounty of neighbors. Mary did not dispute this, but claimed that they had spent a fortune that she had earned and were living in a $200,000 mansion, adding that she had offered to support them in "reasonable comfort" if they would give up the mansion.

Pending outcome of the suit, the court ordered Mary to pay her parents $100 a month; but Mary won a point, too—for her father announced that the mansion would be sold at auction. Meanwhile, Mary's fan mail has jumped up.

Al Takes It All Back

AL JOLSON said, after he finished "Wonder Bar," that he was getting out of Hollywood for good, and wifey Ruby Keeler would follow. Hollywood winked its off-eye facetiously. In other words, it thought Al was just exercising his vocal cords; nothing more. And Hollywood, for once was right. Ruby is staying, and Al is returning. (P.S. "Wonder Bar" was a hit.)

Keystone

Stephen Ames and Raquel Torres have just shown Hollywood something new in weddings. And in romancing, too. This is how they "went around together"—at Malibu, the Summer movie colony

(More news of players? Turn to page 36!)

Grace Bradley is rapidly becoming news to Hollywood. Not only because she has one of the neatest figures of the new starlets, but can act, sing and dance. She has just been borrowed from Paramount by Harold Lloyd for "The Cat's-Paw"

As always — Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now..

KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

in "DR. MONICA"

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

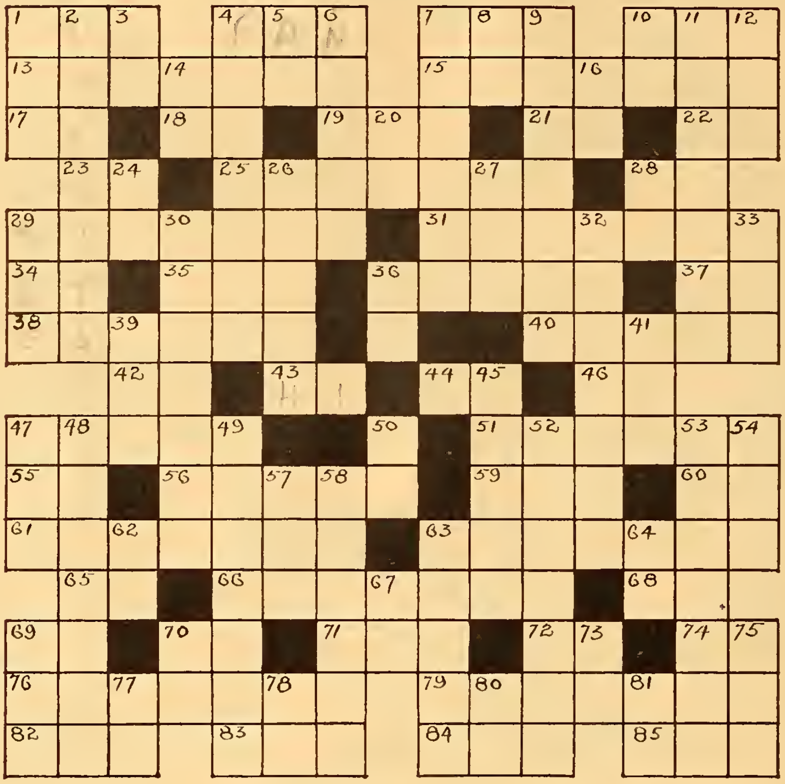
JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

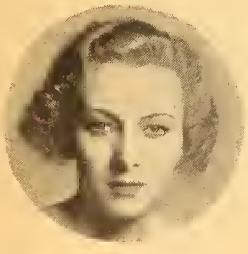
Directed by William Keighley — A First National Picture

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.





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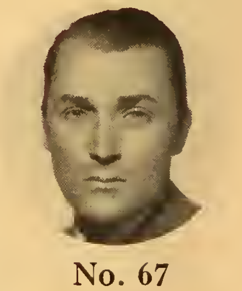

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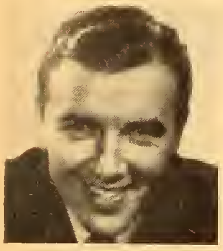

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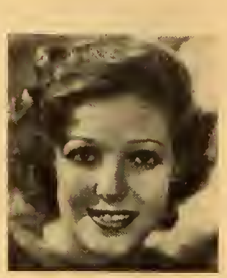


No. 2

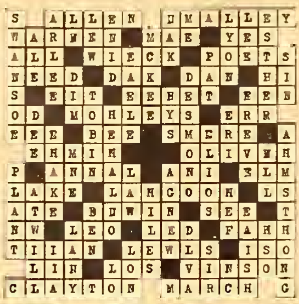
HORIZONTAL

1. "—— of Me"
4. This is what made Sally Rand famous
7. Frances Dee's rôle in "Little Women"
10. "—— of Aces"
13. She was last seen in "The Torch Singer"
15. May —— was a favorite in silent days
17. "—— Broadway"
18. "You're Telling ——"
19. A person who puts X's in love letters
21. Director Sutherland's initials
22. "Rubber-legged" comedian (init.)
23. *Vance* in "This Side of Heaven" (init.)
25. You must be able to show this to get by on the screen
28. The amusing Alice's initials
29. Her first name is Myrtle
31. Poor scenes have to be made over ——
34. And (Fr.)
35. What makes a rowboat move
36. A Cockney lass would say this of Gable
37. *Wild Bill Smith* in "She Made Her Bed" (init.)
38. Belonging to director Reeves Eason
40. Descriptive of Adolphe Menjou
42. The hand-kissing Ivan's initials
43. "——, Nellie"
44. The Texas Helen's initials
46. She's married to Justice Benjamin Shalleck (init.)
47. See illustration above
51. Star of "The House of Rothschild"
55. King of Bashan (myth.)
56. Nickname for American soldiers in War
59. Star of "I'll Tell the World"
60. "Once —— Every Woman"
61. See illustration above.
63. Her first name is Ethel
65. "—— I Were Free"
66. What movie gangsters need when caught
68. "Guilty —— Not Guilty"
69. Eugene's initials
70. Blackface comedian
71. "The Meanest —— in Town"
72. "Broadway —— Bust"
74. Nagel's home state (abbr.)
76. Antonio Moreno belongs to this race
79. Passed without notice
82. Goldwyn's nickname
83. Even stars must ——
84. Another name for animal Jolson rode in "Wonder Bar"
85. Point of the compass

VERTICAL

1. "—— of the Law"
2. See illustration above
3. *Martin Turner* in "This Side of Heaven" (init.)
4. Her first name is Helen
5. "Storm —— Daybreak"
6. She was formerly Mrs. Edward Hillman
7. Her last name is Marsh
8. First name of a screen comedian
9. The first part of his name is J. Frank
10. "—— the Devil Commands"
11. *Ellie* in "It Happened One Night"
12. Point of the compass
14. Wonder when Clara, Lou and —— will enter the movies?
16. "This Man —— Mine"
20. The comical Truex's initials
24. The singing Nelson's initials
26. Heroine of "You're Telling Me"
27. A cricket term (pl.)
28. *Fallon* in "Gambling Lady." (init.)
29. "—— America Thirst"
30. Eddie Dowling is Ray —— husband
32. An Irishman named Pat
33. What has become of wistful Charles ——?
36. "Dinner —— Eight"
39. Standing's title
41. Prefix; three
45. Valley (Sp.)
47. How they spelled Cop in the old Keystone days
48. Verree Teasdale's rôle in "Roman Scandals"
49. One of three famous movie sisters
50. "—— the Earth Turns"
52. Explanations
53. Good ones are made into movies
54. "—— of a Sailor"
57. —— pros. (unwilling to prosecute)
58. Her first name is June
62. Earle's initials
63. Eyelashes
64. "The Way —— Love"
67. See illustration above (init.)
69. "T—— of the Storm Country"
70. "—— American Tragedy"
73. The runaway lord in "Where Sinners Meet" (init.)
75. Humorist who wrote "Fables in Slang"
77. "I —— Suzanne"
78. The kind of appeal Jean Harlow has (abbr.)
80. Heroine of "I Like It That Way" (init.)
81. Robert's initials

Solution to Last Puzzle



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THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

HERE'S YOUR BLUE RIBBON

SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

Don't be an AIREDALE

IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN
removes hair

SO . . you're off to
NEW YORK?

You'll find the old town happier . . business is better . . people are gayer.

You'll be looking for a hotel that's convenient, comfortable, friendly and easy on your pocket book.

Come to the Piccadilly, one of New York's newest hotels. Rooms are soundproofed, with plenty of light and air and sleep-inducing beds.

Dinner Dancing in the Georgian Restaurant . . SILVER LINING Cocktail Room . . serving the best at moderate prices.

Single Room $2.50 up Private Bath

HOTEL PICCADILLY

227 West 45th St., New York
Now under Arthur Lee Direction

Receipts Show Younger Generation's Appreciation of Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn

FIRST PRIZE

The Movies and the Younger Generation

"The influence of the movies on this younger generation is there all right, but not the way our worried mamas think it is. It isn't the morals of our favorite stars that we copy—most of us realize that the plot is just a bed-time story—but oh, the trouble they cause us otherwise!

"We passed safely through (1) the Clara Bow stage, when we refused to comb our hair and walked like cripples in short, tight skirts; (2) the Garbo era, when we adopted the long bob and a stride instead of a normal walk, and (3) the Connie Bennett period, when snooty sophistication was the order of the day and we embarrassed our long-suffering families by yawning in the faces of their bridge friends.

"We expect to be a whole lot more comfortable now that naturalness has come back into popularity. Margaret Sullavan and Katharine Hepburn, besides their real acting ability, have the added virtue of not making boy friends too acutely conscious of our shortcomings in the way of eyelashes and classic noses. Watch the box office returns from their pictures if you don't think we appreciate it!"—ESTHER S. MILLER, Chicago, Ill.

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

SECOND PRIZE

Players Must Stand on Their Own Merits

"Why do movie producers and critics find it necessary to label each new performer 'another Garbo'; 'Valentino's successor'; 'Clara Bow the second'? And now comes Anna Sten, tremendously handicapped long before her first picture appeared, with the warning to 'let Marlene Dietrich look to her laurels!'

"Why not let them stand or fall on their own merits—their own individual screen personalities? Anna Sten, for example. A voice and eyes like Dietrich's, to be sure—but there the resemblance definitely ends. Sten is a charming coquette, Dietrich a seductive siren. The first, a fluttery schoolgirl type of acting; the second, the repressed technique of the true artiste.

"Surely there is room for both types! Does the legitimate stage bill Helen Hayes as a menace to Katherine Cornell, or compare Walter Hampden with Leslie Howard? One of each is enough. The imitation can never duplicate the original.

"In my copybook days I learned that 'comparisons are odious.' But in my childlike ignorance, I wrote it 'odorous.' And that about sums up movie comparisons, in my judgment."—MRS. R. B. ALLEN, Chicago, Ill.

THIRD PRIZE

Calls Gable Greater Than Valentino

"We continually hear Valentino referred to as 'the greatest idol of the screen'; and yet I do not believe that Valentino at the height of his glory could compare in popularity with Clark Gable. Valentino was never popular with the masculine audience. He was a type—a *type*, mind you, that men instinctively dislike. Gable, on the other hand, is as popular with men as with women, because he combines the characteristics that appeal to both—virility, sportsmanship, a sense of humor and the American type of good-looks.

"The Valentino craze, I think, was inspired because he was the answer to a post-war, pleasure-starved people—romance, the Latin lover, the gigolo era, the dance-mad world. Mr. Gable, facing the 'you've got to show me' type of audience, has proved himself to be the sort of person we all respect and admire, in other words, 'regular.'"—MARIAN BATES, Albany, N. Y.

Highly-exploited Pictures Not Always Best

"Realistic stories—things that can happen to you and me—and not impossible or improbable ones are the kind that make the best pictures.

"Three recent popular pictures proved this. They are: 'It Happened One Night,' 'Only Yesterday,' and 'This Side of Heaven.' Packed houses greeted these pictures all over the country, yet they were not exploited in advance as being 'colossal.'

"After a picture is released to the theater-going-public is time enough to rave about its qualities—not months before. Let the fans decide its worth!"—ELCY OBERDICK, Leavenworth, Kan.

Advice to Blondes on Make-Up

by Genevieve Tobin

. . . As told to Florence Vondelle

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
AND
CARY GRANT IN

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by B. P. Schulberg

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction...so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."

* * *

Whatever your type . . . blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead . . . there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.

POWDER . . . *Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.*

ROUGE . . . *The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge. Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; and its creamy-smooth texture make it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.*

LIPSTICK . . . *Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty. Perfect lip make-up! . . . for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.*

*Max Factor * Hollywood*

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . *Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony*

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

JUST FILL IN the coupon for purse-size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*". . . Free. 2-7-82 © 1934 Max Factor

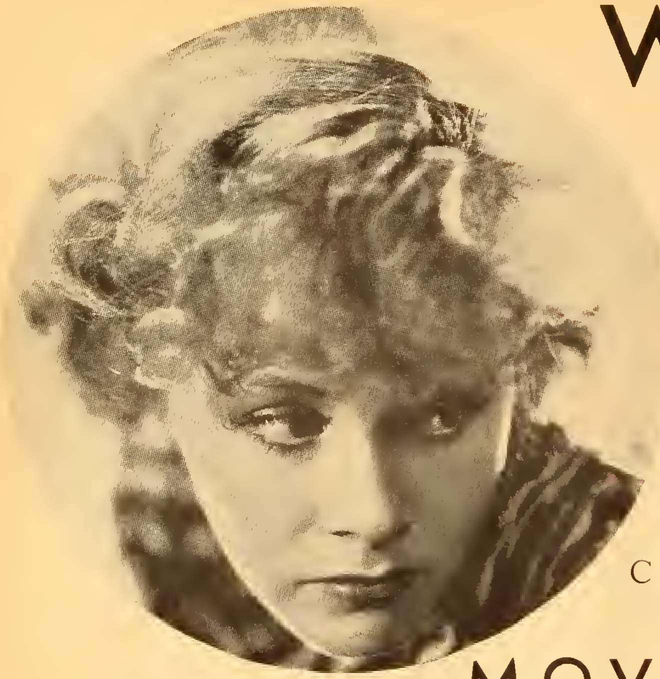
COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check*
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*type above and here* ☐

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ______________ STATE __________



WHO IS THIS GIRL—

AND TO WHAT STAR DOES SHE HAVE A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE?

And How Many Of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By **MARION MARTONE**

2. Whose father threatened to disinherit him because of his interest in a blonde motion picture beauty?

3. Can you name the prominent screen and stage star who recently divorced her husband via the Mexican route?

4. Who are the two handsome screen heroes who almost came to blows over a blonde movie queen?

5. Which former screen star committed suicide in a fit of despondency over his failure to obtain motion picture work?

6. Why did Ginger Rogers, Hollywood actress, file a damage suit for $100,000, and against whom was the suit directed?

7. Do you know the name of the former star of stage and screen who is returning to pictures after an absence of twelve years?

8. Who is the girl who actually turned down a film contract calling for featured rôles at the start?

9. To whom was Raquel Torres, cute Mexican screen player, married recently?

10. Who said, "Marriage for an actress is impossible"?

11. Which former well-known movie star recently married a popular comedian and master of ceremonies after obtaining a Mexican divorce from her producer-husband?

12. How did the newly-formed Broadway producing company, Zetroc, Inc., get its name?

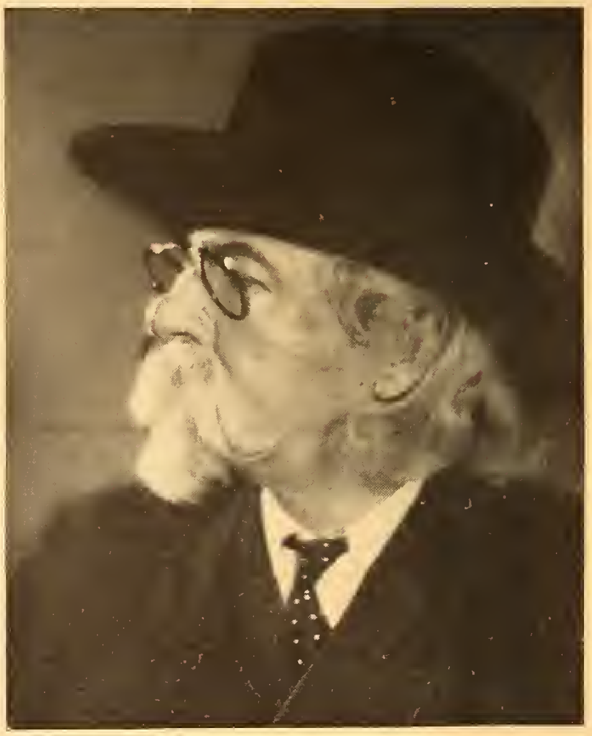
13. Who has been seen with Herbert Marshall since his wife, Edna Best, went back to England?

14. Do you know the screen crooner who has asked to have the no-marriage clause taken out of his contract with his producing company?

15. What were the charges brought by Mrs. Richard Bennett when she filed suit for separate maintenance against her husband?

16. Can you guess who is going to play the title rôle when "The Queen of Sheba" is filmed again?

(*You will find the answers to these questions on page 82*)



17. Do you recognize the features of the star above, under the heavy make-up of a Southern gentleman?

LAMPS STILL BLACKEN QUICKLY
—if you buy them carelessly

TO AVOID PREMATURE BLACKENING ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS MARK
MAZDA
GE
100 WATTS

The smoked-up chimney of the old-fashioned kerosene lamp has its modern prototype in the inferior incandescent lamp!

Premature blackening of lamp bulbs due to the presence of "water vapor" or from other causes adds to the cost of light. They are unsightly too! As bad as grandmother's chimney when the flame was too high. Avoid premature blackening, as well as other expensive imperfections, by looking for the famous General Electric monogram GE on every lamp you buy—for any purpose. Get *all* the light you pay for by being careful. Don't merely ask for a light bulb. Say: "I want General Electric MAZDA lamps." General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

For Good Light at Low Cost

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

"IT'S MY BUSINESS

To look beautiful

..that's why I changed to

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

Dorothy Swanson is typical of many lovely New York models. These girls, like scores of other women . . . educated, critical of values, able to afford the choicest beauty aids . . . have rejected older and costlier dentifrices for Listerine Tooth Paste.

They find that this 25¢ dentifrice cleans more thoroughly, gives enamel higher lustre, and sweetens the breath.

Scores of discriminating men, likewise, find Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding. They like the quick way it removes film and stains and the fresh, wholesome taste it leaves in the mouth.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

REGULAR SIZE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

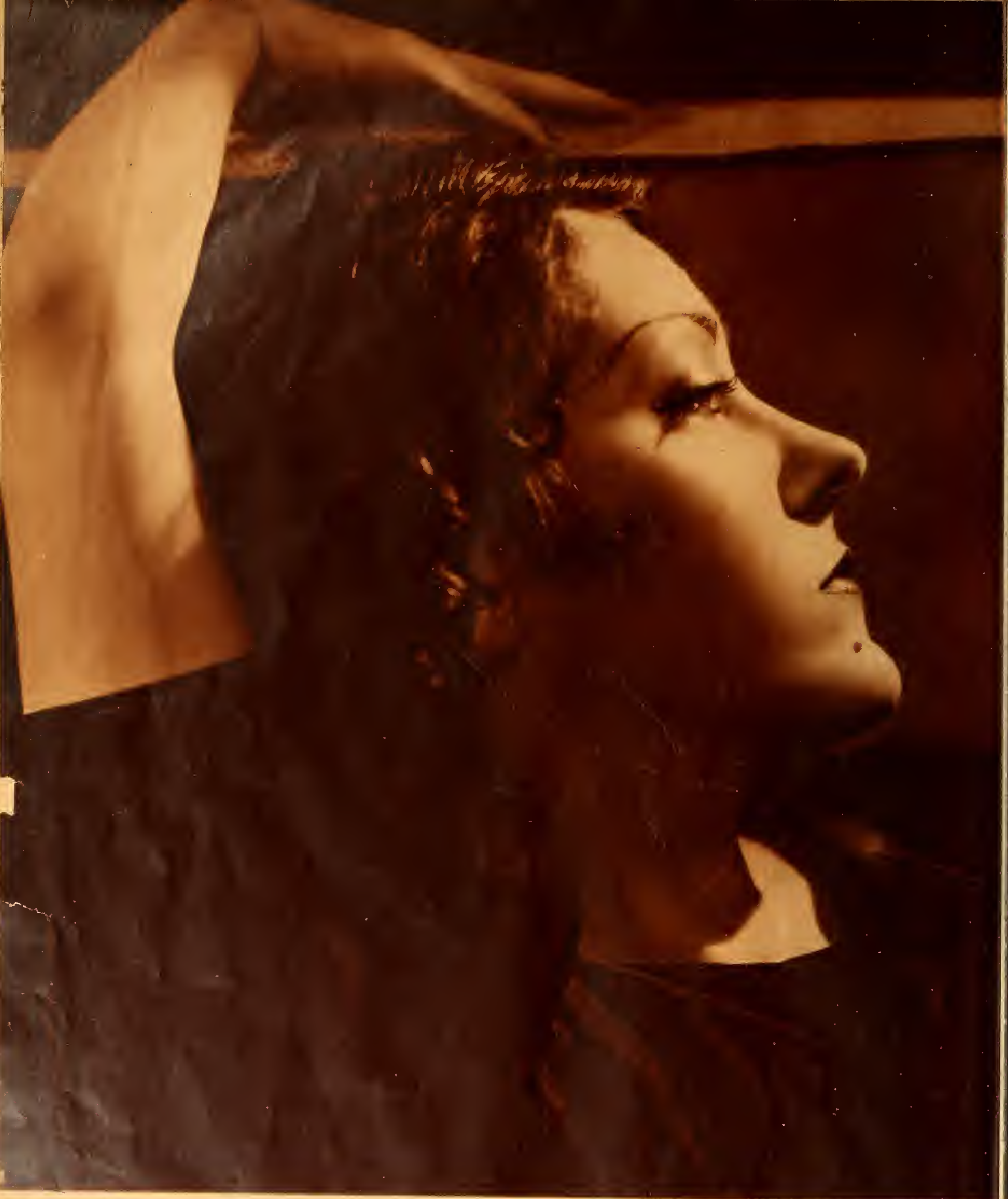
Children as well as grown-ups, every user at once becomes aware that this tooth paste is *different!*

Learn the benefits—far beyond price—which Listerine Tooth Paste will bring to *your* teeth. Learn, too, of the saving which you can make by changing to this tooth paste at 25¢. The new Double Size Listerine Tooth Paste, at 40¢, is a still greater economy. It contains *twice as much*—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW "MERRY WIDOW" HAT from Bonwit Teller, New York, which Miss Swanson wears is of shantung baku—sky blue in color with shell-pink grosgrain band and nosegay of rosebuds. Below—Berniece Lorimor shows you a brown and white checked angora coat and hat of toya straw—both from Anne Davis, New York.

Facing "One More Spring" *Together*

Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor look as if they never want to be parted again. He looks as if he'd like to hold her close, and she looks as if she'd like him to hold her closer, for a movie eternity. And now that they have had a "Change of Heart" and a reunion, they are looking forward to "One More Spring"—together



Portrait by C. S. Bull

Gloria Swanson has been out of the movie spotlight for almost two years—ever since "Perfect Understanding." But now her up-and-down career has taken a sudden upturn again. She's back—ambitious, confident, as much "glorious Gloria" as ever. Ending a stage tour, she is about to start work on her first picture, "Three Weeks"—perhaps with Clark Gable as her co-star

GLORIA SWANSON *Back in Spotlight*

Portrait by Ernest A. Bachrach

CLIVE BROOK *Has Decided to Stay*

Not so long ago, Clive was on the verge of leaving the movies for two years "and maybe longer." And what made him change his mind? A change of rôles! He looks serious enough here, but the lighter side of life is now absorbing him. He is doing clever comedy. "Where Sinners Meet" is a sample. And he and Diana Wynyard are making another—"Sour Grapes"

CLEOPATRA LIVES AGAIN

The most famous queen of them all—that's the one Claudette Colbert is bringing back to life in "Cleopatra." And she is out to give you some new ideas about the Nile Siren's romances with *Marc Antony* (Harry Wilcoxon, lower left) and *Julius Caesar* (Warren William, right)—who "forget" Claudia Dell and Gertrude Michael (bottom), pining in far-off Rome

Portrait by Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN, *Man of Mystery*

There are three intriguing items of news about Ronnie. First, he has quietly returned to Hollywood, after a long, quiet stay abroad. Second, his wife—after eleven years of separation—seems about to give him his freedom. Third, he has just made "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"—reviving his earlier and famous character of an amateur detective

** Two *lovable frocks* whose future is rosy if washed with pure IVORY FLAKES!

IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

In New York, you'll find these two frocks at Lord & Taylor's, the famous Fifth Avenue store that's a godmother to American fashions. And these were designed by Elizabeth Hawes, one of America's finest!

They are made of Suavelle* a sleek silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of Ivory Flakes—and after the sixth washing looks as lovely as new! That's the beauty of using Ivory Flakes—they're quick melting curls of pure Ivory Soap—so safe, that goodness knows why you'd ever risk using any other soap flakes!

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE

LEFT FROCK: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience . . . the collar buttons high or unbuttons low . . . Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Washes like a charm with pure Ivory Flakes!

RIGHT FROCK: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons . . . the crisper one is made of colored duck. Tubs like a handkerchief in lukewarm Ivory suds!

Lord & Taylor
the famous New York store, says: "Wash these silk frocks with **IVORY FLAKES**"

KATHARINE HEPBURN • CLARK GABLE • JOAN CRAWFORD • MAURICE CHEVALIER • NORMA SHEARER

What Secrets Does

BY JERRY LANE

IF Norma Shearer's nose were a shade more uptilted, the Thalbergs' home-life would be a different story! If Janet Gaynor's mouth agreed with her chin—fireworks! She would be Hepburn, Swanson and Lupe Velez rolled into one! And Mae West would never make a wife for Clark Gable—not with their features so at war!

Your profile, you see, reveals the innermost secrets of your personality. It's the guide to what is deep inside you. For instance, that nose of Norma's. Cute? Of course! But that's not the half of it . . . It's slender and slightly retroussé and just a bit blunt at the tip. For which Irving Thalberg can be thankful. For if Norma's charming breathing organ had turned skyward a trifle more, it would have indicated she could never be happy with only one man.

As it is, it says that the sparkling Shearer is clever, but shy; good-natured, but obstinate. When a retroussé nose is thin and not too pronounced like hers, it signifies versatility, capriciousness and refinement. It indicates that Norma gains by patient and persuasive ways what Mae West, for example, acquires by force!

For Mae's grand little "schnozzle" is oh, so gently arched. But *arched*, nevertheless. Which means that she uses fire-engine tactics and loathes restrictions. It's broad at the base, too. An extravagant person, is Mae, and generous to a fault. And watch out, you men! *The West nose is tilted. . . .*

Mae and Norma a Bit Alike

ODDLY enough, she and Norma have foreheads very much alike. They both have a somewhat masculine shape—sloping backward and comparatively low. Direct, intense thinkers, these women, and extremely energetic. Their eyes also are similar. If you have deep-set eyes that are small and slightly oblique like theirs, be thankful! For they show wit and spontaneity and a flare for independence. It would be difficult to impose on these two. They're far too keen, too observing. If the gangsters had been able to read the signs in Mae's face, they never would have dared to steal those diamonds or would have known they would get caught. They would have known that every feature was a danger signal. . . .

But it's strange about Mae. Her lips say "go," while her chin says "no." You'll notice that her mouth protrudes a little and that she has a long upper lip. There's force of character here, enough to outwit an army, ever-ready humor—and something else. The curve of those lips indicates mastery of love. (Surprised?) The full, rounded lower lip spells romance! The indentation below it reveals her power to love very deeply. *But* the chin, prominent and square at the tip, is arbitrary. Mae stands prepared to sacrifice anything, her own emotions included, to forge ahead. She is more severe with herself than with any other person in the world.

Norma, on the other hand, is passive in affection. Her lips declare it by their more compressed, slender look. That also denotes her executive ability, her orderly system, whether running a house or rehearsing a play. . . .

Norma and Clark Gable could have an unexciting friendship. Mae and Clark would be the center of a cyclone. For Clark's chin signifies that he would never allow Mae—or any other woman he was interested in—to be even minutely attentive to another man. And Mae's nose says she really couldn't help it. . . .

What Gable's Profile Reveals

IF your boy-friend has the Gable features, you're in the red zone. You're in for plenty of thrills and not a dull moment. But watch your step! Here are the indications:

Forehead—short and narrow. Which suggests he's quick, energetic and easily popular. *Receding.* He has an absorbing mind, reasons well, but his memory is not so good!

Eyebrows—low and heavy. Denoting a strong, thoughtful character, with courage. His likes and dislikes are intense.

Eyes—straight and medium-sized. No half-way measures with Clark. And there's no fooling men with eyes like these. . . .

Nose—straight, horizontal at tip. He's courteous, accommodating; loves ease. If you appeal to his chivalry, you'll get along with Clark!

GRETA GARBO • WARNER BAXTER • CLAUDETTE COLBERT • FREDRIC MARCH • MARLENE DIETRICH

Your Profile Tell?

Mouth—large, firm, with a distinct downward line at edge. A gentleman who gets what he goes after. A good-fellow type, sporting, shrewd. And with that sharp dent beneath his lower lip—what a lover!

Chin—cleft and squared. Possessive, impulsive, dynamite!

And little Janet Gaynor has the feminine counterpart of the Gable chin—which is reason a-plenty why she has been at the top so long! But her mouth defies it. *The more curved and flexible the lips, the more yielding the nature.* Janet's mouth is quaintly flexible. Her nose says that she loves quiet (shades of that chin!), and that she's artistic to the nth degree; also, it's short enough to express humor. Her wide-open eyes protrude a little, too. Very changeable is Janet—timid on one hand, and rash on the other. All eyes that naturally protrude show a love of books and a craving for knowledge. But their owners are apt to act first and think afterward.

The Assets of Joan's Face

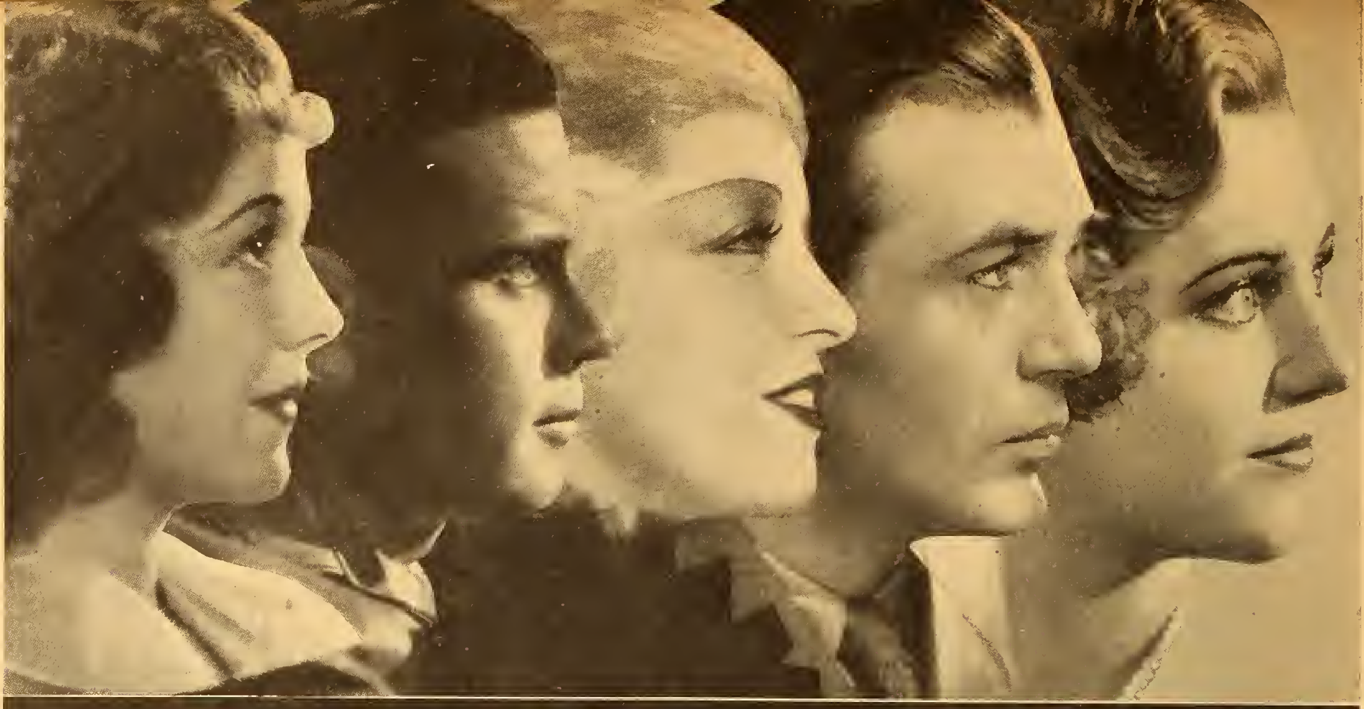
A GOOD many girls bewail the fact that they have that "squarish" look—heads that are broad through both the upper part and the jaws. If *you* have it, thank your lucky stars. Because it's very likely that you'll reach high places and do big things—just as Joan Crawford has. You will have the perseverance and ambition and will to travel far. Width through the lower face reveals that. And notice how wide Joan's is! Her forehead curves back in a way that shows a poetic temperament, craving for beauty and an ardent love of music. The Crawford nose denotes her doctrine of "live and let live." There's strong feeling, which sometimes overpowers her, expressed in those full lips. They slant down, signifying a sympathetic nature—one to whom sympathy has been taught through suffering.

And right here is a warning. Men like Gary Cooper need technique in handling! If you have a husband or sweetheart like Gary, never force him. And stop worrying over him. He's not likely to do the foolhardy things you imagine—not with high cheek-bones such as he has! They indicate a cautious nature, the kind that holds a job a long time and a place in the public eye. That long nose of Gary's suggests dignity and repose and, being aquiline, it also suggests a resolute person who is seldom caught napping. The blue eyes with the overhanging lids reveal creative talents, originality, and a deep inner reserve. Women don't lead the Coopers of the world. But they can enslave them by sheer femininity and gaiety.

Warner Not So Easygoing

AND if you've been thinking of Warner Baxter as a fairly easygoing fellow, banish the thought! He possesses one of the few Roman noses in the film colony. And *that* means authority. It denotes a man who compels obedience and respect, the leader-of-in-

Whether you're a movie star or just a movie-goer, your profile gives the key to your character. Compare your face with these famous faces, and if you have features in common, see if the analysis of their features doesn't fit your own!



JANET GAYNOR • NORMAN FOSTER • MAE WEST • GARY COOPER • RUBY KEELER

dustry type. These Roman-nosed chaps worry too much and are carried away by their spurts of enthusiasm. Warner's chin, however, denotes self-mastery. It has that sharply-defined look that shows success won through the possessor's own efforts. That perceptible bulge of his eyebrows is a sign of a cool, deliberate thinker. It's combined with a short, receding forehead, signifying that he would be successful in any business he undertook, but that he is not especially artistic!

What if *you* resembled Marlene Dietrich? What if you had a vertical profile like hers, with the forehead and chin directly in line? That refers to a serious, matter-of-fact character—and to a certain amount of stubbornness. The forehead indicates memory, placidity, religious tendencies. The chin suggests firmness—and passive love. This type also shows adaptability for details and an imitative capacity, but it is deficient in initiative. High cheek-bones indicate that Marlene can take care of herself. A broad nose tells that she is fiercely loyal, and generous. Large, well-spaced eyes reveal a quiet, easygoing nature, one slow to rouse, but more intense *when* roused. . . .

Katharine Hepburn has the most buoyant, hopeful, confident disposition of any star in Hollywood. That trick little nose of hers says so, the way it slants upward at its base. It gives away a number of secrets—that nose. For instance, did you ever suspect Katie of being extremely sensitive and affectionate? Noses that are not broad, yet have wide nostrils, reveal that. Flaring nostrils indicate other things as well—quick temper and unquenchable aggressiveness and great activity and courage.

Hepburn's Traits—and Garbo's

IF you have a Hepburn style of forehead, low and arched, you're a distinct individualist. You like to do *different* things. You have a passionate love of music and all the arts. Her unyielding mouth—she has the least flexible mouth of any feminine star—speaks of strength to carry out any of the mad schemes those long green eyes of hers suggest. But the short, indented upper lip reveals another side of the Hepburn character. She can't do enough for her friends, this girl. She rushes to aid the "lame ducks" of the world, the oppressed, regardless of public opinion. She has the same "squared" facial contour as Joan Crawford—even more pronounced. Nothing, neither earthquakes nor floods, can stop Katie Hepburn!

Garbo, in not so marked a manner, belongs to the same class. And in this case, notice that her jaw is almost at right angles to her chin. Greta is entirely self-reliant—and good at outdoor sports, because a broad, long jaw like hers shows quiet coordination of brain and muscles. She, too, has a slender nose and wide nostrils—so she is not so remote and cold as she pretends! Her broad, prominent forehead denotes practicality, caution, secretiveness. Her long upper lip expresses a subtle kind of humor and severity.

The famous Garbo eyes and lips are clearly at odds. For her mouth, with the lower lip fuller than the upper, is emotional. It professes her to be determined in love. But her eyes refuse. From their deep-set placement and slant it can be surmised that she is afraid of loving too much—afraid of being intolerably hurt. Yet the high eyebrows say that she could become even greater, if she could come under the absolute sway of love or hate. . . .

Claudette and Norman a Match

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Norman Foster may stop romancing some day, but they'll never stop being fond of each other. Their features are too nicely matched! Claudette's round, wide-open eyes belong to a person who's willing to listen attentively; Norman's small, bright ones belong to an animated talker. All the signs of Norman's face point to decision and grand humor—the squared chin, the upturned lips and upslanted eyes. And if you have an oval face like Claudette's, you respond quickly to lively individuals. Incidentally, her broad nose says that she delights in being madly extravagant, generous—and that she has the "put-off" habit! (Most impulsive people do have it.)

Maybe you've wondered about that "Hapsburg lip" of Maurice Chevalier's. Maybe *you* have one. Then it wouldn't be wise for anyone to try to make you change your mind! You're much too determined. Even youngsters who protrude their lower lips mean business. . . .

And that high, square forehead of Fredric March's says that he's a serious thinker, given to working out small details. At the same time his nice aquiline nose and slightly crooked mouth declare him to be a gallant, quick fellow with a delightfully devilish streak.

With eyes like Ruby Keeler's—those that stand out a bit from the face—you adore action and lots of it. You're good at routine, but you prefer traveling any day. And observe that her nose slopes out directly from the forehead without marked indentation—indicating that Ruby is an ambitious youngster with plenty of punch and power. With a nose like hers, however, you have to be careful not to overreach yourself, not to attempt all that your ambition dictates.

Profiles—they offer the key to the stars' personalities. They offer the key to *yours!*

Success *Hasn't* Turned His Head!

C. S. Bull

CLARK GABLE has finally met his big test — coming face to face with his audiences. And he has had the greatest triumph of any movie hero since Valentino. But his hat still fits!

By SONIA LEE

"THEY belong to us!" "We pay their salaries!" Clark Gable understands those hysterical cries of a violent crowd that jammed the street before a chapel in New York City where the funeral of Lilyan Tashman was taking place. And as her friends, the stars of Hollywood, came to say their last goodbyes, to pay their final tribute of love to a gallant lady, they met the force that gave them fame—the unrelenting and relentless mobs, which broke the police lines, backed them against the wall, tore their clothes to shreds for souvenirs.

It was a shameful scene. Women climbed on the running boards of the mourners' cars and thrust autograph books through the windows. Women tore Mary Pickford's flowers to bits. Women shrieked abuse, fainted, fought. Made a Roman Holiday of Death.

And yet the stars could not complain. For more intimately than the statesmen of Washington, the men and women of the screen belong to their public. Every motion picture star is a prisoner of Fame. And that bondage becomes tangible when a top-notch player like Clark Gable goes on a personal appearance tour.

With greater interest than customary, Hollywood awaited Gable's return from his recent appearance tour in the East. Stories of the furore he had caused, of the turbulent scenes his presence had awakened, had been duly reported. But what would this do to Clark, the man—not Clark Gable, the motion picture star?

He Met His Big Test

LIKE few others, he has maintained his balance, his sense of values, his innate wholesomeness in the face of sudden success. When stardom came, it only intensified his human qualities and his charm. But he had never been tested in the final Crucible of Fame—personal appearances. He had never really known what screen fame means except in the figures on a salary check.

Clark went away utterly fed up with pictures, feeling that success was empty and ambition futile. He was weary to the bone. His long and serious illness had sapped his vitality—and lowered his spiritual morale. The cameras spelled drudgery and not the excitement and thrill they once gave him. He was restless, bored, frantic to escape. Would stage appearances completely alienate him from Hollywood?

(*Continued on page 92*)

SCOOP! *The* "IT"

As Chosen by the

Jean Harlow is the girl whose screen personality gets William Powell most excited—for a variety of reasons

Screen stars are supposed to know their sex appeal. But which actresses put their "personal magnetism" across most with the home-town boys? Which actors are "living dynamite" to the actresses? *Your* favorites—from Mae West to John Barrymore—vote for *their* favorites!

OF all the glamourous and beautiful women on the screen, which carries the strongest fundamental appeal to men? Which, in short, has the most sex appeal? Is it Jean Harlow, or Mae West, or Miriam Hopkins, or Greta Garbo, or Marlene Dietrich, or the more recent importation, the tempting Anna Sten?

And which male star is most devastating to women? Is it the virile Clark Gable, the suave William Powell, the frivolous Maurice Chevalier or Robert Montgomery, the dynamic James Cagney or the polished Leslie Howard?

Place your bets, ladies and gentlemen: who are the great all-around "It" stars? We've put it to a vote, among the stars themselves, and we guarantee the result will surprise you. So how do you wager: which star attracts which—and just who is it that the other sex cannot resist?

The stars, men and women alike, were asked, bluntly, who carried the most dynamic, compelling, fundamental attraction for them. Not as friends, not as fellow-artists—but as man for woman, and woman for man, based entirely upon their reaction from watching the opposite sex on the screen.

We were not interested in what they thought regarding what this star or that star did to men or women as a whole, but merely,

Carole Lombard (above) has glamour for John Barrymore; Carole, herself, is intrigued by Ronald Colman. James Cagney (right) is the Big Attraction to both Kay Francis and Joan Crawford

STARS of the SCREEN

Stars, Themselves

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

and explicitly, what one star exerted the greatest fundamental influence (or good old sex appeal) on *them*, personally.

A few stars hedged; one or two refused to answer; but most of them were frank and direct and gave their honest reactions. And, added up, they indicate that there is no one woman on the screen who has universal sex appeal for men—no, nor for one-tenth of the men. And there is no hero who can tempt ten per cent of the women. That's because humans just won't agree.

By Their Likes Shall You Know Them

THAT'S what makes knowing who attracts whom—and why—interesting. Because that "and why," according to psychology, will give us more than a hint as to the real character of the people who express it. A man's fundamental qualities, his true self, we are told, are expressed by his choice of women. And the same, we are also told, is doubly true of a woman. So here's where we ought to get a peep into the characters of some of the stars by analyzing their votes in this poll.

Because the whole thing started from a casual remark made by Jean Harlow, we shall count her vote first.

In discussing stars, Jean told me:

"Most of us agree on the comparative ability of the different stars, but few of us seem to agree on their fundamental appeal. Now, to me, Eddie Robinson is dynamite. There is something so certain, so fundamental, so almost sinister about him that his personality grips me—and leaves me a little a-flutter.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Claudette Colbert (above) is TNT to Bing Crosby—but Claudette says that everyone has sex appeal, and that "charm" is the thing to rave about. She raves about John Barrymore. George Raft (left) is the lad who attracts Mae West. (The Queen of Sex, herself, gets the vote of Cary Grant, the lad she invited to "c'm up sometime.") Edward G. Robinson (far left), who is "dynamite" to Jean Harlow, casts his vote for Katharine Hepburn and "her mystery"

JOAN CRAWFORD

By JAMES M. FIDLER

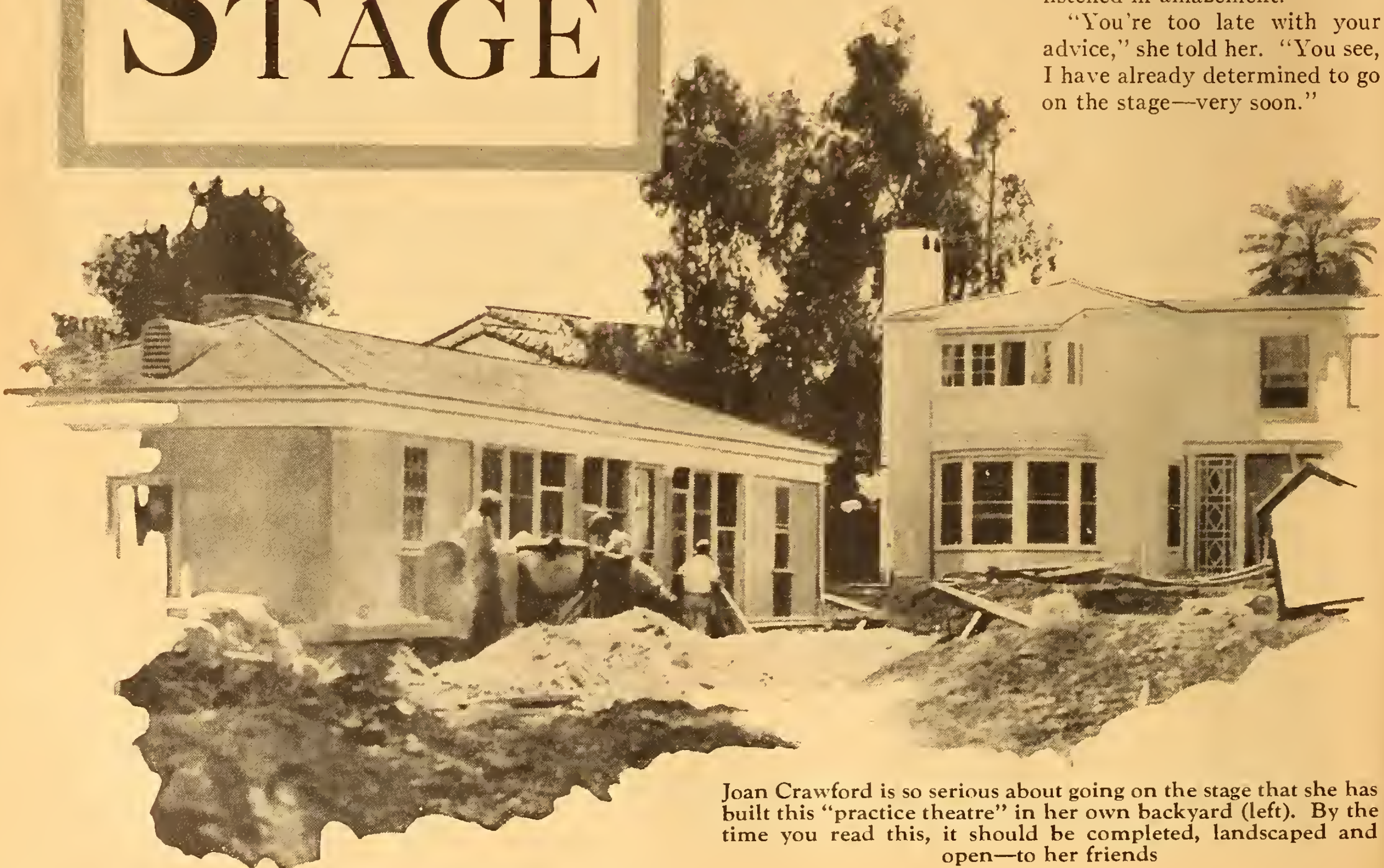
PLANS *to go on the* STAGE

As long as she can remember, that has been Joan's dream—to be a dramatic actress on the stage. And in a few months the dream is coming true. She is getting ready for the event by building a small theatre in her own backyard and acting there before critical friends—particularly, Franchot Tone!

CHIQUITA, a mind-reader from the Middle West who reads the future with unbelievable success, as Hollywood is discovering, traveled two thousand miles just to tell Joan Crawford that she must leave the movies for the stage—that all signs forecast a tremendous success for the star behind the footlights.

"I must see Miss Crawford," Chiquita begged studio officials for weeks. "It is important! I have a message for her!" When after a month of frantic pleading she finally met Joan and gave her the message, the actress listened in amazement.

"You're too late with your advice," she told her. "You see, I have already determined to go on the stage—very soon."



Joan Crawford is so serious about going on the stage that she has built this "practice theatre" in her own backyard (left). By the time you read this, it should be completed, landscaped and open—to her friends

"My present contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has about one year to run," Joan said the other day. "I will not sign a new contract unless it contains the same radical clause that is now written into the contract of Helen Hayes—I mean, unless the new agreement specifies that I am to have six months every year as my very own.

"During those six months, I will appear on the stage."

A career behind the footlights—a serious dramatic career—has long been a vivid dream of Joan's heart. Even before she thought of love and marriage, about which most girls wonder in childhood, she visioned herself on the stage.

The years have flown since those first dreams, but though Joan's vision may have been side-tracked, it has never been lost. Despite her success on the screen, her sensational rise to fame and wealth, and her marriage into the élite of Hollywood, she retains that early yearning to act on the stage.

No Obstacles in Her Way

"NEXT Winter I expect to realize my dream," Joan told me. "I have already talked with studio officials about my

(*Continued on page 74*)

INTIMATE NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood Frowns on Love

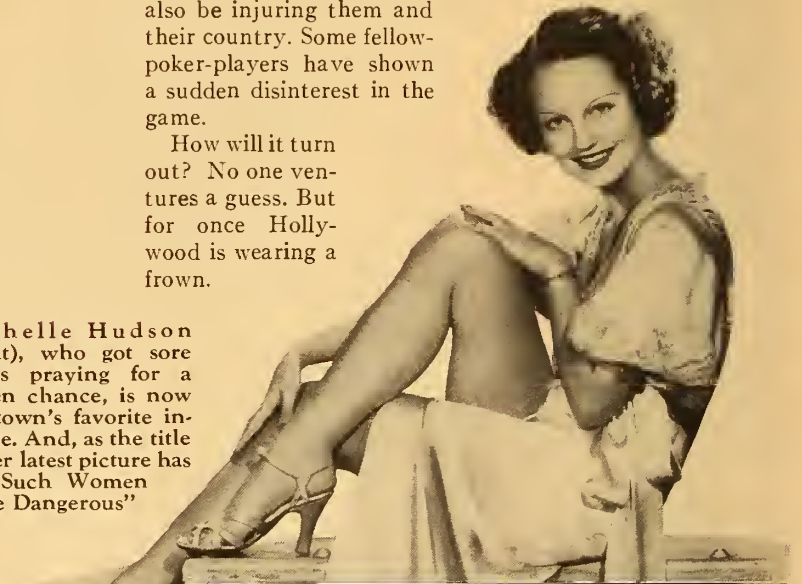
HOLLYWOOD is having a spasm of good old-fashioned virtue. Usually tolerant about human frailties, as befits a town with so many glass houses, it has been set by the ears by a recent love affair. The "hero"—if one may so term him—of the affair is a leading man, no longer particularly young, is married to a pretty young woman, and has a child. The "heroine"—if one may so term her—is a star with a record of several broken romances behind her and is not yet disentangled from her latest marriage, by which she, too, has had a child.

Evidently, this is one love too many for Hollywood or, perhaps, it feels sympathy for the wife. At any rate, it is said that the studio having the star under contract has abandoned plans for a picture with her for some time to come, evidently waiting to see how the affair turns out. She is being snubbed socially, the final blow being given when a hostess who had invited her to dinner called her on the telephone and informed her that she was sorry, but she would be obliged to withdraw her invitation.

The leading-man Lothario is also being snubbed by his friends. A group of his fellow-countrymen have sent him a letter signed with all their names, telling him in no uncertain terms that if he brings scandal on himself, he will also be injuring them and their country. Some fellow-poker-players have shown a sudden disinterest in the game.

How will it turn out? No one ventures a guess. But for once Hollywood is wearing a frown.

Pert Kelton knows the ropes and she's going up them. She's one of the beauty crew in "The Great American Harem"



Rochelle Hudson (right), who got sore knees praying for a screen chance, is now the town's favorite ingénue. And, as the title of her latest picture has it, "Such Women Are Dangerous"

Leo Carrillo and Jean Harlow (right) recently attended a dinner given by film companies to visiting theatre owners. But dinner had to wait until they had signed a few-score menus! (Photo by International)

Divorcing, not Blessed-Eventing

THERE has seldom been a month with more exciting tales going around Hollywood than this last month. Some sounded like purest fiction, such as the rumor that Jean Harlow Rosson was expecting a visit from the stork. The news was a surprise to Jean, who first heard of it in a telegram from a Baltimore newspaper, asking her to verify the fact that she had reserved a room in a famous maternity hospital there for the event. Another rumor running around town was that Jean and Harold would announce their divorce plans in six months. Hollywood took more stock in this rumor—and was wrong only about the time. Jean announced divorce plans within six weeks.

Mae's Titles Speak Out

MAE WEST'S new book, "How to Misbehave," is soon to appear. In view of this title and that of her new picture, "It Ain't No Sin," Paramount's efforts to have her interviews censored carefully seem a bit of an anti-climax.

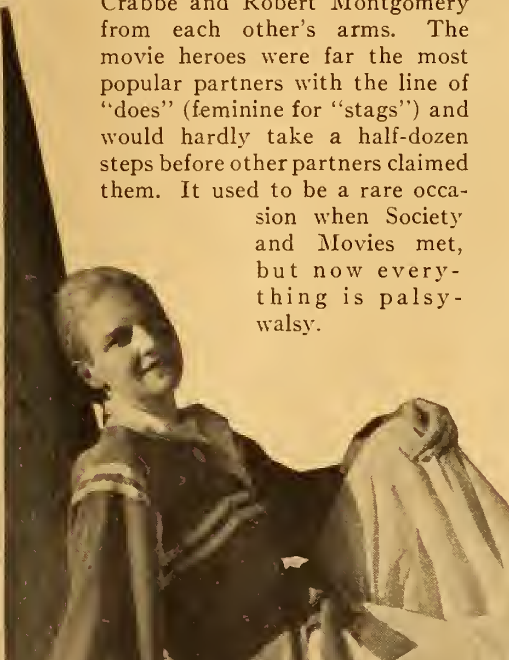
Gluttons for Punishment

AT the Spinsters' Ball the other night, two hundred society women and débutantes took their traditional privileges of cutting in on the men dancers and tore Clark Gable, Larry ("Buster") Crabbe and Robert Montgomery from each other's arms. The movie heroes were far the most popular partners with the line of "does" (feminine for "stags") and would hardly take a half-dozen steps before other partners claimed them. It used to be a rare occasion when Society and Movies met, but now everything is palsy-walsy.

Acme

The news cameras are clicking their shutters these days on Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Here they are at the fights, arm in arm. (And hand in hand?) Rumor roars that Connie and her Marquis are at the divorce crossroads

Now is the time for sails talks—and if two girls could give you convincing ones, they are Ida Lupino (left) and Frances Drake (right). The Paramount starlets are on deck in their sunny best



Ann Harding, making "The Life of Virgie Winters," says pajamas are the life of Harding summers

Norma Worth a 9-Year Wait

"I'VE never been so happy in my life. I didn't think a man could ever be so happy. Why, I've been waiting nine years—and it was worth it." With that cheerful little earful, George Jessel confided to reporters his happiness at making Norma Talmadge the second Mrs. Jessel. To be exact, he had to wait nine years and nine days. After she got her divorce from producer Joseph Schenck in Juarez, Mexico, she had a long train trip East—and then she and George had a few days' debate over where they'd get married—in Florida (where she has a home) or in Rome (as he wished). They finally called off the debate long enough to go to Atlantic City for the week-end. And there, as Norma said, they "had the knot tied."

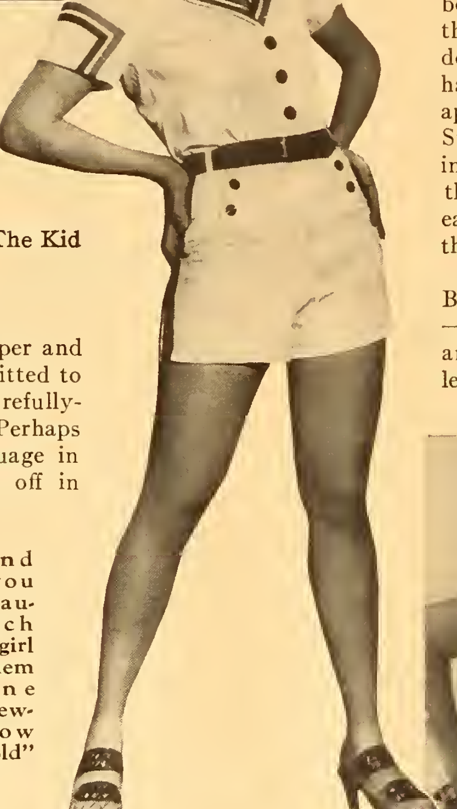
Acme

Norma Talmadge may be out of films, but she's still in the news. She recently shared headlines with George Jessel by marrying him. They're honey mooning abroad

Why did she keep George waiting all those nine years—during most of which she was separated from Mr. Schenck? Her story is that while their mothers were still alive, she and "Joe" didn't want to hurt them by getting a divorce. Norma disavows any screen plans for the future. And who will be the next Mrs. Schenck? Intimates say—Grace Poggi, the peppy little dancer of "The Kid from Spain" and "Roman Scandals."

Comrade Sten Meets Princess

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN, visiting newspaper and magazine writer from New York, was permitted to have lunch with Sam Goldwyn and his carefully-cloistered Anna Sten, from Soviet Russia. Perhaps Sam didn't realize that the two had a language in common. After the introductions they were off in fluent Russian, while Sam distractedly tried to change the tide of affairs. Now the Princess and Anna are firm friends and somebody may get "quotes" from the Russian mystery star at last.



Hi-ya! And how do you like the nautical beach shorts? The girl adorning them is Suzanne Kaaren, newcomer, now in "Wild Gold"

Does Lee Have a Missus?

THE report is that Isabel Jewell recently signed a lunch check in one of Hollywood's fashionable eateries, "Mrs. Lee Tracy." On the other hand, Lee promised his good pal, Walter Winchell, that if he ever married, Mrs. Winchell's boy should be the first to give out the news. Tracy's new Paramount contract puts him back where he was B.M. (Before Mexico). Isabel was let out at M-G-M recently when her option came up—only to be hired back at a much higher salary a few days later to make a picture there!

Lee, it is reported feels that Hollywood is typing him as a wisecracker and a reporter. He wants variety. And his first picture for Paramount will be "A Son Comes Home"!

Evelyn's "Brain Trust"

THE arrival of Evelyn Venable's professor papa from Cincinnati seems to have delayed the announcement of her engagement to Hal Mohr. Evelyn is denying it again, but is still going places with the big Fox cameraman. Venable père is, they say, causing a commotion at the studio over the things his daughter may and may not do. While Evelyn told one of our writers that she was twenty-one, papa claims that she is under age and that all decisions have to be okayed by him. He seems to be a sort of Brain Trust for the pretty starlet.

Baby Stars Not So Babyish

THE Wampas Baby Stars are independent young ladies this time. Cary Grant had one of them tell him in a rehearsal, "Don't hand that shawl back to me. I'll reach over and take it from you." The director, cameraman and assembled company stared—then broke into applause at the Baby Star's spirit. This particular starlet, by the way, is blonde and beautiful—and a graduate from the University of Oregon. She was in Los Angeles, studying for her master's degree, when her chance at the pictures came. Two others are college girls and all three belong to big sororities.

One Baby Star, Hazel Hayes, has been given the post of prima donna in the San Carlo Opera Company and is departing to sing "Aida," "Tannhauser," "Traviata." Her first screen appearance after being chosen a Baby Star found her with hair slicked back in comedy style, dragging Lucien Littlefield out of a beauty parlor by the ear. No wonder she took the offer from the opera company!

And one of the six alternates in the Baby Star balloting—Mary Kornman—has just married. Screen careers aren't the sole ambitions of these starlets!

(*Continued on page 77*)

Muriel Kirkland isn't high-hatting anybody; she's just keeping her chin well up. And she has a perfect right, after almost stealing "Nana" from Anna Sten. She's giving Margaret Sullavan competition in "Little Man, What Now?" And Broadway will take an interest in the rivalry, for Bright Light Boulevard knows both of them well

The Girl That Gossip Doesn't Hurt

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

THE lesson today is about all the wonderful things that can happen to a girl, if only she is pure in heart. Our subject is Alice Faye, and how she was touched by a magic wand that routed the demon, Scandal, and changed her miraculously from a co-respondent into a movie star.

It's not every girl who can step into leading rôles, dramatic rôles, in the talkies, without ever having acted one scene or spoken one line of dialogue in her life. And it's not every girl who, at the threshold of her career, can be named as co-respondent in the country's most publicized divorce case, and actually benefit by it, instead of suffering.

Almost any other girl in pictures would have been ruined, had Mrs. Fay Webb Vallee named her as a siren who had appropriated her famous husband's love. Wives all over the world would have risen up in arms against her, and women's clubs would have lost no time in doing their deadly work, as they have to many a helpless actor and actress in the past, when headlines touched them. But Alice Faye, who owes everything to Rudy Vallee in one way or another, is grateful, even

(*Continued on page 84*)

ALICE FAYE is a phenomenon in Hollywood—a girl whose career has been advanced by unwelcome headlines. For people took one look at Alice and said, "It can't be true—that she stole Rudy Vallee away from his wife." And the little blonde "unknown" became a leading lady overnight!

"WILD JACK" Is Back Again!

John—the famous gay sprig of the royal tree of Barrymore— has just "run wild" on the screen for the first time, giving the performance of his life. And —SCOOP!—he tells here how he grabbed at the chance. Don't miss it!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

"HE used to be a rip-snorter, that John Barrymore. But, somehow, the films never caught his fire or his personality, and now that he has passed the fifty-year mark even the old-timers have given up hope of seeing 'Wild Jack' on the screen." That's what Hollywood said a few months ago. And Hollywood is eating its words now!

The uneasiest, most reckless of his brilliant clan; genius by birth, and vagabond by choice—that was the John Barrymore the stage knew. And his escapades under New York, Chicago and 'Frisco bright lights kept the whole country thrilled and delighted with mock horror at his exploits a quarter of a century ago. He was truly America's favorite bad boy, and the pet rave of ladies in Gibson Girl shirtwaists and pompadours. And when, after chewing up the scenery on Broadway, the youngest of the Barrymores turned an attentive ear to the call of the "flickers," thousands of fans rubbed their hands in joyous anticipation. Now Hollywood would learn what the words "genius," "temperament" and "fire" really meant.

But, for some reason, the expected did not come to pass. John Barrymore never put the film industry on its ear. His pictures were interesting, his work sure, finished, convincing. But restraint continued to rule his pictures, and except for a mad moment in "Rasputin and the Empress," never once did the real

In "20th Century," John Barrymore isn't acting; he's reliving memories of his early stage days—and of long-haired producers who were "ham" actors on life's stage. (So are we all, says John!) Right, as *Jaffe*, he registers moral indignation, physical indignation, a fainting spell and insulting glee. Left, as *Lily Garland*, Carole Lombard forgets she's a lady and shows him the door

John Barrymore hasn't played a theatrical Great Lover for years—but he makes up for lost time in "20th Century," with Carole Lombard not discouraging him

©*Abbe, London*

When John Barrymore looked like this, he was THE Great Lover—and was also known as "Wild Jack"

"Wild Jack" show himself in films.

So around came 1934 and Jack Barrymore's fifty-second birthday (in February), and a resignation on the part of his still-loyal fans to the fact that they were never again to see their favorite as he lived in their memories—gay, wild, reckless, turbulent, dynamic, sparkling. But they were due for a surprise.

Decided to Let Him "Run Wild"

LET'S go back to last February, and look over a little scene that took place in the office of Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures. A story and casting conference was on, over the company's big production of the new season, "20th Century."

"But listen, boss," a supervisor was pleading, "you simply can't turn that guy loose in a picture."

"He is a trifle—ah—er—wild," agreed Director Howard Hawks, "but if it were possible to let him interpret the part as he feels it, we would see some acting like we've never seen before—"

"Yeah," objected an executive who had already entered his protest, "and we'd see some places like we'd never seen before, too. Because if we let that bird John Barrymore be himself, we'd all go to jail. No studio would dare let him run wild in a part. Just think what he used to do—"

"That's just what I *am* thinking," said Harry Cohn grimly. "So sign him up, turn him loose, and we'll give the public an eyeful—and if they send us to jail for it, we'll have swell notices to paste on our cell walls, anyhow."

And in this manner it came about that John Barrymore's gentle art was enlisted to put life into the rôle of *Oscar Jaffe*, the temperamental theatrical producer in the uproarious "20th Century."

"I ought to be able to play the part," Barrymore told me. "I lived with *Oscar Jaffe*, under a dozen different names, for thirty years. I was raised, weaned and taught my faults by his peers. And is he real? He's as real as the grease-paint the old sinner would bleed if you cut his throat. I haven't a memory he doesn't live in, under one name or another. In him I see Jed Harris and Morris Gest and William Brady and Belasco and a healthy portion of the house of Barrymore.

Reliving Part of His Life

"JUST consider these clothes," he continued, running his hand over the costume of *Oscar Jaffe*, "—this wide-brimmed hat, this turned-up coat collar, this big, black tie. Every item is the brand of one or another of those rare old showmen who were the heroes of my childhood, the mentors of my adolescence, and, I guess, the goats of my blunders. They were my teachers, my friends, my critics and my examples.

"I don't have to act to be *Jaffe;* I need only to close my

(*Continued on page 89*)

Nothing Bothers LEW AYRES —*Not Even Stardom!*

Lew is one star who will never have a nervous breakdown because of worry, women or his "career." He just can't be bothered; life is too short. That's his attitude, and it isn't a pose. He has always been like this—only the fact hasn't been pointed out before!

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

HOLLYWOOD has long taken pride in the fact that it can and does change people, mates and dispositions with malicious ease. But Lew Ayres defied cinema sirens and success to change him in the least, and to-day the Rock of Gibraltar is simply a wandering gypsy when compared with Lew!

When Lew got his first break, playing opposite Garbo in "The Kiss," sage Hollywoodians nodded their collective heads and said, "He'll soon be like all the rest of us." Thwarted, they prophesied that after his phenomenal rise to stardom in "All Quiet on the Western Front," Lew couldn't avoid changing his design for living. Wrong again! When his marriage to Lola Lane crumpled into bits, the brethren of the studios declared, "Well, it took time, but Hollywood finally got him." But to-day he's the sole Hollywood heretic—a disbeliever in jinxes and the philosophy that careers must be fought for and that love should be sought with loud "Yoicks! And to hunt!"

Lew's enigmatical character conceals the fundamental reason for his success. In the land where life is real and life is earnest, where careers are born in travail and raised with indulgence—he simply can't be bothered! Life to Lew is a tranquil succession of days, and while other actors are tearing their hair or their producers over parts, he goes his serene way. He conquered Hollywood by indifference and holds it captive by indolence!

Lew Then—and Lew Now

FIVE years ago, I was cast as a collegian in "The Sophomore" and one sequence called for the fraternity boys to dance at a stag banquet, attired in charming Swiss milkmaid's costumes of ruffled skirts, tight black bodices, lace collars, baby blue bonnets and blonde wigs. We rehearsed the ballet and for my partner in the daisy chain I drew a melancholy lad. As we linked arms and went into our dance, the gloomy one nodded and said, "Hi! My name's Lewis Ayers." The ballet went on for days and, while all the others proved their masculinity (by God!) by smoking pipes and conversing in deep bass voices, Lew changed not in any manner and his serene abstraction convinced me then and there that he could play the lead in a nudist picture without blushing!

The longer we worked, the more quiet he became; and looking at his baby-faced countenance, I found it hard to believe that Lew had started this career business as a banjo player in a Tia Juana honky-tonk. He

(*Continued on page 72*)

Lew Ayres is one of the luckiest lads alive—so why *should* he worry? And even love can't upset him. He just says, "It either works out or it doesn't"

Portrait by Elmer Fryer

She's ENGAGING *to You*— ENGAGED *to Someone Else*

Glenda Farrell looks you straight in the eye and talks to you straight from the shoulder—with a sense of humor. And the applause keeps her busy, playing one rôle after another. She's engaging Pat O'Brien's attention in "The Personality Kid"—and is engaged to writer Robert Riskin

Hal Phyfe

Margaret Sullavan, who has just made "Little Man, What Now?", admits: "I may change my mind about Hollywood after I discover it alone. But everybody is forever trying to bring it to me, which I resent. I don't feel free . . ."

Hollywood Will *Tame* MARGARET SULLAVAN

Margaret, the rebel, still rebels at some of Hollywood's tactics—but she has softened considerably. Here is an up-to-the-minute interview with her that reveals what she is like after her second picture!

By ELZA SCHALLERT

"I STILL hate making pictures!" Margaret Sullavan told me. "And I don't like Hollywood any better than I ever did! I love simplicity and I detest the limelight! But, apparently, you can't have simplicity in Hollywood, where the only thing that matters is the hullabaloo of fame.

"If Hollywood will only let me alone to find my way about, without forcing me and rushing me into things, I probably will change my feelings about it sometime. But at present it seems utterly, horribly and completely consuming and interfering. That's my brief against the place. And that's why I am always restless to get out of it the very moment I am able."

She tossed off this dynamic pronunciamento with the typical, like-it-or-leave-it abandon of the modern daughter of to-day. We were seated in her dressing-room bungalow at Universal Studios, in the interim following her mid-afternoon nap and the call for duty on the set of her latest picture, "Little Man, What Now?"

She was still somewhat sleepy-eyed when I met her and it took a few moments for her to find her bearings. The publicity generalissimo actually had to enter her sleeping room and shake her from her heavy slumber. Since I was an eye-witness to this extraordinary procedure, the testimony may be made of record that after numerous poundings on the door of the young lady's bungalow, and repeated roaring yells of "Peggy! Margaret! Sullavan! Wake up, wake up!" the publicity director finally had to enter the sanctum sanctorum of Hollywood's latest rebel star and virtually drag her forth from her slumbrous couch.

She greeted me in the small, simple sitting room of the bungalow with a charming smile and ingratiating manner. However, there was the quizzical, suspicious and challenging look in her courageous blue-gray eyes that is typical of most young girls of to-day, between eighteen and twenty-five years.

That generation doesn't trust and think much of the two generations preceding, any more than they think much of anything besides themselves. But they have had to adopt that attitude and philosophy. It is their defense mechanism, their method of self-preservation. And it explains much of their apparent ruthlessness, their loud and raucous manners.

She's Different from Expectations

AFTER passing cigarettes and lighting one herself, Miss Sullavan draped herself across a sofa in strictly informal, comfortable and tomboyish fashion and talked and answered questions in the most alert and engaging manner. She wasn't anything like the "disagreeable," "insolent" young

(*Continued on page* 78)

Portraits by
Don English

Some More Eyes Turn West-ward

lae West will catch the eyes of some nore of the boys in "It Ain't No Sin"—inluding those of John Mack Brown. He's a outherner, and that inSINuatin' drawl of ers "gets" him. She dons the gowns of e Gay Nineties again, and queens it in e Sensation House in old New Orleans

Women Are All Falling in Love with Kruger—

(*It's Always Springtime for Otto!*)

He's a sensation—the man of the hour—a heart-breaker at 45. And what's the explanation? We asked Otto (he's a bit surprised at all the furore). He doesn't know, but he tells you how he looks at life, love and women—which explains plenty!

By Gladys Hall

IS it his lower lip? Or WHAT is it—this something-or-other that has made Otto Kruger the most sought-after man in Hollywood? For there's some potent charm or competence or some durned thing that has made him the triumphant rival of all the younger and more comely Gables, Novarros, Montgomerys and Coopers, with every producer in Hollywood pleading for his services.

In eight months in Hollywood, Otto has made NINE pictures. One part overlaps another. He wears seven-league boots to get from one studio to another in time. On his home lot—M-G-M—and on all other lots, Kruger is solicitously solicited. When he goes away from home, Louis B. Mayer puts his arm over his eyes and weeps with mingled rage and joy.

Women all over the country are writing him fan letters, fervid, perfervid ones. Widows, grandmothers, débutantes, ingénues, divorcées, housewives, expectant mothers, ladies of light repute, spinsters, everyone and everything entitled by sex to wear a skirt is Kruger-conscious, Kruger-minded (if the mind has anything to do with it).

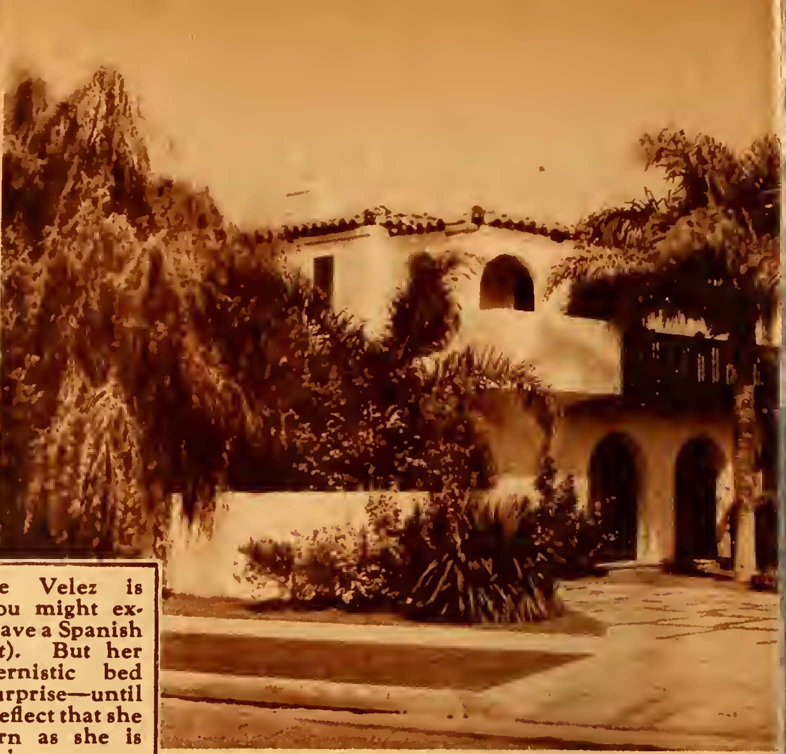
(*Continued on page* 75)

Every time Otto Kruger has a love scene, he steals the picture. Women leave theatres talking about him—about that appeal of his. Jesse Lasky seriously says it is Otto's lower lip! What are *your* theories?

Portrait by Richee

ADRIENNE *Can Have Both Love and Fame*

Adrienne Ames is one of the best-dressed women on the screen—but she is never called on to be particularly emotional. And that is odd, after the emotional drama she has recently lived in real life—risking her career for love. But Adrienne's future looks bright, after the applause for her in "You're Telling Me"!



Since Lupe Velez is Mexican, you might expect her to have a Spanish house (*right*). But her huge modernistic bed (*left*) is a surprise—until you stop to reflect that she is as modern as she is Mexican

LUPE VELEZ' Hacienda

Lupe believes that a house should reflect the person who lives in it. And you know Lupe; she's a colorful personality. Read about some of the ways her house says so—and get ideas for brightening up your own "hacienda"!

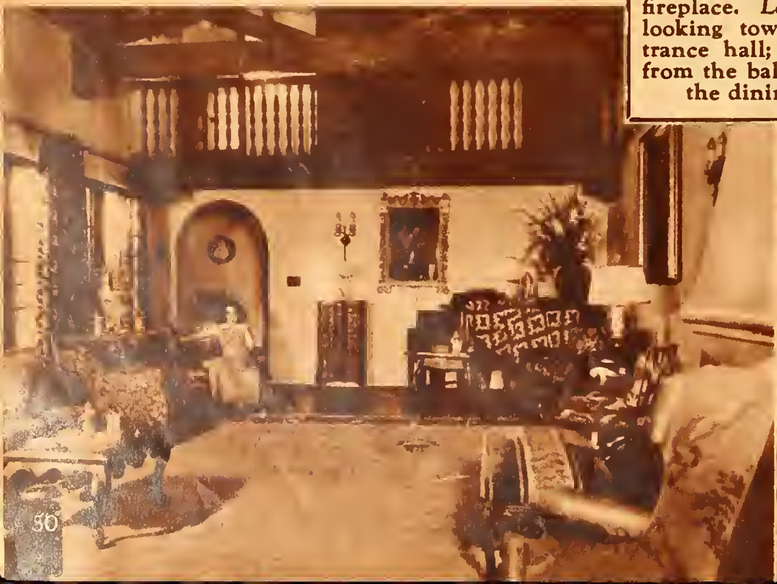
By DOROTHY CALHOUN

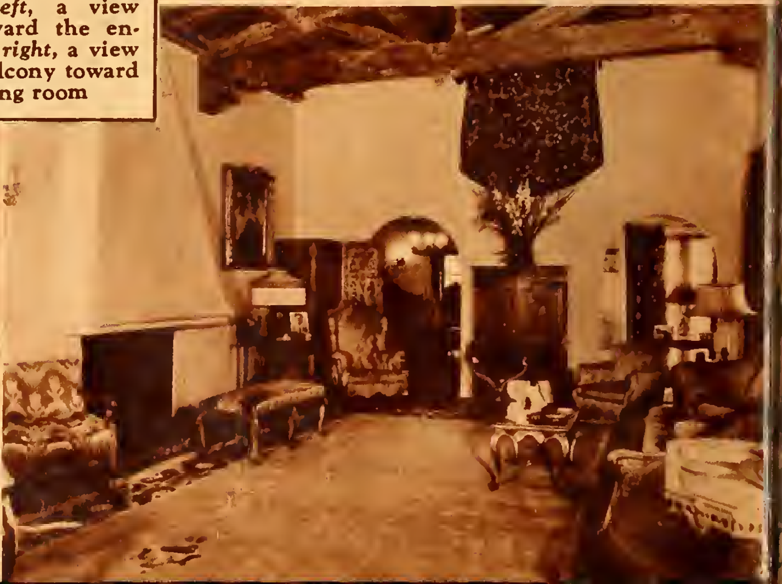
So you dream about living in the style that stars do? You can make those dreams come true—if you will just follow the lead of MOTION PICTURE, which is taking you inside the homes of several stars. This month, we're tipping you off to features in Lupe Velez' house that might be adapted to your own surroundings.—Editor.

WITH a really astonishing sense of the fitness of things, Lupe Velez—when she came to choose a home—did not establish her dark, vivid, exotic little self behind white Colonial columns or in an Elizabethan manor. Her house in Beverly Hills, with its warm stucco arcades, its outside staircases and brilliant tiles, is perfectly in keeping with its owner, who patters about her domain in overalls. Lupe has an hacienda!

No interior decorator told Lupe what to do in furnishing her home. Right or wrong, decoratively speaking, Lupe has directed the destiny of her house, herself. She shopped for hanging fabrics, for example, and then happily tore everything down when it was finished to do it all over again differently. And yet the effect is individual and characteristic and colorful. Lupe's home flames with color outside and in. With complete unconcern as to period or nationality, she has gathered Indian rugs, Spanish furniture, French porcelains, priceless antiques and modern-

Lupe is proud of her living room, furnished with genuine antiques and boasting an antique fireplace. *Left*, a view looking toward the entrance hall; *right*, a view from the balcony toward the dining room





White stucco, low and rambling, with a red-tiled roof—what could be more Spanish than Lupe's home from the outside (*left*)? And what could be more modernistic than the huge mirror in her bedroom (*right*)?

Is *Vivid*—Like Herself

istic furnishings into a whole as naïve and delightful as her own personality.

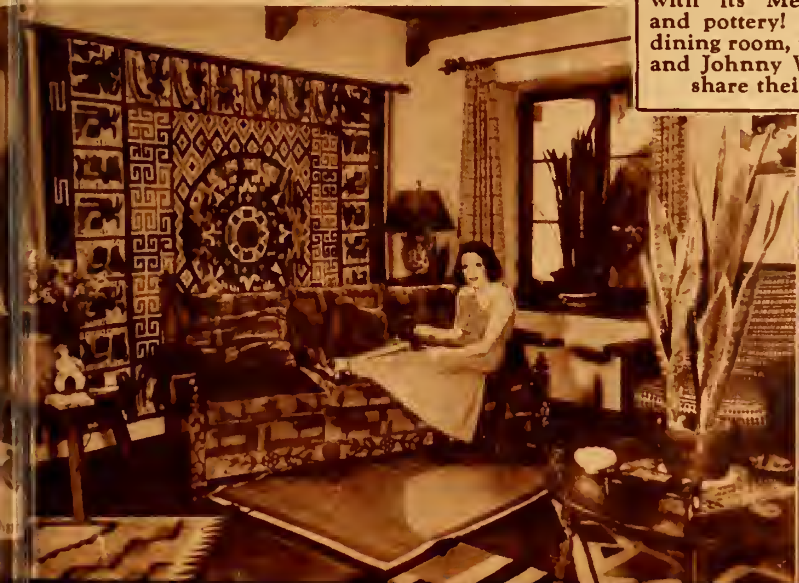
From a red-tiled front hall, the visitor steps down into a huge living room, with the balcony across one end overhead, which serves as an upper hall. Across one side of the room, huge windows look out on rioting passion flowers, poinsettias, and scarlet geraniums, and a fireplace, severe to the point of starkness, occupies the middle of the opposite wall. Such a fireplace warmed Cervantes in an Andalusian village as he wrote of the immortal *Don Quixote*. A detail that could be copied by anyone who loves the Spanish in architecture is the wrought-iron and mesh gates that close over the fire, opening like doors when not in use.

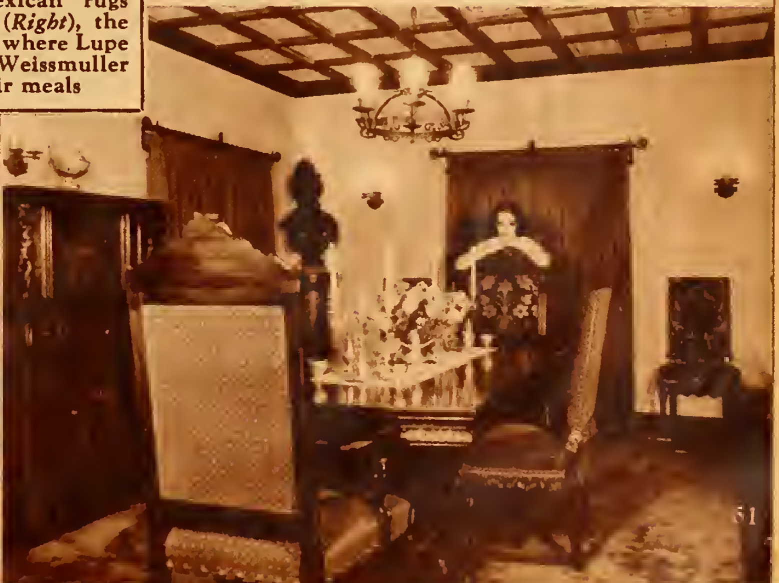
Naturally, the rug smolders in crimson tones, though the border is typically Oriental. (And one thing that you might well copy from Lupe is the padding that gives a luxurious feeling of depth under her carpets.) The walls are off-white, without decoration, except for the splash of a brilliant piece of fabric, a painting of a dark woman, and gilded brackets holding—incongruously enough—pink and blue porcelain figures. This use of gilded wood brackets is unique and easily adaptable to any room that needs an ornamental wall touch. Wooden beams overhead have been picked out with crude flower decorations in red and blue. But the restless Lupe is having them redone in black.

The furniture is a mixture of damask and red velvet upholstery, and the hangings are crimson. The furniture is all antique, dark and very massive, but lightened with gilded French cabinets. In one, Lupe has a collection of carved ivory toys; in another, Johnny Weissmuller's medals lie in proud rows on the glass shelves, shining under an electric bulb. A metal table with an octagonal top, set with tiny old prints, holds a huge urn. Lupe is very proud of this room. She is a fussy housekeeper and often tells Johnny, "Keep your newspaper and your hat off my tables!" A framed picture of the bridegroom stands on a table by the

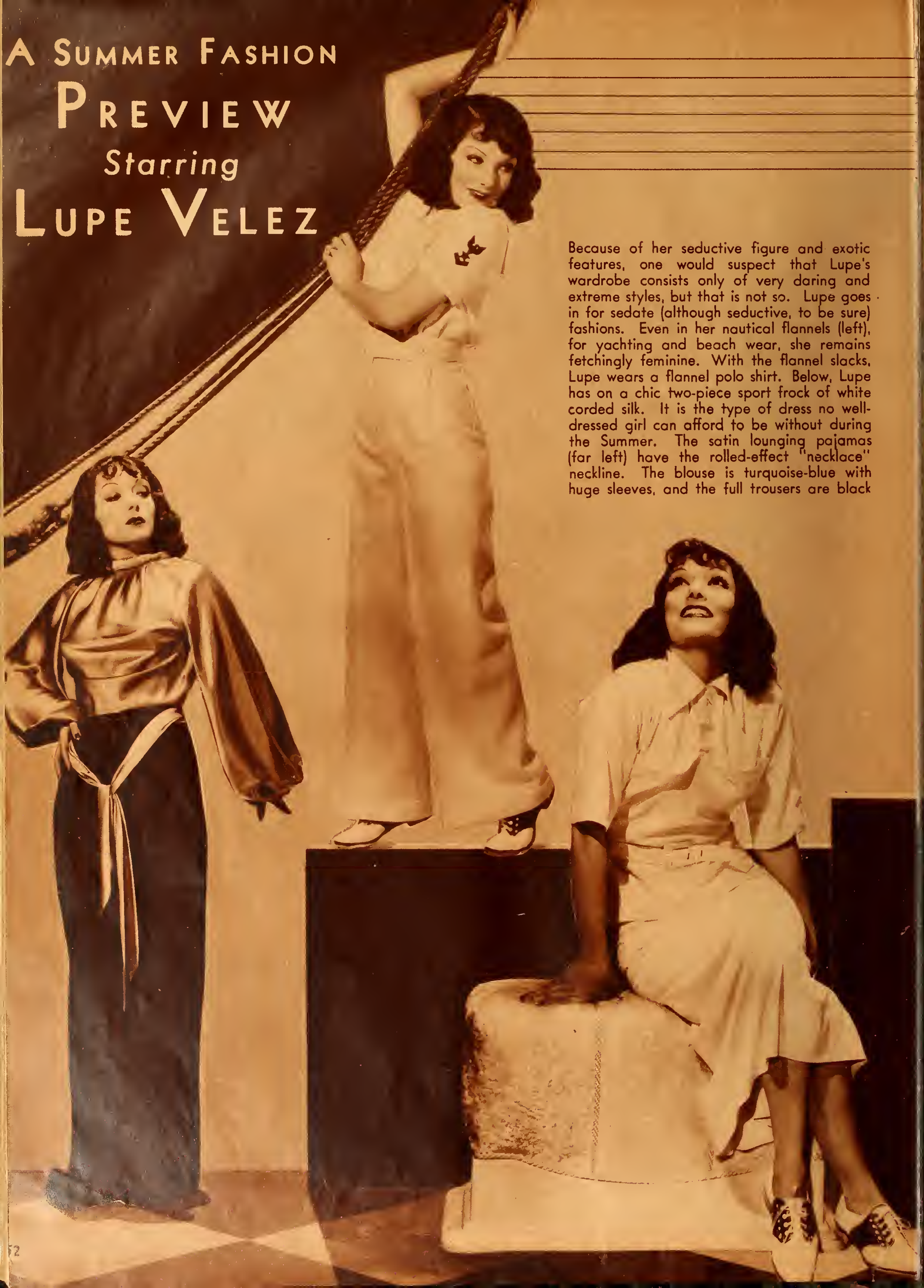
(*Continued on page* 85)

The one out-and-out "Mexican room" of Lupe's home is her "den" (*left*)—and is it colorful, with its Mexican rugs and pottery! (*Right*), the dining room, where Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller share their meals

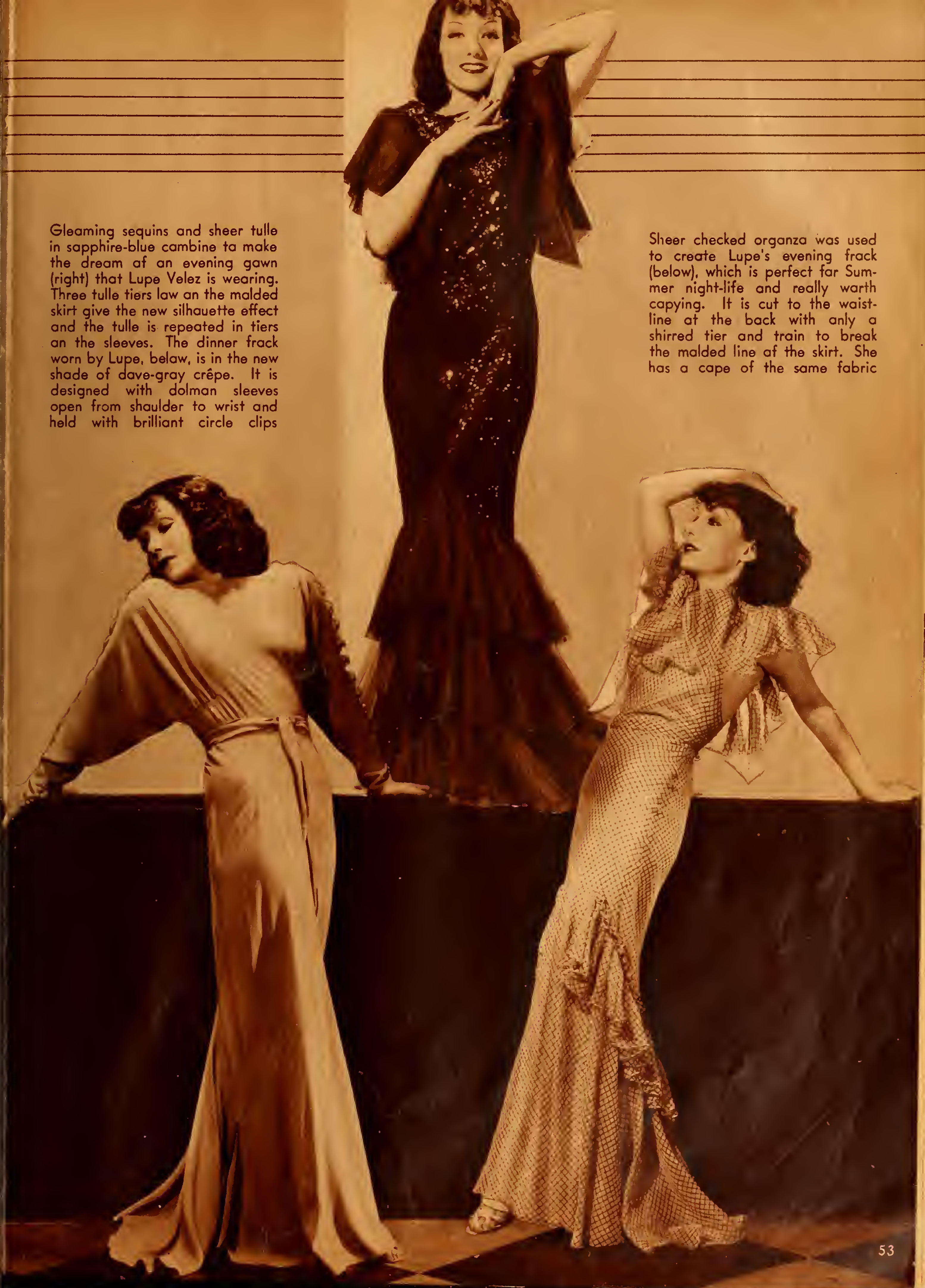




A SUMMER FASHION PREVIEW
Starring
LUPE VELEZ

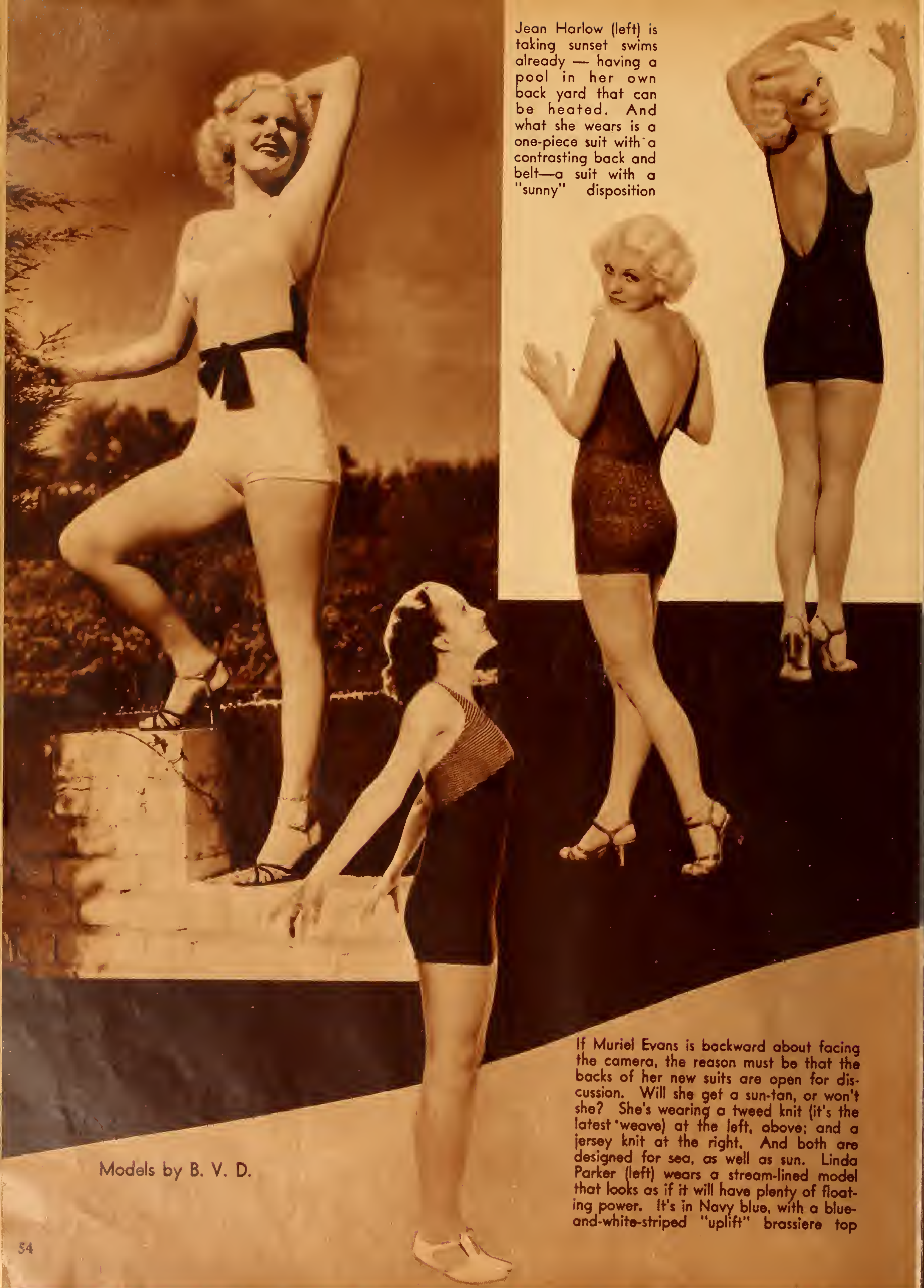


Because of her seductive figure and exotic features, one would suspect that Lupe's wardrobe consists only of very daring and extreme styles, but that is not so. Lupe goes in for sedate (although seductive, to be sure) fashions. Even in her nautical flannels (left), for yachting and beach wear, she remains fetchingly feminine. With the flannel slacks, Lupe wears a flannel polo shirt. Below, Lupe has on a chic two-piece sport frock of white corded silk. It is the type of dress no well-dressed girl can afford to be without during the Summer. The satin lounging pajamas (far left) have the rolled-effect "necklace" neckline. The blouse is turquoise-blue with huge sleeves, and the full trousers are black



Gleaming sequins and sheer tulle in sapphire-blue combine to make the dream of an evening gown (right) that Lupe Velez is wearing. Three tulle tiers low on the molded skirt give the new silhouette effect and the tulle is repeated in tiers on the sleeves. The dinner frock worn by Lupe, below, is in the new shade of dove-gray crêpe. It is designed with dolman sleeves open from shoulder to wrist and held with brilliant circle clips

Sheer checked organza was used to create Lupe's evening frock (below), which is perfect for Summer night-life and really worth copying. It is cut to the waistline at the back with only a shirred tier and train to break the molded line of the skirt. She has a cape of the same fabric

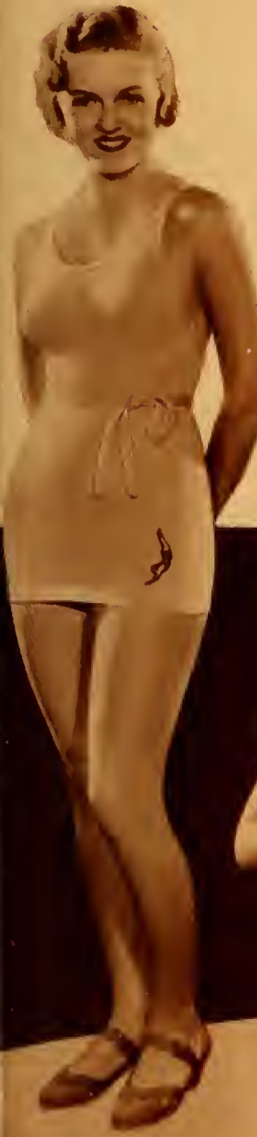


Jean Harlow (left) is taking sunset swims already — having a pool in her own back yard that can be heated. And what she wears is a one-piece suit with a contrasting back and belt—a suit with a "sunny" disposition

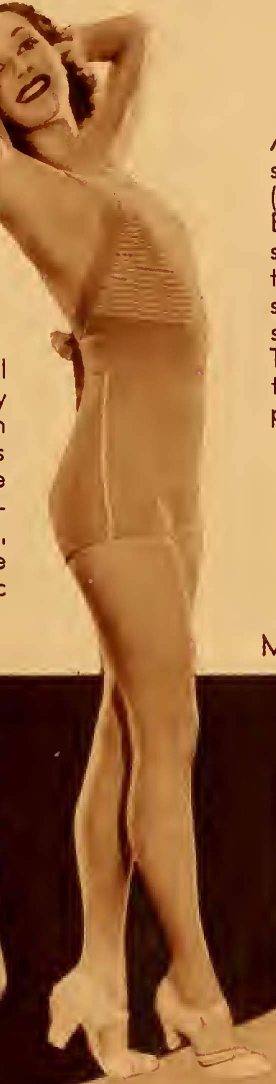
If Muriel Evans is backward about facing the camera, the reason must be that the backs of her new suits are open for discussion. Will she get a sun-tan, or won't she? She's wearing a tweed knit (it's the latest weave) at the left, above; and a jersey knit at the right. And both are designed for sea, as well as sun. Linda Parker (left) wears a stream-lined model that looks as if it will have plenty of floating power. It's in Navy blue, with a blue-and-white-striped "uplift" brassiere top

Models by B. V. D.

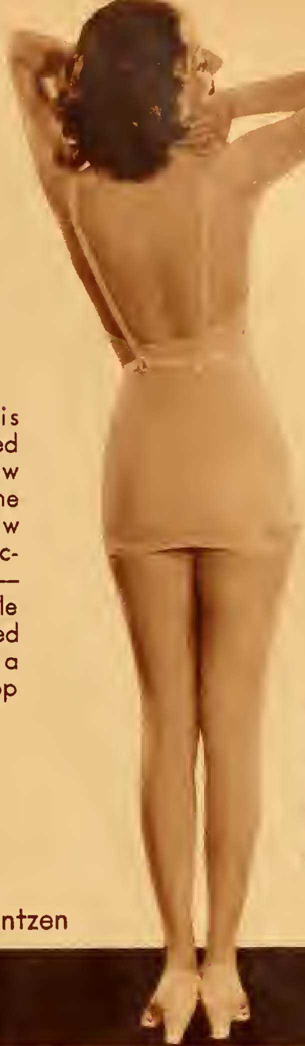
What the FAIR *Will Wear When the Weather's* WARMER



Patricia Ellis (left) is all dressed up, with plenty of places to go when the weather man says the word. This suit she calls her "formal," because it's form-fitting, yet not exotic. It's made of "sunsheen" fabric

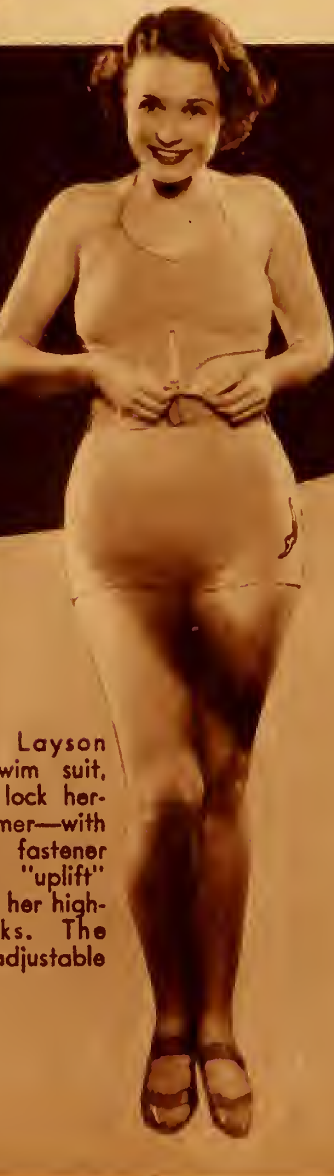


Ann Dvorak is sunlight-hearted (left) in a new Basque suit. The striped, narrow top is elastic-stitched and — sh! — Removable The high-waisted trunks have a purled-knit top

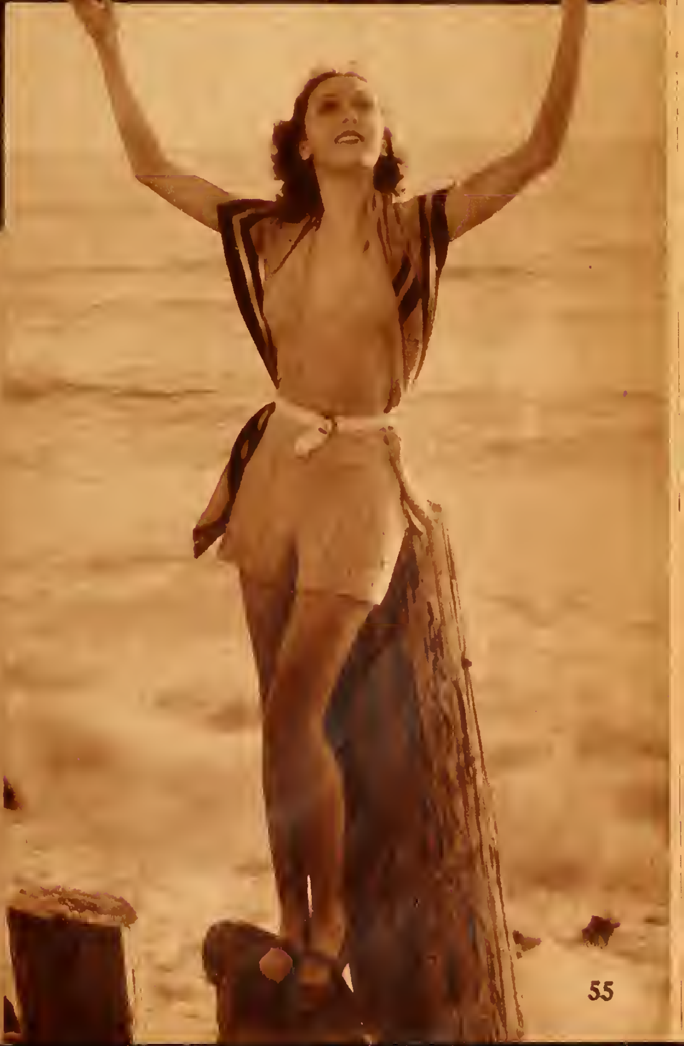


Ann Dvorak also has a "formal" suit —whose back is something new in comfort. It's designed to be adjustable in three different ways, besides inviting an enviable sun-tan

Models by Jantzen



When Lorena Layson gets in her swim suit, she's going to lock herself in all Summer—with the metalock fastener that joins her "uplift" brassiere top to her high-waisted trunks. The fastener is adjustable



"Ill wind, go away—I want to swim and play!" Ann Dvorak seems to be imploring the elements. Note the "shorts" effect of her trunks—and the novel scarf "capelet"

CAROLE LOMBARD Springs a Surprise

It's a funny thing about Carole. You'd never suspect what she can do, just by looking at her. Look at this study of old-fashioned "sweetness," for example. Would you suspect that she would be capable of kicking, scratching, and screaming at John Barrymore —and loving him, besides? Well, she does—and makes one of the hits of the year—in the hilarious "20th Century." The "clothes-conscious Carole" has gone dramatic, spontaneous, amusing!

Portrait by Fraker

Three little words—

If YOU want to assure the success of your own permanent wave, say these three words to your hairdresser as she prepares your hair: "USE EUGENE SACHETS."

Then rest content that you have done everything possible to help your waver make a success of your wave. For the Eugene sachet holds the *secret* of permanence and beauty.

When used to wrap your long strands of hair, with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair, with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" and will not easily come out.

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BUT WE REPEAT: *Tell your operator to "Use Eugene Sachets."*

Beware of any substitutes. Avoid inferior wrappers — or home-made bits of flannel. The results may prove sadly disappointing.

You can identify genuine Eugene sachets by the trade-mark stamped on each one. *See this trade-mark figure*—"The Goddess of the Wave." Then you will know that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent, preferred by fashionable women the world over. Eugene Ltd . . . New York, London.

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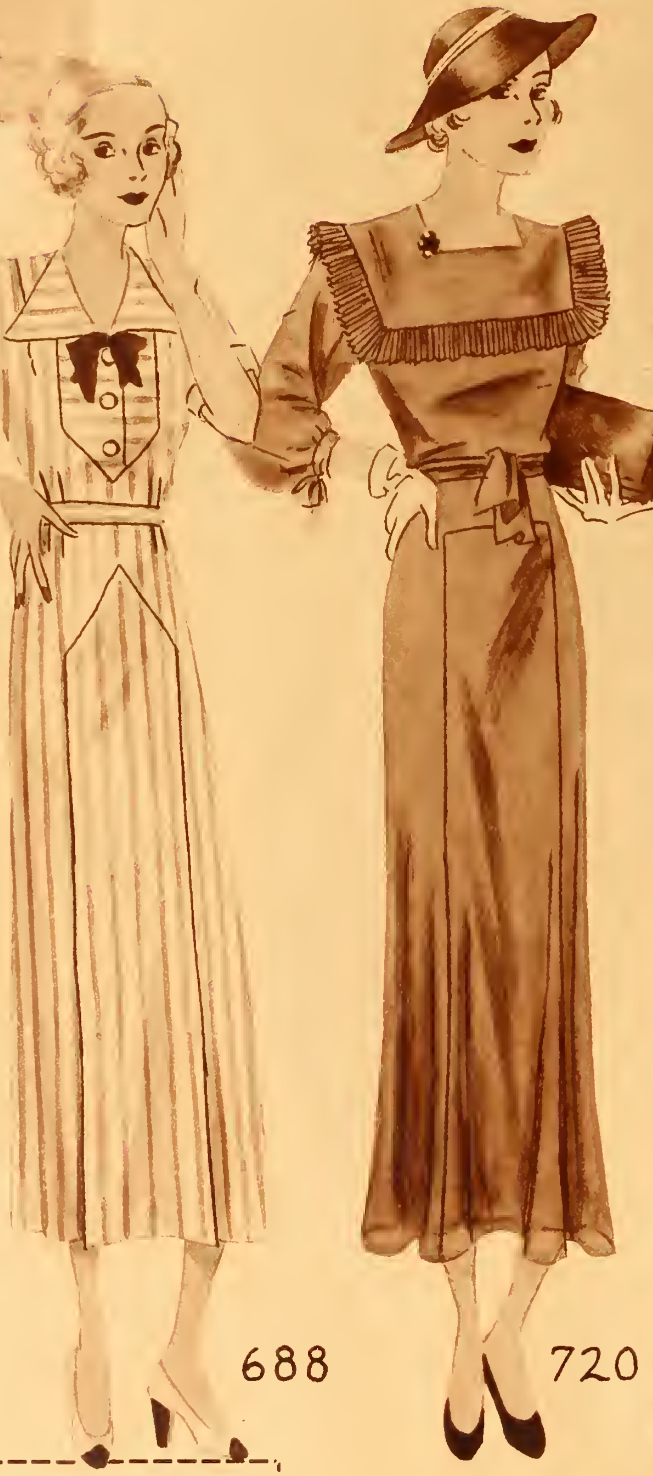
permanent waves

THE PRETTIER YOUR CLOTHES, THE GAYER YOUR SUMMER

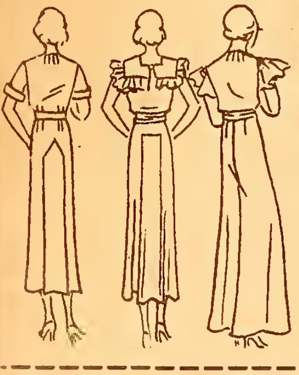
Dorothy Jordan

Patricia Ellis



688—Is anything smarter than the shirtwaist frock? In one version or another, it's the pet of Hollywood stars for casual moments. Accurate in size and cut. 34 to 48. Size 36, 3¾ yds. 39" fabric. 15c.

720—An afternoon frock that is summery yet trim. In pastel sheer cotton or silk it is party-ish. In a dark sheer it is a cool town frock suitable for tea or theatre. 14-20; 32-38. 15c.



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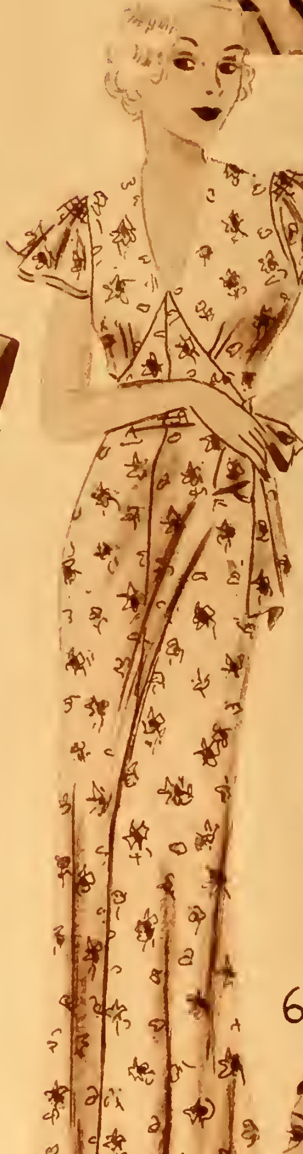
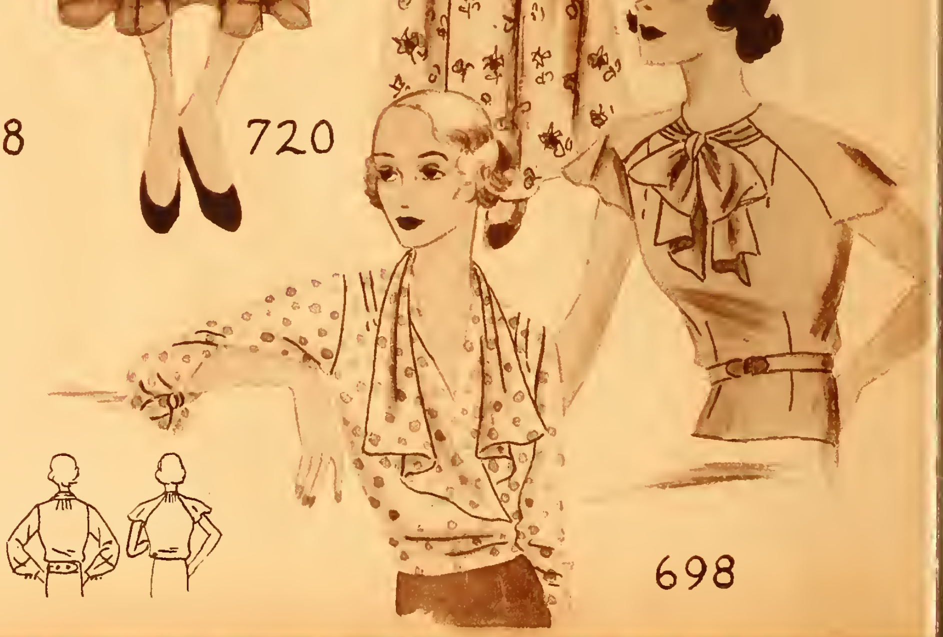


689—The young crawd in Hollywood loves pajamas . . . dainty ones that are as flattering as long skirts but comfier. These are simple to make and wear. 14 to 42. Size 18—5 yds. 35" fabric. 15c.

698—Two entirely different blouses in just one pattern. Bath are very new in line and detail —and you're sure they make up just as they're pictured. Sizes 36 to 46. Yardage on envelope. 15c.

689



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She found the movies didn't want unknowns from Iowa—but they seemed to go for poised foreign actresses. So she set out to become "British," found poise, and became a "find," herself. And here's how she did it!

SHE ACQUIRED POISE, AND IT GAVE HER GLAMOUR

MARGARET LINDSAY—the Girl Who Got Hollywood's Number

By BEN MADDOX

WHEN Margaret Lindsay came to Hollywood, just two years ago, she was actually afraid to go to sleep at night. She might talk aloud and, unconsciously, *confess*. An impacted wisdom tooth tortured her and she endured its constant pain. She didn't trust the very walls of her apartment, much less the possible influence of anesthetic in a dentist's office. She had good cause for this fear; deliberately, she was living a lie!

To-day, described as "the most poised young beauty in Hollywood," she feels free. Free at last to drop all pretending. Now that she has safely "arrived," she can expose her Grand Act.

If you have ever wanted to be in pictures, but have lacked the glamour and stage reputation demanded since talkies, the campaign plotted and carried through by Margaret Lindsay will fascinate you. It proves conclusively that when better build-ups are offered, Hollywood will always fall hard!

"Three years ago I was an unknown Iowan," she said to me frankly. (Frankness is a marvelous new thrill for her.) "I tried, then, to get bits in numerous Broadway shows. Not a single producer was interested enough to encourage me. And I couldn't contact any of these studio scouts who are supposed to be searching for fresh talent."

The extraordinary characteristic about this particular nobody was not merely that she refused to remain obscure. It was the fact that *she was intelligent enough to scheme to get a break*. She had too much pride to seek "the easiest way" up

(*Continued on page 94*)

The Secrets OF THE DRESSING TABLE

By LILIAN HARVEY

Her Own Intimate Aids to Beauty

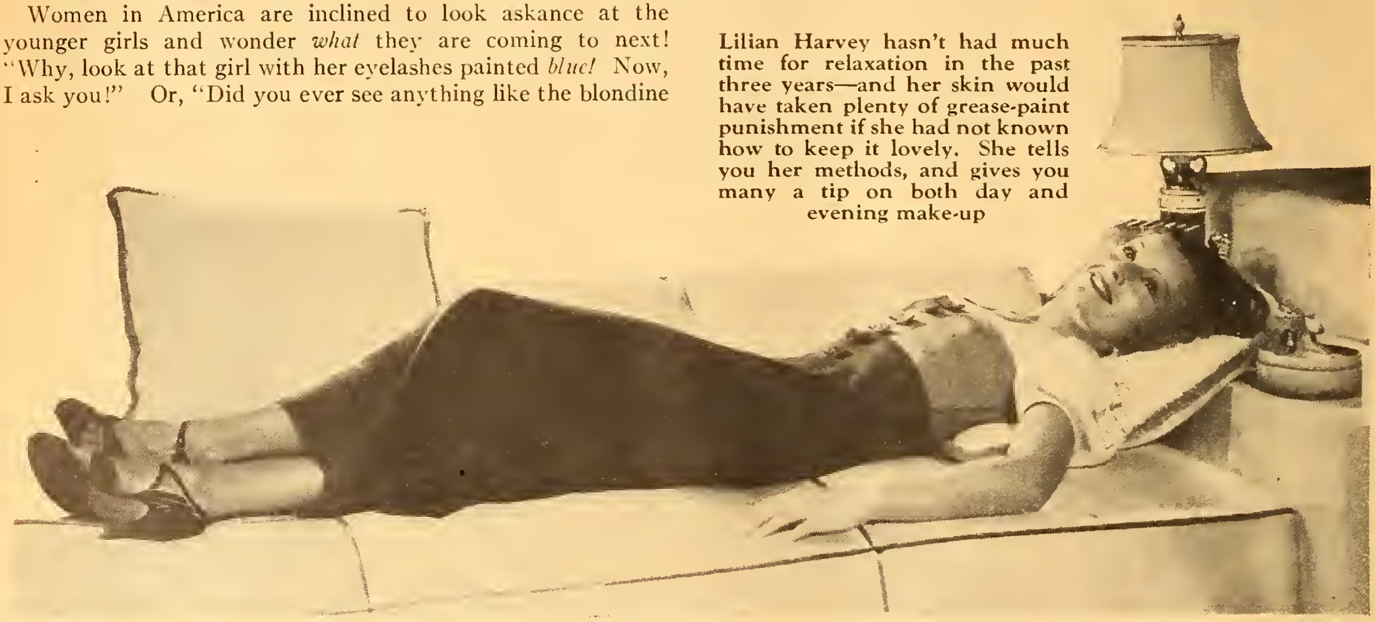
No feminine reader can afford to miss these intimate make-up revelations of Lilian Harvey. They will pay dividends in added attractiveness—as will future monthly articles, by leading beauties of the screen. For MOTION PICTURE has persuaded them to tell feminine America, frankly and in detail, the secrets of their dressing-tables. And, remember—these revelations will be exclusive with MOTION PICTURE!—*Editor*.

CONTINENTAL women have less set ideas of beauty than Americans have. They are flexible, quickly changing to something new, if the new thing—be it a lipstick shade or an eyelash-curler—is an *improvement* to the looks. In France and Germany, I have noticed that women never cease cultivating their attractions—while over here too many women give up this delightful practice, even in their early thirties.

Women in America are inclined to look askance at the younger girls and wonder *what* they are coming to next! "Why, look at that girl with her eyelashes painted *blue!* Now, I ask you!" Or, "Did you ever see anything like the blondine that girl goes in for!" This is the sort of thing you hear every day—and yet it is the woman in her thirties who should be a step ahead of the younger girls, if anything, for young girls have their natural, fresh beauty to carry them along.

And speaking of that, the young girls here have something that I have never seen to such an extent in any other part of the world. It is a freshness and a radiance—a windswept look, as you call it now. I suppose it is a glow that comes of being physically well, and of living so much in the out-of-doors. You all look so scrubbed-clean-and-smooth. I only wish that I had more time to lie around, baking in the sun, or time to go riding off into the wind.

Being an actress has its demands on one's looks, as well as one's time. There was a two-year stretch of working in Germany, when I remember only eleven days that I did not have screen make-up on my face. Naturally, this called for drastic



Lilian Harvey hasn't had much time for relaxation in the past three years—and her skin would have taken plenty of grease-paint punishment if she had not known how to keep it lovely. She tells you her methods, and gives you many a tip on both day and evening make-up

LOOK FOR THE DRESSING-TABLE SECRETS

Lilian Harvey says: "The dressing-table, itself, should be attractive, if you are going to spend pleasurable time before it at all. And overtures to beauty should be a pleasant occupation." She spends about two hours a day before the dressing-table in her studio bungalow (above)

beauty treatments, to counteract the smoothering effect of too much grease-paint. I used a strange concoction for cleaning my face—which I do *not* recommend to you girls who lead more normal lives.

Cleanliness Next to Loveliness

I CLEANSED my face with the kind of cleaning fluid that you would use to take spots off dresses. This took the make-up off at once without rubbing it in any further. Then, because the fluid was drying to the skin, I applied castor oil after the cleaner. This softened and oiled the skin properly. Today, however, I use a good cleansing cream (a nice liquefying one), two or three times a day, and alternate the cream with warm water and a mild soap.

I firmly believe that cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but the first and foremost rule in acquiring a lovely skin. About once a week I use a small complexion brush, dipped into soapy water, on my face and neck. This not only cleanses deep down in the pores, but it supplies a gentle massaging motion, which keeps the skin elastic and youthful.

And do you realize how easy it is to neglect your neck and make it a step-child to your face? Yet the neck, particularly the back of it, is the first part of your body to show age and neglect. Cream and massage it often, keep the skin there as smooth and delicate as you do your forehead or cheeks. It's so easy to apply a good, nourishing cream at

(*Continued on page 87*)

Above, Lilian and her off-stage dressing-table, where she "repairs" her screen make-up between scenes. Left, she is using the make-up kit that started her on her stage career. It's a bit shabby now, but she wouldn't part with it

OF ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL STAR NEXT MONTH!

How to Dress *Your Husband* Like a Movie Hero

He wants advice from you when he picks his clothes, doesn't he? Well, here are some tips from Hollywood's best-dressed men—for you to pass on to him! (If you aren't married, try them on your boy-friend—if you can do so diplomatically!)

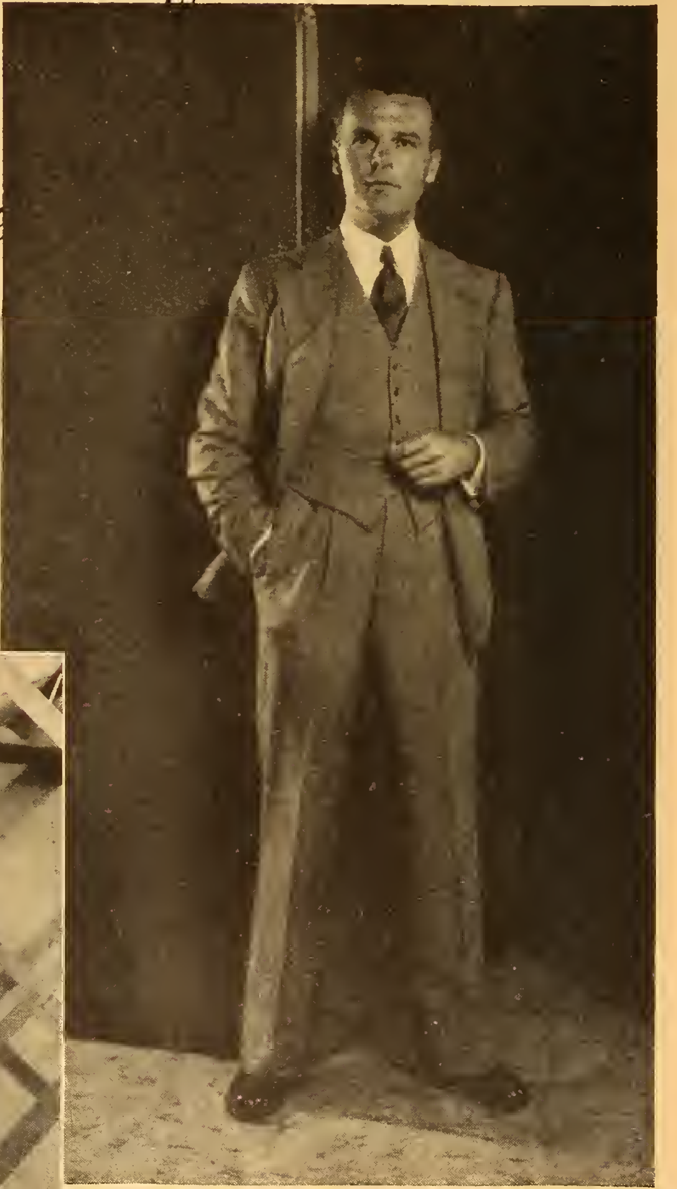
BY MARK DOWLING

PERHAPS we should have called this story "Would Your Husband *Consent* to Dress Like a Movie Actor?"—for the most extravagantly-gowned feminine stars display no more freakish theatricalism in their clothes than some Hollywood males. Style and fashion may be pretty important to Kay Francis, Loretta Young and Constance Bennett, but in case you didn't know, just as much time and almost as much money can be spent on male attire as on female.

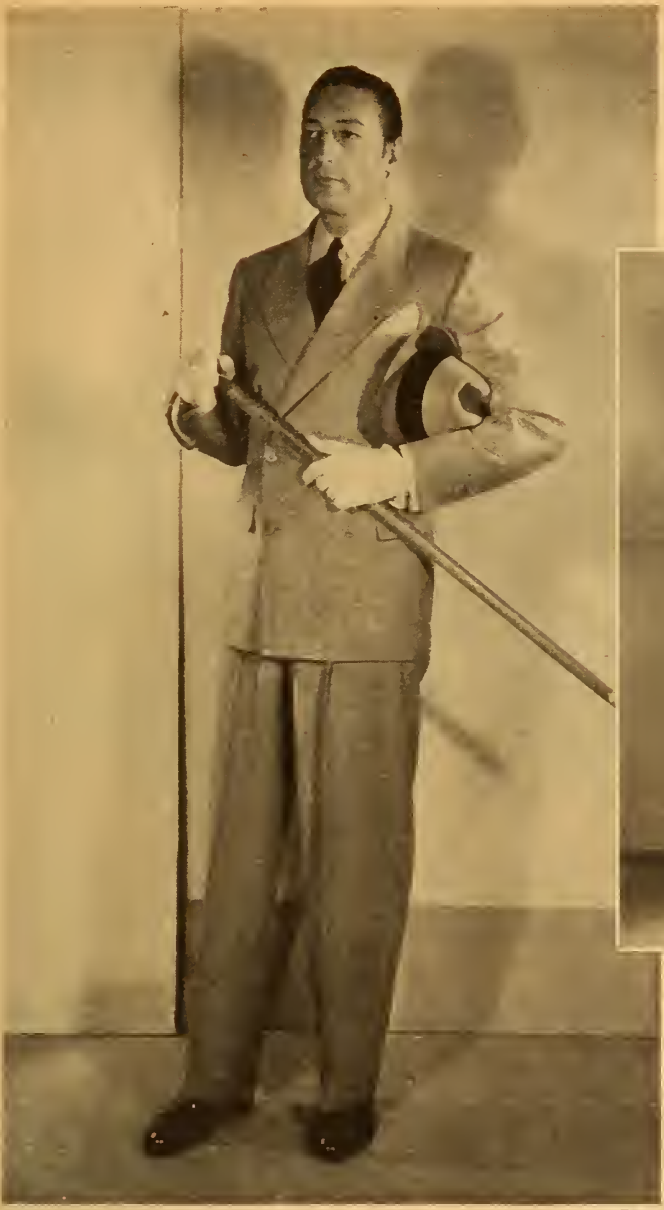
And while fashions for women are ordained, men are offered a variety that makes for a free-for-all, with practically no rules. In collars, for instance, the controversy can rage all the way from collars with buttons to "tab" collars—with long-pointed collars, stiff ones, or soft, attached collars in between.

Adolphe Menjou has long been regarded as the best-dressed Hollywood hero, but for the average man to imitate him too closely might be disastrous. William Powell is another well-clad fellow whose clothes are swell for a sophisticated actor, but might look silly on the Man in the Street. Both these lads are apt to

Adolphe Menjou, Hollywood's "best-dressed man," has more than a hundred suits. But he says that a man can be well-dressed with three—and doesn't include a dress suit in his list



Neil Hamilton, one of Hollywood's best-dressed men, says it's smart to be "unobtrusive." He prefers single-breasted suits with notched lapels, little shoulder padding, low-cut vests (to display more of his solid-color tie), trousers slightly pleated at the waistline and just touching his instep, and blunt-toed shoes



Reyes

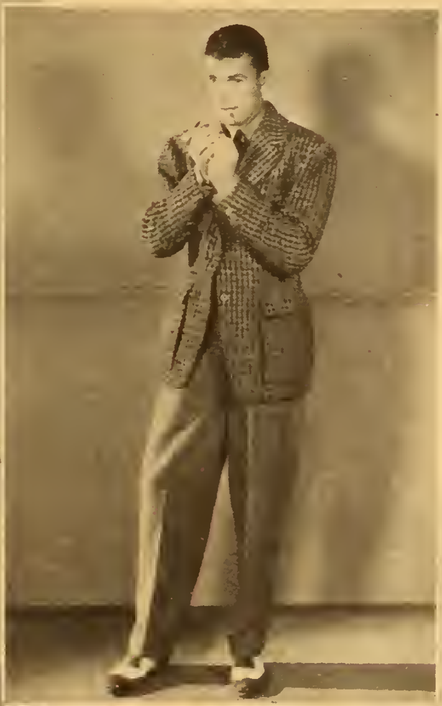
Warren William is one well-dressed actor any man might safely copy. Above, he's smartly turned out in a double-breasted gray suit with a conservative cut. Note the perfect hang of his trousers. They're deeply pleated at the waistline, that's why. Also note his tightly-knotted tie

run to extremes—in a well-bred way, of course. Franchot Tone, Warren William, Neil Hamilton and Bruce Cabot are other competitors for the "best-dressed" title—and can give you pointers.

Franchot Tone says that it is entirely possible to dress like a star on a modest salary. "I would suggest a wardrobe including one dark-blue cheviot suit, one Oxford-gray worsted, and a brown suit of some tweedy material. By changing coats and trousers of these suits, a man could have a wardrobe with a number of different ensembles. In addition, he might have some white flannels and a tuxedo. Ready-made, the suits should not cost more than forty dollars apiece—and a good topcoat may be had for thirty-five."

Not Gaudy, But Neat

WARREN William's suits are almost all soft and light-weight—no heavy tweeds, no stiff cloths. He usually wears peaked lapels, rather than notched, and he likes ties that can be tied in a tight knot. He wears double-breasted waistcoats with single-breasted coats, and if his trousers don't hang just right, back they go to the tailor's. (Deep pleats in front, he believes, improve the hang.) His coats are snug, but by no means form-fitting, and he eschews padding. He never goes in for fads that are momentarily smart, such as suède shoes or mess jackets, but prefers to wait a year or so to see if the style lasts. It's neatness, not gaudiness, with him.



Bruce Cabot is Hollywood's new guide in sport wear. Above, he favors a deck coat with huge pockets, and gray flannels

His outfits harmonize as to color—no gray trousers with a brown coat, even though it *is* a Hollywood fashion imported from Oxford. He wears tan shirts with tan suits, and gray with gray. Contrasting color comes with such accessories as ties, handkerchiefs and socks; he wears blue or green with gray, pink or purple with tan. His shoes are sharply pointed, and he buys English shoes made by a famous London shop. (Economy note: Good American imitations of English shoes now sell generally for sixteen dollars and downward.)

Ball

Longworth

William Powell (above), like Adolphe Menjou, has an enviable wardrobe—but, like Menjou's, it is more for the man of the world than for the man in the street. Philip Reed (left) is a newcomer who is style-setting for the younger generation. He goes in for padded shoulders, snug waistlines and tab collars

He likes the sporty swagger of raglan overcoats, and one of his favorite costumes is a fairly plain brown suit, a pinkish shirt with small figures, a deep raspberry-colored tie, white and purple handkerchief, and a brown overcoat with what clerks are fond of calling

(*Continued on page 90*)

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

The Picture

WHERE SINNERS MEET

Whimsical—If You Like It

THIS light comedy from the stage—known there as "The Dover Road"—reveals Clive Brook as a whimsical millionaire meddling in the love escapades of perfect strangers, Diana Wynyard as a girl running away with a married man, Reginald Owen as the husband being "stolen."

Brook intercepts the runaways and makes them enforced guests in his amazing household, testing their love. The smiles are frequent, the laughs come slowly; yet the acting, direction and photography are beyond criticism. The casting alone may be questioned, though Billie Burke as the too-solicitous wife also running away (with Alan Mowbray) is perfect. Perhaps A. A. Milne's whimsies just aren't picture material.

Highlights: The chair into which the host inveigles his fuming guests. The breakfast scene where a cold in the head, a day's growth of whiskers and an appetite for kippers and kidneys murder Romance. (RKO-RADIO)

SCARLET

John Davis Lodge, as Marlene Dietrich's lover in "Scarlet Empress," reveals himself as an actor of surprising force. It's a picture of passions unleashed

WHIRLPOOL

See Jack Holt Go Emotional!

EVERY now and then some producer "discovers" an actor who has been around Hollywood for years and years. Now it's Jack Holt who is revealed as an emotional star, instead of a grim-jawed, gun-toting son of the Great Outdoors. In a simple little story of father-love, Holt runs the gamut of emotions with a beautiful sincerity and restraint.

To free his new wife and their coming child from being tied to him through a long prison term, Holt fakes an escape and death in the whirlpool outside the prison walls. When he "returns to life" eighteen years later, his daughter, whom he has never seen, discovers his identity by chance. He risks almost certain vengeance of gangster friends for the sake of a week of fatherhood. The pure happiness of that week is poignantly done, both by Holt and by Jean Arthur as his daughter.

Highlights: The scene in which the father meets his daughter. (COLUMBIA)

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS

Baxter and Picture Worth Seeing

STARTING with a theme new to the movies, that of the idolatrous worship of a young and unsophisticated girl for an older man, director James Flood has done a splendid piece of work. As the poetess who comes to the Big City to show her work to the great novelist, Rochelle Hudson is surprising in her emotional scenes. Her infatuation, which demands the dramatic expression of suicide when it becomes hopeless, is justified by Warner Baxter, as the novelist who is cruel by being too kind.

The latter part of the picture is more conventional. The novelist, suspected of murdering his devotee, cannot explain his whereabouts on the evening of her death and is saved from conviction only by a surprise witness. Rosemary Ames stands out as the secretary, but her sincerity and charm are wasted on a small part.

Highlights: The meeting of the worshiper and the worshiped. Henrietta Crosman's scenes as the crochety old aunt. (FOX)

HALF A SINNER

You'll Remember Churchill!

MADE from the stage hit of a few years ago, "Alias the Deacon," this is one of those quiet little pictures that stand a chance of staying with you. For after seven stage years in the rôle of the elderly tramp with the sanctimonious moniker and manners, Berton Churchill gets every possible laugh and heart-throb out of the character.

Sally Blane, as a girl-tramp traveling in boy's clothes, and Joel McCrea furnish the love interest, against a homey background of a country town and a run-down hotel, whose owner is in danger of losing it. From the first scene—a swell fight in a box-car—to the fade-out, with some cheaters cheated by the soft-spoken card "sharp," there is little suspense. But it unostentatiously holds your interest.

Highlights: The *Deacon's* "horrified" introduction to the ungodly game of cards. The wrestling match by which the boy tries to get money to buy an engagement ring. The small-town backgrounds. (UNIVERSAL)

Parade

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

EMPRESS

Von Sternberg Sweeps You Off Your Feet!

JOSEF VON STERNBERG let himself go in directing this bewilderingly beautiful, decadent and inspired pageant of the time of Catherine the Great of Russia. Pageant, not story. The human element is almost lost, beaten down by great sound, smothered by strange, barbaric sights.

Marlene Dietrich moves like a startlingly beautiful robot, dressed in the splendors of a dream, through a childhood in which tales of the torture of human beings are told to her, instead of fairy stories; a girlhood that ends when the prince she travels from Germany to wed turns out to be a grinning idiot; and a maturity of mingled glory and infamy that history was to record.

The feeling of barbaric, cruel, primitive times is planted in the spectator's mind by the settings as much as the acting. With sheer splendor of effect and lavishness of motion, the director sweeps you on with him.

Highlights: The use of silences and sounds to take the place of dialogue for long stretches. The hideousness of the wedding scene with its drooling bridegroom (played by Sam Jaffe) and its frozen bride. John Lodge's savage, contemptuous love-making, which reveals him as an actor of force and fire. The crescendo of excitement as a troop of Cossack cavalry clatters up three flights of stone stairs inside the palace behind *Catherine.* (Paramount)

PERFORMANCES

You Should Not Miss This Month

Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge and **Sam Jaffe** in "Scarlet Empress"
Frank Morgan in "The Affairs of Cellini"
Warner Baxter and **Rosemary Ames** in "Such Women Are Dangerous"
Jack Holt in "Whirlpool"
Sir Guy Standing in "The Witching Hour"
Evelyn Venable and **Mary Morris** in "Double Door"
Berton Churchill in "Half a Sinner"

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI

Hilarious—and a Bit Naughty

THOUGH this picture nominally stars Constance Bennett and Fredric March, Frank Morgan—as the querulous, amorous *Duke of Florence*—makes them play ornamental stooges to his sublime nonsense.

Hearing of the love prowess of *Benvenuto Cellini* (March), the brazen, blonde *Duchess of Florence* (Connie) sends for the gallant to make a golden key to her bedroom door—and use it. The shy, henpecked *Duke* sees *Cellini's* model (Fay Wray) and invites her to dine with him. The resultant mix-up has a familiar ring, despite the gorgeous costumes and impressive, medieval sets. But this farce in the grand manner is a rare treat.

Highlights: *Cellini* making impassioned and poetic love to *Angela* in a mountain sheepfold, only to have her tell him wistfully that she is hungry. The *Duke* whenever he appears. The gorgeous "tag lines," which waft the picture out on a scream of laughter. (20th Century)

THE WITCHING HOUR

Standing Is the Whole Show

WITHOUT the fine, sensitive portrayal of Sir Guy Standing as the old lawyer who is called by a fragrant ghost out of his serene retirement into the horrors of a murder trial, this twenty-year-old play, translated literally into celluloid, would have been a pretty dreary affair. Dealing with the once-absorbing topic of mental suggestion and hypnotism, the long discussions on these subjects between doctors and lawyers are boresome to modern ears.

Tom Brown, as the boy who obeys another's unspoken wish and commits a murder that he doesn't remember, is almost too youthful for the serious rôle. But through the banalities and slow-moving scenes, the touching figure of the weary, gentle lawyer moves benignly, weaving a sentimental spell. Sir Guy, by sheer skill, makes mawkishness sincere.

Highlights: The hypnotism of the foreman of the jury. The professor in the witness stand. The final scene. (Paramount)

HOLLYWOOD PARTY

Mickey Mouse Clicks; Others Don't

THIS is a strange cinematic mixture, composed of such different ingredients as Laurel and Hardy, Charles Butterworth, Mickey Mouse, Albertina Rasch dancers, and an assortment of wild animals. A movie star (Jimmy Durante), famous for his he-man rôles, gives a party to the owner of a troupe of trained lions to get the animals for his new picture. A rival star (George Givot) is also after them. The dances, songs, and blackouts that compose the bulk of the picture are the entertainment at the party.

If Mickey Mouse hadn't been invited to present a charming Technicolor cartoon of the Red-Hot Chocolate Soldiers marching out of Candytown to fight the Cookie Men, the party would have been a dull one.

Highlights: It's almost worth seeing because of the Red-Hot Chocolate Soldiers. And it's very nearly worth your money to watch Hardy methodically and with intense deliberation put an egg down Lupe Velez' neck. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE

Durante Has To Work Too Hard

AUDIENCES don't want Jimmy Durante to play a funny man. They want him to play a deadly serious man, who is funny because he can't help it. As the radio entertainer in search of new gags, Durante works hard to no avail. Lupe Velez, as his partner, does a stock vamp who knows a nize Childs' Restaurant in Atlantic City, dolling. If there is a plot it concerns a highbrow poet, pushed into the radio racket by a promoter, who brings him joke books to rewrite and makes his fortune.

Unable to bear prosperity, he is about to lose wife, job, and even the vamp when the radio funster gets hold of a long epic poem that the poet believes to be art, and broadcasts it to a mirthful world. Sterling Holloway, as the poet, is a bright spot in a dreary waste of hackneyed situations and laughless lines, but even he can't make a hit out of a miss.

Highlights (if any): Sterling Holloway. (RKO-Radio)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 83!)

Horatio Alger Hero Makes Good in Movies

Larry ("Buster") Crabbe sounds like a hero out of one of the Alger books. He's out to succeed by deserving success. And the boy is getting there fast—knocking down all obstacles!

By MARK DOWLING

"I'M doing great, and there's only one thing standing in my way—no really big parts!" was the earnest reply of Larry ("Buster") Crabbe to a lady who inquired about his career. This naïve answer so charmed the lady that she rushed right out and told her friends, into whose eyes sprang a soft, maternal look that means money, big money, at the box office. For Hollywood, of all places, is being treated to the spectacle of a movie hero excelling in real life in the qualities of determination, self-reliance, and almost overwhelming modesty that characterized the heroes of "Sink or Swim," "Strive and Succeed," "Up from the Ranks" and other gems from the pen of the late Horatio Alger.

But Larry—formerly "Buster"—is not only naïve and earnest; the modern girl might find these qualities dull. More than six feet tall, he's handsome, measures sixteen inches around the biceps, and has a body that compares favorably, in the semi-nude, with any of your old Greek statues. Hollywood ladies can hardly understand his genuine boyishness—being more accustomed to the theatrical type—but they like it, anyway. And even if he is married, there's nothing permanent enough about marriage, these days, to keep a gal from *hoping*.

This modern Alger disciple reads all the scripts his studio accepts, and if they contain good male parts, anywhere from character rôles to comedy, he tries out for them. This is amazing in Hollywood, where actors are content to loaf and vacation between assignments. He studied boxing, for instance, for two months, to be ready for the part of Mae West's lover in "It Ain't No Sin." Roger Pryor was finally given the part. Larry practised up on polo, at which he excels, for another. And even if producers don't give him opportunities to use this knowledge now, he says, "Some day they'll ask me to do it, and I'll be ready!" Can you blame the ladies for going a bit dewy-eyed?

Wants to Act, Not Undress

NOT content to slide along on the strength of his physique simply because he made a hit in one rôle that glorified it, in "King of the Jungle," he is determined to become a real actor. And he is working to succeed in the freakish world of the studios, where luck counts as much as pluck, with the same methods that he would have used in the law, had not the eagle eyes of a studio scout cut off his legal training in its first year.

"Do you think I'm working along the right lines?" he will ask you eagerly, if he thinks you know anything at all about pictures. For even though he has studied voice under Nina Moise, the famous coach; studied acting under Phyllis Laughton,

(*Continued on page 70*)

"Dry-skin-blight" *ended*

DRY SKIN DATES THE FACE

Woodbury's Two *Germ-Free* Creams With Exclusive Element 576 Transform Withering Dryness Into Luscious Youth!

"Dry as old parchment!" "Dry as dust!" "Dry as a mummy!" That's what 70% of American women are complaining about their skins today. Fair-skinned blondes and colorful brunettes—they send up the same cry! But now Woodbury's has created two new creams which actively combat and *overcome* Dry-Skin-Blight.

Element 576 Arouses the Oil Glands

Woodbury's Cold Cream possesses an exclusive Element, known as 576, which works upon the skin in much the same way as vitamins in foods work upon the body. It stimulates the oil glands to do their work more vigorously. Rouses them to generate the vital, natural oils without which no skin can remain beautiful—fresh, young, smooth.

Both These Creams Stay Germ-free

An exclusive element—in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams—destroys the germs that enter creams the moment the jar is opened. It keeps Woodbury's Creams absolutely pure *throughout their use*. Greatly reduces the danger of blemishes—to which thin, dry skins are especially subject. Raises resistance, increases skin vigor, aids natural beauty. Woodbury's Cold Cream helps to prevent blemishes, makes the skin supple, stimulates the oil glands to act for themselves. Woodbury's Facial Cream stays germ-free while protecting the skin from weather, from flying dust, grit, and dirt.

Dry-Skin-Blight ended! Fresh, supple beauty in its place! By the simple, daily use of Woodbury's two Creams!

Woodbury's Creams Win Approval of Nation's Leading Dermatologists—an Approval Never Before Accorded to any Beauty Creams

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, skin specialist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, says: "Hitherto, beauty creams have carried in them the latent danger of infection. It is with the greatest satisfaction, therefore, that I welcome Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms." Another dermatologist wrote: "I consider these creams of the highest quality—in fact, the best on the market."

Proof of Woodbury's Germ-Destroying Power

Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all the germs in its vicinity, as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. Plate B, bearing an ordinary cold cream, has no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

FREE! Woodbury's Germ-Free Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6343 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care, and six little packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

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When you undress for bed—

Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly

Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores.*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!

Undress
your FACE
too!

Precious Elements in this Soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature herself puts in skin to keep it soft and youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "SMARTY"

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TOILET SOAP
I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin
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Motorists!

take some

KLEENEX

along

DRIVING along a dusty road. Dirt on the windshield. No clean cloth to wipe it away . . . Perspiration covering your face. No soft, soothing, clean towel to relieve you . . . A hasty picnic lunch. No napkins . . . The children with colds. Handkerchiefs soiled and irritating.

Kleenex is the ideal first aid in every one of those emergencies. It's even been used by motorists to clean spark plugs; to wipe the oil-measuring rod; to protect hands when checking wiring or carburetor; to protect clothing when changing a tire. Invaluable! And now only 18c the box.

Cheaper, of course, than laundering handkerchiefs, towels, napkins. Always handy—that is, IF you keep a box in the car whenever you go out.

If you forget it, just stop en route. All drug, dry goods and department stores have Kleenex.

KLEENEX

Disposable Tissues

ARE CLEAN . . . SANITARY

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Horatio Alger Hero Makes Good in Movies

(Continued from page 66)

at the Paramount school; and goes every day to watch such masters as Fredric March and Elliott Nugent (the director), he still wants to do more to win success in his new vocation, as he somewhat quaintly calls the movies. Most actors call it, less elegantly, "this lousy racket."

Young, ambitious, and full of energy, he can't understand the delays and the periods of inactivity that mark almost every career. But he knows "Rome wasn't built in a day," and has steeled himself to "being brought along slowly for the next year or so." Perhaps he learned patience after "King of the Jungle." Even though ladies the world over were sending him passionate and pretty embarrassing love letters, the studios let him remain idle for three months. He had never really spoken lines in a picture, you see (he expressed himself in gibberish most of the way through that jungle picture), and they couldn't imagine him playing parts that weren't almost completely nudist.

Not Going to Be Muscle-Bound

AT college he had taken political science, but the screen demands a very different preparation. Now he studied dialogue, allowed the neck muscles that made him a convincing Lion Man disappear by the simple process of discontinuing his wrestling, and learned how to wear clothes. (Most of the muscle men look like stuffed shirts in their clothes; the effect, alarmingly, is of many buttons about to burst.)

He went to the studio daily, pestering directors and producers—"contacting" them, he calls it—and finally, when an independent studio filmed "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," he was given the leading male rôle. Officials at his own studio were pleasantly astonished, and he was assigned a heavy rôle in a Western. And played it so well that they made retakes enlarging his originally small part.

Then came a lead in "Search for Beauty," followed by a juvenile part in the W. C. Fields picture, "You're Telling Me." In the last epic Larry attended a swank evening party, wearing an outfit that gave an opportunity for titling his progress, to date, as "From a G String to Full Dress."

He demands—and takes—screen tests for every masculine rôle that comes up at Paramount, except Baby LeRoy's parts. He rises at six-thirty in the morning on days when he's working; many actors do this. What the others don't do is to get up at eight-thirty when they're "at liberty," as Larry does, and go to the studio to watch experienced players work.

"I'm impatient to forge ahead," he says. "I'm trying to get bigger and more versatile rôles in every picture." He is used to working hard, for at college, in addition to standing well in his classes and becoming a swimming champion, he pushed packing cases around the basement of a Los Angeles department store to earn his tuition.

His Private Life Almost Normal

EVENINGS, his wife, Virginia Held, prompts him while he learns his lines. They were sweethearts long before he entered movies, and met romantically in Honolulu. Now they live a life that would be normal for any young married couple—anywhere except in Hollywood. They have a maid who comes in to cook and clean, in their duplex apartment. They go dancing at the Cocoanut Grove about once a week. They entertain friends at dinner once a week, and have dinner with friends as often. When his wife isn't with him, Larry prefers male company exclusively, and he's probably the only handsome male star in town who hasn't collected a single romance rumor.

He always takes his father-in-law, Tommy Held, an experienced man in the film business, to his previews. "He never slaps me on the back and says I'm marvelous, but tells me, instead, just where I was bad, and why." For most actors the praise can't be too fulsome; but Larry's modesty leads actually to distrust compliments. Besides, there's nothing constructive about praise.

He goes to movies constantly and can talk more intelligently than many producers about the "trends" in pictures. He admires director Frank Capra tremendously and after seeing "It Happened One Night" would like to make a picture under him. He believes Indian pictures are coming back, after "Massacre" and "Laughing Boy," and wants to appear in one. This would give him a chance to make an easy transition in one picture from wearing a G string to being fully clothed. It's not that he's self-conscious about his physique, ladies; it's simply that an actor must be versatile, and acting is his racket—pardon, vocation.

Charges 'Em Up to Experience

HE studies stories, too, and has an alert story-sense that tells him which independent pictures to make and which to turn down. Most stars regard the "indies" as a chance to make quick, easy money. Larry uses them as a sort of stock company to give him experience in playing a wide variety of parts. He wants to appear in a real stock company for a season, in addition, and just the other day wrote four well-known directors in the East to see if they might use him. His present plan is to spend a few months with the Lakewood Players, at Skowhegan, Maine.

Radio will soon give him a chance to play comedy, in "Let Who Will Be Clever," with Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke, and others. His own studio has just taken up his option for another year. He worries about options, because this one unsettling thing differentiates movies from law, or political science. In other jobs you get better as you go along. The harder you work, the more money you can make, and at fifty, you're at the top. In movies you have a scant five years, according to the old story, and then you're through. Larry adds up worriedly the length of time that Richard Arlen (twelve years), Gary Cooper (nine years), and other stars have lasted. Then he averages that with the year or two of many of the newcomers. This is not, he feels, one of the brighter sides of the cinema.

So he has put himself on an allowance, because a young fellow with a wife to support has to be careful. If he runs over his budget by so much as ten dollars, it has to be paid back the following month. And a strict business manager must countersign every check. The remainder of his consequential salary goes into life insurance and a savings fund.

Perhaps, it isn't so amazing that Hollywood fame has not turned this boy's head. He has traveled all over Europe and the Orient as a swimming champion, and the adulation accorded an actor is nothing compared to the white light of publicity that glares on Olympic stars. He isn't a prig, either—just the sort of fellow you'd want your own son to be.

"I don't want to be either proud or poor" is the brave cry of the hero in "Andy Grant's Pluck" by Horatio Alger. "I want to work hard and rise in the world."

This is, less fatuously, the way Larry feels about it. If this attitude is startling, ridiculous, or novel in Hollywood, maybe it's Hollywood, not Larry, who is in the wrong.

"I brought streamlines to the Ocean, but B. V. D. brought them to the Beach!"

Turn your binoculars on the B. V. D. sea-going brigades for 1934.

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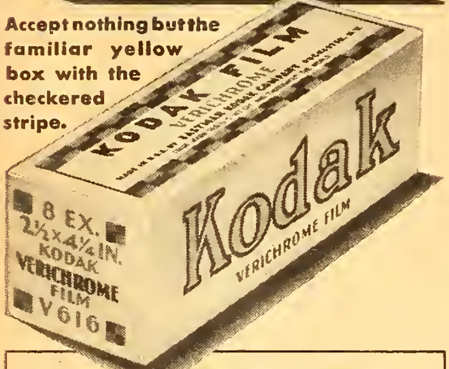

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KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

Nothing Bothers Lew Ayres —Not Even Stardom!

(*Continued from page 42*)

still has that youthful, innocent gaze that causes grandmothers to sigh and young girls to think all sorts of things. If the sights of below-the-border revelry touched him not, what chance had Hollywood?

Even in the enthusiasms of a behind-the-set crap game, Lew retained his nonchalance. I remember calling on all and sundry divinities to bless me with new shoes—and to no avail; while Lew, without exhortation or excitement, would roll the dice and say in a calm voice, "Seven! Pay me again, boys." I resented bitterly that my hard-earned money evoked no exultation and loud cries from the victor, per custom. And while all the boys were adept at finding out-of-the-way retreats for our afternoon siestas, Lew led the pack. Frequently, I'd find a comfortable spot and dash madly to it after the next shot and find Lew not only in occupancy, but already asleep!

Let Agent Do the Worryin'

LEW finished his contract at Pathé by playing with an unknown blonde named Carole Lombard in a newspaper picture. With contract gone and no other parts in sight, he refused to worry. "He had an agent, didn't he? Well, let the agent do the worryin' and he'd do the actin'." Ivan Kahn had discovered him playing at Montmarte, one-time rendezvous of the stars, and had promptly secured a contract for Lew. The future was up to him—Lew hadn't gone seeking the career! He'd manage to eat whether he was in the movies or not. Came the dawn and the rôle with Garbo, which pleased Lew in the fact that he drew a salary for seven weeks. "Garbo was okay," but not even the divine Greta could thrill the imperturbable Ayres.

After practically every male in Hollywood, from star to "extra," had been tested for the leading rôle in "All Quiet on the Western Front," the whisper went around that Lew had the inside track. While stars bit their nails in anxiety and "extras" bit their landladies in hunger, Lew sat outside the Universal portals and debated whether or not he *wanted* the starring rôle! He liked the part, but the studio wanted to change his name from Lewis Ayers to Lew Ayres and it took the combined persuasion of his agent and his mother to convince him that the opportunity was worth the change.

If ever a star was guided by destiny, that star is Lew. His career has been hand-carved—by others. When his agent felt that the time had come for his client to seek a larger salary, Lew took his advice and walked out. When the salary had been adjusted, he walked back in. The bickerings were for others; Lew was simply the actor and let the rest of the world do the worrying!

When film charmers turned their too-ready smiles on him, Lew retreated to the desert. That indifference so heightened the interest in the chase that any other young man would have gone Hollywood in a big way. Only Jean Harlow, who played opposite him in "The Iron Man," could elicit sustained animation from Lew and that romance was frustrated when Lew again gave up charmers for cactus.

His courtship of Lola Lane and his subsequent marriage to her changed him not a whit. "Things would either work out or they wouldn't," he said—expressing a philosophy that consoled him later when their names were added to the domestic casualties of Hollywood. And while friends advised him that his position demanded an imposing wedding and a sumptuous honeymoon, he agreed—and proceeded to wed Lola in a quiet civil ceremony and then honeymooned in Wyoming, hunting, with Lola on one arm and a gun under the other!

He Looked Up Some Real Stars

WHEN Lew was released from his contract with Universal, his serene countenance displayed no worry. Once again it was up to the agent and he presently landed another contract at Fox, playing opposite Lilian Harvey in her first picture, "My Weakness," which was promptly shelved for several months. Did that worry him? Not Lew! He had acquired his one and only hobby, astronomy, and was spending his evenings looking at more stars than there are in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre.

The peculiar psychology of Lew's success is readily understood. Where others seek Hollywood with its fame, money and women, he has been indifferent to the town and immune to its charmers. Unused to such tranquility and unawareness of all that Hollywood holds sacred, Hollywood made efforts to mold him to the approved cinema fashion of what a young star should think, be and do. It failed, and the interest in him so increased that his career has been smooth sailing along the River of Fortune.

Never has he fought for anything in his career—"things either work out or they don't"—and his implicit faith in his destiny has not been misplaced. While other stars are haunted by fears and worries over their careers and loves, Lew sits home and waits for something good to happen. And it always does.

Even in love, Lew can't be bothered—and do the ladies eat it up! Hollywood confidently expected him to express the usual remorse or resentment about his divorce—but Lew calmly betook himself to an evening's sitting of astronomy. If the hounds would not pursue, the hares *would* and did! Several none-too-demure young things leered at their mirrors and said, "Baby, you're the one to startle Lew Ayres into flight—or something." Invite him to a party and he would be likely to come alone—and return home in that fashion—while some of the screen's pearliest teeth were gnashed in anguish.

Ginger Rogers, however, was the elixir that Lew needed. With enough vivacity for two, she has become his constant companion and—"if things work out"—his future wife. His lackadaisical attitude has been supplanted to the degree that he actually glares at rivals, which is no small triumph for the crimson-topped miss. What a team they are—the day-after-tomorrow Ginger and the day-before-yesterday Lew!

Lew takes his work seriously—the actual acting. But the rest of the world is welcome to any and all worries 'cause he ain't got none.

He can't be bothered by business. "If it's important, you get around to it; if it isn't, it doesn't matter."

He can't be enthralled by love—"it either works out or it doesn't." He can't be annoyed with the fair sex—"you meet them all sooner or later."

What a long way he has gone on the road to fame since we met and the day Andy Devine crackled in his high voice, "I know I dress sorta sloppy, but Lew—gosh, he dresses somep'n awful!" Lew hasn't become a Beau Brummell, but he has achieved a career and success that he never sought. He's the most usual guy in an unusual town—and its laziest Lothario!

I'm sending some of the latest snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis, and wants to meet you. He's the

Captai

a hot

I'

so he

with

Summ

How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film.* Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? *"Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools"....* (signed) *"A nation of contented Kool smokers."* KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

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Joan Crawford Plans to Go on the Stage

(*Continued from page 35*)

new contract, and they have indicated that they are not going to oppose my plans.

"I believe they feel, as I do, that stage training will make me a better screen actress. When I get back to New York, I want to do various types of legitimate play characterizations. I don't care how big my part is, if it is strong and important. I don't care whether my name is on the theatre marquee or not. I much prefer a fine cast, and a small part for myself among them. I want to enact rôles that offer heavy dramatic moments, but also have lighter sequences. Musical comedies? I'm not at all interested!"

In preparation for this now-determined stage future, Joan has constructed her own private theatre in the backyard of her Brentwood Heights estate.

"People have misconstrued my plans for this theatre," Joan says. "They believe that I intend to use it for the production of plays and sketches, and for the entertainment of friends. Since it was first printed that I am building a little theatre at my home, scores of writers have sent me dramatic sketches. They seem to believe I am going into the producing business. I return all such manuscripts unopened. I'm not going to get myself sued. In building my theatre, I have a more serious purpose than entertainment. True, with the aid of friends, I expect to put on plays and sketches. But, primarily, that theatre is to be my training ground; it is to further my plan to become a stage actress when my screen career ends. It's meant for a *work* shop.

Will Have Franchot's Advice

"ITS stage, itself, is small—only twenty feet by twelve—but amply large for me to act upon. I'll do Shakespeare. I'll attempt the most difficult scenes from the classics. The advantage of my working there will be that I will have a few critical friends seated in the audience. Franchot Tone, of course, will be one of them. He has the experience I need to correct my faults, and he has been so nice about volunteering his help. Franchot has had many years of stage study and training; I think he might be a brilliant director if he had not chosen to become an actor, instead."

Franchot Tone was the president of the Cornell University Dramatic Club. Afterwards, in the University of Ronnes, in France, he added to his knowledge of dramatics. Still later, he spent several years with a stock company in Buffalo before he went to the New York stage.

Tone is a serious-minded young man; he has been an observer and an intense student. To-day he can answer, offhand, problems that veteran stage directors must mull over for minutes. He has a keen perception of histrionic right or wrong. He was one of the original members of the *Group Theatre*, which distinguished itself with the successful presentation of artistic plays on Broadway. Apparently, Joan has put her stage hopes in good hands.

I asked her if she expects to have Tone as her leading man when she embarks on her footlight career.

"I'd like nothing better, but I doubt if that can be arranged," was her answer. "His presence would lend me assurance that I will need sadly. I have an inferiority complex, and I am positive that my first stage appearance will be accompanied by a horrible fear of failure.

"But I am doubtful if he will be allowed to return to the stage so soon. The studio executives refused to grant him that privilege when they wrote his new contract. Franchot is much in demand. The executives do not believe that a prolonged absence from the screen just now is wise for him. Of course, though, I am not going to make my stage début for several months. By the time I am ready, Franchot may be able to persuade studio officials to give him a leave of absence.

"I have no particular type of play in mind for my stage début. I only know that the first one *must* be good. I don't want to make the mistake that Katharine Hepburn made. She went to New York with a determination to prove to Broadway, where she struggled for a career, that she could act. I think she was more concerned with her determination than with the selection of a good play. I am sure she couldn't have believed that 'The Lake' was a good play.

"I will not make that mistake. Like Miss Hepburn, I am anxious to prove myself. Unlike her, I will be more careful in my choice of a first vehicle. Motion pictures have taught me the valuable lesson that no star is bigger than the story of her play."

Does Joan expect to appear in a play every year?

"I shall constantly be on the watch for good plays," she said, thoughtfully, "but if I do not find one that looks—shall I say fool-proof?—then I may not appear on the stage every year. When one has nurtured an ambition as long as I have, she doesn't rush things. I hope I'll be a good picker—that's half the battle!"

Bosses Have Delayed Début Twice

THERE can be no doubt as to the seriousness of her plans. Last autumn, she made every effort to secure a leave of absence from her studio in order that she might accept a stage offer that was telegraphed her by one of the biggest producers on Broadway. She had tremendous faith in the story they offered her as a starring vehicle. At the time, however, Joan had appeared in two or three mediocre motion pictures, so her studio employers deemed it wiser that she remain in Hollywood for "Dancing Lady," which promised to be a good picture (and how it was!). She agreed with their wisdom, and has profited by a renewed box-office popularity. If "Sadie McKee," "Sacred and Profane Love" and "Undressed Parade" are as good, Joan can embark on her stage career next autumn without fear of losing her screen fans.

She made a second effort to go on the stage just a few months ago. This second occasion was when Francis Lederer appeared at a Hollywood theatre in "Autumn Crocus." Joan begged her studio for permission to play opposite Lederer. Executives of her company at last agreed to read the script. Agitated, they called her into conference.

"You can't do this play," they told her.

"Why not?" Joan demanded.

"Because the girl's part is little more than a bit," she was told. "'Autumn Crocus' is a man's play; it is all Lederer."

"I don't care how *big* the rôle is," Joan said. "It calls for talent, and that's what I want to prove to myself that I possess. Besides, Mr. Lederer is one of the finest actors in the world, and the experience of playing opposite him will help me."

But in spite of her almost tearful pleas, Joan was not permitted to play the stage rôle. However, she did visit the theatre time and again to see Lederer—and to study the work of another girl in the part she had been so anxious to play. And she invited the Czech star to open her new theatre—

giving a one-act play in which he would be the sole player.

More About Her Theatre

THE theatre that Joan is having constructed in her "own backyard" is a small building, approximately sixty feet long by thirty feet wide. The stage, twenty by twelve feet, will be raised three feet above floor level. At the end of the building opposite the stage is a fireproof projection room, where Joan's motion picture equipment will be kept. A movable screen and portable sound equipment are included in the backstage equipment. Footlights, backlights, spotlights, drops, curtains, all in miniature to suit the size of the theatre, will be parts of the complete equipment of the *Crawford Theatre.*

Huge white-leather chairs to seat thirty (five rows of six chairs each) have been ordered. Miss Crawford is having a small wardrobe room fitted with costumes, and adjoining that room will be bi-sected dressing quarters, one part for actors and the other for actresses.

In fact, the only element missing will be a ticket office. Since entrance to Joan's theatre will be by invitation only (and won't there be rivalry for those invitations!), a ticket office is not a real necessity.

So you may surely count on Joan Crawford's stage début in the near future—probably next Winter or Spring. Joan has made up her mind, and by this time you must know, if you are a Crawford fan and observer, that she usually does what she makes up her mind to do.

Women Are All Falling in Love with Kruger

(*Continued from page 48*)

SOMETHING must account for it. The key to the riddle lies somewhere. He is not Robert-Youngishly young. (His age is somewhere around forty-five.) He probably wouldn't do so well as *Tarzan*, clad in a leopard skin. He hasn't the virility and the what-it-takes of Clark Gable. He isn't poignant and poetic like Novarro. He hasn't the slick, debonair youth of Robert Montgomery. He isn't reminiscent of Valentino, or George Raft. He hasn't the courteous, dark-suffering charm of Herbert Marshall. He says, himself, that his nose arrives on the set ten minutes before he does. What's the answer?

How Lasky Sums Up Otto

A FEW days ago I was talking to producer Jesse Lasky. Mr. Lasky was talking about Mr. Kruger. Said Mr. Lasky, "Kruger is more in demand than any man in pictures to-day, bar none. I wanted him for 'Springtime for Henry' and I feel very smug about having got him. My fellow-producers have the same comfortable and exalted reaction when they get him. Mr. Mayer should be very pompous about his contract with him. Curious thing, several years ago, Otto first came to see me about a part. He was playing a juvenile. He is still playing young romantics all these later years. It is, pereniallv, springtime for Otto—"

I said, "How do you explain it?"

Said Mr. Lasky, "Apart from the very obvious fact that he is a competent and finished actor, it is—*his lower lip.*"

I had lunch with Otto Kruger. The luncheon took place at the Assistance League in Hollywood, where society matrons, débutantes, directors' wives and stars wait on table—and they all but knocked each other down to serve Otto his two boiled eggs and black tea.

I'M BORED AND LONESOME. LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE PAPER TONIGHT
ANOTHER LIFEBUOY AD. I ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."
HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM COLUMN... LETTER FROM A GIRL SIGNED "LONESOME." NO FRIENDS, NO DATES, WONDERS WHY. MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!
WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."... EASY TO OFFEND... FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES...
JUST WHAT THE LIFEBUOY ADS. HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I BEEN FOOLING *MYSELF* BY DISREGARDING THEM? I'D BETTER GET LIFEBUOY AND PLAY SAFE
A DAILY HABIT NOW
WHAT A GRAND BATH! OCEANS OF LATHER AND HOW FRESH AND CLEAN LIFEBUOY ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL

Popularity comes
WHEN "B.O." GOES
LOVE TO GO, TOM, BUT MAKE IT *NEXT* WEEK. I'M ALL DATED UP THIS WEEK!
YOU'RE GETTING SO POPULAR A FELLOW HAS TO STAND IN LINE TO GET A DATE

HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT. THAT'S ANOTHER WAY LIFEBUOY'S HELPED ME!

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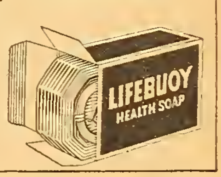
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O-56

Charlotte Henry, Paramount Featured Player, Endeared to the Public in Alice in Wonderland

I said to Otto, "Well, how do *you* explain it? There's some reason—more reason even than meets the eye. There's some reason for everything, even the Marx Brothers. So we want you to explain yourself to us. WHY nine pictures in eight months? How-come every producer in town is willing to go down on his knees and pray to get you? Why do all lady stars have sleepless nights when they know you are cast in their pictures? Why do you steal scenes with a semi-smile? How-come you are playing the romantic to-day as you did—ah—some yesterdays ago?"

Didn't Intend to Play Lovers

SAID Otto, "But I didn't intend it that way. I started out by playing characters, old gentlemen with beards and false noses. I don't know how it has happened. That's the beauty of it, if there is any—it has been so unexpected. I came out here with every intention of doing character work. I made 'Beauty for Sale' and I found myself cast as a lover. It's very funny. I wouldn't give ten cents for that fellow I see on the screen, that fellow who is myself.

I said, "Perhaps it is because you still have illusions. I mean, you have them and so you are able to give them to others. You suggest to all women that possibly—no, *certainly*—someone, somewhere, understands.

Said Otto, with seeming irrelevance and with That Look in his very large and very sky-blue eyes, "I could kill the person who told me that there is no Santa Claus!"

And in that seeming irrelevance, my Krugerites, Otto explained himself. What he really does, you see, is to put over *a state of mind* on the screen. He does believe, or wants to believe, that there is a Santa Claus, that love is moonlight and roses, that women are poems and that life is a series of lovely adventures standing together on the smiles of women.

Director Edmund Goulding recently said to me, in talking of Charles Laughton, "You can watch him and *know* what he is thinking. His mental processes *photograph*." Well, you look at Otto Kruger and you *don't* know what he is thinking—but oh, the things you imagine!

Otto said, "I do really loathe the person who first told me that there was no Santa Claus. That—that sort of thing is the unforgivable sin. There are no other sins. I despise the person who analyzes a woman. I abhor the person who dissects a dream. They are of the species who pin butterflies to a board so that their frail, gossamer workings may become harsh facts. I detest the person who tries to uncover To-morrow. For if we discover To-morrow, we *know*. Who wants to know? With knowledge, illusion is destroyed—for illusion is the thing, or the person, we do not really know.

Hasn't Let Time Change Him

"TO analyze myself is about the most difficult assignment I've had in Hollywood yet. It is particularly difficult for me, because I hate to analyze anything. How shocking for me if I should be forced to know myself as I really am! Let's put it down to the fact that I have an appetite for life. An appetite unslaked, wholly unappeased and as keen and sharp to-day as it was when I was twenty. Perhaps *that* is the real answer—I have not changed since I was twenty.

"I do not reckon things by years, least of all myself. I take no account of time. I never look at a clock. Nor do I ever look at a woman and say to myself, 'I wonder how old she is?' It isn't age that matters. It's beauty. If a woman is beautiful, pictorially pleasing, physically attractive to me, her years might be twenty or sixty and it wouldn't matter. And so it may be that women of all types and ages are kind enough to like me because *I* love *them*. I love, not women individually only, but—women. The sex.

"I haven't changed a single habit, a single hobby, a single point of view or a single feeling since I was twenty. I play the same game of golf. I take the same amount of exercise. I fall in love as ardently now as I did then. I get the same thrills. I never think about the passing of time at all unless I go back to my old home-town. There I meet the men who were my boyhood friends. We are of the same age—and there the similarity ceases. They are gray. They are thick-waisted. More than all, they are slowed down. They are tamed. They cannot play any longer, They don't know how. They raise their eyebrows and say, in tolerant accents, 'Otto's a queer bird . . . sorter crazy . . . oh, well, these actors, you know!' They are kind enough to me, extremely hospitable, even fond of me, I'm sure. They wear harness. I don't.

Still Able to Fall in Love

"I ONCE told you that I have always fallen in love with my leading ladies. All of them. That is no lie. I do. I still do. I also told you that an actor should not be married. It is, very often, destructive. It limits It is limiting—if you allow it to be. I haven't. Because those very limits are, in a way, an extra fillip; they add zest. To kiss a lady's hand and long for her is often to get the very cream of the cream of charm. To sigh in vain is often more desirable than to know a stale fulfilment. I can never know satiety. I can never experience staleness. And so, to me, all women are forever fresh and desirable and—just enough—unattainable. Heaven should be an Experience, not an Eternity.

"Then, too, I love the grandstand. I don't reach out for it, but when it presents itself, I can take it. There was the time when I faced death, when I was hand in hand with death. A moment when, just as I sank into coma, my doctor shook hands with me and said, 'Good luck, old boy.' And as I sank beneath consciousness, I knew the drama of the moment and knew that it was good.

"I thought of all the stocks and bonds and other pieces of paper I had worked all my life to collect and had collected. I knew that they were there to take care of my wife and child. I thought, benignantly blessing myself, that I hadn't done badly at all. I was ready to go. The scene was set. The cue had been given. The last line was a swell tag: 'Good luck, old boy'

"And then, a few hours later, I woke again. The one chance in a million had been with me. I hadn't died. I was alive. I had it all to do over again. My illness would dig deep into those bits of paper. My insurance would not be collectable. It was anti-climax—the thing all actors hate.

"Part of my zest for life lies, I think, in the fact that I have a practical Germanic streak in me, handed down by my father. All play, all poetry, all passion would be monotonous. A salty strain enlivens the others. I do all the managing of our home. I mean, I make out all the checks, pay all the bills, budget the income, hire and fire the servants. Which is partly the practical streak in me and partly, too, the fact that I do not believe women should bother with things of this sort. Their place is on the borderland where they may walk with beauty and pleasure and illusion . . . "

Is it because he loves us, ALL of us?

Is it because it is, always, springtime for Otto?

Is it because he still believes in Santa Claus, or—

Is it his lower lip?

What do *you* think?

Intimate News and Gossip From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 38*)

America's Foremost Fan

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, according to *Variety*, the bible of show business, is one of America's most avid movie fans. He is "sold" on them as a medium of painless education, as well as entertainment—and as an accurate barometer of the emotions of to-day. He has seen more feature pictures in the past year than the average stenographer or clerk, who is considered the mainstay of the movie business. He has seen four times more pictures than Hoover; five times more than Coolidge. He has proved himself a fan by seeing some of them twice—notably, "Gabriel Over the White House." And he sees practically all of the more interesting newsreels. (Newsreels helped to elect him.)

The whole Roosevelt family is interested in the movies. The President's mother is a member of a committee investigating the industry and recommending improvements; his wife is a crusader for "clean pictures"; his son, Elliott, has visited studio sets (including Mae West's set) and has received offers from film companies to join them in an executive capacity.

The Temple Bells Are Ringing

THE newest sensation—and she's on her way to stardom fast—is the movies' smallest blonde. And she isn't a sensation because of her cute and cuddly figure, her dimpled smile, her curly hair, her short skirts, or even her "different" voice. It's because she is an actress—the best *little* actress the movies have seen in a generation. Her name—you guessed it—is Shirley Temple.

Like Jackie Cooper, who was once with "Our Gang," she graduated into feature pictures from short comedies; she was one of Educational's "Baby Burlesk" stars. And when she stole the "all-star" musical comedy, "Stand Up and Cheer," away from Warner Baxter, James Dunn and Madge Evans, among others, she became the most sought-after young person (she's only four) in Hollywood. She was borrowed by Paramount for the title rôle of Damon Runyon's "Little Miss Marker." Now, she's back at Fox, doing "Baby Take a Bow," with James Dunn. Meanwhile, other producers are clamoring for her.

"Bad Boy" Dillinger Banned

ON the day after that arch-criminal, Dillinger, escaped from an Indiana jail by flourishing a wooden pistol (that escape was in the best style of a Mack Sennett farce), Hollywood trade papers blossomed with the announcement that one studio had bought a script based on the life of Dillinger in which the bandit was both hero and villain. Four other studios sulked because their scenarios based on Dillinger's exploits were not completed. Now, however, pressure has evidently been brought to bear, and all Dillinger pictures have been cancelled. Which is fortunate for the movies in this critical time of surveys and legislation.

Babies, Brides and Break-Ups

VITAL statistics of the month: Billie Dove and Robert Kenaston have a son; ditto Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes (who once made the threat of getting married in every state in the union, just to prove to gossips that they liked being married to each other); Dorothy Jordan and producer Merian C. Cooper have a daughter, born in Honolulu; Bobbe Arnst (who was "heart-broken" a few months ago at the break-up of her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller) is

(*Continued on page 79*)

HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

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ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS

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Hollywood Will Tame Margaret Sullavan

(*Continued from page 44*)

person I had been hearing so much about.

"I trust my make-up isn't entirely rubbed off," Miss Sullavan said, either apologetically or as a statement of fact—I don't know which—the while she patted her face, brushed back her hair and rested her head on her elbow.

"I always sleep on my face. I've done it since I was a child. Whenever I have a chance, I take a nap, and half the time I rush back to the set with part of my make-up missing. I really drive Frank Borzage, my director on this picture, quite frantic. He asked me the other day if I couldn't accommodate the shooting schedule by sleeping on my back and thus save the time of putting on fresh grease-paint. I told him I was frightfully sorry, but it just couldn't be done. I am too old to change my ways."

Margaret Sullavan is just twenty-three years—was born in Norfolk, Virginia—gained recognition on the New York stage by the time she was twenty—and in the short period of one year, and on the strength of a single screen performance, in "Only Yesterday," has leaped to the heights of Hollywood fame and stardom.

As in the case of Katharine Hepburn, her fame had the fantastic quality of being spontaneous. A comparison between these two young actresses is inevitable. Their film careers have been identical and both have rebelled against Hollywood tradition and success formulas; yet in type they are totally different. Margaret is soft, feminine, sensitive. Katharine is harsh, brittle, aggressive.

In this respect, however, both girls are alike—they need much sleep! As a matter of fact, they are always lying around, snoozing like young kittens, whenever they can. As vital as they appear on the screen, or on meeting them in the flesh, each seems to be anemic, flaccid, languid.

Why Does She Sleep So Much?

I WONDERED if restricted diet had anything to do with Miss Sullavan's need of sleep, and just when I was about to bring up the question, I noticed a huge black tin *dinner pail* (not a lunch box) on a table near the couch, and commented on the fact.

"Certainly, that's mine," she said. "I carry my lunch daily because I simply cannot stand the food of the studio café. It is rich and greasy. I have a very good cook who looks after me. In to-day's lunch I had an avocado salad, two sandwiches, fruit and a bottle of milk. Of course, I ate all of it. Why not?"

After that illuminating confession, I decided that diet has nothing to do with the languour of this particular young modern. Maybe it's because she is a product of the great machine age, has plenty of leisure time, and is self-sufficient enough to relax completely when alone.

I must admit that meeting a gracious young woman in Margaret Sullavan, instead of a despot or an anarchist, was a surprise in more ways than one. Her revolt against Hollywood has made historical fact. Her testy behavior toward newspaper and magazine writers—her refusals to be interviewed—her wild airplane dashes back and forth across the country, merely to dodge business appointments, are all well remembered. Apparently, Margaret doesn't do all of those things any more.

It begins to look somewhat as if Hollywood were taming the erstwhile rebel, and as if Miss Sullavan's were another case of the wild mare being shod. Katharine Hepburn, too, has been tamed by Hollywood. All of her "eccentricities of temperament" in the future will be interpreted in filmdom as just so much youthful monkey business. Katie went out of Hollywood with tremendous bravado and figurative nose-thumbing, but she is returning ready to eat out of filmdom's hand, after the three successive blows to her self-esteem—her famous stage "flop," her radio broadcast demise, and the mild success of her last picture, "Spitfire."

What Has Hollywood Done to Her?

I ASKED Margaret Sullavan if she felt that Hollywood had mellowed her in the past year. She laughed a trifle uncertainly for a moment and then, with head tossed back and eyes dancing, met the issue squarely. There was no evasion, no arrogance, no silly, schoolgirl heroics, or impudent reply of, "I refuse to answer that question because it is entirely idiotic." She acted exactly like the charming, well-bred young Southern woman that she is, and said:

"I suppose time does mellow our opinions. But that really doesn't alter the fact that I still don't like Hollywood or the business of making pictures. As I told you before, I may change my mind about Hollywood after I discover it alone. But everybody is forever trying to bring it to me, which I resent.

"I dreaded coming to Hollywood in the first place. I never cherished the consuming dreams of a film career or all the pomp and circumstance of stardom—swanky living, entourage, autograph-signing, and all that sort of thing. Most stage actresses yearn for the movies, but, *honor bright,* I never did. I was happy working in the theatre, and I felt free.

"Truly, I don't feel free in Hollywood, and that's another reason why I am always trying to escape it. No, romance isn't calling, but I am afraid life is. I do so want to be free to do the things I have dreamed of. Right now, I yearn to go to England. I want to see that lovely English countryside that I have been hearing about for so long, from all those lucky ones who manage to be able to travel and see the world.

"I have fortunately earned and saved enough money to be able to afford a trip abroad, from the two pictures that I've made. I don't care if I ever make any more pictures. I'd like to run away as soon as this one is finished and I am begging the studio to allow me.

Doesn't Want Fame!?!

"THESE awful shackles of contracts, and the responsibility of impending stardom that the studio heads talk about, frighten me. I really don't want stardom and fame. They represent pretense and hypocrisy to me. I am honest, and simple in my tastes, and I don't want all of these pretentious honors brought to me, that is, if you call fame and stardom honors.

"Perhaps I have been guilty of bad manners with certain members of the press, but I don't think I have been entirely to blame. I don't like gentlemen and lady writers who flash voluminous credentials and clippings before me to impress me with their tremendous importance, and then do a right-about-face and treat me as if I were an insufferable insect.

"No one could possibly entertain a higher regard for men and women writers of intelligence and ability than myself. And I trust I am sufficiently humble to pay proper tribute to such journalists. However, when an interviewer approaches me with high-and-mighty and boorish manners—well, there isn't very much else for me to do except follow suit."

I asked Margaret Sullavan if she didn't enjoy making her present picture under Frank Borzage's sympathetic direction and she replied with genuine enthusiasm:

"Oh, of course. I did adore this picture, even though actual film acting is still loathsome work to me. But the association of Mr. Borzage and all the lovely cast has really been fun."

She seems to be very serious about travel—being on the go, on the move—and commented: "Every one is forever saying to me, 'Now, Peggy' (that's my nickname), 'you earn all of your money while you are young and then travel and fall in love and have a good time when you are able.'

Not Worrying About Tomorrow

"WHAT stuff! I don't care if I make money or not. I know it's important. But I am young. And I love life and want to enjoy it while I can. I don't want to think so terribly, terribly seriously about tomorrow. Why should we, after all? What's everything about, anyway?"

I couldn't answer that last one, myself, so I inquired if her feeling of antipathy toward Hollywood wasn't, perhaps, due to lonesomeness. She said, somewhat pensively:

"Yes, I do think I am lonely out here—but after all, I shouldn't be. I've been alone for so many years. I always was at boarding school and away from home, it seems, and then there was New York. Of course, I have many friends there.

"But I do enjoy some sweet, precious friends in Hollywood, and they are the Finley Peter Dunnes and their grown family. Mr. Dunne, you will recall, created the character of *Mr. Dooley* in his writings, long, long before my time. He and his wife are such darlings and they have made life very sweet for me out here. I love them very much because they are great inside themselves—and they don't have to seek the razzle-dazzle of the mad, outside world to be happy."

Margaret Sullavan may be only twenty-three, but she has a very wise and philosophical head on her slender shoulders. She is lovely and gifted, and she stands at the threshold of a big film career. I think she has been playing merry Katzenjammer-Kid pranks on Hollywood, and even though she needs taming, I have a feeling that filmdom will not have to spank her much. She's very self-critical, so she may tame herself.

Intimate News and Gossip From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 77*)

now Mrs. Robert Cavanaugh, of Chicago. Hal Le Roy has taken unto himself a bride—the former musical comedy dancer, Ruth Dodd. Nina Quartero can now sign her name "Mrs. John C. Outhet." And elsewhere in this issue, you will read of the Ames-Torres and Jessel-Talmadge nuptials. Any divorces? Certainly, certainly. Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, and Sidney Fox and Charles Beahan, Phyllis Barry and Al Nordlund, Ken Murray and Charlotte Doncourt, Benny Rubin and Mary O'Brien, and Katharine Hepburn and Ludlow Smith asked judges to part them.

Walthall "Comes Back"

ONE of the sweetest sights these old eyes have seen in many a day was Henry B. Walthall at the preview of "Viva Villa." In the rôle of the saintly *Madero*, Walthall gives his finest performance since his never-to-be-forgotten *Little Colonel* in "Birth of a Nation." Flushed with the acclaim he had won from the preview audience, he made his way through the crowd to his car, bowing from the waist and smiling to all the fans who spoke to him. You could see he was as pleased as punch to be recognized again after all these years.

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Scoop! The "It" Stars of the Screen as Chosen by the Stars, Themselves

(*Continued from page 33*)

I mean on the screen, of course. I imagine I might feel quite differently in real life."

So put one check after Edward G. Robinson's name. And now, fellows, you know what you have to have to interest the tempting Jean.

Bill Votes for Jean

OUR second voter was none other than the suave, triple-threat to the *femme*, William Powell. Certainly, you girls should be interested to know what it takes to make Bill give in.

"Because I'm essentially a man, with decidedly masculine tastes," mused Bill, "and because things strongly feminine appeal to me, I'm afraid you'll have to put me with the crowd. Because of her physical attraction, her beauty of face and form, and her youth and strength, I unhesitatingly name Jean Harlow as the woman bringing the most sex appeal to the screen—at least for me."

So that makes you even, Jean.

Kay Francis considered our question for a moment. "Well," she replied, "there are really two men who tempt me on the screen. But I imagine my quota is only one. So I'll have to pick Jimmy Cagney—because he is so dynamic, so impulsive. His manner of driving through makes me feel he would be hard to stop from anything he wanted. He is so direct and honest—at least, that's the impression he conveys to me on the screen."

Which, we are told, is the same reason why Joan Crawford felt Jimmy's personal pull on the screen. And that is two-up for the cocky little redhead. But before we go farther, let's find out who's dynamite on the screen to the voluptuous Mae West, of "come up 'n' see me s'mtime" fame.

"George Raft attracts me more than any other actor in pictures," confides Mae, "because he is so sure of himself, and his manner is so certain. That's why I wanted him for my new picture, and wrote the part to fit him—because of the fascination of his almost sinister 'certainness'."

And who said that women didn't like to be menaced? That, psychologists insist, was Valentino's greatest attraction for women—his menace, his constant threat to them. A sort of flame-and-moth idea.

Dolores Thrills to Bing

DOLORES DEL RIO, however, doesn't want to be threatened. Instead, she wants to be crooned to. Bing Crosby does things to her with his romantic voice. His songs, it seems, are dynamite to the exotic Del Rio.

Pert Kelton, on the other hand, says that Spencer Tracy is "head man" in the movies to her. His dash, she admits, is good for a thrill for her any day. Yet, according to those experts who tell us what we are by what we think and how we feel, Pert should pick out someone like Leslie Howard or Ronald Colman. Pert, however, still maintains that she knows her own weakness.

Irene Dunne says: "I'm more thrilled by Ronald Colman than by any other screen player—because of his nonchalance and poise and beautiful speaking voice."

"Varieties is the spice of life," explains Jimmy Durante, "and can you imagine a gal that puts limburger cheese under your pillow? Wouldn't that build you up? That's what Lupe Velez did to me when we were making a shot in 'Strictly Dynamite.' Besides, I like a gal that's hot and that keeps you guessing, and nobody ever knows what Lupe will do next. And, for my money, she has plenty of the old 'uh' on the screen, too."

"Mae West is dynamite to me on the screen," admits Cary Grant "for the same reason that she fascinates a million other men."

Barbara Stanwyck maintains that her one "it" man, on or off the screen, is hubby Frank Fay. Barbara is famous for her loyalty, however, and we suspect that she closes her eyes to the charms of our famous male stars.

Joel McCrea also names his spouse, but goes on to explain that she never really got him "that way" till he suddenly saw her sex appeal on the screen in "Silver Cord." Then, and not till then, did Frances Dee sweep Joel off his manly feet. Marrying your screen temptation, fellows. Ain't that sumpin?

Bing Smitten with Claudette

BING CROSBY unhesitatingly names Claudette Colbert as being dynamite to him, "because," to use his own words, "of her great feminine charm, which is so delightfully blended with restraint." And that catalogues Bing as one of those rare individuals who admire the old-fashioned, "nice" type of girl.

Carole Lombard finds that Ronald Colman intrigues her more personally than any other male actor, "because he looks so experienced—and so scornful."

Edward G. Robinson votes for Katharine Hepburn, because of her "mystery"—reserving, however, the right to be intrigued by a good many others. Eddie, by the way, always was noted for his curiosity and research. "Perhaps a trifle broad-minded," he admits.

"To me, Billie Burke is the swellest woman and greatest actress in the world, and I'd give up a golf game, any time, just to sit and watch her." That comes from Robert Woolsey, who, though he has known Billie Burke for years, claims that she has never failed to thrill him, on screen or stage. Her fascination for him seems never to diminish.

For Richard Dix there is one woman who possesses that "charm *plus*" that makes him conscious of the "woman" more than of any character she can portray. That woman is Irene Dunne.

Pat O'Brien confesses that there is a fire, a sincerity, a depth, a promise of emotion in Barbara Stanwyck that leaves him on edge. "You can feel the warmth of her bounce right back off that old screen," confides Pat. "There's more than acting in Stanwyck's work on the screen," he continues. "There's pulsating life that I can feel in my blood. No other actress can affect me that way."

A reason for this, according to Frank Capra, the famous director, may be found in the fact that Stanwyck "gives" more than any other actress on the screen. She puts her soul so fiercely into her parts that there can be no rehearsals and no retakes.

John Is Claudette's "Passion"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT comes forth with a broadside that sex appeal is plain "hooey," a certain something that exists in every human being under one name or another and is called "sex appeal" for exploitation purposes. "Charm," protests Claudette, "is much more important than sex appeal."

"Personal magnetism" is what Claudette prefers to call it. But, according to all the others, "a rose by any other name would be as sweet." Whatever it is, however, Claudette admits John Barrymore has it for her, and has had it for years. There is something about him that grips her, and no matter how poor a picture he might appear in, his appearance would take the curse off it for her.

Elissa Landi hedged, and would not admit that for her any actor had "that certain something." But—

The feminine personification of sex appeal, so far as Stuart Erwin is concerned, is Arline Judge.

Margaret Sullavan says she is not sex-conscious of any male screen idol, but that Robert Montgomery is the most fascinating to her.

Alice White says: "Herbert Marshall carries the masculine punch for me." According to this dynamic little blonde, Herbert not only has "it," but "that" as well.

According to Gloria Stuart, when a man can exhibit not only the best in acting, but the very best in feminine temptation, that's sumpin—and Gloria gives Fredric March credit for just that.

Quiet, demure, dainty June Knight would pick the tree-galloping Johnny Weissmuller as her mad moment on the screen.

No Man Mentioned Garbo

AN interesting fact is that every one of these four feminine stars of the Universal lot unhesitatingly and voluntarily picked Garbo as having the greatest glamour and sex appeal for men—as did almost eighty per cent of the other women interviewed. But not one male star mentioned the name of the glamourous Swede. Which suggests that we men had better continue picking our own temptations—and not leave it to the women. This also bears out the contention that it is the women—decidedly not the men—who have put Garbo at the top of the pile.

John Barrymore, while refusing to be quoted as to what screen star had the greatest sex appeal for him, voluntarily commented upon the "totally unexpected" degree of glamour and fascination possessed by Carole Lombard. This player, according to Barrymore, displays an amazing fascination in "Twentieth Century."

Francis Lederer confided that his thrill of the screen reposes in the calm and queenly Kay Francis.

Sally Eilers said: "I think Clark Gable has more sex appeal than any other man on the screen." For "personal magnetism," however, Sally feels that Paul Muni ranks among the very topmost.

Over at Fox Studios they say that there is no use asking Spencer Tracy who has the most appeal for him, as he has always told the world, frequently and forcibly, that Loretta Young is the "It" girl of them all.

All of which proves that not even the stars agree on the subject of sex appeal. And as to the "bit" players and "extras"—well, thirty-two girls on four lots vote as follows, regarding the man with the most sex appeal for them on the screen:

Clark Gable, 3; James Cagney, 3; Bing Crosby, 2; William Powell, 2; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., 2; Bruce Cabot, 2; John Barrymore, 2; Maurice Chevalier, 2; Richard Dix, 2; Robert Montgomery, 1; Clive Brook, 1; Richard Barthelmess, 1; George Raft, 1; Charles Bickford, 1; Ken Maynard, 1; Ramon Novarro, 1; John Boles, 1; Leslie Howard, 1; Paul Muni, 1; Jack Holt, 1; and George Brent, 1.

Seventeen men "bit" players, interviewed on four lots, voted as to the lady of *ultra* sex appeal thusly:

Irene Dunne, 3; Marlene Dietrich, 2; Mae West, 2; Jean Harlow, 2; Joan Crawford, 1; Miriam Hopkins, 1; Ginger Rogers, 1; Joan Blondell, 1; Norma Shearer, 1; Janet Gaynor, 1; Lilian Harvey, 1; and Glenda Farrell, 1.

And how did your bet on "Who's Who in Sex Appeal" match up with these figures—and the opinions of the stars, themselves?

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 16*)

1. The cute girl pictured on page 16 is Adalyn Doyle, who looks a lot like Katharine Hepburn. In fact, until recently, she was Hepburn's stand-in. Adalyn has played small parts in "Blood Money" and "Advice to the Lovelorn," but the rôle that won recognition for her was that of one of the girls in "Finishing School." And now that Adalyn has been launched on a screen career of her own, they'll have to get Katie Hepburn another stand-in.

2. Nick Foran, former Princeton football star, was warned by his father, Col. Arthur W. Foran, well-known politician and financial power in New Jersey, that he would be disinherited if he continued courting Alice Faye. Col. Foran said he had nothing against Miss Faye, but that he wished his son to continue his screen career, which just started in "Stand Up and Cheer." Alice Faye is Rudy Vallee's protegée and she is the girl Fay Webb, Rudy's wife, named in her divorce suit against her husband. (There's an illuminating interview with Alice on page 39.)

3. Mexican divorces seem to be preferred of late. Recently, Katharine Hepburn divorced her husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, New York business man, in Merida, Yucatan, Mexico. They were married December 12, 1928.

4. Constance Bennett was the cause of the quarrel between Gilbert Roland and Clark Gable at a party at the home of Samuel Goldwyn. Roland, who escorted Connie to the party, took offense at the manner in which Gable spoke to Constance and was quoted as saying, angrily, to Gable, "You quit picking on her and pick on me." Clark seemed willing, and for a minute it looked like the start of a good old-fashioned fist fight, but other movie luminaries present stepped in and calmed the boys. In the absence of her husband, Marquis Henry Falaise, who is in China making a picture, Roland has been acting as Connie's escort.

5. Karl Dane, who made his first screen hit as the Swede in "The Big Parade," shot himself on April 14, despondent over his failure to obtain motion picture work. Dane's body was found surrounded by newspaper and magazine clippings of his former success—cut short by talkies.

6. Ginger Rogers filed suit for $100,000 damages, charging slander and violation of privacy rights over a nation-wide broadcast. Ginger's suit was brought against the broadcasting company, the radio station, the bread company sponsoring the program, and Sylvia Ullbeck, famous masseuse. Ginger charges she was misrepresented as having been present at the broadcasting studio, in New York, being interviewed by Madame Sylvia while she was actually in Hollywood.

7. Irene Castle, who retired from the screen after her marriage to Captain F. T. McLaughlin, has had some tests taken in preparation for her return to the screen. "Slim Shoulders," which was released in 1922, was the last picture in which Miss Castle appeared. The name of the picture that will mark her return has not yet been announced. Miss Castle first became famous as the dancing partner of her first husband, the late Vernon Castle, and she has always been referred to as one of America's best-dressed women. She was also the originator of bobbed hair, and the bob of those days was named after her. It was called "the Castle clip."

8. Attention, Mr. Ripley! This is a real believe-it-or-not. June Grabiner, the beautiful daughter of Harry Grabiner, of the Chicago White Sox, has done the unbelievable and unprecedented thing as far as movies are concerned. She has refused an offer of a movie contract to appear in pictures, starting with featured rôles. June gave "I'm afraid" as her only reason for turning down the screen chance.

9. On April 22, Raquel Torres became the bride of Stephen Ames, New York broker. They were married aboard a liner bound for Honolulu, with Renee Torres as bridesmaid and Ames' brother, Paul, as best man. (There seems to be romance in the air for this pair, too.) Not so many months ago, Stephen Ames was divorced from Adrienne Ames, who is now Mrs. Bruce Cabot.

10. Joan Crawford, whose divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became final on May 13, made the statement that "marriage for an actress is impossible" in denying that she would soon marry Franchot Tone. Joan was also quoted as saying that "Hollywood stands in the way of any great love." But then, this may have been only Joan's way of getting people off the right track.

11. Immediately after obtaining a Mexican divorce from her husband, Joseph Schenck, film producer, Norma Talmadge joined George Jessel in New York, and on April 23rd, they were married in Atlantic City, N. J. Norma married Schenck in 1917 and they separated six years ago.

12. Ricardo Cortez' interest in the new drama-producing company is shown in the name—which is really Ricardo's last name, Cortez, reversed. However, his screen fans have nothing to worry about because Cortez has no intention of deserting the screen on account of his connection with Zetroc, Inc.

13. Are Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson a mutual consolation society? Herbert's marriage to Edna Best, once one of filmdom's "happiest," seems on the verge of a break-up; Gloria's marriage to Michael Farmer is about to end in divorce—and Herbert and Gloria have been night-clubbing together.

14. Dick Powell's contract with Warner Brothers contains a clause saying that Dick is not to marry while said contract is in effect—lest he jeopardize his popularity. Dick scoffs at the danger and wants it taken out. Dick and Mary Brian have been going together so long that it is possible he wants to marry the girl.

15. In the suit for separate maintenance which Mrs. Angela Raisch Bennett brought against her husband, Richard Bennett, veteran stage and screen actor, Mrs. Bennett accused the actor of beating, threatening and injuring her. The Bennetts were married in 1926. Before filing this suit, Mrs. Bennett received injuries at a conference held in an effort to try to straighten out the couple's domestic affairs.

16. Whoops, my dear! What could be hotter news than this? When "The Queen of Sheba" is brought to the screen again, it ought to be well worth seeing because none other than the curvacious Mae West will play the rôle of the siren-queen!

17. We can hardly blame you if you were unable to recognize the handsomest-profile-in-Hollywood under that make-up, and we'll wager the nearest you came to being right was calling him Lionel Barrymore. It is a picture of John Barrymore made up for his rôle in "20th Century," that of a theatrical producer who disguises himself as a Southern gentleman in order to effect a get-away. (You'll find a swell interview with John on pages 40 and 41.)

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page 65*)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING

Bing Gives You a Big Evening

A SINGING sailor aboard a private yacht catches the bored fancy of a spoiled heiress, who is taking a party of friends on a cruise. Her drunken uncle hilariously takes the wheel and wrecks the yacht on a desert island. Then what? Bing Crosby, as the sailor, sings and Sings and SINGS. Carole Lombard, as the lady, does nothing much charmingly. There is a trick bear that roller-skates, and there are Burns and Allen, as naturalists camping on the island, who hold their usual hilariously pointless conversations about nothing. See this, by all means, for a mental vacation with music.

Highlights: Bing singing ten songs or parts of songs under amusingly difficult circumstances. Ethel Merman, pal of the heroine, doing a grand number, "Woof, Woof, It's the Animal in Me." (PARAMOUNT)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD

Tracy Wows Them in Comeback

LEE TRACY is back—and as debonair as ever. A reporter again (all reporters on the screen should be played by Tracy, and Tracy should always be a reporter), Lee gets an assignment to follow a diplomat to one of these imaginary kingdoms at a moment's notice.

"Listen, Baby," he telephones his best girl desperately from the pier, "I'll be right up—in just a couple of months." Tangled up in a revolution, plots and counterplots with the inquiring reporter is a gorgeous princess (Gloria Stuart), whom the royalists have called back from exile to restore to her throne. Thrills and laughs are mingled with romance, as Tracy reveals himself as a lover. It's not the best Lee Tracy picture we have ever seen, but better than most pictures, because Lee is in it.

Highlights: Tracy trying to panhandle a nickel to telephone before the boat pulls out and wildly cursing the philanthropic soul who gives him a dollar bill. The telephone repair man whose work is continually undone by spies, revolutionists and Lee Tracy. (UNIVERSAL)

DOUBLE DOOR

Here's One Swell Horror Tale

THE dark, old-fashioned house of the wealthy and eccentric *Van Bretts* harbors shadows deeper than those of shuttered windows and swathed lights. The dominant spirit of the house is that of *Victoria Van Brett* (Mary Morris), a woman warped by bitter pride, twisted by fierce jealousy of youth and love and happiness. Between this sinister spinster, who knows a Secret of the House, sharing it only with her younger sister, and the pretty nurse (Evelyn Venable), who marries the old woman's half-brother, is fought a battle almost to the death, a battle of poisoned glances and harsh words on one side and girlish gallantry on the other.

To reveal the outcome, to tell the secret of the house of *Van Brett*, would be to deprive you of a breathless hour and some authentic thrills. If you do not scream at least once, we miss our guess. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor make ardent young lovers. Anne Revere, as the younger sister, almost feeble-minded with fear, does a flawless piece of work.

Highlights: The scene where the sister forces herself to defy *Victoria* and give away the Secret. The relentless justice of the ending. (PARAMOUNT)

The men who "mislaid" my telephone number . . . *are finding it again.*

"After I removed the 7 stains from my teeth, the telephone started ringing again. I'd found a new beauty—a new popularity."

"THREE MONTHS AGO you wouldn't have believed we had a telephone!

"All the romance I got then was out of magazines. And in them I noticed *an ad for Colgate's . . .*

"*It told how everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves seven kinds of stains on teeth . . . how men loathe discolored teeth in women.*

"I looked in my mirror. Sure enough—my teeth were getting dull and discolored although I hadn't suspected it till then. *So I decided to try Colgate's.*

"*I liked it. It was refreshing! Left my breath sweet!* And almost before I knew it, my teeth were so white, so beautiful! And maybe you think I didn't smile and show them!

"Then the telephone started to ring again. And now men say my smile is dazzling."

Don't Gamble With Your Charm
Remove the 7 stains with
Colgate's—completely

It is true—most toothpastes cannot remove all the seven kinds of stains. For most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action—and one isn't enough. But Colgate's has *two* actions. An *emulsive* action that washes away many of the stains . . . a gentle *polishing* action that removes all the others.

Try Colgate's for ten days. Note how beautifully white and lustrous it makes your teeth. And at 20c for the large-size tube, Colgate's is the most economical of all good toothpastes.

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If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions, sells at the same low prices.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM
Large tube now
20¢
GIANT TUBE (double quantity) 35c

LISTEN IN—"The Colgate House Party." Donald Novis, Frances Langford, Don Voorhees. Every Saturday night 9 P.M., E. D. S. T., over National Broadcasting Stations, Coast to Coast.

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MAYBELLINE takes 10 years from "only 38"
MAYBELLINE beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"

BEAUTIFUL EYES are your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon *genuine* Maybelline! Black for brunettes; Brown for blondes. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.

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Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health
Good Housekeeping Magazine
Maybelline
Maybelline

The Approved Mascara

New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

The Girl That Gossip Doesn't Hurt

(*Continued from page 39*)

for this. And here is the story, to date: It was just before Alice came to Hollywood to sing one song in "George White's Scandals" that Mrs. Vallee unleashed her attack. But in spite of that, soon after her arrival Alice had replaced Lilian Harvey and was playing the feminine lead opposite Mrs. Vallee's husband.

Instead of hurting her, that unsavory accusation did her more good than the most striking publicity the Fox Studio could have devised. It made the obscure little singer a nationally known figure. And it became an occasion for loyal testimonials and sympathetic protests from the public.

Doesn't Look the Part

ALICE, herself, explains the miracle, by saying simply, "Everyone who sees my face knows I wasn't guilty. I just don't look like that."

She really doesn't. There is an innocent look about Alice that belies her chorus-girl-and-night-club background. She has the relaxed softness of the girl who hasn't fought for success. She has none of that hard grimness that comes from battling your way to the top. Everything just happened to Alice, because she was so sweet.

Of course, she is only nineteen, so she could scarcely look anything but young and fresh. Her voice is so low that you must lean toward her to hear everything. She's the appealing type, dependent, gentle, with a warm heart and a staunch belief in the world's goodness—meaning Rudy Vallee's goodness, because he is practically all the world to her. Only her hair—almost as platinum as Jean Harlow's—suggests the chorus. It has the coarse, doll-like texture of hair that has been much-dyed, but she swears it's natural.

"You can pull it out by the roots if you want to and see for yourself," was her courageous offer. But I've been inspired with some of Alice's beautiful faith in humanity, and I concede the blonde roots, sight unseen.

It's not just the pale, clear skin, the great deep-blue eyes, and perfect, natural cupid's-bow of a mouth, that make it easy to understand why Alice got ahead by someone else's efforts. It's a loyal, steadfast quality she has, the appeal of a girl who doesn't want to take you for all she can get, but wants to give all she has. Probably it's her lovely sweet smile, more than anything else, that makes matrons believe in her.

"I've had dozens of letters from fans," she said in her soft, dreamy way; "married women, especially. They've been so sweet and have said I shouldn't mind the position I was put in, because they didn't believe a word of it, and though they usually had no sympathy for a woman named in a divorce suit, they knew in this case I was not to blame. So, you see, it has really helped me, because it gave me a lot of publicity which, for some reason, was not unfavorable.

Why She "Didn't Mind Much"

"I DIDN'T mind being named very much, because I knew there was absolutely no truth in what Mrs. Vallee said, and so did Rudy, and I had a perfectly clear conscience about the whole thing. So it didn't bother me. I know they have to put something in the papers, and if they want to say it was I, let them say it. They might as well talk about me as somebody else.

"When I first came out here, I stayed by myself, because there was so much talk about it. I didn't know how people would feel, and I didn't want to embarrass anyone who might take me out. But I was wrong. Everyone has been lovely to me, and no one has held it against me, or believed it."

Here she took a deep breath and gave vent to some girlish philosophy. "The trouble with the world is," she declared, "that most people can't understand that two people can know each other very well and confide in each other, and yet be only good friends. Rudy used to talk to me about his marriage troubles, by the hour. He was almost going crazy. He was madly in love with his wife—that I know. He simply adored that girl.

"She could have had anything in the world she wanted, even if it took his last cent. He would tell me how he adored her, and how she didn't seem to care. I don't see how she could be indifferent because Rudy is the finest and squarest person I have ever known. There aren't many like him in the world. She had a lovely home, and all the clothes she could possibly wear, and a car, and a husband who was madly in love with her. What more could any girl want?"

Alice paused in wonder, then sighed, "But I guess she just wasn't in love with him. That's something you can't control.

How She Would Get a Divorce

"STILL—people have different ways of doing things. If I were married to a man I thought I loved, and then found I didn't, I would go to him and tell him about it nicely—just in a room by ourselves, where nobody else could hear. And tell him I was sorry, and then have a quiet divorce.

"I don't know Mrs. Vallee. I've never met her. But I'm sure if I ever did, I'd go right up to her and tell her what a mistake she made, wanting a divorce, because if ever a woman was loved madly by a marvelous husband, she was. And I know lots of girls who'd give anything in the world to have a man madly in love with them like that."

Do you get the idea that Alice adores Rudy? There's no disputing that. She's frank and unrestrained on the subject, and her little heart is just bursting with loyalty and devotion. Every word she says of him is heart-felt, admiring, and tinged with hero-worship.

"Everything that has happened to me is due entirely to Rudy," she said, proud to give full credit to her idol.

What has happened to her in her brief existence is fairly general knowledge, since Mrs. Vallee gave her the big newspaper break. Born in New York, she got a job the very first time she tried to get on the stage, at the age of fourteen. After four years in various chorus lines about town, she landed in George White's "Scandals," when Rudy was the star. How she met Rudy's lawyer, Hyman Bushel, and made a little home-phonograph record, just for fun, at a party at his house, has been told again and again. That record got her the job of singing with Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees on the radio, and led to what she considers the greatest experience of her life—the year she spent touring through the South, and from Florida to Maine, with those fourteen boys.

Under Contract to Rudy

"I'LL never forget that," she said, "and I'll never have so much fun again. I didn't want to stay out here at all. Even after I'd finished the movie version of the 'Scandals' and was offered a contract, I wanted to go back with the orchestra. But Rudy thought it would be better for my future to stay here. He took care of everything for me. I'm still under contract to him, and he arranged everything with Fox. I don't know anything about contracts and things like that. I'm getting much more money now than I did with the orchestra, but he doesn't take a cent of it. I wouldn't break my contract with Rudy for anything in the world. I wouldn't do anything to displease him or hurt him."

Alice has become an old veteran of the cinema already, and much prefers the movies to the stage. It doesn't frighten her so. Her first rôle under the four-year contract with Fox was the dramatic one of *Rothstein's* sweetheart in "Now I'll Tell." And she's scheduled to do the feminine lead in "She Learned about Sailors."

"I was awfully lonely at first," she said. "The boys all went back to New York, and I didn't know anybody, and the life was so different. In New York I hardly ever saw the daylight. I worked all night, and always slept until one or two o'clock. Here, when I had to get up early and went out and saw the bright sunlight—I tell you, it really frightened me. I couldn't get used to it. I've always loved the night. Just when Hollywood people are ready to go to bed, I begin to wake up, my eyes get very big, and I'm feeling fine and ready for anything. In New York, I often saw the sunrise—as I was going to bed. Here, I've already seen it several times—but when I was getting up."

Alice may have adapted herself to sunlight instead of starlight, and Kleig lights instead of footlights, but she's still a New York girl at heart.

"I'd like to get married," she mused. "Funny, I never thought of it till I got out here. It's the air, I guess. I suppose the reason people get married out here is that there's nothing else to do, the way there is in New York. I'd love to marry now, but I haven't met anybody.

"The trouble with marrying out here is that you might marry someone you thought was pretty nice, and then take a trip to New York, and when you got there you'd look at him and think, 'How did I ever happen to marry that'?"

But then, Rudy, as Alice paints him, is a pretty high ideal for our local boys to have to equal.

Lupe Velez' Hacienda Is Vivid—Like Herself

(*Continued from page 51*)

fireplace, and Mexican trinkets are scattered everywhere.

As in most stars' homes, a folding screen sets the keynote of the living room. Lupe's is gilded leather, painted with brilliant flowers. Almost anyone who wants to give a new feeling to a room might copy the picture people and buy some sort of screen —one of the new white-painted shutter screens, or one covered with wallpaper and shellacked, or a modernistic screen of magazine covers brightly varnished.

Beyond the living room, through plastered arches, is the dining room, with enormous chests of dark carved wood, and high-backed chairs upholstered in several different materials. A gold tone pervades this room, and the chests and table are piled with massive pieces of chased silver. A large tapestry of a sylvan scene furnishes the only wall decoration. In two corners stand black marble columns, holding statuary.

Her Colorful "Den"

LUPE'S favorite room downstairs, however, is the "den"—which is frankly Mexican. Arched open cupboards in the white plaster display painted gourds, ollas,

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About

WRONG MAKE-UP *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*

RIGHT MAKE-UP *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW A *new* and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

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Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

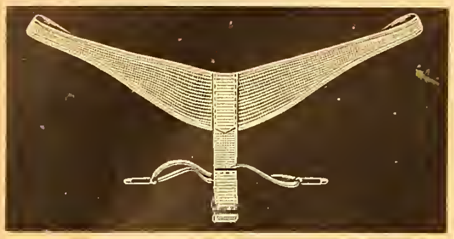
*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—*Pandora* and *Poppy*

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks

The Lipstick

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE
USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

Comfort WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST



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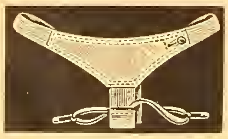
STYLE 1318

The Hickory Petite — adjustable — narrow boilproof Lastex; Pyralin clasps, no pins—perfectly secure....................35c



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carved figures of bullfighters, dolls and gorgeous silken mats. Black-stained floors are strewn with Indian rugs, and one whole side of the wall glows with the primitive colors of a hand-woven—and tenderly-mended—old Spanish rug. The use of fabrics and rugs as wall decorations against white or plain plaster is a decoration note that anyone could borrow from the Spanish-type home, such as Lupe's. The heavy chairs and couch are covered with orange and red and blue hand-woven material.

Stepping from all this primitive color and material into the severe black and silver of Lupe's modernistic bedroom is something of a shock, and yet—why not? A decorator might be horrified, but homes are supposed, after all, to be the reflection of their owners' personalities. And for all of Lupe's Mexican ancestry, which probably could be traced back to the Aztecs, there is a streak of sophistication in her nature that is as sharp and definite as the angles of her bedroom furnishings. Any home-decorator might well envy Lupe's refusal to be dominated by convention or enslaved by a "period."

The bed is footless, with a huge semi-circular headboard, and is enormous. Covered with black velvet, it dominates one wall. Silvered plaster and a gold rug are an effective background for huge circular mirrors and a big white bearskin rug—probably the only bearskin used in Hollywood to-day by a Hollywood star for reclining *à la* Theda Bara. The chaise longue is oval in shape and covered with cushions in a geometric black and silver material, which also forms the window drapes.

Furniture Easy to Duplicate

LUPE'S own tastes break out in arrays of tiny penguins on a chest, glass animals as fragile as bubbles on the case of the large circular mirror, and "Tarzan" elephants in a procession along the rim of her rose-colored bathtub. The dressing-table seat is a continuation of the table, itself, in a circular sweep. Effective as this furniture is, it is not expensive. Almost any girl could have a Velez bedroom if she chose, buying the furniture unpainted and decorating it, herself, in shades of black and gray or in horizontal stripes of black and silver.

Beyond, surrounded with windows curtained in ruffled white organdie, is the dressing-room. This is as dainty and girlish as a débutante's, with one whole side given up to a dressing-table strewn with silver-framed photographs of Adrienne Ames, Lupe's newest bosom friend. (Adrienne and her husband, Bruce Cabot, have taken a beach house with the Weissmullers at Malibu for the Summer.)

Johnny's room, next door, is frankly Spanish and masculine, with, we are pleased to report, a pair of huge and scuffed bedroom slippers beside the carved bed, which bears wooden saints for posts ("Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—bless the bed that I lie on"). Above it, on the wall, hangs a faded enlargement of a child's photograph, a wistful baby face, framed in wild hair, which even then bore traces of the beauty that was to be Lupe's. The walls here are putty-colored, the carpet dark.

A decorator might find flaws in the way Lupe Velez has furnished her home, but it has an individuality and sincerity that many stars' houses lack. It is warm and friendly and effective. The star's own likes and tastes are discernible in its furnishings and colors; her own books and photographs meet the eye on every hand. And anyone with a vivid and exotic personality, and dark coloring, can find many hints for her own home in Lupe Velez' Mexican hacienda.

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The Secrets of the Dressing Table

(Continued from page 61)

night, and then, to protect your pillow, just wind a cotton scarf or a bit of gauze around your neck.

I love my dressing-table here at my bungalow on the Fox lot. Dressing-tables have always appealed to me as a sort of beauty laboratory. And this is one of the most restful and most inspiring that I have ever known. Like all laboratories, a dressing-table should be completely equipped with the necessary tools—and, most important of all, it should have the proper lighting.

You Need an Attractive Setting!

THE dressing-table, itself, should be attractive, if you are going to spend pleasurable time before it at all. And overtures to beauty *should* be a pleasant occupation. I spend about two hours a day in front of my dressing-table, trying new things and new ways of doing things. Of course, an actress does not change her coiffure or her type of make-up as often as any of you should—for, after all, her experimenting has been done before she was "launched" on the screen. When the most attractive arrangements are found, we usually stick to them, for that is the way the public knows us.

And this brings to my mind something that has been bothering me for a long time. Many screen stars wear their hair in a long bob, with full, fluffy waves, and curls at the end around the neckline—as I do. We do this because the camera is very flattering to hair, and hair worn this way provides an attractive frame for the face. Then, too, having the hair as long as that makes it particularly adaptable when a costume rôle calls for a different hair-dress. (There is more to work a change with!) *But*—here's what I have been wondering about: Just because we movie stars do this, should you go in for long bobs, *en masse?*

Personally, I do not think they are smart for going about town, or going to the office. They are nice for evening, I'll have to admit, but they are really too fluffy and too dramatic for daytime—and there is nothing so smart as a sleek, well-cut, well-fitting bob for most people, and most times. And another thing that you must take into consideration is that long bobs do not look particularly smart under hats—and you have to wear hats a great deal more than you ever see us wearing them in the films. I love the sleek coiffures with just a suggestion of a natural, loose wave, with the hair thinned out so that it stays in place, clinging close to the head—and hair that wears a high, burnished sheen.

Her Own Shampoo Secret

ONE of the grandest treatments for hair that I've ever run across is this: first shampoo your hair with either a prepared shampoo or melted soap. Then, after rinsing this out, use four eggs, well beaten up together, and rub this mixture well into the hair and scalp. Then take a steaming hot towel and wrap it around your head. Keep this on for five minutes or so—and then rinse everything out completely with water and a generous dose of camomile. It's a bit messy, but the effect is worth it. Your hair will shine like spun-glass when you get through, and it will feel as soft and fine as satin.

Like you American girls, I have fallen for lipstick. While I never use it to extreme, I use it more consistently than I ever did in Europe. And I have at least six different shades always on hand—a light orange-ish one for frocks that need that color, and more rosy shades for other

The Basque Kerchief
by JANTZEN

● You'll recognize the latest Continental trend in the Basque Kerchief—an exclusive Jantzen creation. Decidedly sun-conscious, exceptionally attractive. The kerchief-type uppers in elastic form-fit stitch have fashionable narrow stripes. Above all, a practical, perfect-fitting swimming suit, combining smartly styled separate trunks and uppers in the latest vogue.

Suit yourself perfectly—and every member of the family—in a Jantzen. There's a model to fit every taste and purse. The Basque Kerchief $5.95. Misses $5.50. Other authentic styles $4.50 to $9.95.

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featured player appearing in
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Now *May's Lips* *say* "KISS ME"

1
GOOD NIGHT-I'LL CALL YOU UP...
THOUGHT
WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE ME IN HIS ARMS AND GIVE ME A LONG KISS?
2
I'M SO DISCOURAGED-JACK HAS NEVER EVEN TRIED TO REALLY KISS ME...
LISTEN-TRY THE LIP MAKE-UP OF THE MOVIE STARS-THE WONDERFUL NEW KISSPROOF INDELIBLE LIPSTICK
3
HER NEXT DATE WITH HIM
YOUR LIPS DRAW ME LIKE A MAGNET-I CAN'T SEEM TO RESIST THEM...
DON'T TRY-THE LIPSTICK ON THEM IS CALLED KISSPROOF!

Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK

occasions. Since I am naturally fair, I never wear a too-dark lipstick—only you really brunette people can get away with a dark shade, the color of ripe hot-house cherries.

I find that in the evening a touch of eye-shadow, preferably blue or violet, is very effective, particularly with dark blue mascara—though in the daytime I use only castor oil on my eyelashes. I never use much rouge, for it makes my cheeks look too round—but I have a special little trick of using *two* shades of powder. A light ivory shade that matches my skin, I use on my forehead, nose and chin—and a more pinkish shade of powder I blend in on my cheeks. This gives just the suggestion of a rosy glow to my cheeks, makes them look naturally pink, *without* changing the contour!

Tips About Rouge

I SUPPOSE you know that rouge is a veritable signpost, which attracts the eye to that part of the face on which it is used. If your face is too round, you should keep your rouge away from your temples and cheek-bones, and use it in an oblong shape fairly near your nose. And if your face is too long and oval, use your rouge far out on your cheek-bones, to add breadth to your face. A bit of rouge on a receding chin gives it more prominence, and a bit of eye-shadow on a double chin seems to take the fullness away. Of course, both of these things should be used very delicately for this purpose, or you will look freakish. It's best to resort to these tricks only at night, in artificial lights, as bright sunlight will usually give you away.

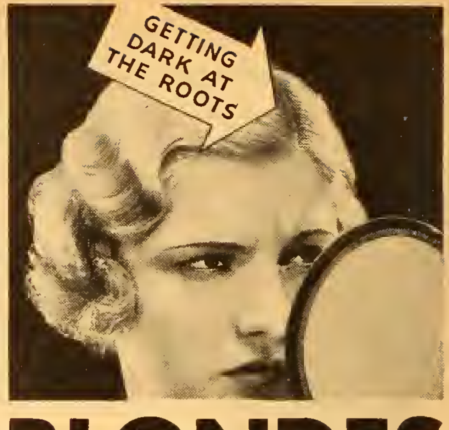
There are dozens of make-up tricks that every actress learns when she first studies make-up. Another "stage" trick that you should also use only in the evening is to place just the very tiniest dot of rouge at the inside corners of your eyes. You can apply it with the end of an orange stick, swathed with cotton—and see how large and luminous it makes your eyes look!

The shape of your eyebrows, as you no doubt know, has more effect on the expression of your face than any other feature—and, for this reason, they should be given the greatest of consideration. It's true, as many screen stars have discovered, that the higher the eyebrow is above the eye, the larger the eye looks. So, when you're plucking your eyebrows, always pluck from the under side.

If you want to make your eyebrows go up at the end, first be sure that this would be becoming. You can put a heavy white cream over the end of your own eyebrows, then pencil in the line that you think will be becoming, and in this way check for yourself, before any damage is done. If you do decide on the up-at-the-end eyebrow, you will probably have to pluck out the ends of your own, and pencil in a new one. I believe, however, that this type of eyebrow is overdone by so many girls who would really look much better if they followed their own eyebrow line. A too-high eyebrow gives a startled, strained expression to the face.

Magic Performed with Mirrors

ANOTHER practical tip . . . You know how hard it is to be *sure* that you have eye-shadow on smoothly, artistically? Well, after you have put on your eye-shadow, stand before a large mirror, and place a small hand mirror about on a level with your chin. Then, looking down into the hand mirror, tilt it so you can see your lowered eyelids as reflected into the mirror in front of you. This will show them to you as they are seen by other people when you lower your eyes—and if they look too smudgy, you can "erase" the shadow with a bit of cold cream and start in all over again. Incidentally, you know that eye-shadow should not be extended all the way


GETTING DARK AT THE ROOTS

BLONDES
heed this warning!

THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect care, all you need is BLONDEX, the unusual shampoo designed to *keep* blonde hair always *beautiful*. Blondex is not a harsh dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficial, frothy lather. *Naturally* brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25c package, or the economical $1 size, at any drug or department store. NEW: *Have you tried Blondex Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.*

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HOW TO HAVE THEM

GLORIFY your lashes—give them that long, lustrous look no man can resist. It's so easy. Just darken them with Winx Mascara (cake or liquid 75¢). Pure and safe—not a dye. Thousands of smart women have used Winx for years to beautify lashes. Also "dress" the brows with a Winx Pencil (35¢) and use Winx Eye Shadow (75¢) for smart make-up. Buy Winx Eye Beautifiers at all department and drug stores. For the most complete booklet ever written on eye make-up, write for FREE copy of "Lovely Eyes" to Louise Ross, Dept. N, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

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up to the eyebrow, don't you? Spread it just to the top of the eyeball, for the most natural effect. We movie people usually use it all the way up, but that's just for the camera. *Your* camera, which is the eye of the world, is not so "tricky"—but just as critical.

I am not a very good person to talk to you about figures and exercise, or dieting and reducing—for I happen to be one of those fortunate people who can eat anything and everything and never go one ounce above ninety-four pounds. But—while I am not worried about weight, I *do* go in for plenty of exercise—for I never feel exactly right unless my body is limber and flexible, alive and "springy;" and only activity of the muscles can give this. My exercise is confined to dancing mostly, because it happens to be the thing at which I express myself most easily.

I always have a phonograph near me—whether it's in my home, or in the bungalow here at the studio, or when I visit someone. I have many good records and whenever I have five minutes or so to myself, I put one on and begin whirling around the room, bending, kicking, always in time with the music. Even if you do only the regulation lie-on-your-back-and-kick-up exercises, you should do them to music, for music makes it all fun, and adds natural grace to your movements.

I should love to have more time to practise my tight-rope walking—because that, above all other forms of exercise, develops a sense of balance, which is one of the real attributes of poise. If you find yourself shifting from one foot to the other as you stand, or turning one ankle over, or trying to hide one foot behind the other, through awkwardness or embarrassment, or nervousness—try to imagine that you are standing on one little rope—a wire, really—and that that is all there is between you and the floor, six feet below. The very thought will help you control those wandering feet!

"Wild Jack" Is Back Again

(*Continued from page 41*)

eyes, and to live over the happiest days of my life. And as I do so, it takes me back among the very men whose peculiarities were borrowed to be molded into this character.

"No one knows better than I that *Oscar Jaffe* is a humbug and a ham. But while the old fellow's tricks and wiles were pitifully transparent to me, I was with him, heart and soul. If he was a ham, so am I, too.

"All of us live largely for effect—though few of us will admit it. 'Life's a stage'—and at heart we're all hams. Some of us realize this, and find a kind of grim humor in judging our own performances.

"Living our act to the best of our ability is our job in life, if we are to believe our school-day teachings. So how could I feel anything but warmth for that old faker, *Jaffe*, who, even in his insincerity, did at least inspire others to achievements far beyond their normal powers?

"In colleges and the business world, they call it inspiration and example; in the theatre, we call it showmanship and hooey. But it is all cut from the same cloth—and *Jaffe*, like his prototypes in real life, carved masterpieces from whole ham.

"And now, in this part, I can pretend I'm some of the old humbugs I loved years ago. Like the mongrel that's a dozen good breeds of dog, so the gallery-playing *Jaffe* is a dozen good and famous producers and actors mixed into a theatrical cocktail that

(*Continued on page 97*)

HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE

JOHN IS BRINGING THAT OLD FLAME OF HIS TO DINNER TONIGHT AND I SIMPLY CAN'T FACE ANYONE — MY HEAD ACHES SO
OH, YES – THE EX-FIANCEE FROM NEW YORK
TAKE THESE 2 HEXIN, MORE IF YOU WANT LATER, THEY WON'T HURT OR UPSET YOU
HELEN MEETS HER RIVAL ——
I DON'T THINK ALICE IS AS ATTRACTIVE AS SHE WAS
SHE THINKS
THAT HEXIN WON MY BEAUTY BATTLE FOR ME

HEXIN STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE

NOW there is no need to avoid a difficult situation when you feel "below par"— no need to break important engagements on account of ordinary aches and pains.

"2 HEXIN with water" is a magic phrase to people in pain. It means relief in record time and—above all—SAFE relief.

HEXIN was originally developed for children. It could not and does not contain any habit-forming drugs.

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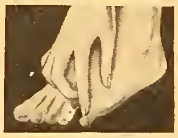
This great gift of science—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—no wonder it has the largest sale of any foot remedy in the world! It does *everything*— relieves painful corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes in *one minute;* ends the cause by protecting the sore spot; soothes and heals; lifts nagging pressure off the nerves; eases new or tight shoes and prevents blisters and abrasions.

REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES



In every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads you get separate *Medicated Disks* for this special purpose. A few applications of this double-acting treatment and the hard, dead skin will be loosened for easy, safe removal. Avoid caustic liquids or plasters—they can easily cause serious acid burn. Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are safe and sure. Sizes for corns, callouses, bunions and corns between toes. Sold everywhere. Get a box today.

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Let Me Show You How to Develop the Full, Rounded BUST now all the vogue.

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122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to Dress Your Husband Like a Movie Hero

(*Continued from page 63*)

an "invisible" check. According to Mrs. William, he never goes without a coat in the house, even on the hottest days. No particular principle about the thing—he just doesn't like to be coatless.

Goes Gay in His Scarves

ALL this may not sound exactly sensational, lads and lassies, but that is why he is one of our leading lights, sartorially speaking. He does allow his fancy free play in selecting scarves and has a number of gay ones, combining all imaginable shades and colors. He wears them much of the time, loosely knotted or with the ends drawn, for convenience, through a ring.

With a dinner coat he wears a shirt with collar attached, believe it or not. It looks well, and eliminates the hunting for collar buttons. The shape of this collar was designed by Mr. William, himself, as are many of his sports shirts, with their long-pointed collars. His are made to order, but similar shirts can be had, reasonably, at most good haberdashers'.

He seldom wears a waistcoat with his tuxedo, but winds a long, thin piece of satin around his middle. This is a Kummer-band, enjoys much favor abroad, and has the distinction of looking smart and being comfortable at one and the same time. Sometimes he wears a white one in the Summer, with flannels.

His flannels, incidentally, are cream or gray, seldom white. He has an astonishing number of plain cotton sweaters that cost just one dollar apiece, with crew necks and long sleeves. It's a point that they wash well, holding their shape. He *never* wears a beret, but his caps are ornamented with large sporty checks. And he is partial to an old Navy-blue stocking-cap, for yachting. It's one of those things with no pretensions to style that nevertheless achieve a highly swagger effect.

In his dressing-room hangs a key-chart with an array of round metal disks numbered one to twenty. This is complicated, but, once mastered, enables him to discover just what tie he wore with each suit in his current picture. Then if retakes are ordered, he can reassemble the proper outfit at a moment's notice. Whether other stars would find this more of a bother than a convenience is problematical, but it keeps the William valet busy and happy, sorting disks.

Cabot's Sporty Attire

THE name of Bruce Cabot always pops up in a discussion of men's clothes, the consensus of opinion being that whether you regard Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Warner Baxter or Warren William as the best-dressed star, Bruce is in there fighting for the honors. I asked him about sports clothes, impelled by his wearing, at the moment, a checked sport coat, a yellow sweater, white trousers, and brown-and-white sport shoes. Each item deserves a sentence.

The coat, as well as dazzled eyes could judge, combines the colors of green, tan, and blue; the checks are large and impressive; and the price was one hundred dollars—though it might be duplicated, Mr. Cabot assured me, for forty dollars or so. The seams of his white trousers are hand-sewn, and even if this seems somehow impractical in a machine age, the loose stitching provides a highly individual touch. In regard to shoes, this small scene took place between the actor and his colored gentleman who acts as his valet:

MR. CABOT: What *is* this stuff you've put on my shoes?

THE MOST
SATISFACTORY WAY
TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY
HAIR ON ARMS AND LEGS

MAKE IT
INVISIBLE
WITH
MARCHAND'S

That's the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. MAKE IT INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are MORE SATISFACTORY.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—*take the blackness out of it.* MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no ones sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

Summer is here. Use Marchand's now. Easy to do at home, takes 20-30 minutes, most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of lights and glints to dull hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

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GOLDEN HAIR WASH

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
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Address ....

Valet: On the brown part? That's just some liquid to bring back the color. I—

Mr. Cabot: Clean it off! And don't ever use anything but saddle soap in the future. And the white stuff has been coming off on my trousers.

Valet: Can't hardly help that, sir. I—

Mr. Cabot: When you've cleaned it, brush it and brush it and brush it! I never had my shoes in this condition before!

So now you know all about cleaning shoes.

Cabot wears a white, double-breasted, cricket-cloth hand-stitched coat, with gray flannels. His polo shirts have zippers up the front. His shirts, many of them, are dark blue linen or flannel, and he wears a gold pin in the collar. You can begin to understand why the more conservative regard this wardrobe with a lift of the eyebrow, but it offers an idea or two for a young blood desiring to go flashy under the Summer sun.

If your husband is seeking to economize, however, inconspicuous colors and patterns are best in his suits. Adolphe Menjou says a man can be well-dressed with three suits, and suggests a dark blue, a tweed, and a brown. After looking through a few Hollywood wardrobes, however, one comes to the conclusion that gray is the most serviceable color. Warren William has many gray suits; so has Neil Hamilton. Not only does gray lend itself to complete changes of accessories, all the way from green to blue to yellow, but it is becoming to almost everyone. Brown isn't.

Hamilton's Likes and Dislikes

As to cut, Neil Hamilton has a few suggestions. This star ought to know about clothes, having acted as a model for collar and other sartorial advertisements.

"I think harmony should be the first thought—for example, a blue tie of a shade to harmonize with your blue suit," he says. "I dislike padding unless it's unobtrusive, and I don't like the 'guardsman' shoulders that were popular a year or so ago. I wear moderately notched lapels, and the sleeves of most of my suits are cuffed. My vests are cut low—if you have a good-looking tie, why hide it? I have both cuffed and cuffless trousers, with two pleats in front. I wear single-breasted suits most often, with only one button buttoned. I like rolled collars. My hats always match my suits, and they have snap brims."

Along these lines Neil achieves a somewhat collegiate effect, though his clothes are conservative on the whole, except for a couple of checked suits for rare occasions. A newcomer named Philip Reed, whom you may have seen in "Glamour," is another ex-model who wears his clothes well. He goes in for "tab" collars and, not content with owning what his press-agent calls "the broadest shoulders in Hollywood," has his shoulders heavily padded.

Like it or not, but Hollywood men at the moment are wearing double-breasted dinner jackets, and deep-waisted double-breasted coats, with padded shoulders, for daytime. Suède shoes are generally worn with slacks. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in a recent article in *Esquire*, insists that most stars dress pretty badly—if not watched closely, they're apt to wear white flannels with dinner jackets, and things like that. He suggests his father, Adolphe Menjou and Herbert Marshall as leading competitors for the "best-dressed male star" title.

These stars, and the others we have mentioned, spend a small fortune on their wardrobes, but inexpensive models of men's clothes, like women's, are made by national firms to sell for a third of the price. We've told you how a number of stars get their effects, in cut, materials, and colors. Whether you choose Warren William, Neil Hamilton or Bruce Cabot as your husband's (or future husband's) model, see if you can't have him attain the same effect—on his own income!

Macaroons a Child Can Make!

Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk — 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember—*Evaporated Milk* won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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Secrets Every Woman Wants to Know—

What woman isn't constantly searching for new ways to add to her attractiveness?

Even screen beauties are forever seeking new aids to beauty . . .

And now they are telling you about some of their "finds"—sharing their own intimate beauty secrets with you!

This month Lilian Harvey writes her "Secrets of the Dressing Table." Next month, and every month, another star will be just as revealing.

But remember—you will learn these secrets only in

MOTION PICTURE

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?
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HAS
SHE
DONE
?
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Address__________
City__________State__________
Color of my hair:

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Success Hasn't Turned His Head

(*Continued from page 31*)

Strangely enough, contrary to expectations, he came back bright, alert, on his toes! He was rejuvenated and vitalized by a new eagerness. His public, had sent back a new Clark—a greater man and, potentially, a greater star! And wearing the same size hat.

What happened to Gable in the few weeks during which his public claimed him for their own?

He says very seriously: "I've been given courage to go on. Have I changed in any way because a little fuss has been made over me? No, I don't think so. As near as I can tell, by every test a man can give himself, I haven't changed at all. I am long past the stage where I get a swelled head over a little attention.

He's All Pepped Up Again

"MY personal appearance tour has been an inspiration. It has given me new zest—almost a new strength. It *is* gratifying to see hundreds of people show approval of my 'futile' efforts. I've got a new sense of values from the experience. It *is* worth while to go on, to do the best I can, because the public expects that of me.

"A star, as a person, is not important. This week it happens to be Gable who gets the attention. Next week it's someone else.

"I've learned a lot in the weeks I was East, meeting, face to face, the people to whose favor I owe so much. I know if you let your audiences down—if your performance is slip-shod—if you don't give them your best, they sense it and resent it.

"I've learned conclusively that no star is better than his last picture. I tested that theory. I asked audiences which of my pictures they liked best. There was a patter of applause for 'Red Dust.' A bit more for 'Hold Your Man.' But there was thunder when I mentioned 'Dancing Lady.'" ("It Happened One Night," the picture that many claim is Clark's best, had just been released—too recently for widespread audience reaction then.) "A star stands or falls by his current picture. If it's a flop—he's a flop. If it's successful, then he continues in favor. You can't live on past laurels.

How People Want to See Stars

"I'VE discovered that audiences resent all-star casts. They want to see their favorites *do* something—in effect, run the gamut of emotion. If a star has only a bit to do, then audiences feel cheated. They don't want to see a dozen stars do something inconsequential. They prefer a single, vivid, clean-cut performance. Audiences aren't bargain-hunting—they are satisfied to see one star for the price of one admission.

"I've learned a lot of things in the two weeks I was gone—and even if I've had to buy a few new neckties, and a lot of new handkerchiefs—even if the tailor has been kept busy replacing buttons on my clothes—it has been more than worth while."

Gable excited an emotional frenzy comparable only to the uproar that followed Valentino. If ever a man was given tangible proof of the regard in which his public held him, that man is Gable.

In Syracuse, New York, the Mayor and the City Council and ten thousand clamoring citizens met his train.

In Kansas City, when he was again Westbound, he agreed to make a personal appearance at a local theatre. The train had a half-hour's stop before proceeding, and it was thought ample time to give him a chance to drive to the theatre and to return. But even before the train came to a halt, thousands broke through police lines and rushed the

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(Illustration)

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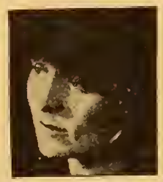

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EUNICE SKELLY, Dept. C.
Park Central, 55th & 7th Ave., New York City

platforms. He was forcibly pulled out of his car—a wildly cheering, emotional mob paid homage to a hero!

He did make his personal appearance. The train, however, was delayed for a good half-hour additional, and a week later, the railroad station still showed physical evidence of the mob's frenzy.

The Welcome New York Gave Him

HIS arrival in New York was heralded by a most amazing exhibit of devotion. His train came in at an hour when stenographers were at their desks, clerks behind their counters, and housewives, presumably, still wielding their brooms. Yet the Grand Central Terminal was dark with thousands. A flying wedge of policemen and red-caps was formed to rescue him from the clamorous mob. For a half-hour his automobile couldn't move an inch. Neither entreaties nor threats could budge the squealing, shouting, boisterous crowd that sought to touch him—to get within sight of his face and sound of his voice.

A completely disheveled Clark, with every button missing from his overcoat, suit coat and vest, finally was delivered at his hotel. It was a new experience for him—and a stimulating one. It was like an electric treatment.

Everywhere he went in New York, he stopped traffic. He attended Helen Hayes' performance of "Mary of Scotland"—and was discovered by the audience during intermission. For a while it seemed to the company managers that the play could not resume—and they seriously considered refunding admissions to those in attendance. For fifteen minutes the second curtain was delayed, while the hundreds present paid tribute to Clark Gable.

During his week of New York personal appearances, he was virtually held prisoner in the theatre for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four. He came early—long before the box-office opened—and yet never so early that he didn't find a solid wedge of men, women and children at the stage door.

Mobs Kept Him Prisoner

CLARK never dared to go out between performances. His lunch and dinner were brought to his dressing-room. Yet even there his fans found him out. There was a fire escape—offering a treacherous ascent to his window. And, invariably, there were faces peering in at him from behind the locked window.

Long after the house lights were darkened, Clark Gable would be whisked out a side exit—rushed into a taxicab for the few precious hours of freedom. But even in his hotel suite with Mrs. Gable he had no privacy. Women sought him out.

The scenes in New York had their counterpart in Baltimore. Handkerchiefs were snatched out of his pockets, buttons were torn off his overcoat, and one courageous soul went so far as to snip a lock of his hair. On his first night in the Maryland city, he didn't dare go to his hotel. After cruising in his taxicab, waiting for the mobs to disperse from the lobbies and the sidewalks, studio and theatre representatives finally took him to another hotel.

Clark Gable is back from shaking hands with his Public. Forever after this, his salary check will not be his only measure of his success. He will remember—perhaps with a shudder—the press of frantic bodies, the clutch of possessive hands, the glare of eyes hungry for something lacking in life, seeking to find satisfaction, romance, adventure in a motion picture hero. He will know with awed pity that he must be to love-starved women the Lover they have dreamed of; to people caught in the struggle for daily bread, the embodiment of the Dream they once dreamed. And this knowledge and responsibility will make of him a better actor and a greater man.

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Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one great theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. *Follow it* and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. And if you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be *artificially re-supplied* to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

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Margaret Lindsay—the Girl Who Got Hollywood's Number

(*Continued from page 59*)

the ladder, so she immediately dismissed that potential entrée into the circles where she could be discovered.

Went After Success "Logically"

"I LIFTED myself up by my own wits, but I don't take any special credit, because I have learned that success is not so difficult when you go after it logically. I adopted the scientific approach to movie glory; *I got Hollywood's number before I ever was observed by the powers-that-be!*"

Now, a sage twenty-three, she asserts that poise and pose turned the trick for her.

"I couldn't even get a foothold in New York, so I stopped trying. I took time out to size up the whole situation. First, I examined myself. There I was—twenty and reasonably attractive. I had graduated from a fashionable girls' finishing school in Washington, D. C., after growing up in Iowa, and then I had taken a year's specific training for the stage at one of New York's best dramatic academies. Theatrical life thrilled me. I was *not* going back to Dubuque, and I *was* going to click as an actress.

"I studied what stage and screen producers want, and I found they worship glamour and 'experience.' I proceeded to repattern myself to fit the required mold, for I was wholly lacking in these two qualities.

"Hollywood used to exalt ingénues. A pout, a golden curl, and a 'Mother, what is Man?' expression used to put cute young things over. But sophistication came in with talkies. Which was fine for those who had been around and had found playing dumb a little too bothersome, anyway. For an inexperienced girl like myself, it was distinctly a Predicament.

What Glamour Really Is

"GLAMOUR, I saw, as I cast a speculative eye on the top-notchers, means mystery. Analyze it more deeply and you get to the basic element. It is *poise!*

"The line that was handed me when I had applied for jobs, as a nobody, was that I had neither glamour nor experience. This latter lack was argued two ways. Not only had I never done anything on the professional stage and so had no reputation to serve as an introduction, but I had not 'lived.' How could I interest audiences when I had not plunged into a variety of emotions? I was too young, too inhibited, too utterly devoid of 'poise!'

"It occurred to me that, really, the producers did not care what a person had gone through. They were concerned with *the ultimate effect* that experience, both on the stage and off, had. They judged by the impression one gave. The demand was for heroines who would be perfectly at ease in any situation, and only that."

With feminine intuition, Margaret Lindsay also noted that "imports" invariably have a great advantage over home girls.

"Glamour was wanted; very well, I'd give it to them. Hollywood was frantically sending its old-timers to voice teachers. I had a naturally low voice, so I would capitalize on it. The English seemed 'better equipped to cope with the talkies.' I learned why. It was because their formal diction, strange to our ears, was more impressive, and because distance lent enchantment. So what? So *I* became English!

How She Changed Overnight

"FORTUNATELY, my parents were modern enough to understand me. And luck did intervene to help the cause. An old friend of ours owned a stock company that presented its shows in England's chief provincial cities. I wrote him and he had enough regard for the dramatic academy I had attended to tell me to come on across."

Many an American girl has gone to England and there has been no alteration. Margaret Lindsay changed from a shy, naïve-appearing person into a superbly confident, provocative beauty—and she stayed there but five months, doing five different rôles. Within a month after her arrival she was accepted by those she met as a native of England!

She ascribes her rapid transformation to the fact that *she knew exactly the illusion she wished to acquire.* "I did not find it necessary to 'live;' rather, I studied *the way* in which sophisticated, poised women conducted themselves. I copied them, literally—in the *effect* they gave, not the experiences that had shaped them. I flattered them, beguiled them into correcting me.

"Poise, I learned, was complete mastery of self. It is an inward peace and it is derived from perfect self-respect. Often, of course, as in my own case, the illusion of poise comes long before actual poise, itself. I had been an unusually silent, bashful type. I got rid of these handicaps by forcing myself to mix with people. I saw that others viewed me with the valuation I placed on myself. I determined I would never let anyone think I was flustered.

"The return to America was the supreme test. Having done those five plays, I did obtain some stage groundwork. Our producer-friend advised an influential New York agent that I was 'a wonderful find' and I landed endowed with super-recommendations.

Put Her "Act" Across

"YOU can imagine how much poise I had to *display* when I was met by this agent. I was shaking inside but, outwardly, I was remarking at the wonders of this great 'new' country and being so bally, bally British. Within a week the agent, who had shown me where to stay and how to speak to Americans, had signed me for the lead in a Broadway show!

"I entered pictures much sooner than I had anticipated, for I had planned to establish myself thoroughly in New York and then progress to Hollywood. However, it so happened that the backers of that particular play encountered financial difficulties and I was advised that rehearsals would have to be delayed a month. My agent, meanwhile, 'persuaded' me to make some film tests. Universal offered me a contract and I boldly decided to tackle Hollywood."

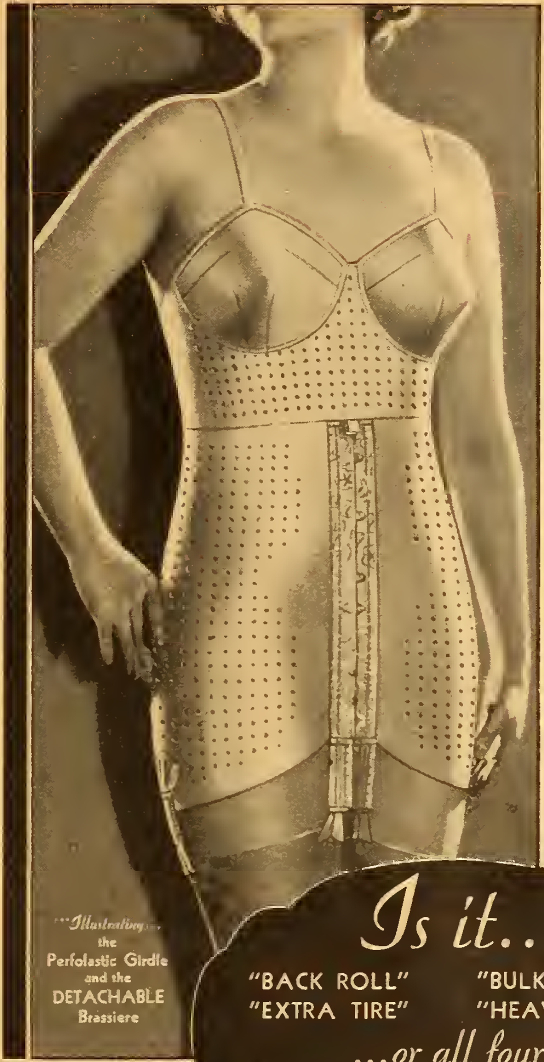
It was her British background that won this talkie opportunity and she had to live up to it! Her first half-year on the West Coast was disappointing. Ironically, Universal was so awed by her so-English accent and air that they finally informed her she was too British to catch on in America! "Cavalcade" was being cast and Fox was glad to get her. Her performance as the bride who went down on the *Titanic* won Margaret her present Warner contract.

"I have dropped my pose because it wasn't necessary once I had demonstrated I had the requisite ability. And maybe I didn't have moments when I had to pretend for dear life! I acted much better off-screen!

No Fun, Always Pretending

"CONTINUOUSLY putting on an act does *not* make you poised. I was always fearing that I would betray myself. In the beginning, it was a lark. Eventually, it made me nervous. I was on a twenty-four-hour 'show!' "

The poker face that had to be worn to prevent any instinctive reaction at odds



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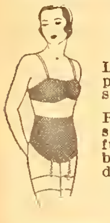

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Dr. Jeanne M. P. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., New York

with her English build-up became a habit, however. Though no longer posing, she seems immune to surprise even now. "I'm really not," she informed me, "but it's a good impression to make on people.

"Being poised," she continued, "most certainly does not mean being affected. You may wonder at this statement, remembeing how I assumed to be something I wasn't. The answer is that I was sincere in changing myself. It was pretending when I came back to America, and yet inside I actually felt I was gradually becoming a woman undaunted. To me, poise is a girl's best asset, whether she's an actress or not. It does not imply hauteur or snobbishness. Quite the reverse, it means acute sensitiveness to whomever you are with! This lack of embarrassment, achieved by the sensible realization that one *can* meet any circumstance that may arise, enables a person to feel at ease with a king or a doorman."

You might presume that Margaret Lindsay's revelations about herself will be detrimental to her Hollywood standing. But Hollywood, itself resorting to bluff so frequently, takes off its hat to the girl who fooled everyone.

"I may be telling one secret too many," she laughingly added, "when I confess that my motto still is: '*Be surest when you are most uncertain!*' There is a great margin between conceit and self-confidence, you know. The former antagonizes; the latter is a magnet. If I *seem* to know what I want, others can't help but admire my strength of character. There's a funny quirk in me that helps me, too. A magnificent calmness automatically flows over me when I am opposed.

What Every Girl Should Know

"PERSONALLY, I think a reasonable amount of dignity should be assiduously cultivated. Dignity in manner, in carriage. Now I don't wish to skim over unpleasant realities. I realize that what you can demand depends upon the position you are in. If a director wants to be fresh with a chorus girl or bit player, she has to grin and bear it to keep her job. Luckily for myself, I didn't come to Hollywood until I had paved the way to begin with leads. I don't care to be called by my first name and to be 'darling' to everyone on the lot. To be common. *A girl is treated here as she lets herself be treated!*"

Margaret Lindsay has not married and she hasn't, apparently, fallen in love yet. She resides unostentatiously in an apartment shared with a younger sister and she is kept so busy working that she has not entered into Hollywood's social whirl to any appreciable degree. Her "boy-friends" include such diverse types as William Powell, our ultra-sophisticate, and Dick Powell, most eligible of our younger Romeos. Read again her principle of adaptability and you'll know how she can intrigue both Powells.

Praised lavishly for her superb diction, Margaret Lindsay declares any girl can have a fine speaking voice. She believes that many American women spoil the effect their beauty creates when they open their mouths. Training under qualified instructors she pronounces helpful, but most essential, in her estimation, is the *will* to improve and to change.

She suggests, if you sincerely wish to be perfectly poised, that you appreciate your inherent possibilities and then imitate the illusion you want to make real. Your thoughts will unwittingly shape your personality. If you cannot leave home to find superior models, she advocates intensive study of the screen's most attractive stars. If it is not presumptuous to top the advice of one so well qualified to counsel, I myself exhort you to forget the rest of them and go in for *poise a la Lindsay!*

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"Wild Jack" Is Back Again

(*Continued from page 89*)

leaves me dizzy with memories. That's why I'm on a wild lark here, making this picture, and feeling like I've never before felt in front of a camera."

Carole Scared of Him at First

CAROLE LOMBARD, who had been chosen to play opposite Barrymore, confessed that she was "scared out of a month's beauty sleep" when they told her of her assignment.

"I'll never forget my first day on the set," reminisces Carole. "There was an air about the studio that reminded me of our school, when the teacher promised us a nice visit from the crabby old principal. For years, ever since I was a tiny kid, I had heard of the exploits of 'Wild Jack' Barrymore—and of what he had done to people who had blown their lines or muffed their cues.

"Then I met Barrymore. I can see him now, standing there with his legs apart, his head bent forward so that he looked out at me sort of through his eyebrows—like Jack Dempsey used to look when he weaved in on his victims.

"'You look like a good kid,' he growled. 'I hope things go well.'

"He didn't say them, but I felt that the words 'for your sake' belonged in that sentence."

What actually happened, once Barrymore and Lombard started working together, is history now to those who glimpsed the daily pandemonium over at Columbia. The studio was turned into a mad-house.

Jack Barrymore was living over again the wild days of his theatrical triumphs, and was breathing into the rôle of *Oscar Jaffe* the very life of his old cronies. The rehearsals became adventures, the shootings grew into riots. Barrymore was running wild—with Lombard matching him, stride for stride, and shriek for bellow.

As he stalked the set as producer *Jaffe*, she changed, under his manipulation, from the dumb little shop-girl, *Mildred Plotka*, to the glamourous and scheming star, *Lily Garland*. And completely lost in the shuffle was Hollywood's well-known "clothes-horse," Carole Lombard.

The Warning He Gave Carole

ONE of the first things Barrymore told Carole was that in Hollywood many supposedly great actresses had a habit of doing nothing—simply nothing—and letting the rest of the cast carry the load. What resulted, he pointed out, was generally described by critics as an example of charming restraint on the part of said actress. But if that happened in this particular picture, he added, the result would be described by reporters as plain murder.

"I'm *Oscar Jaffe*," he explained sweetly, "and you're *Mildred Plotka*—or else—"

And the "or else" was vibrant with menace.

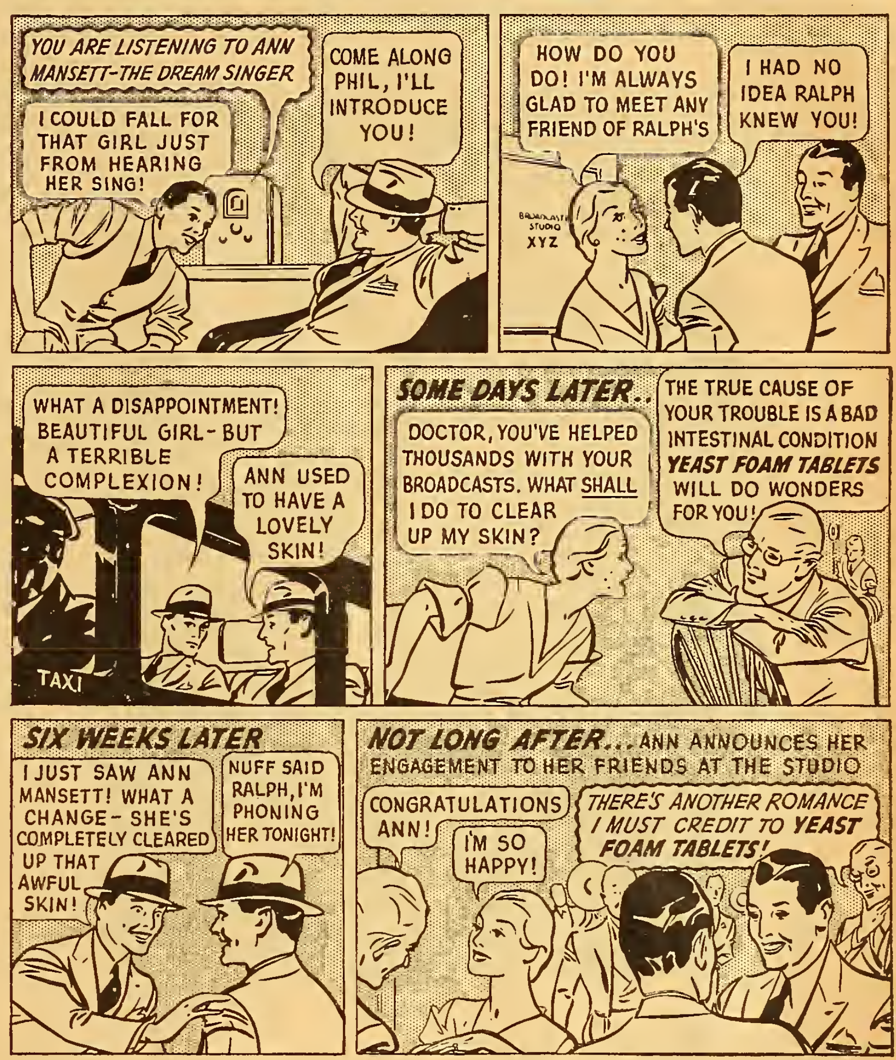
"When it came time to leave the studio, I dropped in to see Harry Cohn," says Barrymore. "'Harry,' I said, 'it looks like the job is done. And I'm sorry to put away my tools. I wish there was more to do.'

"He looked at me, cocked back his head, and said, in that jerky manner of his: 'Why, you old son of a biscuit, you put on the best show our electricians ever had. With you gone, maybe we can get some pictures made.'"

And as Barrymore told that, I would have sworn that there was a soft sparkle in his eye—if he hadn't added: "But what the hell—aw, let's have a drink."'

We were sitting in the famous "Barrymore Pub," in a far wing of his great,

RADIO ANN—*She Gets Her Man!*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rambling house. He suddenly ran his fingers through his long hair, and grinned.

"I'd better be getting this cut, or I'll be doing a Jekyll-and-Hyde and turning into old *Jaffe*, myself." Somehow, I can't seem to make up my mind to put the old humbug, away in a trunk—perhaps because he has become a part of a lot of memories now.

Reminded of His Father

"ONLY the other day, I saw a little quirk in his characterization that reminded me of my father, Maurice Barrymore. I think I got my love for doing what I shouldn't from him.

"My dad had a habit of disappearing every once in a while, and then reappearing after days or weeks, serene and pleasant, as though he had merely stepped out to the corner store. And he used to love to take little digs at John Drew, my mother's brother, and then to pass serenely on, absolutely ignoring the incident and its effects, just as we see *Jaffe* doing in the picture.

"Suddenly, something occurred as I was thinking of *Jaffe* that brought a clear picture to my mind. It took me back to the old house on 12th Street in Philadelphia. It was just after dinner, and we three youngsters—Ethel, Lionel and myself—were saying our prayers.

"We had reached the place where we were saying, 'God bless Mother, God bless Father, God bless Grandmother' when suddenly the door opened and father, who had been missing for a few days, put in his head and added:

"'—and please, God, make Uncle John a better actor,' passing on before mother had an opportunity to say a single word.

"I imagine it's because of memories like that that I find it difficult to close the book on this part—and why I had the time of my life making 'Twentieth Century,' and why, perhaps, the making of that picture has given me a new interest in my work, and a restlessness to go on again.

"Perhaps, in playing the part of the spectacular old producer, I did forget myself and imagine I was really giving my energy, my vitality, my bundle of tricks, so to speak, to the little girl I was supposed to be making into a great actress. There's enough ham in me to let me actually imagine myself that old fellow, I guess."

What He's Like at Home

AND that's the tough old lion of Hollywood that they're all afraid of—the genius with scant patience for blundering and a cold eye for the world at large.

It's hard to picture the wild stories you've heard of this gay blade, when you see him shuffling about his rambling, beautiful home, high in the hills, his hands stuffed deep in the back pockets of old gray tweed trousers that have seen "many tough years of domestic campaigning," and his feet sliding along in those famous carpet slippers that once profaned the sacred precincts of a Hollywood première. That is, it is hard until he suddenly whirls about to bring to life some story he's telling or some scene he's re-acting.

As he whirls, and his voice rings out, somehow, a little chill races up your back, and you're on your toes—tense, listening, watching, marveling. For he is all the world like a sleeping lion, which leaps into action with a roar.

He is fifty-two years old, but as you wander about Barrymore's grounds with him, balance his guns and peek into hidden corners of his trophy room, you would say that he was somewhere in his early twenties.

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Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take—and so *dependable,* too. Contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach. Indeed, it has been a standby for over forty years.

Keep the large, economical family-size bottle on hand. Ready at a moment's notice to banish headache, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda fountain. But make certain of the one and only Bromo-Seltzer. Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same *balanced* preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful laboratory control. Sold by druggists everywhere. Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

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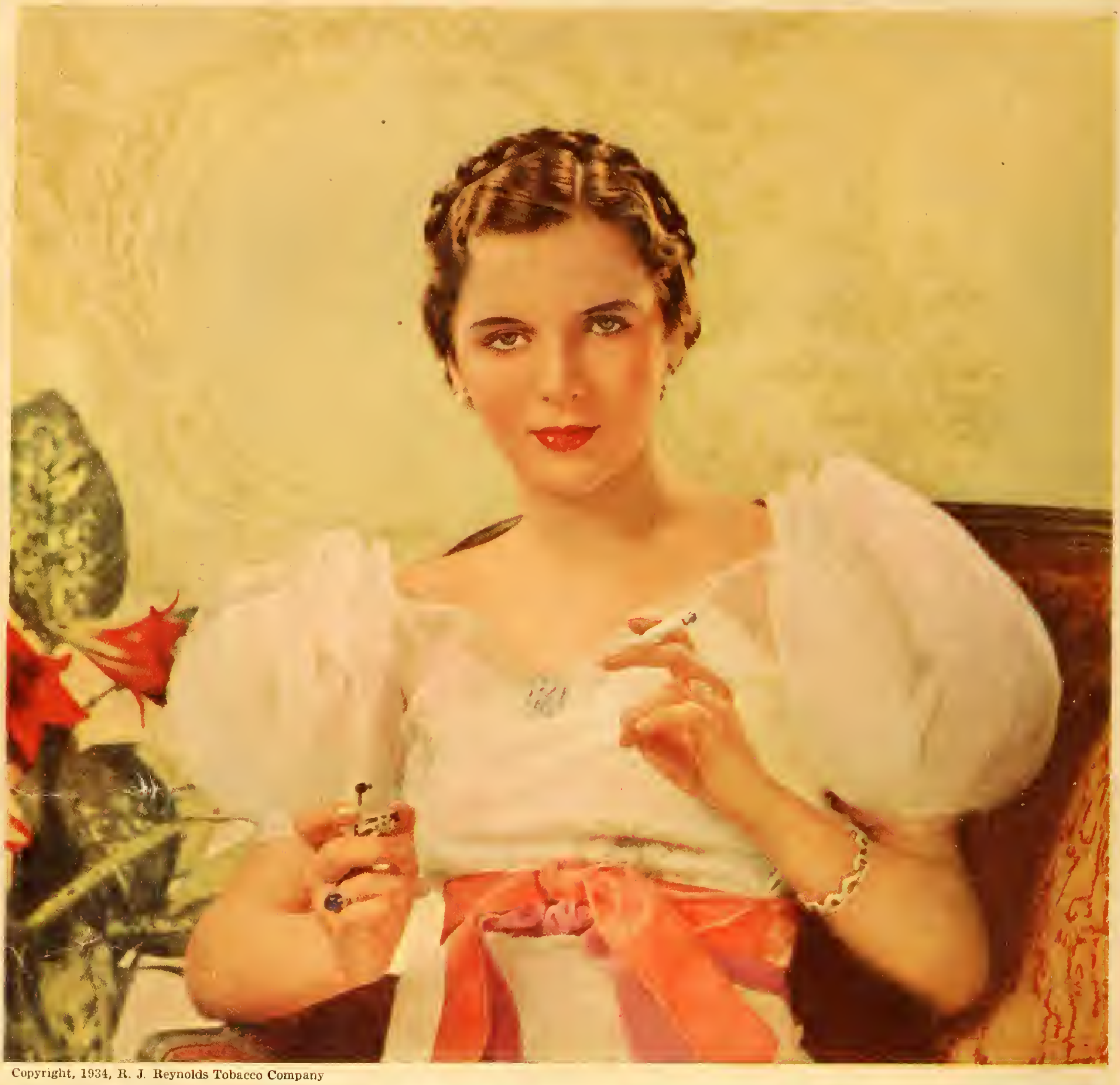

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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.

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